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THE PROTECTION OF SOCIETY

JOSEPH H. SPIGELMAN

THE penetration of the ionosphere (the earth's electromagnetic insulation) in making radar contact with the moon, is a magnificent coda to the invalidation of all that once insulated and protected human life. From the slow corruption of faith that began during the Renaissance to the Nazi success in debasing public morality all over the world; from the bourgeois revolutions of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries to the latest refinement of public-opinion polls; from the first steam engine to the atomic bomb, which has made so questionable the protection that superiority of resources used to afford—almost everything that has happened has contributed to an accelerating disintegration of the means of self-protection for individuals, governments, nations, and the whole of civilization.

This process of disintegration gives our age its special character and determines its fundamental problems. It is the reason, for one thing, for the increasing dependence of people on their government, so bitterly deprecated by Friedrich Hayek, Ludwig von Mises, Walter Lippmann, John Chamberlain, and other "liberals" of the old persuasion.

They are right in their concern. They are right, too, in being dissatisfied with the refutation of their position attempted by Harold Laski, Barbara Wootton, Herbert Finer, and those others who welcome the ever-increasing involvement of society in government (in the simple faith that somehow government will know just what to do, will be able to do it, and will always want to). They are wrong only in blaming government and those who seek its help and protection and in thinking that it would be feasible to check the "drift to statism" and to return to "limited government" and the "rule of law."

THE individual has become dependent on his government and exposed, therefore, to the ramifying consequences of its errors, not because of what government has done or can do, but because he has lost his capacity for independence. The

Joseph H. Spigelman served as a specialist on reconversion policy for the Planning Division of the WPB during the war. He was previously a political analyst for Fortune *and a contributor to* Harper's.

old bases of self-sufficiency and self-protection have been eroded beyond repair by influences for which neither the individual nor government is primarily responsible and which neither can control.

Not government, but industrialization and the specialization and interdependence it has entailed, is to blame for the loss of that plasticity, the decline of that rural self-sufficiency, which once saved the individual from too great subjection to the vicissitudes of economic life. Not government, but urbanization, induced the disintegration of family and community and left the individual without his immemorial refuge against ill-fortune. Not government, but advances in science and popular education, are responsible for the decay of the old traditions, both secular and religious, from which the individual was once able to derive the inner strength to resist both the encroachments and the temptations of power. Not government, but an aroused public opinion, has impaired the autonomy of trusts, cartels, trade unions, and other self-protective associations.

Most important of all, it is the growing concern for human rights, and not government, which has nullified the sanctity that once enveloped property and made it the primary basis both of power and of independence from power. The public simply refuses to regard the rights of property as absolute and inviolable. Still less is it inclined to tolerate the old arrogance of men of property toward labor, consumers, and, in general, those weaker than themselves, or to condone their devices for protecting themselves at the expense of others. To appease public opinion, businessmen must conform (or at least appear to conform) to standards of right conduct in business. They become involved with government and subject to its control because government alone can give these standards precise operational definition. Only government can decide whether or not a businessman is paying his employees decent wages or bargaining collectively with them; whether or not he is competing fairly or competing at all; whether or not he is defrauding his stockholders, cheating his customers, or causing a public nuisance. To the extent that the public has confidence in its government, businessmen must seek unceasingly to be justified by it, if they are not to lose the support of public opinion, without which they can no longer deal advantageously with labor and other potentially hostile interests.

This does not mean that business is losing power. Indeed, its power has rarely been so great as it was during the war and still is today. But it is power in and through government, not apart from it, deriving from direct participation in administration and in government's policy councils, from manipulation of its controls, from advantage unreservedly taken of its favors. Even the most stubbornly individualistic enterprisers have learned from their war experience, if they had not known it before, that there are advantages in being dependent on government, in being on good terms with it and—through it—with one's competitors, with labor, with the consumer, with foreign governments, and with public opinion at home and abroad. They are learning that, as government's power grows and the scope of its intervention expands, they can ever better serve their interests through it rather than apart from it. They are discovering that as the old bases of independence (property, privilege, group autonomy, and the rest) dissolve, there can no longer be true security except through government.

They may still deplore these facts; they may rage against the growth of government's power and what they choose to regard as its encroachments on their prerogatives; but the fact remains that government alone can protect them from the ever-latent hostility of public opinion. The National Association of Manufacturers and other surviving congregations of the faithful may become increasingly impassioned in their lip-service to "free enterprise" and "limited government" as the reality of these concepts fades away; but only as enterprise becomes less free and government less limited can the enterprise system survive at all.

It is much the same with labor. Because the public is becoming aware of the intimate connection—in an economy increasingly interdependent—of wage-rates, restrictions on productivity, and strikes, on

the one hand, and prices, output, and employment, on the other, it will demand an increasingly strict accounting from the unions. It little matters how far Congress may go just now in imposing responsibility. If labor is not to forfeit the indispensable support of public opinion, it must, like management, adhere to certain standards of right behavior—which, again, can only be given precise operational definition by government. Indeed, the more lenient Congress is with the unions, the more scrupulous will they probably have to be to avoid alienating public sympathy. Involvement in government is for labor, no less than for management, the only means of preserving its power.

That is the reason for the growing centralization of policy formation in the great labor federations and the all-absorbing attention that their leaders are giving to relations with government. For labor's future strength depends on the influence it can exert on legislation, on revisions of "cost-of-living" indices, on the findings of "fact-finding" boards, on the administration of social security and public aid measures, on the policies of government's planners and the activities of its officials. Labor leaders may—and many do—deplore government's increasing intervention in affairs which were formerly the exclusive concern of particular unions and particular employers; but that intervention affords labor its greatest source of strength for the "Alps on Alps" of struggle with management that will follow the surmounting of the present crisis.

BECAUSE the whole situation has become basically unfavorable to the old foundations of personal independence, we shall find it futile to attempt to restore them. Even if property could be "restored" and its ownership distributed more widely —as reactionary parties in France, Spain, Hungary, and other countries declare they propose to do—that would by no means limit government's power nor promote such independence as the ownership of property used to confer. For there is only one way of redistributing property on a large scale: through government action. But property so distributed and "restored" would derive from government and be dependent upon it. It would not, as in medieval times, antecede the state and enjoy an authority independent of it. Those who become possessed of property and privilege through political action become, of necessity, clients of government.

Still more fatuous is all the recent talk of restoring our independence by rehabilitating the family, reviving community life, reverting to subsistence agriculture, revitalizing religious faith, re-establishing traditional values and virtues, and the like. In practice, attempts to do any of these things can only lead in one of three possible directions. Either withdrawal from the world into more or less self-sufficient farms, cloisters, village communities, or desert islands; or passive submission to the play of economic and political forces; or efforts to control these forces. Obviously the first alternative—withdrawal from the world—is open only to a relatively few. The second —passive submission—would be acceptable only to a few, so long as it is generally known that such passivity, which would mean national suicide if widely adopted, is not at all necessary. While the third alternative—trying to control the political and economic forces—necessarily means involvement in government; if not the present system of government, then the one that would replace it. For only an authority with government's present scope and power, at very least, can hope to control the forces by which society is threatened.

A limited government is tolerable only to the extent that those who are able to influence the course of government can depend on their own resources for their security; or, failing that, to the extent that they are willing to accept the consequences of the inadequacy of these resources. These conditions obtain today to an ever-diminishing degree. The great masses of people find themselves helpless against insufferable threats to their security, and unable to rely on family, or church, or community, or voluntary organization, or ownership of property, or even on their own virtues, for protection against these threats. On the other hand, the most impoverished worker, the most benighted farmer, the pettiest small businessman, as well as the

rich, the clever, the powerful, have all found ways of enlisting the active concern of their government against an insecurity they cannot otherwise overcome. They welcome their dependence on government as the only apparent alternative to an infinitely less tolerable dependence on fortune.

The individual becomes dependent on government, not because government is strong, but because he is weak. Government, for its part, expands apace, not because of its strength but—as I shall try to show—because of its very weakness, because of its defenselessness against those who seek its intercession in their behalf. Whatever its disinclination to intervene (and President Truman's administration has considerable disinclination), and whatever the untoward consequences of its intervention may be, it cannot help intervening. Government can no more place limits on its intervention than it can limit the dependence that evokes it. No less than the individual, government too has lost its capacity for self-protection. Not until government finds protection against pressures upon it, will the individual have protection against government and the consequences of its errors.

II

A GREAT many influences, particularly those arising from the war, have conspired to increase both our dependence on government and government's sensitivity to pressures prompted by this dependence. For one thing, as the power and responsibilities of democratic government grow, so, unavoidably, does its responsiveness to those over whom its authority extends. Thus, the fact that it intervenes in wage disputes inevitably makes it more sensitive to pressures for the maintenance of the wage rates it helped determine, and therefore too for the maintenance of prices that would enable the employer to pay those rates. The fact that it is committed to a "full employment" policy sensitizes it to business demands for favors and concessions as the price for co-operation with that policy. The fact that it regulates agriculture has rendered it incapable of resisting the importunities of farm interests.

In general, the actions it was compelled to take to meet the necessities of war and of postwar readjustment have created obligations from which it will not be able to extricate itself once the present boom plays itself out and people again turn to government in ever growing numbers for protection and support. The same power that kept prices and wages down during the war can also, it will be argued, keep them up. The same power that created new industries and made flourishing communities arise in the wilderness can also preserve these industries and communities. The same power that could generate a superabundance of jobs for destructive purposes can also—or so many will contend—generate plenty of productive employment.

It will be extremely bad politics for government to abandon those who are able to attribute their distress, if only in part, to government action, and who can point to ways in which government could assist them. Especially so, when government can no longer plead the nation's peril to extenuate its insensitivity to private need. Still less will it be able to plead its impotence before inexorable "natural law." Rightly or wrongly, we no longer believe that we are prisoners of any such law. Obviously, its domain has shrunk as that of government has grown. And it will continue to shrink. We have had too many examples of the successful circumvention of natural law to be persuaded by arguments about what the government cannot do. An administration that pleads its powerlessness during the difficult times that lie ahead will simply be replaced, as were the various weak democracies of Europe, and our own Hoover administration, by one with more power and fewer inhibitions about using it.

The social conscience of the American people, its sense of justice and humanity, finds it intolerable that income and position should depend on the ability of people to adjust themselves to new situations, rather than on the rights that society delights to honor and the needs it chooses to respect. It finds it unthinkable that small businessmen or honest workers, that whole communities, that—above all—veterans and their dependents, should

suffer hardships merely because government, out of consideration for some abstract "rule of law," fails to act effectively to relieve their hardships. To permit such distress, to be unresponsive to righteous need in time of crisis, is to justify and invite revolution.

Government may therefore be relied upon to do all it can to meet these needs. Too much will seem to depend on its doing so. The cost in distress and insecurity and the consequent political unrest will, in a great many instances—particularly if those concerned are veterans able to act through their organizations—appear greater than the abstract benefits of tariff reductions, or of withdrawal of subsidies and price and wage guarantees, or, in general, of permitting the situation to work itself out in its own way. The concentrated pressure for special privileges and immunities that interested groups can exert on government will almost always carry more weight than the principled negativism of the proponents of "sound liberal" policy.

"Liberal" advocacy of detached, unresponsive government insisting austerely on the "rule of law" will remain pointless so long as government is defenseless against interest groups dependent on it; so long as it is unable to resist their importunities and to overcome their resistance to measures that the government deems necessary; so long as there exists no adequate basis on which government can act responsibly, that is, with full regard to the consequences of policy.

III

THERE is no such basis today. The Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, once served to insulate government and to discourage impulsive responses to pressure and opinion. But its inadequacy was revealed during the 'thirties, when the Constitution was interpreted as prohibiting action designed to meet the crisis, while providing no answer to the problems that pressed so urgently for solution. The Supreme Court won a symbolic victory in the rejection by Congress of President Roosevelt's court reorganization plan. But subsequent changes in the court's membership and basic orientation seem to assure that—with the sole exception of measures affecting civil liberties—it will no longer seriously interfere with any action the Administration may want to take in meeting the problems, and placating the pressures, with which it may be confronted.

In any event, nothing in the Constitution nor in the way the Supreme Court has interpreted it affords a reliable means of assuring responsibility in government. Since the Supreme Court is concerned primarily with the form rather than the substance of government, and since its role, even with respect to form, is purely negative, its rejection of improper form by no means assures proper content. Who can doubt that, given a certain amount of circumspection, government can frame measures that might lead to economic chaos or to a new world war, without arousing a murmur of official protest from the Supreme Court?

Not unaware of the manifest weakness of constitutional defenses against irresponsible response to pressure, the executive and legislative branches of government have sought to erect their own defenses. Thus, many an administrative official has tried to insulate himself from random public opinion, and particularly from the various interest groups and their representatives in Congress, in order to do his job without interference. The complexity and variability of government's present concerns have favored such attempts. Since it is impossible today for Congress to legislate in specific detail all the powers that the several administrative agencies are to exercise, the resulting wide margins of administrative discretion have made it relatively easy for administrators situated in some inaccessible cranny of the bureaucracy, and relatively immune, therefore, to the scrutiny of Congress or the attentions of the lobbyist, to make policy decisions that may vitally affect the whole country.

But obviously this method of achieving responsibility is no more to be relied upon than that provided by the Supreme Court. For one thing, there is no assurance that the insulated specialist or official will be any more responsible, merely because he is unresponsive, than the legislator who is

hypersensitive to every influence, every current of opinion. Besides, the better organized pressures have means of penetrating even into his fastnesses and, if need be, of drawing the attention of his superiors and of Congress to his high-handedness.

What matters most, however, is the growing reaction against administrative discretion. People are more and more resentful of what they regard as the arrogance of appointed officials. Congress, too, has become annoyed at what it considers the improper appropriation by administrators of its policy-making prerogatives. Since the present Administration is more responsive than responsible, since it is extremely solicitous about the pride and pleasure of Congress, administrative discretion has passed its peak, at least for the time being. The more independent officials are being replaced by those who enjoy the pleasure of Congress and know how to get along with it. And disinterested people, mindful of the new temper, are quitting public service to make way for party hacks who can be relied upon to subordinate their own convictions, if they have any, to the needs of placating Congress and of winning the next election.

But Congress itself is not altogether unaware of the dangers of obstructionism and irresponsibility. Many of its members have been interested in plans, originating both in and out of Congress, designed to make it less haphazardly responsive and more responsible. There is no need here to describe in detail the proposals of Thomas K. Finletter, Henry Hazlitt, or the House and Senate committees, for reforming Congress. These proposals have all been pigeonholed. But even if they, or similar ones, were adopted, they would by no means protect Congress nor assure its responsibility. Just as no administration can, in the long run, be much more responsible than Congress, so also the leaders and co-ordinating committees of Congress cannot be much more responsible than the ordinary member. So long as organized groups demand special advantages and immunities, so long as they can manipulate public opinion, one or the other of the major political parties and the opportunists in both parties will make political capital of the insensitivity of the more disinterested members of Congress. If responsible congressmen are to hold their own in the unceasing struggle for the confidence and support of their constituents, they too will be compelled to make concessions to expediency, or lose that support and with it their seats in Congress. A Congress continuously exposed to irresponsible pressures will inevitably take their complexion and, in the main, do their bidding, no matter how it may be reorganized.

Reorganization may make the path of the petty lobbyist and the small and poorly organized interest group more difficult, may make it impossible for them ever to get their interests attended to; but, for that very reason, it would strengthen the hands of the most powerful and best managed groups, which, unlike the private citizen or the small-time lobbyist, need not bother with "buttonholing" particular congressmen or with pleading their causes before some obscure committee. They can carry their influence directly to whatever new co-ordinating committee, or legislative cabinet, or economic council, may be established, and to the President himself. And there is no convincing indication that the wisdom of the Congress, or of the President and his advisers, no matter how collected and co-ordinated, is adequate to the task of dealing properly with these interests. Even if government collectively knew how the nation's essential needs can best be served, there is nothing it can do to protect itself from pressures at variance with these needs. All its efforts at self-protection are as foredoomed to futility as those of the individual.

IV

The main effect of current attempts to co-ordinate and protect government can only be to stabilize its commitment to whatever course, no matter how ill-conceived, it may happen to embark upon. Today, particular errors tend, at least in part, to neutralize each other. An unconsidered measure of Congress may be vetoed by the President; an impulsive act of the President or his subordinates may be reviewed, and then modified or rejected, by

Congress; the recommendations of particular congressional committees may be ignored by the whole House; concessions made to one interest may be nullified by those nonchalantly made to others. In short, the traditional system of checks and balances, the customary looseness and haphazardness of our government—though ill-suited to the urgencies of our time—still operate to a degree to protect it from too firm a commitment, too profound an involvement in mistaken policies. But to the extent that the committees of Congress are co-ordinated, the policies of President and Congress harmonized, and the responses to pressure made a solemn and considered undertaking of the whole government rather than a random and reversible action of some committee, to that extent will government find it more difficult to extricate itself from its errors and their repercussions.

There are already disquieting indications that this tendency is gaining ground, even without the proposed reforms. The increasing resort to government proprietary corporations, such as the RFC, the TVA, and the projected atomic energy authority, which take many important matters "out of politics" (though of course not out of government), tends in this direction. No less significant is the considerable progress, during and since the war, toward inter-party unity on various important issues: not only the much applauded harmony on foreign policy, but also (despite the destructionism of the Republican-Southern Democratic coalition) as regards most of the favors, concessions, and special protections demanded by the dominant farm, business, and labor groups. Each of these agreements on policy starts government going along a road on which there is no turning back.

This tendency cannot, under present circumstances, be avoided. Once a particular pattern of government spending and control takes root, a tremendous complex of interests inevitably grows up around it. It little matters whether or not the persons benefiting from, let us say, a subsidy or price guarantee are Democrats or Republicans; whether or not they initially approved the assistance on which, willy-nilly, they have become dependent. After a while, as the structure of the economy is modified by government intervention, the opposition party must learn to respect this dependence or incur the hostility of such persons. The longer this dependence lasts, the more unquestioningly must it be respected.

It is not without significance that each succeeding Republican presidential candidate moved closer to the New Deal program than his predecessor. Mr. Landon felt it necessary to endorse only a small part of that program; Mr. Willkie, most of it; and Mr. Dewey, despite his personal conservatism, almost all of it. For all the notorious looseness of campaign promises, there can be little doubt that, had any of these men been elected, he would have found it extremely inexpedient to make radical departures from the essentials of New Dealism.

THE fact is that the profound involvement of government in the American economy, and its entanglement in the toils of public opinion, has given it an inertia so great as almost to preclude a major deflection from its present course. Those who fondly imagine that we can return to an old-style Republicanism, sublimely indifferent to the needs of those unable to protect themselves against their exploiters and against the manifold hazards of modern life, simply do not reckon with a public opinion which today is fully aware both of government's obligations to those who have come to depend upon it and of its potential effectiveness in discharging these obligations. They do not reckon with government's unprotectedness against that opinion.

Without a strength and independence that no mere change of administration or internal reorganization can give it, government must still be buffeted about by every influence strong enough to penetrate its defenses, and be led astray by any notion that happens to strike the fancy of enough people. The British cabinet system, the admitted model of most of our would-be reformers of government, did not preserve Britain from policies that nourished Hitler's power and brought Britain close to defeat; nor is it likely to save it from a muddling and painful advance toward

statism, from the disintegration of its empire and the deterioration of its position in the world, or from the possibility of policies that may again lead to war. There is no reason to think that some approximation or elegant variation of that model would preserve America from perils just as great.

V

IT WAS once possible to limit the consequences of government's mismanagement. Before the advent of the "welfare state," government could liquidate its errors at the expense of hapless individuals who had to bear insecurity and hardship, economic annihilation itself, uncared for by a government which was—or pretended to be—unable to help them. Occasionally, a desperate people would rise against a weak or tyrannical government and destroy it for its sins. But whether particular individuals or governments paid the reckoning, the nation's survival was not threatened.

But neither alternative is available today. Government must shield its citizens, as best it can, from the consequences of its errors, no matter at what future cost to the whole nation. It must continuously broaden and intensify its intervention in the nation's affairs in order to head off or alleviate the effects of its own bungling. Only in the Soviet Union are great masses of people still willing to accept the consequences of miscarriages of plan, still willing to permit government to liquidate its errors, whatever the cost, and to start afresh. Hence the tremendous dynamism of the Soviet system, as of any system that is willing to pay the price of its achievements.

But in all other countries, willingness to suffer the effects of government's mismanagement or impotence has virtually ceased to exist. Government must underwrite its errors until they generate consequences that it can no longer deal with effectively. And when that time comes, not only certain individuals, not only government, but the whole of society is involved in disaster. Napoleon's adventures ruined only Napoleon and his armies; Hitler's adventures involved all of Germany in a ruin so profound that nothing remained around which the life of the German people could be reconstituted. The gross incompetence and irresponsibility of a Grant, or even of a Harding, led to little more than national scandals; President Truman's fumbling, as new crises develop at home and abroad, might well lead to irreparable catastrophe. The time when we could afford to learn by error is gone.

The consequences of fumbling may not be immediately evident. We may do quite well for a time, no matter what is done or left undone. The shortages and the savings accumulated during the war, and what still remains and what our loans may still add to the "reservoirs of good will" abroad, may take care of that. If need be, matters can be patched up for a while. Indeed, government's ability to effect makeshift solutions of pressing problems and thus to postpone a reckoning is the main advantage it derives from its enhanced role.

But government cannot, in the long run, transcend its own inherent limitations. No doubt it can circumvent the old individualistic ruthlessness; it can mitigate personal insecurity and distress; it can plan for more adequate social services and more continuous employment. But it can hardly prevent the consequences of the abuse of its own powers, nor of the miscarriage of its own plans—the sort of thing that has cost the Soviet Union so dear, free though it be of depressions, unemployment, and insecurity as we know them. It cannot protect the nation from the depression that may result from its efforts to forestall depression—if, say, its spending takes forms which deter private spending or if its controls operate to hamstring private enterprise. Nor can it protect the nation from the war that may result from its very efforts to prevent war—if, say, it becomes committed to the preservation of empires already in irreversible decline, or if it blindly attempts to prevent the rise and expansion of new powers with as yet unexhausted potentialities for growth.

Clearly, the development of government's power, the illimitable extension of its concerns—despite all its would-be limiters—poses quite as many problems as it solves. And it poses them more

acutely than ever before; for, in a horribly real sense, the future of the nation, and even of the whole of civilization, depends on how these problems are dealt with.

With so much at stake, improvisations will no longer do. Society may not be able to endure much longer the "trial and error," "hit or miss" kind of government we have had thus far; nor will the proposed contrivances for government's self-protection and self-correction suffice. If the American way of life is to survive, we must devise more effective and more discriminating ways than have yet been suggested of lessening the dangerous immediacy of interdependence of government, the various interest groups, and public opinion; of breaking the circuit of pressure and mechanical response to pressure.

Not until we have such protection will government be able to act as boldly and decisively as today it must; but without jeopardy to the nation. Not until then can we begin to remedy the anxieties and indecisions, the reluctance to act, the "failure of nerve" so characteristic of our time, without going to the other extreme of blind aggression and destructiveness. Not until then can we hope to steer our way between a policy of drift and one of mad adventure, or to do what has to be done to assure our progress in safety to a better world.

To find such a means of protection is the most urgent need of our time.

[*Mr. Spigelman will continue his argument in one or more subsequent articles.*—The Editors.]

Country Content

JAMES HAYFORD

Under these sober skies
Blunt hills and sharp roofs rise.
The hills confine the sight,
The rooftops hint the height
To which the vision of
The mind is trusted. Love
Must be held in and down.
So says the country town.

The country is content.
(The city's different.)
The corn and cattle grow,
Men plod and rivers flow.
Under the gabled roofs
They go on finding proofs
That love of things and the past
Is all love, first and last.

Flat clouds and tilted land.
Trust what you can take in hand.
Things and the past are pleasant.
Not people. Not the present.

IS THE AIR FULL?

The Puzzle of Air Traffic Control

WOLFGANG LANGEWIESCHE

You know, of course, that our airlines are becoming more reliable every year. More and more surely, when you buy an airline reservation, you may expect to start as scheduled, to get there more or less on time, and, equally important, to make the return trip as scheduled. It's only reasonable; in aviation, progress is a matter of course.

But you are wrong. Slowly but surely, year after year, the airlines are now getting *less* reliable. They *are* getting *safer*. Your chance of being in an accident is by now so remote that you can forget about it. But your chance of getting back to the office on time from that week-end trip to Chicago is getting poorer.

True, statistics manage to show a slight improvement. As long ago as 1928, the airlines were actually completing 90 per cent of all *flights* they had scheduled; today, with the statistical basis shifted, statistics show that the airlines actually fly 93.4 per cent of all airplane-*miles* they have scheduled. But this figure does not take account of delays—sometimes 12-hour delays. If today's flight is cancelled you are stuck, even though tomorrow's flight goes in two sections and brings the figures right back to par. Moreover, the figures are for the country as a whole, and year-round operation. For the big cities—New York, Chicago, Washington—schedule reliability is becoming so poor, especially during the bad-weather months, that statistics are strictly unavailable. And the situation is getting worse by the month—alleviated only temporarily by summer weather. For next winter, an unprecedented bogging-down of airline service is in prospect for the big cities.

The trouble is not bad weather, in itself. With modern radio aids and instruments, with four engines and the latest de-icers, the most advanced airline and Army pilots have demonstrated in experimental all-weather programs that there is now virtually no more unflyable weather. But weather brings on problems of air traffic control; and now, with the airlines getting new airplanes and putting on more frequent schedules, these traffic problems are beginning to tie our air transport system up in knots.

When an airplane flies "blind" in clouds, the pilot can, of course, do nothing to prevent a collision with some other blind-flying airplane. His eyes are needed on his instrument board, and anyway the cloud may be so thick that he can't even see his own wing tips. But even if he can see one mile, two airplanes, approaching each other head-on, would close in on each other at the rate of one mile in ten seconds. The responsibility for pre-

Author of a series of articles for Harper's *on the frontiers of aviation, Wolfgang Langewiesche is a research pilot for the Kollsman Instrument Company. His books include* I'll Take the High Road, Lightplane Flying, *and* Stick and Rudder.

venting blind-flying collisions, therefore, rests with an elaborate government service, the Air Traffic Control. ATC works somewhat like the block system of a railroad, assigning certain portions of the airspace to one airplane at a time, and keeping all others out; and along the established air routes no airplane may enter a cloud or a region of thick, smoky air without radio-permission from ATC.

This system works. The immense amount of flying during the war has produced just about every type of freak accident imaginable, and there have been many aerial collisions, several involving airliners. But most of them have occurred in clear air through plain carelessness. *No airliner, flying blind under Air Traffic Control, has ever collided with another airplane.*

But the system can work with this high degree of safety only for a few airplanes at a time; and that is what now keeps our airlines from attaining railroad-like reliability. When the weather gets bad, ATC simply cannot accommodate all the flights that are scheduled to go. And so you stay on the ground.

During one day last winter the ceiling at New York was low while Boston had clear weather. It would have been no problem at all to climb out of La Guardia Field on instruments and go into Boston. Yet on that day eighteen flights to Boston were cancelled because there was no safe way of routing them out through the incoming traffic! A ceiling of 1,000 feet is not really bad weather, by modern standards. The airlines' "minimum" at La Guardia — the worst weather in which they still may make blind approaches—is a 500-foot ceiling. Yet one airline estimates that every hour during which La Guardia has less than 1,000 feet costs $5,000 in extra flying time while ships are circling aloft and waiting, in the expense of putting mail and passengers on trains, and in other consequences of upset schedules. And every schedule upset has lots of consequences. For instance, how can New York start its morning flight to Chicago if the airplane which was to make it got traffic-jammed during the night somewhere in Ohio? Another transcontinental airline now often starts emergency procedures simply because the ceilings on the Eastern Seaboard go to less than 2,000 feet. There is no point in approaching the metropolitan area when the approach beams are all jammed up, and the sky up to 12,000 feet is full of airplanes waiting to land; you would run out of gas before your turn came. So they dump their New York-bound passengers west of the Alleghenies, an overnight train-ride from New York.

In bad weather the air is full. This sounds absurd, on the eve of an expansion in the airline business that will make our present air transport system look like the Toonerville trolley. But it is true, and if it seems absurd to you, you can imagine how it keeps airline men awake at night. There is all the difference in the world between the 100 per cent reliability of the railroads and the 90 per cent of the airlines. If it can't be 100 per cent it might almost as well be 50 per cent. *You* can't take a chance of missing your appointment—and so you take the train. Beyond that, the air traffic problem holds air transport back in ways which are less obvious. For example, it would now be technically possible to run huge airliners back and forth in a shuttle service between New York and Washington every hour on the hour, the trip to take one hour: no reservations, tote your own luggage, go to the airport and grab a seat. It might be financially possible to offer such service at day-coach rates. But it is impossible as a job of government: our present system of air traffic control simply cannot safeguard such schedules, and as soon as the weather turned bad, the service would break down. Thus the control of air traffic has quite suddenly become one of the frontier problems of aviation.

II

THERE ought to be no traffic problem in the air. The airspace is so unimaginably large that it can never be physically crowded, the way a city street is sometimes just plain full of cars. Years ago, when faint alarms of a future traffic problem were first heard, Irving Langmuir, the Nobel Prize physicist who is also a private flier, calculated the probabilities of aerial collision and pointed out, in effect, that if airplanes flew completely at random, without any control and without even look-

ing out, there would be a collision only every few centuries. A pilot would be more likely to be hit by lightning while playing golf than to have a collision with another airplane in flight.

That is just what makes the air traffic problem so annoying: the airspace is there—but we don't know how to use it. In practical flying, of course, most of the traffic moves between the big cities, and thus Langmuir's assumed random condition does not hold true. From New York to Cleveland and Chicago, for example, airplanes may follow each other at intervals of minutes, and competent pilots will stay within a couple of miles of the straightest, shortest line even when flying merely by map and compass. Since most of the heavily traveled routes are marked by radio beams, much of the traffic actually sticks within a couple of hundred feet of the beam's edge.

But even so, as long as the air is clear and you can see and be seen, this close channeling of traffic still causes no real problem. You can no longer fly as pilots sometimes did in the old days—reading the funnies. You've got to look out. But if you do, there is always plenty of space in which to evade the other fellow. You can fly the straight line at any altitude you choose, and you can also fly five or ten miles to the side of it without appreciably lengthening your trip. Thus in clear air there are probably ten thousand usable air paths between New York and Cleveland, all equally good.

Airports, too, destroy the random condition; for all traffic finally must converge and come down onto the same narrow runway. Thus, on the immediate approach to the runway, the immensity of the airspace finally shrinks down to highway proportions. But here again, as long as you can see and be seen, the traffic problem can still be solved by simple common sense, plus a few rules, plus a control tower. A slow airplane may be "on final approach" to the runway, thus blocking a faster airplane's approach; but it only means that the faster plane has to circle the field once before coming in—and there is plenty of space in which to circle. Moreover, control tower operators are amazingly skillful in their strange art, and usually manage to prevent such a traffic jam by telling one approaching airplane to "expedite" by coming straight in, while telling the other to lose a little time by making a wide-turning approach.

At night, or in smoky air, airport traffic can occasionally become a little nerve-racking. It is sometimes difficult to tell the white tail lights and red and green wing-tip lights of airplanes from stars, street lamps, and neon signs. But airliners are now equipped with lights which flash rhythmically in an unmistakable manner, and the law will probably soon put such flashers on all night-flying airplanes. Altogether, although traffic is indeed becoming a problem for the pilot in the sense that it is now still another thing demanding part of his overworked attention, nevertheless in weather in which you can see and be seen, air traffic is not a matter for public concern.

But the moment the weather turns bad, this whole pleasant condition changes radically, both in fact and in law. Instead of the unlimited airspace, there are then available for practical flying only a few narrow tunnels, as it were, known as the Civil Airways—public highways of the air, especially equipped with radio beams, weather stations, emergency landing fields, and other aids to navigation. To let airplanes barge ahead blind along such narrow channels without traffic control would be worse than running a railroad at random: it would be unthinkable. Thus, while in good weather the use of the airspaces is virtually unrestricted, with no speed limits and altitude rules, with the most perfect freedom imaginable, in bad weather the use of these Civil Airways becomes a highly intricate procedure and a highly socialized one.

The law requires all sorts of instruments and radio in the airplane, and actual flying conditions require even more: an airliner carries some $25,000-worth. The pilot must have a special blind-flying license—perhaps the hardest of all licenses to get. All this immediately cuts out the majority of airplanes and pilots. The current boom in popular flying, particularly, is not a cause of the current traffic jam. When the weather closes down over the Eastern Sea-

board, there are at most a couple of hundred airplanes actually flying, most of them airliners. And those few airplanes are enough to jam the airways!

A TYPICAL blind-flying situation between New York and Cleveland might look like this: New York has an 800-foot ceiling, Cleveland 700 feet. In between, all through the Alleghenies, the clouds are right on the hilltops. If you want to fly, you will have to go into the clouds and fly blind. Once in the cloud, you will have to stick close to the beam. You want to keep close track of your position and speed; you want to be able to tell Air Traffic Control your position whenever called upon to do so. Thus it would not be good practice, and for airliners it would be actually illegal, to fly a mile or so to the side of the beam. More important even, once you are blind you will have the problem of finding Cleveland—not only the general location, but the exact airport; you would not dare descend at random, for fear of hitting a hilltop or a radio tower or a skyscraper. Once you lose the beam, it can be difficult and dangerous work to find it again, and in trying to find it, you might barge across some air-traffic lane full of airplanes—blind! All this again means—stick to the beam. And that means that at any given altitude the beam is now a one-track thing, with no room for meeting or passing. Now watch the ten thousand good-weather air-paths between New York and Cleveland shrink, in this sort of weather, to *three!*

The hills reach up to almost 3,000 feet; being blind, you want a safety margin and won't fly much lower than 4,000. If you fly 4,000, then what about the eastbound traffic from Cleveland? A good pilot can maintain a prescribed altitude within 100 feet, but emergencies or mistakes are conceivable that might temporarily carry him higher or lower. To keep airplanes from meeting on the beam head-on, the law requires an altitude-separation of 1,000 feet: eastbound traffic thus can fly at 5,000 feet, westbound again at 6,000, eastbound at 7,000. But suppose that at 7,000 feet and above the clouds are reported to be icing; under such circumstances that level is not usable. And suppose the top of the clouds is reported to be at 12,000 feet. Some of the new high-altitude airliners will, no doubt, climb quickly through the icing layer, and fly in the sunshine on top. But the average airplane can't do that, because of oxygen-lack and other reasons. Most of the traffic will have to use those three tracks—4,000 feet, 5,000, and 6,000—only two of them westbound.

And even those tracks can't be used too hard. Sound reasoning (long since frozen into hard-and-fast regulation) requires that airplanes following one another at a given altitude along the beam must at all times be kept 10 minutes' flying time apart—about 25 miles for airplanes of average speed. That is why your airliner sometimes stands at the head of the runway for half an hour, for no visible reason, with the engines idling: your pilot is waiting for a gap in the airway traffic.

HERE is the way this traffic is controlled. The pilot who wants to take you from New York to Cleveland through the weather I have described makes an application, as it were, to Air Traffic Control, usually by telephone. He gives his desired time of departure, estimated cruising speed and time en route, desired cruising altitude, and many other data; and then he loads you on and taxies out, ready to go. The controller and his assistants, in an office full of rattling teletype machines, sit facing a long wall-board similar to a large telephone switchboard. The board represents the Civil Airway and the various radio stations strung along it: Newark, Allentown, Sunbury, Philipsburg, Brookville, Youngstown. Slips of paper represent the traffic: for each airplane now aloft, a slip is posted at each station, giving the estimated time and altitude at which it is expected to pass over that station; and one assistant constantly keeps those estimates up to date. Thus the skilled eye of the controller—not yours or mine!—can see the total picture of the traffic, not only of the moment, but even for an hour or two ahead.

Into this picture he fits your flight as best he can: sometimes right away, sometimes after an hour's wait, sometimes not at all—in which case your airplane taxies back to the terminal building and you take

the good old train. Once you are off, his assistant calculates your probable time-over for all stations, and posts a slip, which is your reservation, as it were, of certain portions of the airspace for a certain time: strictly perishable—you had better get there on time. He also shoots a teletype to each station, telling it to listen for your radio call as you go over. From then on, your flight is a double thing: the real thing up in the cloud, and the paper manipulation on the board; and the connection between the two will be your radio calls down to those airway stations en route.

As your pilot hears (by the peculiar, rhythmical ringing of the radio beam in his earphones) that he is sliding across Newark, he calls down "Newark radio, this is NC 41366, over the station at 9:17, 4,000 feet." Newark radio shoots a teletype into ATC, reporting your passage.

The controller now knows that this particular airspace, at this particular altitude, is empty, and he clears a Washington-bound ship which was waiting to use it.

As you report over Allentown, you are three minutes behind estimate. On getting Allentown's teletype message the controller revises your estimated time-over for each following station, and wishes you would hurry; he has another ship behind you at your altitude, crowding that ten-minute separation interval. He shoots a teletype to the Allentown radio, and the operator there cuts his voice in on the radio beam and calls the ship behind you to reduce throttle and lose a few minutes. . . . All the time, everybody is groping his way along the beam, blind, with nothing outside the windshield but the thick white cloud-stuff. Once, as you are following the Philipsburg beam, the voice comes on and tells you to "climb to 6,000 feet immediately—report when leaving 5,000 feet, report when at 6,000." You don't know why—ATC does all this from its board back in New York, shunting its traffic, trying to keep it moving. But you know why you must report leaving 5,000: it is the eastbound altitude and ATC is "holding" some eastbound ship somewhere ahead of you, making it shuttle back and forth on the beam, until you have had time to climb through that level.

You proceed at 6,000, and a little ice is building up on the wings' leading edge; not dangerous, but it might become so. You call down—to Brookville radio by this time—requesting the 4,000-foot level again. Brookville teletypes, and the voice comes back in five minutes: "ATC advises unable to clear. . . ." Too much traffic, that means, at the lower level. The air, right now and here, is full. You sit and fly, and dart quick glances at your ice. Twenty minutes later, ATC allows you down, and soon after that you enter the realm of Cleveland control.

Cleveland expects you, in fact had to "accept" you (by teletype) before New York ever let you go. But Cleveland traffic is heavy today. Talking through the Youngstown beam, Cleveland shoves you back up to 6,000, and then clears you to Elyria, to hold at 6,000. Elyria is a small town 26 miles the far side of Cleveland; to you it means simply an intersection of two radio beams, surrounded by cloud.

And now comes the bottleneck: you get stacked. There is only one beam along which you can make your final descent out of the cloud into the airport; but there are four beams feeding traffic into that one—from New York, from Chicago, from Detroit, and from Pittsburgh. Elyria-in-the-Clouds is the place where Cleveland puts the new arrivals who have to wait their turn to that final-approach beam. (All busy airports have such shelves.) So, as you now fly back and forth, back and forth at that intersection, still groping your way through the white opaque soup, you know that 1,000 feet below you another airplane is shuttling the same way, and 1,000 feet below him, still another; and presently you hear the Cleveland voice stack someone on top of you. In this totem pole, low man is tops; while ATC stacks them up on top, the local control tower keeps pulling the lowest man in to land; and each time one is down, every ship in the stack may descend 1,000 feet. So you fly back and forth, back and forth along the beam, listening on your earphones, and every five minutes or so you are stepped down.

Finally you are low man, and "cleared to make standard instrument approach." Now you have only one problem left: to

follow the beam precisely to the radio station that sends it, and cross over that station at precisely the prescribed altitude; for that gives you the pinpoint in space from which alone you dare make a really low stab at the ground, down below skyscraper and radio-mast level, while still in the cloud. It was to get that final pinpointing that you have stuck so close to the beam all the way across; it is because you have to stick to the beam that the traffic problem is so severe. There it comes—the characteristic sound in the earphone which tells you that the station is right below. You pull your throttles back and let yourself sink straight ahead for a few seconds. The white stuff outside turns green and brown, and there is the airport.

III

That is the system by which we now fly in bad weather. It was never really designed; it developed by improvisation. The radio beams were originally installed simply as guide paths for blind-flying airplanes with no thought of traffic control. Well into the nineteen-thirties they were used without control by airliners and the few other airplanes which then flew blind. Control was first started as a private joint undertaking of the several airlines serving New York, which were then all using the Newark beams. They agreed to keep a central office posted as to their ship's positions and plans. The government soon took over—properly, since the air is public and can't be effectively policed by private agencies. It set up similar control offices for Cleveland and Chicago, and gradually for all the Civil Airways of the country. During the war, the beams and this type of traffic control reached out all over the world—across Alaska to Russia, across the Pacific to Saipan, through Africa and India over the Hump to Chungking.

Our description of the system has made many simplifying skips; so many, in fact, that it is true only in a schematic sense. It applies to a private airplane. An airliner's procedure is *essentially* the same but is greatly elaborated by additional safety measures and safety procedures.

The system is safe. Let's say it again: no airliner, flying blind under Air Traffic Control, has ever had a collision with another airplane. And this good safety record is likely to persist. For the system by definition precludes any crowding. Thus the present traffic jam does not add to the risks of air travel. It merely means that you may be dumped suddenly in the wrong city. Or may not get to go in the first place. The system is safe, but it stops us from using our air.

An obvious answer would be to make the present system more elaborate and work it harder. If one Civil Airway doesn't offer enough blind-flying paths between New York and Cleveland, then why not build two or even four parallel airways, each with its own beam? If traffic clogs up on the blind-approach to the airport, then why not build dual or triple airports, each with its own blind-approach radio-aids? And why not reduce the separation between airplanes and run them, say, only five minutes apart and with only a 500-foot altitude separation?

Technically, these things can be done, and to some extent they are being done. Multiple airports, for example, are now developing in the big cities. But that is mainly because the airports are becoming "saturated" with traffic even in normal weather; it is not really a solution for the instrument traffic jam. What causes the jam is that our present airways and approach systems lose so sharply in capacity during bad weather, as compared with their normal-weather capacity. Hence, a multiple-airport group which works at nearly full capacity in normal weather will jam up in bad weather just as a single airport does now. A multiple-airport group which was used at only half capacity in normal weather, on the other hand, would be expensive for the taxpayer. The problem is not to create *more* facilities, but to invent facilities which won't clog in bad weather. And in any case, a multiple-airport group creates almost as many traffic problems as it solves. The approach and exit lanes of the different fields tend to intersect, thus setting up new traffic hazards which again can be avoided only by restricting traffic. New York City, for example, is presently going to have five big airports in operation, three commercial and two military, each equipped with the nec-

essary beams for blind approach. But at this writing nobody has yet figured out a traffic pattern by which all those fields can work simultaneously in blind-flying weather without blocking one another's traffic.

Multiple airways also are being used. Blind-flying traffic between New York City and the West and South, for example, uses two one-way streets—one inbound and one outbound. Inbound, you detour far south and descend across the lower bay, Coney Island, and the center of Brooklyn. Outbound, you cross uptown Manhattan and angle across the Jersey marshes to Newark; and even beyond that you have your separate airway, free from inbound traffic, as far as Philadelphia if southbound, as far as Allentown if westbound. The advantage of such one-way streets is, of course, that each traffic stream can use all the altitudes along its beam, and that climbing and descending traffic causes fewer complications. A similar system of one-way airways is now under consideration for the traffic to and from Boston. There are also proposals for an aerial express-highway by which through traffic between Washington and Boston-Newfoundland-Europe could altogether bypass New York's whole labyrinth of airways.

But the multiple beam idea also has its limits: the beam system could easily become so complicated as to be unworkable by human skill. A quadruple airway, for example, is easy to imagine. But think of the sixteen individual intersections where two quadruple airways cross, and imagine the controller's problem. What if he should make a mistake?

THAT illustrates why our present system can't be elaborated *ad infinitum*: we would soon run out of skill. Every time you throw another beam through the airspace; every time you announce a new traffic pattern, a new tunnel, a new approach channel; every time you demand another position-report from the pilot; every time you make a new rule; you create a new opportunity for pilots and ground-personnel to make mistakes. And that is perhaps the most fundamental weakness in our present system, with its super-accurate channeling of traffic: if someone does make a mistake, the system is likely to bring two airplanes together with the same precision with which it is designed to keep them apart.

Even now, the system depends altogether too heavily on high skill in all concerned. It *sounds* as if it could be worked "by the book"; and that, of course, is the original idea. But at the tempo at which it is now being worked, it has long become a job for experts—in fact for virtuosos. If controllers simply worked their boards by mechanical rules, traffic would be bogged down much worse than it is. Actually, the board is only an aid. The real plotting is done in the controller's brain—a brain of peculiar gifts, adept at playing a game of three-dimensional chess, with no time out allowed for thinking. During the flight described above, nothing went wrong. But suppose a controller has all his beams stacked up to 12, 000 feet with blind-flying airliners, all waiting their turn to land—and then the topmost, outermost pilot announces that he is losing oil pressure on one engine, and wants to land right away! At such times a controller performs feats of juggling which are not reflected in his scant Civil Service salary.

The pilot, too, must be a virtuoso at the game. No brief description could bring out the complications of this system, and the precision with which it has to be worked. No one can work it safely unless he has served quite an apprenticeship, not merely in flying, not even in blind-flying, but in blind-flying along our busy Civil Airways. For one thing, all this important and potentially dangerous business is conducted entirely by word of mouth—contrary to the rule of modern management that "Verbal Orders Don't Go."

"You are cleared from Pittsburgh through Philadelphia to Freehold to cruise seven thousand if visibility goes below three miles climb to nine thousand and advise climb well to the right of the west leg of the Altoona range contact La Guardia approach control for further clearance your traffic is northbound Eastern Airlines estimating Metuchen at two three four two descending from nine thousand feet. . . ." All that comes over the squawky radio, perhaps half drowned out by static. It is

often impossible to understand the words of such instructions, let alone their meaning, unless you already know, more or less, what's going to be said. Airline co-pilots, therefore, now actually study typical traffic control instructions, such as the one above, in ground school, much as an interne studies medical case histories. But your very knowledge of the system may mislead you: if the pilot anticipates such-and-such a clearance from the ground, if the controller anticipates such-and-such a report from the pilot, then it is all too easy to mishear or misthink when something different is spoken, or to take something as said which has not been said.

And there are many other complications, some of them new. Until recently, practically all the blind-flying was done on the DC-3 airliners—all flying at precisely the same speed. If the control fed them into the airway in one sequence, they would come out at the other end in the same sequence. Now, many new ships are coming into use—both the faster new airliners and slower cargo carriers and non-scheduled passenger ships. How are we going to let the fast fellow overtake and pass the slow fellow? For all these reasons, the system is saturated. In blind-flying weather the air *is* full. And traffic is increasing by the month. What to do?

IV

Nobody knows the answer. Nobody even thinks he knows. And this is not from lack of trying. Many pilots, many airplanes, many millions of dollars are engaged in looking for the answer. The airlines are getting desperate over the limited service to the public, the huge loss of revenue, the blocking of their expansion plans, the scattering of their fleets all over the country due to interrupted flights. They have sponsored an ambitious joint research program, and most of them also have research groups of their own.

Manufacturers of electronic equipment —RCA, International Tel. & Tel., General Railway Signal Co., Sperry—are also bringing their vast resources to bear on the problem—for a good business reason: the firm which engineers the best system is likely to sell a hundred million dollars' worth of equipment. Much work is being done by groups which were set up during the war to develop radar, such as the MIT-sponsored Radiation Laboratories, and Airborne Instrument Laboratories, Inc., which was originally Columbia University's electronic research group, is now sponsored by American Airlines, and is due to become a joint airline project.

The Army Air Forces are underwriting much of this research—as well as running research programs of their own. They are heavy users of the Civil Airways at any time; in addition, they see traffic control as a strategic problem: if they are to realize their new ambition to become an "All-weather Air Force," they must have a system of blind navigation and traffic control which can be set up quickly in any theater of operation.

Among all these groups there is much competition but even more co-operation, much mutual lending of men, airplanes, equipment, and ideas. So far, however, the entire effort has produced no answer, but only bits and pieces of answers.

One school of thought is that the present system could be made to carry the traffic after all—if the element of human skill could be taken out. This they propose to do by mechanizing the controller's thinking, the pilot's reporting, and the communications. The airway would have a beam, just as now. Along each beam, "block stations" would be strung out on the ground at short intervals, similar to the block stations of a railroad. As the airplane flies along the beam, it automatically sends up radio impulses which actuate red or green stop-and-go lights on the instrument board. The pilot proceeds on his course until he gets a red light. Then he stops, which in airplane terms means that he circles, until the light turns green; or else he flips a switch and thus investigates the situation ahead at the next higher flying level. Such a system might make it possible for airplanes to follow each other closely; and it might also overcome the objections to the multiple-airway idea with many parallel beams.

Airplanes might proceed along such an airway without flight plan, in the way traffic proceeds on a highway. Or, more likely, the work now done mentally by the

controller would be done at lightning speed by an electric control board—a giant business machine. The pilot's flight-plan (coded by punching holes into a card) would be fed into one end. Into the other end might be fed the automatic position reports of the airplanes now aloft. Out the top would come faultless instructions for everybody! Simple versions of such automatic boards have been built, but the detail problems are intricate: what if someone declares an emergency? What if the mechanical brain should blow a fuse?

THEN there is radar: what causes the traffic jam is, in the last analysis, that we can't see through fog. Now that we have a device which can see through fog, one naturally looks to it for a solution. Certainly from now on any method which does not use radar will be suspected of doing things the hard way. But radar poses some baffling problems of its own.

Carry a set in every airplane? Airborne radar has been widely used during the war for night fighting, for bombing-through-the-overcast, or even simply for navigation. But it is as yet very bulky and heavy, and would usurp too much of a commercial airplane's carrying capacity. In trying to develop a fighter which could carry effective radar, for example, we wound up with the Black Widow, an excellent airplane which, however, is twice as powerful and twice as heavy as an ordinary fighter, and slower at that. Any small, relatively light airborne radar has a hard time detecting a single airplane from afar—the target is too small. To see in all the directions in which a pilot must guard himself against collision might require several radar sets, possibly with several operators. Radar requires much maintenance work; but if an airliner is not to lose money it must be in the air twelve hours a day, and on schedule. Incidentally, radar is very expensive. Finally, if every airplane did carry radar, the traffic controller would still lack the information which *he* needs.

Put the radar on the ground and let the traffic controller simply *tell* the pilot, by voice-radio, how he must fly? This is the system that worked so well during the Battle of Britain, except that it was then used to let fighters come together with enemy bombers, rather than to keep transport airplanes apart. It has the advantage that good, elaborate, heavy radar equipment can be used, and that good maintenance is easy. It has the disadvantage that it requires many verbal instructions, with as many chances for speaking error or hearing error. It also has a psychological disadvantage: it leaves the pilot without enough information to judge for himself. And airline pilots don't like to have their airplanes "flown" for them by the judgment of ground personnel whose own neck is not at stake, and who often don't appreciate the pilot's problem too clearly, and whose salary, incidentally, is only a fraction of an airline pilot's pay. They are afraid of mistakes.

Thus radar is not too practical if it merely means still another gadget on the instrument panel, still another complication to the airway system, and still more mouthing of formulas on the radio. The conviction has been growing that radar can be effectively used only in connection with still some other ingenious trick. But *what* trick?

IT LOOKS as if the answer might lie in a trick developed competitively by the laboratories of RCA and International Tel. & Tel. RCA calls its system "Teleran"; International Tel. & Tel. calls its "Navar." The two systems are similar in their fundamental concept: a large, efficient radar station on the ground continuously scans the sky and spots all aircraft within, say, fifty miles. It automatically plots them on a map where they appear as "blips" of light. The controller works with his map. The same map is also continually broadcast, as it were, and a duplicate of it appears on a screen in the instrument panel of every airplane which carries the necessary apparatus. Teleran sends the map up by television: Navar does it by a radar trick.

The effect in either case is the same: the controller gets a complete picture of all traffic in his area and gets it without any reports from the pilots; no outlaw can silently sneak across the airway unseen, trusting the law of averages; no lost pilot can make faulty reports; no mishearing of five for nine, no chiseling on time estimates

can cause traffic hazards. The controller knows what's what.

And the pilot also gets the complete picture of traffic. He can see himself: in Teleran an arrow keeps pointing out to you which of all the airplanes on your screen is your own. In Navar, your own airplane appears in a color different from everybody else's. Thus the pilot can see where he is in relation to all other traffic, more clearly even than he could by natural vision in good weather, for he is not bothered by haze or smoke or dazzling sun or the "blind spots" of his own airplane and he need not keep craning his neck.

Except in the densest traffic, pilots may thus be able to proceed without individual traffic instructions of any kind—and the controller might perhaps merely sit and watch the flow, like a policeman parked by the side of a highway. Should a major military flight want to cross the airway, the controller can mark off an area on his map and reserve it by simply scribbling on it "No civilian traffic here between 5,000 and 7,000 feet." The same marking then appears on the maps in all airplanes. But the televised image does more than that. The pilot can also see the weather, for a weather map may be superimposed on the traffic map, showing where the fronts are, the fogged-in areas, the icing. Should there be a thunderstorm along the airway, the controller can detour the entire airway around it simply by drawing new lines on the map.

More than that: the televised image also fills the role of the present radio beam—for a simple geographic map may be combined with the traffic map. This should make navigation easier—a good and necessary thing as long as blind-flying airplanes still run into mountains and skyscrapers. Even more important, the blind-flying pilot need no longer stick to one narrow path. Wherever he flies—within the reach of the system—he sees himself exactly located on the map. Thus radar, used in this trick fashion, can make available in instrument weather the same ten thousand flight paths between New York and Cleveland which are available in contact weather. Traffic would no longer have to be crowded on a few tracks. Again, as the blind-flying pilot approaches the airport, he tunes in on a large-scale map and, seeing his position so clearly, he flies himself down to the runway without the incredible mental effort which is involved in making a "let-down" on our present beams.

TELERAN and Navar are probably the all-time high of electronic trickery. In Teleran the traffic controller may simply point to an offending airplane on his map. His admonishing finger then waggles in front of the pilot: "Hey you, pull over to the side." In Navar, the controller has a magic wand called the Navamander. If he sees an airplane-image on his map headed for a skyscraper, he puts the Navamander on it, presses a button, and on that particular pilot's screen (and no one else's!) appears a written command such as "Climb 1,000 feet."

In both systems, not only each airplane's position is shown but also its altitude. The ground radar does not merely "see" the airplane, but "interrogates" it. Every time the radar impulse hits the airplane, it excites a "responder-beacon," a tiny transmitter carried by the airplane and coupled with its altimeter; and the responder then radios down: "I am at 5,000 feet." In both systems the ground-radar then sorts out the airplanes according to their altitudes, puts the low ones on one map, the higher ones on another, and so forth. Thus the high-flying pilot need not bother with traffic deep below him. But when he wants to descend, he flips a switch, tunes in on the next-lower traffic map, and lets himself down into a nice open gap!

In Navar, the controller can actually see into the future. He presses a button, and all the airplane images on his screen suddenly speed up. If any two of them were headed for a collision, the collision will now take place, safely in-image-only, in ample time to put the Navamander on one and change its course.

Besides speeding up airline traffic in bad weather, and thus giving the airlines a railroad-like reliability, this new use of radar holds out another promise, equally important. It may keep the public airways open also for the private citizen who flies his own airplane; for the small air-taxi operator who flies your child to the hospital if he

is taken sick at camp. The small airplane is perfectly capable of negotiating most types of bad weather. The private citizen can learn perfectly well how to fly it blind through cloud or fog. But our present system of bad-weather *navigation*, the radio beam, is too intricate for anyone but the professional airline pilot or the full-time sportsman. And the present system of bad-weather *traffic control* makes blind flying really a job for *two* professional pilots. But as long as the small airplane can't fly in bad weather, its utility and its future are limited and the present popular-flying boom is bound to peter out in popular disappointment. If bad-weather flying ever becomes easy for small airplanes, we may yet see the Family Car of the Air, and the Air-Taxi, and a huge small-airplane industry.

Isn't there *anything* wrong with Teleran and Navar? There is: both are still deep in the experimental stage. The usable article is still two to five years away. And both systems are expensive. To equip the nation's air with them might cost five hundred million of your tax dollars. But then, if there is any task which all political philosophies consider proper for government, it is the building of lighthouses and the control of traffic. Navar and Teleran may not be the final answer. But as the traffic jam increases during the next few years, Congress will see that something forceful has to be done to keep the air open for commerce in bad weather, lest it be said that clouds and fog did stay these messengers from the swift completion of their rounds, for fear of bumping into one another.

Foreign Professor

GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

For an hour he has tried to explain
to tossed hair . . . eyes distrait . . .
criss-cross colors . . . a checkerboard of dresses . . .
what happened then: the things he might not say
darkening behind his gaze. From wildernesses
of insecurity, cruel delay,
to have emerged a little overwhelms . . .
halts sentences.
(The classroom windows frame
composure of the educated elms,
self-conscious lawns emerald-hard and clean,
parade of tulips.)
Wondering why he came,
he thinks *They have no notion what I mean:*
they are young: they are insouciant as birds.
Europe hurting in his brain
he makes a desperate gesture, his thin hand
writes as though the air would understand
his urgency, without the English words.

It is time to go.
The doors open. The pent-up colors flow.
He is weary. It may all have been in vain.
(Now the department-head will take him to his train.)

DR. SHIPSTEAD COME TO JUDGMENT

MALCOLM MOOS AND E. W. KENWORTHY

ALONG with the legend in Minnesota that Babe, the Blue Ox, made craters with her feet to form the state's 10,000 lakes, there is another that when Dr. Henrik Shipstead, dentist and senior senator from Carlos, prays, he always begins: "Lord, this is Shipstead speaking." If it is true that Dr. Shipstead has ready access to divine intervention, he will need to call on it in full measure in July when he faces the toughest fight in a senatorial career which has encompassed the deaths of Warren G. Harding and Franklin D. Roosevelt and survived three changes of party loyalty.

In the homely idiom of Senator Shipstead's rural constituents, his political longevity is to be attributed to his unexampled ability "to walk from Carlos to Washington and back on sucked-out egg shells without cracking a shell." Put in the language of a Minnesota politician who meant to be complimentary, "Shipstead is the perfect errand boy for his constituents —an errand boy who has, in all his years of public life, somehow managed to avoid casting votes that could be considered either anti-labor, anti-business, or anti-farmer."

Yet this singularly retiring and evasive man, who has successfully maintained his reputation as a crusader with the actions of a mouse—as one political enemy put it —was one of two senators who stood up and said "No" to the ratification of the United Nations Charter. In a speech announcing his candidacy on March 18, he defended his isolationist record and defied the "big monopoly press" and the "power and money of the big Eastern internationalists" to turn the voters against him.

The defiance of Dr. Shipstead, however, was not the defiance of a Hiram Johnson who, knowing that the world has passed him by, was determined to give it one last kick in passing. Nor was Henrik Shipstead a gambler, taking an 89 to 2 shot against the better judgment of such isolationist trimmers as Curley Brooks of Illinois, Butler of Nebraska, Wiley of Wisconsin, and Bushfield of South Dakota. The crafty Shipstead was relying on his own record as a political haruspex to bring him safely into port. It was evidently Shipstead's belief that the fragile bark of international co-operation would spring so many leaks that Minnesota voters would be ready to desert it by the time the primaries came around the next year.

BORN in Kandiyohi county in 1881, one of twelve children, Henrik Shipstead is built along the lines of Leif the Lucky. Four terms in the Senate have frosted a full head of hair, and this, combined with his Viking stature, marks him, when he

Malcolm Moos teaches political science at Johns Hopkins. E. W. Kenworthy writes a weekly piece for the News Review *in London. Both are on the staff of the Baltimore* Evening Sun.

stalks around the Senate floor before the admiring gaze of the galleries, as the Hollywood version of a United States senator.

Shipstead began his career prosaically pulling and filling the teeth of his Scandinavian neighbors after being graduated from Northwestern University Dental School in 1903. Seven years later he was mayor of Glenwood, Minnesota, a town of 2,500. His incubation period in Minnesota politics was spent in the Republican party where he tried—unsuccessfully—first for Congress and then for governor. But in 1922, in a three-cornered race against Senator Frank Kellogg, later Secretary of State and co-author of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, and Anna Dickie Olesen, the Democratic candidate who was out to make the feminine voters conscious of the 19th Amendment, he rolled up an 85,000 majority. As the lineal descendant of the Non-partisan League, the Farmer-Labor Party which convoyed Shipstead into power espoused what were considered radical reforms, especially in agriculture. But it soon became apparent that Henrik Shipstead was far from being the radical that the Farmer-Laborites had elected him to be.

Arriving in Washington a few days before Harding's funeral, Shipstead disappointed the Washington hostesses, who had tremulously looked forward to exhibiting this untamed and radical Norseman to their guests, by going to the White House in morning coat, striped trousers, and silk hat. And his political credo, which he announced unabashedly soon afterward, was revolutionary only by its candor. He had come to the Senate, Shipstead declared, "primarily to lead the farmers up to the Treasury trough for a hearty feed of political funds." Official Washington, which made its living by leading one group or another to the same trough for the same purpose, breathed easier.

As far as his voting record went, Shipstead gave his constituents their money's worth. He supported the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill, lower interest rates for farmers, and the extension of Federal Loan Bank credits. Judged by the standards of radicalism during the period of Harding "normalcy," Minnesota's young senator did several things which kept alive his reputation as a militant reformer. He appeared on the platform—but did not speak—at a protest meeting for Sacco and Vanzetti in Superior, Wisconsin; and he opposed the nomination of Pierce Butler for the Supreme Court.

Yet, for all his twenty-four years in the Senate, not a single piece of important legislation bears the name of Henrik Shipstead. He sponsored an anti-injunction bill, but it remained for the team of George Norris and Fiorello La Guardia to fight through Congress the law bearing their names which outlaws the yellow dog contract and circumscribes the power of the Federal Court to issue injunctions in labor disputes.

But Shipstead's liberalism is much in evidence on patronage bills providing special pensions for his constituents, or as a sponsor for such safe legislation as a measure to give government printing clerks half-holidays on Saturdays.

Politically ambidextrous, Dr. Shipstead gesticulates with one hand for a St. Lawrence waterway, which is a pet project with Minnesota farm, mining, and industrial interests; with the other he reassures the railroad brotherhoods who oppose this threat to their livelihood. Dry Minnesota Lutherans have endorsed his principles, and Minnesota brewers have contributed to his campaigns. Truly, as a late progressive colleague once observed, Dr. Shipstead "is a very talented man. He can eat his liberal cake and have it at the same time."

II

MINNESOTA voters have always been rather adaptable in their party loyalties and are consequently somewhat tolerant of fence-jumping in their candidates. The primary ballot recognizes this characteristic and permits a Republican to vote in a Democratic primary and vice versa. All this makes for considerable cross-fertilization of the Minnesota political scene. It also helps to account for the somewhat amazing fact that Shipstead has always been perched atop fortune's wheel. It is not that the party wheel doesn't turn; it is that Shipstead always

manages to transfer to another wheel as it is coming into its ascendancy.

Loose as the party lines are in Minnesota, Shipstead's ideas on party obligations are even looser. When, after two unsuccessful ventures as a Republican, he had leaped to the Farmer-Labor bandwagon and ridden it into the Senate, Shipstead listed himself in the Congressional Directory as a Farmer-Laborite but emblazoned his stationery with the label "Independent."

Shipstead was independent in more ways than political allegiance. For a while in the middle 'twenties when the Democrats and Republicans were evenly balanced, Shipstead as the sole Farmer-Laborite held a decisive vote. Yet he seldom bothered to consult with his party leaders. Amid the fleshpots of Washington, his radicalism grew fat and lazy.

But with the meteoric rise of Floyd Bjernstjerne Olson, Shipstead's life as king bee came to an end. A gifted speaker and strict disciplinarian, who liked to describe himself as a "radical" and not a liberal, Olson forced Shipstead to get into focus with the party line. When resolutions passed by several Farmer-Labor party conventions demanding that he return and support his party's candidates failed to dislodge him, Olson went to Washington and brought Shipstead to Minnesota. He took the stump in 1934 and 1936, but his speeches were dispirited things, and he plainly didn't have his heart in the fate of the party which had regularly sent him to Washington. After Olson's death in 1936, Shipstead was freed of his taskmaster and returned to his own political recipes.

Floyd Olson's death marked the beginning of the eclipse of the Farmer-Labor party. Although Shipstead still kept the Farmer-Labor tag, which no longer bore any resemblance to the article it once represented, he was quick to read the portents. In preparation for the inevitable day, Shipstead found it expedient to fill out his education when controversial issues arose which would have put him embarrassingly on record. Thus, when Roosevelt dropped the Supreme Court packing bill into the Senate lap, Dr. Shipstead suddenly felt impelled to visit scenes from which so many of his constituents had departed for the New World, where, according to one biased and irreverent critic, he familiarized himself with the "Scandinavian sewerage system."

By 1938 the flight of birds which Shipstead had accurately read two years before came home to roost. Harold E. Stassen swept into the governorship in a victory so devastating that the Farmer-Labor party has never since recovered. Dr. Shipstead—like Mr. Dooley's Supreme Court, only faster—took his cue from the election returns, and by early 1939 he had started the molting process. He began by making advances to the Senate Republican leadership for committee assignments, rationalizing his petition by asserting he merely desired to acquire seniority rights. But this was a prelude to a bolt.

In the spring of 1940 Shipstead shaved off the last blond stubble which was all that remained of his radical whiskers and announced that henceforth he would be Republican. He won the Republican nomination in a walk and had no trouble in the general election.

It is now six years since Shipstead backsomersaulted into the GOP. He is still far to the left of the Martin-Taft wing of the party on domestic legislation, but in foreign affairs he is a Chicago *Tribune* fellow-traveler, his statements on the United Nations and the British loan reading like the Colonel's own notes to the editorial staff. Only the eccentric Langer of North Dakota, who lumps the UN with lords, dukes, and viscounts in an all-embracing xenophobia, can match Shipstead's uncompromising isolationism.

For a time some Minnesotans looked on Shipstead's vote against the Charter as his valedictory. But those who knew Henrik Shipstead were not surprised when stories began drifting back to Minnesota that the old dentist was tired, had sold his Washington house, would return to Carlos and raise chickens. Shipstead has gone into the chicken business at six-year intervals longer than the youngest voter can remember. But as surely as he announces his intention to raise chickens, just as certainly do a number of Olsons, Andersons, and Nelsons decide they are made of senatorial stuff and file. As soon as the

field is sufficiently crowded with Scandinavian names, Shipstead responds reluctantly to the call of conscience and pays his filing fee. With the Scandinavian vote split seven ways for Sunday, Shipstead coasts home. But this year the familiar tactic hit a snag.

Ever since Harold Stassen came out of the Navy last fall, he has been hatching a plot to put Shipstead in the chicken business for good. Originally, the plan called for Stassen to take on Shipstead himself. But on the first day for filing it was not the 39-year-old former governor and delegate to the San Francisco Conference who stepped into the lists, but protégé Ed Thye, whom Stassen had picked to be his successor when he left to go into the Navy shortly after the beginning of his third term.

Whether Stassen decided that the Senate did not provide a very good springboard to the Republican nomination in 1948, or whether he felt he couldn't run even the slight risk of a Shipstead victory —these are not the motives which a politician discusses in public. What he did say in public in a speech launching Thye's candidacy was: "I want to talk these issues over frankly with the people of the other 47 states. . . . I wish to study these problems carefully. . . . I wish to go to the other countries of the world and learn first hand. . . . I believe that in this way I can do the most toward strengthening the United Nations Organization. . . ."

The idea that a young man with an urge to be President should prepare himself for the job by a novitiate devoted to study and travel would have bent practical politicians double with laughter if Mr. Stassen had not already demonstrated that he could also get on the hustings and make the votes come rolling into the ballot boxes like wheat pouring into a Minneapolis elevator.

Big Ed Thye is not the most distinguished governor in 48 states, but he is more able than most and his honesty is a byword. Although hand-picked by Stassen in 1942, he had gone on in 1946 to pile up the biggest majority in Minnesota's gubernatorial history. Had Thye himself decided to run for senator, his candidacy would have been received with unqualified enthusiasm. But Thye would have preferred to remain in the governor's office, and almost every Minnesotan knew it.

When the first editorial reaction to Stassen's slate began to come in from the county and small-town weeklies, beneath the friendly tributes to Thye there were grumblings of discontent and protest against hand-picking by an élite of one. Not satisfied with naming a candidate for senator, Stassen had also recommended that Republicans nominate another of his followers, Justice Luther W. Youngdahl of the state Supreme Court, for governor.

What made this doubly hard for Republicans to take—even in a state which is tolerant of political defection—was the still green and rankling memory of how Stassen had pulled young Joe Ball from the rim of a copy desk and thrust him into the United States Senate, and how, after Minnesota Republicans had confirmed Stassen's choice at the next election, Ball had repaid them for the return ticket by announcing for Roosevelt.

Furthermore, Stassen made it perfectly clear that, like Ball, his loyalty belonged to his convictions and not to his party. Asked whether his support of Thye meant that he would refuse to support Shipstead as his party's nominee if Thye were beaten, Stassen answered bluntly: "That's right." In Stassen's favor is his willingness to have this independence work both ways. Stassen has let the Shipstead forces know that their support for Thye would not be expected in the fall elections. Also to his credit is the fact that he has made known his intentions in advance whereas his protégé, Senator Ball, at first announced and then recanted his support for Dewey.

But what may possibly be condoned in Minnesota may be resented in Republican strongholds elsewhere. Thus the Montevideo *News* comments that "there are sound reasons for playing the political game according to rules. . . . Stassen profoundly believes the United Nations Organization is weakened when some of its members refuse to operate within the framework under which it operates. . . . There is also an RPO, Republican Party Organization . . . [which is] weakened

when prominent members refuse to recognize decisions that have been reached by due process."

Shipstead didn't lose any time exploiting this opening. Four days after Stassen had pronounced his blessing on Thye, Shipstead took to the radio and swung from the floor.

Shipstead reminded Minnesota Republican leaders that they hadn't been consulted in the selection of Mr. Stassen's "hand-picked substitute"; that they had been kept completely in the dark while Mr. Stassen held "small, select, secret meetings" with "his bosses in the East." On February 25, Mr. Stassen had told the press—not the people of Minnesota—that on March 13 he would declare "who the candidates would be." But twenty-four hours before Mr. Stassen deigned to let Minnesota know his decision, he had told the New York *Herald Tribune*, the mouthpiece of the Eastern bosses, that "most authoritatively" he would not run, and then, said Shipstead, "proceeded to name his candidates."

"I," said Shipstead, "have no group of bosses to report to. I report only to the people of Minnesota."

In Minnesota, where Greenbackism and Populism and Bryanism are still slogans that awaken memories, and where "Wall Street" and "malefactors of great wealth" make the eyes see red and the blood pound in the veins, Shipstead's speech was not to be dismissed as so much hogwash. It was pure corn, but it had a kick like white mule.

Shipstead went on to hit Stassen where it hurt most. Governor Dewey of New York, Governor Bricker of Ohio, Governor Warren of California, Senator Vandenberg of Michigan were Republicans, Shipstead said, "who dare to submit their records to the voters of their states this year. . . . Mr. Stassen chooses not to run!"

Having landed this Sunday punch, Shipstead dared Stassen to hit him where he was most vulnerable:

"Some people differ because I have not supported the Anglo-Russo-American alliance as frozen in the United Nations Organization to preserve rival imperialisms . . . because I do not favor the new loan to Britain . . . because I oppose peacetime universal military training . . . and finally because I question the wisdom of all such schemes which would transform our constitutional form of government into an international superstate dictatorship such as Mr. Stassen advocates. Those propositions . . . Mr. Stassen's propositions . . . I shall always oppose."

Taking the voters into his confidence, Shipstead conceded that he was facing the fight of his life, that the "big monopoly press in our big cities . . . the power and money of the big Eastern internationalists" were out to deprive "the honest, sturdy, independent people" of Minnesota of "their representative" in the Senate. With his back to the wall, Shipstead besought the "help of every man and woman in Minnesota who is free and wants free men to represent them" to help him in the fight "against any effort to involve America in World War III."

Even the Stassen press in Minnesota conceded that Shipstead had come out of his corner swinging, had made the fightingest—or, rather, the fighting—speech of his career. Stassen's following might have been able to brush off the cry of "dictator" if only Stassen had not given this a plausible basis by apparently failing to consult either Roy Dunn, Republican National Committeeman, or George Jones, Chairman of the State Central Committee, on his selection of Thye and Youngdahl. The reaction of the Fairfax *Standard* to this high-handed procedure was echoed in too many other small town papers to be ignored. The *Standard*, more in sorrow than in anger, declared it would have been in the Stassen camp if only he himself had stepped boldly forward to meet Shipstead in head-on attack; but since Mr. Stassen, "not content . . . with his handpicked senator and governor" had also "picked the other senator for Minnesota and our next governor," it was perhaps pertinent to ask whether Mr. Stassen intended his selections as "a hunch, a bet, a command, or only wishful thinking."

Outside the realm of fact but still plenty good as campaign sticks to beat an opponent are the old rumors which have been fetched down from the shelf. One of

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these is that Senator Ball's great renunciation had been paid for by Stassen's appointment to the San Francisco delegation. Another takes the form of a question which is intended to supply its own answer: How did Stassen, who formerly had TB, get his Navy commission?

Mr. Stassen's strong point is his internationalist record, and Minnesota is by no means as isolationist as many misinformed Easterners might suppose. The German and Swedish constituencies, it is true, still have a strongly isolationist bias; but the Norwegians revised their ideas with the invasion of Norway. Yet, despite the agrarian radicalism of Minnesota farmers, they want no truck with communism and have an abiding fear and distrust of Russia. The recent difficulties over Iran, the obduracies of the Russians at every council, have begun to arouse the doubts which Shipstead must certainly have counted on when he voted against the Charter.

III

With the Republican politicians split into hostile camps and the Republican voters torn, on international affairs, between new hopes and old fears, the Democratic-Farmer-Labor coalition has suddenly come to life, surveyed the situation, and found it promising. Two courses lie open to the newly re-formed DFL party. Should it decide that Shipstead has a real edge over Stassen's Ed Thye, it may determine to take no chances on letting the Pope County dentist return to the Senate to swell Brazilla Reece's isolationist guerillas. In that case the strategy would be for the DFL voters to desert their own candidate, cross into the Republican primary, and vote for Thye. But if the DFL leaders decide that Thye has a narrow lead over Shipstead but would himself be vulnerable to a concerted attack in the fall election, they may counsel primary support of Shipstead. The strategy from then on would be to have the DFL candidate for the Senate retire before the November election and to replace him with Hubert Humphrey, the very popular mayor of Minneapolis. Confronted with a choice between the isolationist Shipstead and the DFL's Humphrey, many liberal Republicans would probably take Humphrey.

Complicated as this situation may seem to the voter in Woonsocket, Rhode Island, this is merely the beginning of the Minnesota maze. Scenting the strategy of the DFL leaders, old Hjalmar Petersen, a former Farmer-Labor governor, who has become disaffected with the DFL because of the urban radicals it has attracted, has decided to support Shipstead against Thye, and has filed for governor as a Republican against Youngdahl. The team of Shipstead and Petersen could cut heavily into the Scandinavian vote.

The senatorial form sheet, then, looks something like this. Shipstead will, of course, get all the unreconstructed isolationist vote in a state that as late as 1940 was called the "sandpile of isolationism." To this will be added some labor support because of his generally favorable voting record on labor legislation since 1923. That the DFL is aware of Shipstead's old pull on the labor vote was made plain recently when Mayor Humphrey warned organized labor not to let "phony friends" claim its allegiance on the strength of random Senate votes on labor measures, when against such votes could be set a persistent record of isolationist obstruction.

Shipstead's greatest handicap should be his refusal to give the UN an outside chance of preserving peace, but more immediately he is worried by an empty purse. His old benefactor, Charles Webber of the great Deere-Webber-Moline farm implement company, is dead, and no other angel has as yet appeared, although it is difficult to believe that wealthy nationalists—as the latter-day isolationists prefer to call themselves—will permit their man to want for money.

In Thye's favor are his popularity with farmers and small town merchants, an astute campaign manager in Harold Stassen, and plenty of money from Stassen backers. Stassen knows very well that the country and the Eastern Republican leaders regard the senatorial contest as a test of his own strength. On its outcome may very possibly depend whether he is the presidential nominee in 1948, or whether he is turned out to graze in "one world." Stassen in the past has had many a friendly

nod from Dan Tobin and his Teamsters Union, which is a powerful force in Minnesota politics. In 1942 he had the endorsement of the state CIO. He can possibly commandeer this support for Thye.

But militating against Stassen, and hence against Thye, is the feeling that the former governor ran out on a fight with an old man who should have been a push-over. An informal poll among Washington newspapermen by the correspondent of the pro-Stassen St. Paul *Pioneer Press* agrees with the conclusion of the country editors that Stassen made his first tactical error by refusing to offer himself to the voters.

The internationalist wing of the Republican party isn't inclined to give much weight to this local sensibility because it doesn't seem of much moment beside the overriding issue between Stassen and Shipstead. But in state and local politics it is very important for those who aspire to high office to observe political forms, and what may seem an immaterial and parochial matter to Stassen's followers throughout the country may seem quite important on the farms and in the small towns of Minnesota, which take their independence seriously. The Ortonville *Independent* may not be merely indulging its partisanship when it says: "The money out in the sticks right now favors Shipstead to win and the boys in the sticks aren't very far off in their predictions."

At this juncture the Stassen-Thye forces are confident of victory, but many prominent Minnesota Republicans, who are publicly declaring their intentions of voting for Thye, privately admit that Shipstead stands a good chance of re-election. And the majority of the delegates interviewed at the recent Democrat-Farmer-Labor state convention thought that Shipstead would squeeze through by the slenderest of margins.

A Shipstead victory, like the defeat of Willkie in Wisconsin in 1944, will be interpreted nationally and abroad as a sign of a re-emergent isolationism. Even more than the Willkie battle in Wisconsin, which took place before the UN had been set up, the Minnesota primary, coming when the UN is running into some heavy weather, may be looked upon as a much more reliable barometer of the staying power of the Midwest's conversion.

It would be a mistake, however, to press such an interpretation too far. As in Wisconsin, local and minor issues may weigh heavily in determining an election which may seem to outsiders to have been fought on the elevated ground of a national question. But since the country and the world will probably persist in looking on the Minnesota primary as a skirmish in the great battle over America's place in the world, and since Stassen and Shipstead have nailed their respective colors to the mast and are going to battle on this issue, Minnesotans cannot very well ignore the effect of the primary beyond its borders.

Nor is there any sign that they are indifferent to the larger issue. While the isolationist press, in the words of Chief White Feather in the *Hokah Chief*, would like to keep the campaign on the simple ground of whether Minnesota is going to allow its favorite senator to be "scalped" by Harold Stassen, the Marshall *Messenger* warns that Minnesota will go to the polls to vote on the question of a "lasting peace through taking our rightful place in the world in peacetime as we do in wartime."

The country and the world will anxiously await the answer to this referendum.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

THE electors of Harvard University named my editor to observe the behavior of the faculty. Against the evidence he has preserved his belief in the rationality of man, but the job is costing him his hair. Sometimes when he has discharged his duties he comes to sit in my living room and sip a glass of mineral water, while his nervous system quivers into quiet again. On such a visit he recently asked me whether I had ever considered, whether perhaps I might be capable of, writing a meditative Easy Chair. Such an editorial inquiry may not quite be a command but this is to inform him that I am writing one herewith. And to notify you that for the next few months Mr. Ferril and others will assume my responsibility for the cosmos while I write about the West.

Prepublication plans should be kept secret, and chance and vicissitude are loose in the world, but as of this month's deadline I intend to start West on the date appointed and should be somewhere between Missoula and Portland by the time you read this. Information is that all tourist camps in the West now serve as housing for veterans and that all hotels have taken over the standard operating procedure of New York. Lodgings are to be had in the roadside ditch and food, they say, is not what it used to be. But a publisher friend of mine who remarked that this seemed the best time in his career to close the plant and go fishing put my case exactly, though I do not fish. I propose to close the plant for at least three months, to write nothing but meditations, and to take the trip which I originally planned for June 1941, postponed then to June 1942, and later put away in the pending file for the duration.

ONE of the jobs I have arranged to do in order to pay my way necessarily involves publicity for the automobile I shall be traveling in. Editorial publicity, the kind that cannot be bought. Taking account of this, a great automobile manufacturer months ago granted me his highest priority, assuring me that I should be able to buy one of the first station wagons that came off the assembly line. I do not particularly like station wagons but one seemed indicated for this trip, since I will be taking my family and the paraphernalia of the writer's trade with me, and so I paid my deposit and waited. The months passed and no station wagons came off that assembly line and my highest priority withered on the branch. I prepare to depart in my old car, and a 1941 Buick sedan will now get the publicity that would have gone to the 1946 station wagon of a rival manufacturer. At this moment that station wagon is splashed in gorgeous colors across the advertising pages of the United States; I see it glistening in every magazine I pick up. There are no station wagons but there are inspiring ads.

There may be a reader of *Harper's* who remembers the Easy Chair's record on fountain pens. In a lifetime I have never been able to buy one that was any good at all; for years I have not bothered to keep one on hand. But I shall be making notes as I travel and so, resigning myself to the profanity foreseen, I undertook to buy a fountain pen. I selected a model that for some years has been advertised as the climax of human ingenuity and I went about the stores of Cambridge and Boston

trying to find one. I am aware that at some of those stores I could have bought one if I had been willing to add a five- or ten-dollar black market fee to the fifteen-dollar list price and the three-dollar tax, but I was not. Week by week there were no fountain pens, till at last a store at which I rank as an elder customer received two. The proprietor called me into the back room and I paid him eighteen dollars for this artifact of perfected civilization, whose material and labor costs I estimate at forty-five cents and whose advertising allocation can hardly exceed two dollars and a half. It would not even take in ink. The proprietor exchanged it for the other one allowed him by the manufacturer's quota and that one would not take in ink either. I could have used either as I use the Esterbrook No. 313 that costs me ten cents a dozen, but a sixty thousand per cent markup seemed excessive for the privilege, so I got my eighteen dollars back. You can buy that pen in any advertising section and sometimes the manufacturer actually makes it, but he does not yet make it work.

SIMILARLY with a good many things I intended to buy for Western travel, trousers for instance. Eighteen dollars—there seems to be homeopathic magic in the number eighteen. They were worth three dollars of anyone's money who had a lot of money, and so I am going West in my old pants. The gigantic productiveness of the American economy ready to erupt into such a plenitude of goods as the world has never seen has made my trip less expensive than I allowed for, since I will not buy its shoddy or pay its prices. Bankers, manufacturers, jobbers, retailers have decided group by group that they can make a killing during the inflationary part of the curve and will be bright enough to get out in time, leaving the other groups to hold the bag—but I am going to sit it out. And I have about lost interest in that mechanism whose spokesmen refer to it as private enterprise. After a year of peace private enterprise is superb in the advertising section but its station wagons are only pictures, its fountain pens are correctly classified by the Treasury Department as jewelry, and its pants are no damn good.

In astronomical numbers the public has reached the same conclusion. The idea is supposed to be that we will hold government, especially OPA, and labor, especially Mr. Lewis, responsible for the failure of the New Age to get its electronic what-is-its and even its broadcloth underdrawers moving across the counter. The giant, we are supposed to believe, is wasp-stung to paralysis and hamstrung as well by bureaucratic stupidity and labor tyranny. We just don't. We have observed tyranny and stupidity elsewhere. The women who line up for a single pair of nylon stockings two inches short in the leg and never by any chance the size they wear, observe that chambers of commerce holding prayer meetings to private enterprise and radio programs which want to reward someone for supplying President Lincoln's given name can get nylons in quantity, and observe that they themselves can get them in quantity any time they want to add five dollars per pair to the list price.

In long lines, waiting for butter, electric irons, or overalls for the children, they have the same awareness and they all know someone who can get it for them upstairs. We observe tie-ups within private enterprise that have not been successfully concealed; between the system and the fourteen-dollar shirt, between the system and the corporatively supervised black market, between the system and the understanding on its upper levels that we seem to have been wrong about this man Lewis, he has some useful ideas after all, especially about OPA. It is not public apathy, as you think, gentlemen, that has produced our wholesale lack of protest against the strikes; it is public knowledge that fools have heavily infiltrated big business and hogs have been heavily overproduced in little business. You had a margin of about a year in which to convince us and about a year has passed. We don't think well enough of you and next time you will get short shrift when you come bawling.

As a spectator no longer interested in the home team but still watching the game, I was going to make a suggestion. To the system, to private enterprise. The bases are full, nobody is out, the top of the batting order is coming up, and three balls have been called. I was going to suggest

that the manager might send Mr. Robert R. Young of the Chesapeake & Ohio Lines to the pitcher's box and see what he could do. It looked as if he might be able to do a lot. Using the system's favorite instrument, the advertising section, he broke a railroad racket of sixty years' standing with one ad, and more recently he has seemed likely to break the system's black market in sleeping-car space with another ad. Mr. Young appears to believe that the system should stay out of rackets and should not set up black markets of its own, and in those beliefs Mr. Young is eye to eye with the public. He appears to believe that the system could function effectively in its own term. The system itself no longer does but the public is willing to suspend judgment for another half-hour. I was going to say that I'm sorry the Chesapeake & Ohio Lines do not operate in the West, and that I'm sorry they do not manufacture trousers or station wagons and do not sell stockings or shirts.

But Mr. Young can keep his sweater on; the game seems to have been called on account of darkness. This is written on the first morning of what the Brotherhoods should have remembered would look a great deal like a general strike. Labor had the game in the bag. The all but universal stupidity or cupidity of those who run our economy had handed it to them, wrapped in blue tissue paper and tied with red and white ribbon—and this notwithstanding the thousand-odd strikes of more than small-plant size scheduled for the next three months and notwithstanding the public awareness that Mr. Lewis has achieved an apt co-operation with the managers. So today the Brotherhoods have shown that they have the power and they have made other demonstrations which it would have been wise to forego, especially at this time.

For over a generation it has been an article of fundamental belief that the Brotherhoods are very bright. They have now proved themselves smart, as smart as any trade association, and when they stopped the trains at this moment in history they forfeited the greatest good will in American labor. They wanted to make a killing, just like the gadget racketeers, and they chose the worst moment. Stupidity is not something the managerial caste has cornered, or the Republican National Committee either. This is the biggest blunder in the history of the American labor movement. It is going to be paid for and by the labor movement at large. The bill is long and if many items, and many big ones, on that bill are phony and added to it by members of the opposing team who are able to think on their feet, the Brotherhoods climbed on that spot of their own free will. A lot of unions with wholly justifiable strikes in prospect have been notified today that those strikes will not occur. They, and a couple of million others, will be paying a high-bracket tax on the Brotherhoods' stupidity for years to come.

As a public we are pretty dumb. But the manufacturers and the retailers and the managerial class in general and the Republican National Committee had just proved in open daylight and with unnecessary thoroughness that we are not so dumb as they had calculated. The demonstration was highlighted, on open view, at every hand, and of this date. The stupidity of the Brotherhoods in repeating the demonstration to their own permanent loss inspires either awe or despair. Any book could have told them that naked assertions of power, in the United States, always run into the ditch. Even grade D thinking would have told them that the set of associations most dangerous to their purposes were those that relate to the general strike. This morning at least half the population of the United States, probably prepossessed against the system if not positively in favor of the labor team, has run smack into a naked assertion of power, and three-quarters of that population has had reawakened the pattern of association that means general strike.

No air fleets bombed the United States, no armies fought across it, no conquerors occupied it. But after a year of peace, to use the technical word, we have reached a European basis by our own acts. Bombing could have done no greater damage to our productive system, or conquest and occupation to our society, than stupidity and greed, racketeering and corruption, irresponsibility, buck-passing, and cynicism have done to them. We are a war-

torn country, ravaged by the contention of our groups; and that the system can survive the contention is a proposition that will require some proving. Rather worse, we are a cheapened and corrupt society. Still worse, we are a weak nation and if you think that the American foreign policy has proved incapable of preventing the next war, which everyone takes for granted as after the first war everyone took it for granted that there could never be another one, or if you think that the Russians are riding roughshod over us in careless contempt, you need only look round you to see why.

Some months ago Dr. Elton Mayo published a small book. Published it in a void, for the reviewers have not heard of it. (I will explain it to them when I get on the job again.) "It is not the atomic bomb that will destroy civilization," Dr. Mayo says. "But civilized society can destroy itself—finally, no doubt, with bombs—if it fails to understand intelligently and to control the aids and deterrents to co-operation." He goes on to say that established societies as such, as systems of inherited and predetermined routines, are as obsolete as the dinosaurs, that from now on only adaptive societies, those capable of rapid adjustment to rapid change, have a chance to survive. And adaptive societies will survive only through the co-operation of their groups; the onset of unresolvable group antagonisms in a society has always marked the beginning of the breakup. The United States has been the most readily adaptive society in human history, but from the front page of any newspaper it looks as if the crisis were at hand, as if the antagonisms of groups are not going to be resolved.

If I believed that that was the reality and not an appearance, I should go West even more heartily. My favorite thinker, Mr. Elmer Davis, lately said of the dilemma which a group of scientists have posed for us that he preferred no world at all to the kind of one world which those scientists were outlining. I agree with him and would choose no world, and I would choose extinction also on the domestic scale if I believed that Dr. Mayo's critical point is at hand.

But though we are a very sick society, we are not a dying one. The slugging match will not turn into a knife fight. Social discipline will reassert itself, the productive system which ended the war at a pitch beyond anything the imagination had conceived will begin to produce goods, perhaps at forty per cent of the advertised rate, which will be ample. The eighteen-dollar pants will soon be made of honest fabric and will eventually cost eight dollars. The automobile companies will make station wagons and the fountain pen manufacturers will make pens which will hold ink. The convalescent people will resume an adequate minimum of decency, honesty, and honor.

But it is a good time to go fishing. From this point in space, at this moment of time, the Yellowstone River, the Wind River Mountains, and the Payette National Forest look fully as good to me as they must to you when I name them. There has never been a better time to shut down the plant and immerse oneself in the American countryside and the American past. I have now meditated according to editorial suggestion and I leave the current mess to my editor and his hired hands, who will labor at them on your behalf while I inform you about waterfalls, trumpeter swans, and the underbrush swaying in the wind along the trail Lewis and Clark took across the continental divide a hundred and forty-one years ago.

THE IMPENDING HORROR IN INDIA

CHARLES LESLEY AMES

THERE is a famine in India now, and it is already becoming acute. From all indications it will prove not merely a great famine, but one of the most dreadful in recorded history. The conservative governmental estimates are that, if external aid is not forthcoming, *some fifteen million people will die of starvation.*

How many is fifteen million? One way of putting it is to say that it is about equivalent to the total population of New York City, plus that of Chicago, plus those of Los Angeles and Detroit. But since the deaths from starvation in India will be largely among the rural population—though some cities will be gravely affected as well—it may be more apt to compare the destructiveness of this impending famine to that of a plague wiping out the entire populations of Missouri, Minnesota, Iowa, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. And if, as may well happen, the famine should lead also to ten million additional deaths from post-famine disease, add the entire population of Pennsylvania.

Many other peoples in the world are facing hunger today, though on a somewhat less horrifying scale. But it is especially desirable that the plight of India should be understood in America. For although hunger is the same the world over, the conditions which produce it differ, and those which threaten this catastrophe in India are highly individual.

It seems clear that the situation in India has been minimized to the American people—deliberately by our Administration, I believe, and inadvertently by the public press, through lack of clearly informed understanding of the facts and their significance. As I write, late in May, there has been almost no separate mention of the Indian situation by either, and no recognition of how it differs from that in other countries. Moreover, the apparent intention in Washington is to give priority for aid and relief to countries nearer at hand—*including enemy countries*—while the people of a valiant ally will callously be allowed to die by the millions, "because there is no possibility of saving them from serious famine."

WE MUST be quite clear about what is meant by "famine" as applied to India. It does not mean merely distress and hunger, or prolonged undernourishment. It means a food shortage so intense and widespread that unless external relief is obtained vast numbers of people will starve to death, quantities of the survivors will suffer permanent impairment of health and vitality, and the whole community will become susceptible to the three great epidemic diseases which are the traditional

Charles Lesley Ames of St. Paul, Minnesota, publisher of law books, has been for many years a student of Indian history and Indian life.

concomitants of famine—cholera, plague, and "fever."

What happened in Rajpootana during 1868 and 1869 will illustrate the possibilities of intense and practically unrelieved Indian famine. In the summer of 1868 the seasonal rains failed. Throughout Rajpootana the grain crops and cattle forage withered. Substantial imports of food were impossible then because there were no means of rapid long-distance communication; and bullock-drawn transport collapsed because the cattle were starving to death. In some districts, food was utterly lacking for days at a time. When at last the rains came again in the summer of 1869, cholera broke out, spread by a water supply polluted by death. This epidemic was followed by a virulent type of fever. The state of Jodhpore *lost a third of its 2½ million inhabitants*—some, doubtless, by migrations to regions less hard hit, but most by death. The figures were hardly less appalling for several other Rajput states; and in the capital of Bikaner, relief kitchens set up by the Durbar "soon had to be moved three miles away owing to the number of dead and dying" near them.

Obviously, America has never experienced famine from any cause—real famine on a large scale. For us to grasp its significance requires a genuine effort of the imagination and the absorption of many unfamiliar facts. True it is that we have known drought, especially in our western plains states; and crop failures; and consequent hardship. Some of us remember vividly the emigration of drought-stricken cattle from the Southwest in 1921; and later we saw the dust storms that sifted over the drought states of Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Illinois the topsoil from the Dust Bowl of western Kansas. These events caused real hardship and brought temporary ruin to thousands of families. True indeed—but we have never seen men, women, and children flocking by uncounted thousands into our large towns and cities for food that was not there, and lying down to die in the streets or on the doorsteps of city-dwellers equally hungry.

That was what happened in the Bengal famine of 1943, for which, by the way, this country was as responsible as any other human agency, or more so—for it was chiefly our Army that had pre-empted for military use the railway transportation that might have brought supplies in time. That is what is now beginning to happen again, but upon a vastly greater scale over an immense area with a population of 120,000,000 people, almost equal to that of the United States. Very soon we may expect to see the agony pictures and movies.

How and why did this present situation develop? Upon what basis can anyone so early raise this cry of a vast, impending calamity? And what, if anything, can be done about it? The answers to these questions lie in the history and way of life of a land vastly different from our own, particularly in its climate and agriculture, and they call for careful explanation.

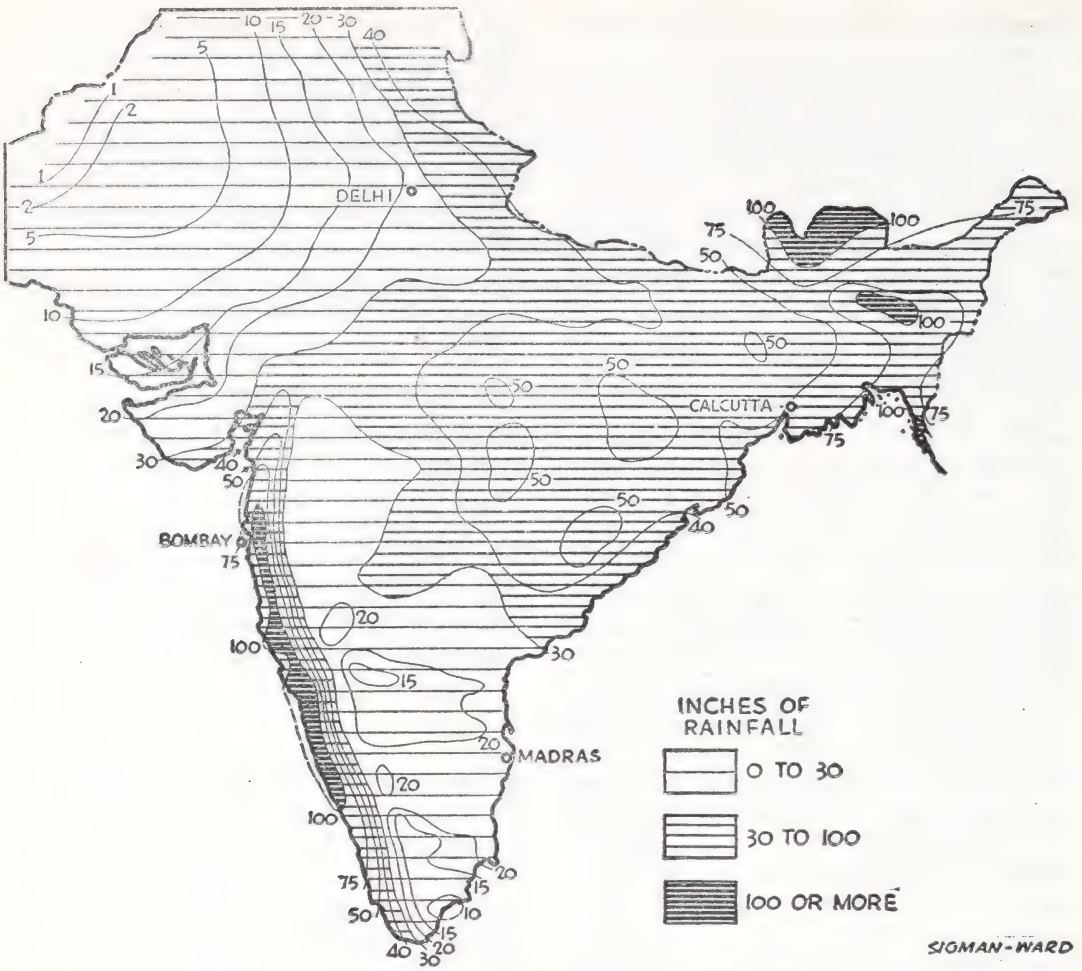
II

First, we must remember that India contains about one-fifth of the world's population, and that of this fifth, eighty-five per cent is rural, i.e., *village*. Today, there are more than 750,000 villages in India with a total population of at least 355 millions—all of whom are dependent upon the land and the majority of whom work upon it.

Second, we must understand that India has two crop seasons a year, following two rainy seasons.

The first and major rainy season occurs during the southwest monsoon winds which blow off the Indian Ocean, bringing to various parts of the country varying degrees of moisture, from 10 to more than 100 inches. The monsoon extends from June through September. Rice and millet crops are planted soon after the monsoon sets in; wheat and some of the millet crops in October. Be it noted that successful irrigation is largely dependent upon this summer precipitation, which is heavy in the mountain areas, whence it reaches the irrigation systems in the plains.

The second rainy season comes with the northeast monsoon, from November through February, but is much lighter. Therefore, if the summer rains fail, those of winter fall upon baked ground above a



AVERAGE RAINFALL DURING THE SOUTHWEST MONSOON, THE "RAINY SEASON" FROM JUNE TO OCTOBER

relatively dried-out subsoil, and are of little help.

Occasional light rains during the spring and fall are usual, but in most areas both the spring and fall crops are dependent upon summer rains, either directly or through the irrigation system.

Last summer—1945—when India was emerging from the war stripped of its normal reserve supplies of food, there was a general shortage of the summer rains so widespread as to cause crop failure or serious crop shortage throughout India. In many sections it dried up the water supply in the irrigation systems and in reservoirs and wells.

Then, in the fall, the already formidable disaster was intensified by a tremendous tidal or earthquake wave which struck the low-lying rice fields along the Madras coast, bringing salt water far inland into the dried-up irrigation system, spreading it over the fields, and thus completing the crop destruction in this area.

Finally, to top the situation, the second rains failed in October to February of this year. Any light precipitation which may since have occurred has come too late to be of any appreciable help.

The result is that actual famine conditions exist in most districts of the United Provinces, Central India, the Deccan, Hyderabad, Mysore, and Madras, and even in Malabar. (The approximate area directly affected is shaded on the map at the top of the next page.)

And although actual starvation does not threaten other provinces and states, these other regions have very little more food than is needed to sustain their own people,



WHERE THE FAMINE IS STRIKING IN 1946. THE SHADED AREA INDICATES APPROXIMATELY THE HUGE REGION INVOLVED

and can do almost nothing to help the famine areas.

THEIR inability to help is not caused by lack of foresight, or of planning, or of relief organization, but by the fact that the present famine, involving as it does nearly three times as many people as any previous famine since the records gained approximate precision, has outrun every measure of protection and relief.

For India, famine is a very old story. All down the centuries its grim spectre has stalked through the pages of Indian history. Of the famines which took place in the old days of constant war among kings, peoples, tribes, and races, of periodic invasions through the northern passes, and of general political chaos, we have no reports except those embedded in tradition and the accounts of travelers. And although a number of serious famines were recorded during the days of the East India Company, there were no clear and reliable statistics until after 1858, when the British Crown took over from the East India Company the direct government of the British provinces which constituted 9/16 of India, and gradually established a degree of advisory and persuasive supervision of the native-ruled independent states. Almost immediately, the Indian famine of 1860–61 created a considerable stir in England, as a result of which the new "British Raj" accepted the principle that famine relief, being far beyond the power of private charity to deal with effectively, must be a responsibility of government. During the next 45 years there were no less than 17 famines of greater or less dimensions, and during this time a remarkable system of control and relief was gradually perfected.

The central government adopted a

general famine code, and this was supplemented by provincial codes to deal with local peculiarities and special requirements—for there is great variety in the customs, diet, habits, and prejudices of peoples in even a single province, and relief will not be accepted, even by people who are dying, if it is wrongly administered. A vast relief organization was gradually built up, analogous to that of, let us say, a small army supplemented by a highly trained militia or a municipal fire department; part of it is in continuous service, but much of it remains dormant between famines, and consists of personnel in other branches of the Civil Service and even of private persons.

When a famine occurs anywhere, this organization goes into action, aiming, first, to prevent panic and futile migrations from the villages into towns and cities; second, to distribute food to prevent starving and serious undernourishment; and third, to employ the able-bodied upon relief works of various kinds which have been planned well in advance—expansion of the irrigation system, construction of wells and extra rail lines, etc. Women, children, and those who for other reasons are unavailable for labor or relief work are fed at a subsistence level in their own villages; the able-bodied are rationed at a higher level—enough to stimulate them to good work, but not enough to induce anyone to stay a day beyond the time when he can go back to his proper (caste) occupations.

One governing principle is, throughout, to provide subsistence—a bare subsistence—but never, like an American relief program, to maintain some people in that comfort to which they are not accustomed. Another is that as far as possible relief works of each famine shall serve to forestall the next or reduce its severity.

As for longer-range measures of famine prevention, the irrigation system—already the greatest in the world—is constantly being enlarged in the effort to expand the food supply fast enough to keep pace with the disconcerting growth of population. New dams and canal systems are built, and where, for lack of streams, these are not practicable, new wells are dug and tanks built. And there is a continuous effort to improve communications whereby food may be brought quickly into famine areas. (Many of India's railroads were built where there was only a remote possibility that normal traffic would ever make them self-sustaining. The consequent necessity for economy probably explains the otherwise absurd mixture of gauges—there are five different gauges in effect even today.)

One feature of the famine-control set-up in India is the extensive meteorological service, which gives the government early notice of a failure of rain in any district. Another is the gathering of current crop reports, which enables officials to estimate the probable extent of famine conditions and the location of surpluses, and to make preparations to distribute surplus food from one area to another. Not every failure of the rains causes famine; the cultivators usually have some resources and credit and some "carry over" from the previous year. It usually takes two or more failures or shortages of rain to produce famine conditions, even in a single province; and even when two major provinces are affected, government famine relief can meet the situation. Almost never must India turn to the outside world for supply. That happens only when failure of the rains and of irrigation is so very general that there are no surpluses anywhere on which the famine areas can draw. That is substantially what has happened now, on a scale quite unprecedented in recent Indian history.

III

The major element of the diet of the whole population of India is grain, which constitutes eighty per cent of all the food consumed. A "caste Hindu" will not eat beef—he will starve first. His reasons are not matters of whim or taboo but are related to religious beliefs regarding transmigration of the soul, beliefs which are as tenaciously held as those of any people in the world. In predominantly or even strongly Hindu regions such as southern and central India, Hyderabad, or the United Provinces (which are the areas most seriously affected now), the eating of

cattle even by the depressed classes would not be tolerated under any circumstances. Moreover, cattle are the villager's means of plowing and harvesting and his chief means of local transportation—but this year the cattle will be living chiefly upon such things as palm leaves and shriveled grass, and they will die literally by the millions.

For the people, then, *grain is the one necessity. It must be the whole grain,* to be ground in the people's homes, by the immemorial methods of the East. Nothing else will help. But it may be wheat, rice, barley, shelled corn, or oats, with all of which the Indians know how to deal.

Last fall, Lord Wavell announced general rationing of grain; and as the situation developed, the size of the ration was reduced until during the past two months the daily quota was fixed at the bare subsistence level of 12 oz. per adult and 6 oz. per child for the non-agricultural population. This is an average of 9½ oz. or *less than 500 calories.* There is an adjustment upward for workers in heavy industry but this involves relatively few persons. The ration is also somewhat higher for agricultural workers.

Only by obtaining large supplies of whole grain from outside of India to supplement India's own supply, already thus tightly rationed, can the situation be alleviated. Altogether to prevent mass death by starvation would require 4 million tons, or in terms of wheat 133 million bushels.

It is more than tragic that this situation should have come in the first year after a world war which has left many other peoples on the edge of starvation or on short rations; and at a time also when other non-devastated regions have suffered from serious drought. It means that there is no possibility of meeting India's needs fully from present world supplies. Nevertheless, few people will question that India should have a real share of whatever wheat is available now and, later, of the 1946 American crops, to help her until her own become available in December. Most people will feel that as a gallant ally she should have priority over the two enemy countries whose aggressions brought disaster to much of the world. Yet it is unlikely that she will have either.

THE Indian famine is differentiated from the situation in the war-devastated countries in several important respects.

(1) It developed later—and could not have been anticipated as early as V-J Day.

(2) The period of acute starvation will come a little later than in Europe but will probably last much longer.

(3) India requires whole grain and only grain. Europe, China, and other lands seek grain mostly as flour, but also ask for many other kinds of food—meat, dried fruits, powdered milk, etc.

(4) *India can pay and seeks to pay for every ton she can get*—and is willing to pay a price if necessary—but is at present precluded from buying in this country through normal channels, either directly, or through UNRRA, or through other governmental agencies, because of OPA ceilings and our floundering governmental policies.

What can the American public do about this situation? Apparently nothing!

For the next six months the only keys that can unlock for India a share of the only large food supply available in the world are held by our Administration in Washington. Private charity might by gift collect a little food, and get clearance and facilities to ship; but it would be a slow process to obtain the funds, and the results would be no more than a small drop in a big, empty bucket. Beyond this, private citizens are utterly helpless to act independently.

This is a job that must be done, if at all, through and by our administrative authorities in Washington, who by their inefficiency and fumbling with the lives of Allied people have been rapidly destroying our national prestige and earning for us the contempt of the world. All these authorities need to do, in order at least to mitigate the disaster in India, is to make it possible for the government of India to buy grain in the United States at any price.

WHAT BRITISH SOCIALISM IS UP AGAINST

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

WHEN Anne O'Hare McCormick wrote in the *New York Times* that the British voted socialist in the hope of getting some of the benefits of American capitalism, she was being more than witty. She went to the heart of a paradox that must sooner or later forcibly strike any observer of the British scene.

The announced objective of the Labor party is to increase the productive efficiency of British workers and British industries. The efficiency aspired to is usually expressed in terms of that achieved by American capitalist industry. There is never, for obvious reasons, any reference to conditions in this respect in Soviet Russia, the *soi-disant* socialist fatherland. Piling paradox upon paradox, the British Laborites fervently believe that they can achieve American capitalist productive efficiency, not through competitive private enterprise, but through state-owned and managed monopolies. These are their chosen instruments. One can only conclude that it will be a neat trick if they do it.

Confronted with this tangled group of paradoxes and rather driven off balance by the suddenness and decisiveness of their defeat, British Conservatives often scoff at nationalization on the ground that it really "means nothing." Here is a case where belittling falsifies the record. For the only sense in which nationalization means nothing is decidedly narrow and special. It means nothing only to the extent that the mere fact that ownership and control have been transferred to the state does not automatically solve the overwhelmingly vital problems of managerial and technological efficiency, but in the larger and more important sense nationalization "means everything," for *it is a vast and far-reaching decision to change the ownership and control of the economy in order to effect a transition from capitalism to socialism.*

This vast change is not to be made abruptly in Britain. It will be a gradual process, though too fast for some tastes no matter what the pace; and under democratic political conditions it can, by turning Labor out of office, be stayed from time to time.

IN ADDITION to repeating the empty phrase that nationalization means nothing, many British capitalists console themselves with the frequently reiterated statement that even when Labor completes its current list of industries to be nationalized, eighty per cent of the economy will still be in the hands of the private enterprisers. Such a condition can be correctly described as a mixed economy. It is conceivable that Britain will rest at this point for a considerable period and I have a

C. Hartley Grattan, Harper's *contributing editor, has been reporting on the current situation in Great Britain since his return from that country a few months ago.*

hunch that, in fact, it will. But unless there is a complete revulsion of political feeling in Britain there will nevertheless be a constant pressure for further nationalization adventures. New lists will be compiled. One is already in the making which includes the oil industry and the fisheries. As long as this pressure is politically viable, private enterprise will suffer constantly from the jitters, hardly ever knowing what is going to happen next, especially since many of the most conspicuous figures in the Labor cabinet enjoy the old sport of capitalist-baiting; notably Hugh Dalton, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Emanuel Shinwell, Minister of Fuel and Power. The latter, especially, glories in the insolence of office. For the next few years at least, British capitalists are condemned to play "extravagant matches . . . on a cloth untrue, with a twisted cue and elliptical billiard balls."

The eighty per cent figure is an especially weak straw at which to clutch. In the first place, it appears to be a figure plucked out of the air. What calculations back it up I do not know and find it difficult to imagine. In the second place, and more importantly, the figure plainly falsifies the impact of the nationalization program on Britain's economy. Not all business enterprises are of equal importance in an economy; a corner grocery and a major steel corporation are horses of quite different colors. The fact is that Labor is systematically occupying the strategic positions in the economy. It is not engaged in a hit-or-miss operation; it is conducting a planned campaign.

If the campaign goes through according to plan, the much cited 80–20 balance will have far, far less meaning than it is supposed today to convey to innocents. The 20 per cent in the hands of the government will go much more than one-fifth of the distance toward giving the state control of the entire economy. If such proportions have any meaning at all, I suspect it will go something like three-quarters of the way. With the additions to the list now mooted, it may go practically all the way. It is today indisputable that *Labor's program will place the economic future of Britain squarely in the hands of the state.* Whatever fraction of the economy remains in private ownership will not give the capitalists sufficient leverage decisively to influence government policy at any point, except as at some future election the Conservatives capture the government.

II

It is necessary to understand that Labor's nationalization program is rooted in a "prophetic vision." That vision is socialism. The program itself is merely a "table of priorities," of things to be done to translate the vision into reality. (This distinction is that of the leader of the House of Commons, Herbert Morrison.) It is hard to argue with any kind of vision; it is equally hard to convey, to those who have not experienced it on some Damascene road, the compulsive force such visions have over the minds of men. That is why clashes of ideologies (which are merely rationalizations of visions) so often degenerate into obscene bitterness. Morrison's distinction lets us know that the impelling force behind nationalization is a vision, a *mystique*, a *weltanschauung*, not any hard-boiled assessment of necessities and prospects, though Mr. Morrison himself is a master at the art of making the whole business sweetly reasonable. The industries taken over might possibly be handled in some other way to achieve adequate reorganization and rehabilitation, as certain Laborites not especially under the spell of the vision might agree, and as moderate critics have indeed forcefully argued. This can be clearly illustrated by the case of steel.

In Labor's pamphlet, "Let Us Face the Future"—the most important political pamphlet of the last election—the steel industry is marked down for nationalization. But it appears that there was not hundred-per-cent agreement in the party councils as to *how* and *when* nationalization should be carried out. The disagreement on these points was particularly sharp between those persons who knew something of the immense complications of the industry and those who were prepared to judge the case exclusively on the basis of the great vision.

Now there can be nobody at all left in Britain who does not know that the steel industry requires a drastic overhauling and modernization. During the interwar period the whole problem of managing steel was badly fumbled. The industry suffered from an excess of antiquated and redundant plant, and no scheme to correct these conditions was evolved by the private owners. Rather, accepting tariff protection, they took refuge in price-fixing and production control. Not only did they deal with the home market thus, but they joined the international steel cartel to parcel out the foreign market as well.

Today, the industry is beset with many troubles. One is that it includes many small plants ill-planned for the continuous operations needed for up-to-date steel manufacture. Another is that the steel industry is dependent in considerable degree upon the pig iron industry, which grew up before steel, has never been properly integrated with steel as a consequence, and has declined more sharply than steel and almost certainly more permanently, so that it is inadequate and badly located for today's needs. Still another difficulty is that the steel industry is also affected by the inefficiency of the coal industry, which increases the cost of fuel. Furthermore, steel is, in a slow-moving fashion, a migratory industry and it tends to leave behind a clutter of antiquated plant at one point while it is growing at another. But this antiquated plant is not always abandoned. For example, a new continuous strip mill at Ebbw Vale in South Wales immediately made it apparent how obsolescent the older mills in the neighborhood really were. Finally, the steel industry is, as everybody knows, especially sensitive to the trade cycle—to booms and depressions. This is a formidable bill of particulars.

It is apparent that *something* had to be done about steel, as *something* had to be done about coal. Whether nationalization was that something was the question. In a purely rational society, a society uncomplicated by competing visions, the something might have been arrived at by a close study of alternatives. But British society is no more rational than our own, so no such close study, with the implied agreement by all hands on the alternative finally selected, was made.

Instead, the Iron and Steel Federation was asked to outline a modernization program. Between 1933 and 1939 the industry spent about $40,000,000 a year on modernization and hardly made a dent. It is now rumored to have proposed a program for spending $672,000,000 over seven years, or almost 2½ times as much per year as in the prewar period. This can, I think, be taken as a minimum indication of needs. At this stage—while the industry was being studied, more or less secretly, but before the government's final decision was announced—*The Economist* declared:

> The Conservatives will be as foolish to argue that the industry should be left alone as the government will be to treat it as they are treating the mines or the railways. The problem is to devise conditions in which the industry can attain the highest standards of technical and economic efficiency that is possible within the limits of technical knowledge, the nature of the demand, and the conditions of raw material supplies. To this problem there is no simple text-book solution. It requires hard thought.

This was sound sense; but then, suddenly, before the Iron and Steel Federation report was released and before the government had put any closely reasoned case on steel of its own, it was announced in the House of Commons that ". . . after full consideration the Government have reached the conclusion that the position of the industry and its importance in the national economy necessitate a large measure of public ownership and that legislation for this purpose should be prepared."

Obviously, what happened within the government was that, after what was called "full consideration," the prophetic vision of socialism took precedence over all other considerations—many of them allegedly urged by Mr. Morrison—and steel was placed on the table of priorities even before any final plan for dealing with it was ready. The government spokesman did not offer a bill; he simply made a statement. Prime Minister Attlee insisted that a plan had been thought out, but apparently it can be translated into legislation only when someone decides which sections of the complicated industry can be nationalized right now and

which should be reserved until later, when socialism has made greater progress.

This story should make it plain that the Laborites are not interested merely in taking over derelict industries. They are not in the junk business. They are not taking off the hands of capitalists properties out of which they can no longer make anything. (As a matter of fact, some capitalists were making good money even out of coal, for all the disorder.) Labor's tactics are dictated by its strategic objective—socialism.

THE fundamental purpose being to achieve socialism, even if gradually and by democratic methods (i.e., by winning elections, not by a violent seizure of power), it is all the more important to see clearly how far Labor's current nationalization program is going to go in that direction. It is, I think, going to go a very considerable distance. The industries now marked for nationalization are fuel and power, inland transport (rail, road, canal, and air), and iron and steel. Labor divides British industries into three groups: (a) "basic industries ripe and overripe for public ownership," (b) "big industries not yet ripe for public ownership," but which require "constructive supervision," and (c) "small businesses rendering good service which can be left to go on with their useful work."

These are vague categories. When is an industry "ripe and overripe for public ownership"? In Labor thinking this apparently means industries which are fundamental to the functioning of the economy as a whole. I should guess that "ripe" industries are the railways, road transport, the air services, the canals, electricity production, and iron and steel. These still operate with from fair to good efficiency and profitability in private hands, though they need drastic rehabilitation in some instances; but they effect the economy so profoundly that, holding the social philosophy they do, the Laborites insist they must pass into public ownership. "Overripe" industries are, on the same terms, coal mining, which is in very difficult straits, and perhaps gas production and distribution. It should be noted carefully that the Laborites say nothing whatever about profitability. The strategic significance of an industry in the economy plays a large part in any definition of "ripeness," and one that is young, vigorous, and prosperous may be marked down for nationalization nevertheless—road transport and the air services, for example.

Industries in the second category—those not yet "ripe"—are reserved for special treatment and perhaps nationalization later on. These include cotton textiles, pottery, furniture, etc., which are in one sense as "overripe" as coal but which are not considered to be of strategic significance; plus industries in the hands of monopolies, like chemicals and aluminum; plus a wide variety of "new" industries, organized in relatively large units, like electrical manufactures and automobiles. Monopolies will be the subject of legislation very shortly, but don't look for a Sherman Act. As socialists the Laborites rather favor monopolies, regarding them as inevitable developments, and by nationalization they create them. Labor seeks not to break up monopolies but to bring them under close state regulation and ultimately state ownership. The industries in category 2 will therefore "ripen" sooner or later, or get a bit "riper" than they now are and furnish items on such new lists as the nationalizers may compile from time to time.

The small businesses in category 3—which can be "left to go on with their useful work"—are, of course, the most numerous of all and, taken together, provide the bulk of the employment in industry, though taken individually they are not of strategic significance in terms of economic power. They will not be nationalized for a long time and perhaps never. It is they which will keep the economy mixed long after categories 1 and 2 have been taken over by socialist governments.

Where the Laborites find true "ripeness" is at the central and vitally influential points in the industrial structure. Any group bent upon the ultimate absorption by the state of the basic economic activities of Britain could hardly do better than to begin with fuel and power, iron and steel, and transport. When to these

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are added the general and specific influences it is possible to exercise by controlling central banking (achieved in Britain by the nationalization of the Bank of England), and by controlling the governmental budget, and the raising of new capital, there will be an extremely effective governmental control of the entire economy. What is left of private enterprise must operate within a framework provided by the government; and under the conditions outlined here, it is a framework far more rigid and confining than any known in capitalist countries where the old idea that the government should merely "hold the ring" and lay down some rules to govern the ensuing struggle, like a Marquess of Queensberry, still grips the imagination. Under the conditions emerging in Britain, the government will be *in* the ring. It will supply the coal, the gas, the electricity, the iron, the steel, and all the domestic transportation. Hardly an industry in Britain will escape its influence.

COAL is still the foundation on which British industry rests. Once it passes into the control of the state, the terms and conditions on which the rest of the whole vast structure of British industry exists will be redefined. Not only will the domestic picture be transformed, but the state will influence through coal the industries which will determine Britain's power to compete in the world market. The largest industrial consumers of coal, in order of magnitude of tonnage used, are gas undertakings, the coke and by-products trade, electricity works, the iron and steel trades, the clay and building materials group of industries, and the textile group.

Not only will the government own and operate the coal mines, but it will also, as the foregoing list shows, own and operate many of the great coal-consuming industries as well. The progression from the mines to gas, coke, and electricity is a logical necessity to gain monopoly control of fuel and power. If and when the oil industry is taken over, another link in the chain will have been forged. The grip on the economy implied by a governmental monopoly of fuel and power needs but to be stated to be appreciated. And such a monopoly brings the government into direct contact at a vital point with practically all other industries in the economy.

Moreover, the interrelations of modern industry are so complex that it is impossible to isolate industries. For example, by taking over the coke industry, the government of necessity enters the chemical trade through the manufacture and sale of coke by-products. This is clearly recognized by government spokesmen who expect this to bring highly profitable activities into the hands of the government, and activities which have, as we all know, a brilliant future before them.

When Labor moves on to iron and steel, it moves out of the foundations of the industrial economy into its superstructure. Control of this group of industries makes the government the sole purveyor of basic raw materials to what the British call the "engineering trades." Engineering, say Leak and Maisels in *The Structure of British Industry*, is "*the key focal trade in the structure of British industry.*" The engineering trades are engaged in the processing of iron and steel in every way known to man's ingenuity. These trades make all kinds of things from complex machines for industry, to motor cars, airplanes, various and sundry household appliances, and so on. They are of fundamental importance in the production of both capital and consumer goods, especially consumer durables. It is this vast complex of industries which is expected to carry a hefty part of the burden of expanding British exports by 75 per cent. The influence of the government on the future of exports, through ownership of iron and steel, is therefore going to be profound. The government corporation which controls iron and steel will participate directly in the export trade; the processed steel going into the export trade will have come from government mills in the first instance. At both levels, the fuel and power used will have been government-supplied.

The effect of a government monopoly of domestic transport needs little elaboration. It is patent that any British industry must use the railroads, the road transport services, the canals, and the air services if it is to function at all. It must assemble its raw materials, its components and other

semi-manufactured goods, its workpeople, its packaging materials, by the use of one or another or all of the means of transport. Transport costs, it should be recalled, are a very important item to any industry. In this respect, as in the case of fuel and power and iron and steel, government policy will determine the level of costs for the private enterpriser.

It is apparent that Labor's current table of priorities was not flung together haphazardly. It is not merely a table of industries which for one reason or another have fallen into difficulties. To understand what Labor is doing we must banish from our minds all erroneous conceptions of what nationalization is, especially the curious idea, widely prevalent in America, that it is a scheme for relieving capitalism of the burden of carrying industries which can no longer make the grade in private hands. That some of the industries on Labor's list need extensive rehabilitation is purely coincidental. Labor is not taking them over because they are in that condition, but because *they occupy strategic positions in the economy* which, when occupied, give the government possession of levers indispensable to the governance of the economy as a whole.

III

THE mere act of taking over the industries by successfully piloting bills through Parliament is, however, only preliminary to the actual operation of the industries. In any reasonable perspective on the problem, the real job remains to be done *after* the parliamentary victories are won. These may prove Pyrrhic victories.

In my article in the May issue of *Harper's* I made the point that nationalization will not by itself solve the problem —so vital for Britain—of productive efficiency. But there are other problems, too, that will confront the nationalizers once they have their bills on the books. From among these I have chosen eight, in addition to efficiency, which sufficiently illustrate the point.

1 *Compensation.* Contrary to the assertions of some people in this country, Labor does not propose to confiscate anything. It proposes to compensate the owners for all property taken over. This is an integral item in the program for achieving socialism democratically, but it provides a tough nut to crack. Emanuel Shinwell, who has charge of nationalizing the coal mines, said that in spite of his studies of nationalization, extending over 40 years, he had not realized the complexities of this matter. "When you get on the slippery slope of compensation, complications come one after the other," he remarked—and with good reason.

As to coal, which is a very good example, the whole business of compensation will be first in the hands of a tribunal consisting of two judges of the Supreme Court and an accountant. These three men, after hearing arguments from the government and the Mining Association of Great Britain, will "determine the global sum required to provide fair compensation to the owners of the assets." I shall not weary you by reciting in detail what assets are to be included in this determination and how they are to be valued; enough to say that the formula is extremely complex and will involve the tribunal in—among other things—a guess as to what the assets would earn per year if the industry were *not* nationalized, and a decision as to how many years of such hypothetical earnings are to be taken into account. When the global figure has thus been determined by hypothesis and arbitrary multiplication, a Central Valuation Board will come into the picture to apportion the sum among the various "valuation districts." (It should be understood that coal mines are scattered all over Britain and vary in characteristics and value, and also that wages have been determined by districts in times past, not nationally.) When the valuation districts get their apportionments, the District Valuation Boards will then evaluate each individual "compensation unit" (the actual properties of the coal mining companies) and will allot each its share of the total allotted to the district. The compensation will take the form of "government stock"—that is, it will become part of the national debt.

This oversimplified account of a very intricate procedure should be enough to suggest that compensation will be a

lengthy, costly, and undoubtedly litigious process. It may take a decade to carry through. In brief, a headache of the first magnitude. As the nationalization bills pass, the headaches will multiply. *And all this has nothing to do with digging coal successfully.*

2 *Organization.* Nationalized industries, being state-owned monopolies, are perhaps best organized as public corporations, chartered either by Parliament or the King. In the case of coal, the mines are to be handed over to a National Coal Board, "a body corporate . . . with perpetual succession." Some years ago Herbert Morrison wrote a book on *Socialization of Transport* in which he declared that such a board, once established, and its accountability to public authority made clear, should then be free to conduct its affairs on business lines. That is the position of the British Broadcasting Corporation (founded 1926), the Central Electricity Board (1926), and the London Passenger Transport Board (1933). (Incidentally, these are the principal British government corporations as of the moment. The United States government has, it is well known, about thirty times as many!) These provide the precedents for Labor's nationalization corporations and all were established by Conservative governments, either under Baldwin or MacDonald.

However, the coal corporation is not to have the freedom Morrison thought desirable. Under the act creating it "the Minister [of Fuel and Power] may give the Board directions of a general character as to the exercise and performance by the Board of their functions in relation to matters appearing to the Minister to affect the national interest, and the Board shall give effect to any such directions." In plain English, the coal corporation is not to be as independent as Morrison thought wise, but a hobbledehoy affair subject ultimately to political control. The phrase "to affect the national interest" is obviously open to the widest general and particular interpretation. The door is opened for the further politicalization of the coal industry and, if the precedent is followed, for the politicalization of the nationalized segment of the economy. One can only guess where this may lead.

3 *Worker representation on the control of nationalized industries.* For many years the coal miners used the slogan, "The mines for the miners." This slogan has a distinctly syndicalist connotation. It certainly does not very clearly imply an ardent support for state ownership and management—which is what the miners are getting. Moreover, the trade unions as a whole have long insisted that under state ownership there must be provision for worker representation on the governing boards. The bill nationalizing coal makes no such specific provision, nor does it set up any alternative machinery through which the workers can make their demands known. But two ways suggest themselves in which the workers can bring pressure to win their ends. They can deal with the Minister, who can thereupon use his powers of direction to see that they get what they want; or the Minister can appoint "sound" trade unionists to the Board. Or both can be done.

As a matter of fact, both have already been done in the case of coal. The miners have already begun to pressure the Minister as to wages, hours, holidays, pensions, etc., and the Minister has appointed Sir Walter Citrine and Mr. Ebby Edwards, sound trade unionists, to the Board. (A possible run-around is to shunt the men from the Minister to the Board and back and forth *ad infinitum.*) Similarly in the case of the Bank of England. A "sound" trade unionist here is George Gibson, troubadour of Transport House,* unofficial chucker-out at Trade Union conferences, and "one of Labor's leading financial shoguns." In all fairness it should be said that on both Boards the trade unionists—indeed the known Laborites—are in a minority. But the technique is interesting and probably will be applied

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* Sample of his balladry:

O, Ramsay dear, and did you hear
The news that's going round?
They are cutting teacher's wages
For the saving of the pound.
O, the saving of the pound.
O, the saving of the pound.
They are starving men and women
For the saving of the pound.

right down the line unless the unions protest vociferously in favor of more direct "worker control."

4 There is a larger question about the *relation of the trade unions and nationalized industries and services.* Unions are, by definition, associations of employees established to advance and protect their interests against employers. Traditionally, the employers have been private individuals and corporations. Now the unions are to come up against the state as employer, ever more frequently, and on a much expanded scale. They will be the same unions as before and they will bring to their relations with the state-as-employer many attitudes firmly developed when the employer was a private capitalist. This implies the need for adjustments which may prove exceedingly difficult to make.

There is little chance that the doctrine that "you can't strike against the government" will be accepted by the British unions. Moreover, the chances are that the pressure on the state to grant ideal wages, hours, and conditions will be very strong. The miners have already shown the way in this respect. The unions, in short, will remain organizations an important part of whose function will be to exert pressure on the employer for the benefit of employees. There will be no disposition to put the interests of the workers unquestioningly into the hands of the state, or of the boards running state-owned industries. (On its return from Russia recently, a delegation of British trade unionists declared that it could never share the unquestioning faith in the government characteristic in that country.)

People who are inexperienced in the ways of unions under Labor governments often ask sarcastically why the men strike when "their own people" are in office. They will ask even more sarcastically when the actual occasion arises, as it will, why unions get into arguments and even strike in industries run by the state when the state apparatus is also in the hands of a Labor government. The answer is that the unions, in advocating state ownership, always think of the problem as one of the state, a formally neutral and even beneficent figment of their imaginations, *versus* the devilish private capitalist. When they actually come up against the state-as-employer they find out quickly enough that the state's interests and the workers' private interests are not always and necessarily identical. In fact, the sectional interests of the workers in a state-owned industry may be as hostile to the all-over interests of the nation as ever they were under private capitalism—as for example when they demand pay rates out of line with a desirable national structure of wages.

Already in Britain there is simmering a demand for a national wage policy, which the unions and, thus far, the government are resisting. The demand comes both from the Conservatives who hope it will hold wages down and from Liberals like Sir William Beveridge, who is thinking in terms of his full employment theories (see paragraphs 283–288 of *Full Employment in a Free Society.*) The moment will inevitably come when union demands and government policy will be irreconcilable. At that moment there will be a sharp and fateful crisis in the relations of the unions and the state-owned industries. If this crisis is severe enough, it will cause the unionists to ask if nationalization is all it has been cracked up to be.

5 *Where is the technical and managerial personnel to run all the newly nationalized industries to come from?* Already I have commented on Britain's admitted deficiencies in these fields (in *Harper's* for May). It is not to come out of the Civil Service, save in rare instances. This famed organization contains few men of the type required. The nationalized industries are to be run by the same sort of men—often the same men—as ran them before. They will be run by successful men from business and allied occupations.

This rather amusingly anomalous situation, whereby the state-owned industry is to be run by ex-minions of private capitalism, is caused by the shortage of such personnel in Britain, and in considerable measure by the fact that the Labor party has expended its principal energies for many years on the strategy and tactics of politics and propaganda, not

the problems of management and technology, and therefore cannot even pretend to supply men of competence from its own ranks. This is not only obvious to an outside observer; it is candidly admitted by insiders. Miss Jennie Lee, who wears her socialism on her sleeve, recently wrote in the *Tribune:* "The coalfields have produced many of the most vital and gifted trade union and political leaders. It would not have occurred to [them] to canalize their energies as young men into acquiring highly specialized technical knowledge of the mining industry. . . . A few studied the technical side of mining as a side-show, but the main urge was the mastery of politics and socialist economics to aid them in their fight for political and industrial [i.e., trade union] power."

6 Difficult *problems of policy* which promptly arise in managing a nationalized industry are *control of production*, *pricing*, and *provision of capital*. The basic problem of production is how to produce more, more quickly. But there is, within the problem of quantity, the difficult problem of quality. It is almost universally contended that the deterioration of the quality of coal, for example, is as great an industrial problem as the shortage of quantity. It has had a marked effect on the chemical industries and on the railways. In a recent speech Shinwell mentioned that several of the fields producing high-quality coals were in very bad shape indeed. It will take skillful management to satisfy the demand for quality products; if it is not satisfied, British industry will slump.

On the matter of pricing we strike a very tender nerve. A basic British problem for many years to come will be Britain's competitive position in the world market. If the goods and services coming out of the nationalized industries are priced too high, the position of Britain as a trader will be dangerously prejudiced. How the Boards running the industries will price their products will be a matter of vital importance to the prosperity of the nation as a whole, not merely to those individuals and companies to whom these things are primary costs of doing business. In some cases, coal for example, prices must be rapidly reduced to help the steel industry, the power industries, and the railways. Laborites are often impatient when the price question is raised, implying that it is a capitalist foible not worthy of their attention. This is dangerous nonsense. How prices are figured, what costs are taken into account, how the prices affect the consumer's costs, what use is made of subsidies (open and concealed to influence prices)—all these things will have to be thoroughly studied.

With regard to the provision of new capital, it will be interesting to see what the British do. Is the capital supplied to be a permanent national investment, comparable to the capital invested in private industries, on which dividends are paid but which is returned to the suppliers only on event of liquidation? Or is it to be a self-liquidating investment and therefore returned to the Treasury in regular installments? When capital is dissipated by bad management, is it to be freely replaced by the government? Will interest be charged at market rates, or above or below them? If an industry becomes overburdened with capital charges, will the government funnel off the excess to the public debt account (as has been done in certain Australian states with regard to railways)?

And so on.

7 *The question of the relations of nationalized and private industries* opens up the little understood problems of how a mixed economy will really function. What Britain will shortly have is two systems of production operating, not side by side, but all mixed up together, as emphasized earlier, serving each other and being served by each other in all sorts of complicated ways. The reconciliation of the two systems will become more and more difficult as nationalization proceeds. If the government-owned segment of the economy is to be favored, and the non-nationalized segment disadvantaged, it will pull the economy as a whole out of whack and perhaps bring the entire structure tumbling down.

8 *Length of time needed to show results.* Nationalization is all too often a blessed word, like Mesopotamia. It will, the true

believers seem to think, move in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. But obviously it will not move fast. At the moment when the government takes over, and for a good while thereafter, the nationalized industries will have to operate much as the displaced capitalists operated them. They cannot be shut down for rehabilitation and reopened under new management when everything is set to go. Britain cannot wait for the products of these industries; it must have them right now and continuously. I should guess that it will take a decade before nationalization begins to show definitive results. It will be a tempestuous decade for Britain, both politically and economically.

IV

Looking back over the record, it seems to me that the cardinal error of Big Business in Britain was its penchant for monopoly. Socialists profoundly believe that industry has an ineluctable tendency to move toward monopoly; that in attempting to control competition, private industry inevitably must gravitate to trusts and cartels. British private capitalism gave it many object lessons.

When British Big Business between wars sought in cartels and trusts to control production and prices, it acted very often with the collaboration or support of its natural political allies, the Conservatives. All hands thought they were acting to preserve their interests from ruin. But in actuality they were simply preparing the way for socialism, especially when they failed signally to go on and tackle the problems of productive efficiency. Leak and Maizels, in the study referred to earlier, give a good deal of attention to "concentration" in British industry, both from the standpoint of number of workers in a trade employed by the three largest units and the monopoly production of certain commodities. They print long lists of trades in which the concentration is 70 per cent and better; and they list over 100 commodities in which there are actual monopolies—ranging from sewing cotton and rayon staple fibre, through chassis for taxicabs, to unrefined whale oil and lithographic stones. This is meat for the socialists and it is not surprising to find a summary of the study in the Labor party's *Speaker's Handbook for 1945.*

Herbert Morrison has sorted the industries which are logical candidates for nationalization into "natural monopolies" (such as the supply of electricity), "common service industries" (coal and transport), and "key, or essential basic industries" (e.g., iron and steel). "The question to be decided," he declares, "is whether, in the circumstances, the industry is likely to be better run by free competitive private enterprise, or free monopoly private enterprise, or controlled and supervised monopoly enterprise, or by public enterprise of one sort or another." But it is obvious that in his view the real choice is between private monopoly and public monopoly, and that "controlled and supervised monopoly" can only be an interim and unsatisfactory expedient between capitalism and socialism.

On this evidence, it is apparent that Big Business in Britain applied the razor to its own throat when it went in for monopoly practices. By its own actions it transformed the struggle from one between competitive private enterprise—for which, when it is efficient, men like Morrison have a lingering respect—and the great government monopolies proposed by the socialists, into one between privately owned and controlled monopolies, "rings," and cartels, and government monopolies. This was a fatal error. The struggle over this issue transformed British politics from contention between Ins and Outs with essentially the same general philosophy of society into one between groups holding violently opposed social philosophies. From a minority group hooting and jeering on the sidelines, the socialists became the most powerful opposition to the capitalist Conservatives. (No wonder Geoffrey Crowther, editor of *The Economist*, could say to me that it was tragic that Britain had never had a Sherman Act. Much as Americans may discount the Act, he added, it was an important obstacle to such developments as occurred in Britain.)

When Labor won the election by such an overwhelming majority, it was inevitable that this distinction should be

dramatized. Whether or not all those who voted Labor wanted and expected the denouement we are now witnessing, they nevertheless got it. Many may simply have been voting for "the opposition." But the fact remains that Labor has set about transforming British economic society. No industry can successfully resist nationalization at this stage because Labor argues, very convincingly, that it was given a mandate to nationalize its list at the general election and it can enforce its view because of its tremendous majority in the House of Commons. It will, as I have said, compile new lists.

The only way in which the non-socialists of Britain can stay Labor from its appointed course under democracy, is to defeat it at some ensuing election. And even then Britain cannot be returned to *status quo ante* 1945. Experience elsewhere indicates that it is excessively difficult to de-nationalize major industries. The best that can now be done is to discover the point of balance at which the electorate will use its political power to sustain a truly mixed economy, alternating its support between socialists and non-socialists as circumstances require. I believe that the discovery of that balance is the principal political task and necessity in Britain today.

Reading and Writing Arithmetic

THE other day a friend of mine wearily cast aside his newspaper and said he wished he knew what all these infernal words added up to. In an idle hour, therefore, I trotted over to the Public Library and began calculating. If my friend is still interested, here is the answer.

Each year, for the information, entertainment, and guidance of Americans, our press prints and sells a minimum of 2,679,522,200,000,000 words. Radio, a not very close runner-up, pours out 1,000,000,000,000 words, or, in the case of singing commercials, word substitutes. Hollywood's dream factories knock together a combination of at least 30,000,000,000 words and about 1,500,000,000,000 consecutive pictorial images. And the magazine world puts out some 165,000,000,000,000 words a year. All this tots up to the tidy sum of almost three quadrillion words annually—an average of 700,000 words per minute per man and woman.

Thus if you were able *in one minute flat* to read one issue each of the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune*, plus a good sized novel, and at the same time listen to 100 radio programs and view 50 double feature movies, you would pretty nearly consume the total wordage available to you in that interval through the media of mass communication.

I hope that this intelligence puts my friend's mind—and yours—quite at ease, although personally, as Sir Stafford Cripps once remarked, it gives me seriously to think. Of course these totals are only approximate, and they don't include books, television, FM, facsimile reproduction, or microwave transmission—or the Congressional Record.

Thomas Whiteside

THE RED DRESS

A Story

SYLVIA SHIRLEY

You will see how everything happens for the best, the moment I have explained it. My sisters and I had already established ourselves in America, our married brother having sent for us seventeen years ago. Papa was to have come, too, but while we waited in Constantinople for our papers he fell in love with an Armenian-Turk, or perhaps the other way around. There are strange people in Constantinople. He married her, leaving us to go on alone. That is a father for you. I ask you, would a mother do like that? Still, men will be men; the less said the better.

Ariana was the eldest, an old maid even then, that is to say: she was too clever, too critical, and she had our Papa's nose. Then there was I, who am Luba, and if I have to say so myself, very attractive. I kept house while Ariana worked and Sophie went to school. Sophie, of course, was the youngest, but not too sensible, if a little prettier than I.

When Papa died, and then his wife, their daughter Manya (already sixteen years old) wrote that she had been left quite independent and would never leave Constantinople, because it was the most beautiful place in the world. That wasn't how we remembered it, but maybe it's different now. Of course, the men were very handsome and appreciative. You cannot say less than that. Even the water vendor with his lousy beard used to kiss his fingers to us and say, which I translate for you to mean, "Ach, beautiful Russian girls! Like sweet cream," and smack his lips.

Manya wrote that she scrubbed floors by day and walked in the bazaar in the evening and that she was quite happy and would we please send her a red dress, not that she needed anything, but after all we were related by blood.

We saw red, as it is said here. But if Papa's flesh could not be denied, neither could we deny his blood and she was after all a sister to us, even if her mother was a foreigner.

Of course, we did not believe all of the letter. The part about scrubbing floors seemed a little far-fetched, nor were we much mistaken, as it soon became clear. However, we pooled our resources, that is to say: Ariana and Sophie did, because they were working and I was little mother, so to speak. But it was not enough. So we went to our married brother and enlisted his assistance, if a little grudging, and sent for Manya, which may have been what she intended we should do.

She hobbled off the boat to us in a long black gown and high-heeled slippers, a tired-looking woman-of-the-old-world creature. Her eyes were long and heavy-lidded. She looked at each of us fully, just once, and said, "What ugly place. Take me at once to hotel."

Our brother began to mutter, but Ariana said, "Silence! You are a father yourself." And Sophie, who is not too smart,

said we better take taxi home. Cabs were a little extravagant for us, but this was an occasion, if a little bewildering. Also, people were staring, so my brother said all right he would pay. But you could see he wished Papa had had sons instead of maiden daughters.

We were not growing younger, after all, and probably our brother was afraid that now he would become involved with us more than ever. Though we all adored him, he had an American wife and it was a strain. So we did not go often to his house. We are vivacious with much laughter and sometimes tears, and she serves tea with milk. She came once to us and I am marvelous cook, though I do not like to say so often, and she fished out the small pieces of onion in her plate, one course after another.

Well, Manya was left to my charge. I scalded her thoroughly because she looked as if she did not care too much for bathing, and I was surprised to find that her eyelashes were not false or mascara. Her hands were not work-worn, her appetite was good, even too much; which is always gratifying to the one who cooks as is indication of good health.

She never spoke of what had been in Constantinople and we were much mystified and disappointed. Once I took courage and asked her questions; gently, you understand, not prying, just curious; but without satisfaction. Manya lowered the lids of her long sleepy eyes and said nothing, only a brief sigh, so that I felt quite uneasy.

It soon became apparent that our little sister was not scholarly. She was out of her element in the public school, and we despaired of finding a place to suit her temperament. But Sophie came up with a startling contribution. "Send her to private school." This we decided, and though we had not much money, we did not approach our brother this time.

After many inquiries, we finally registered our little sister with a very refined lady who reminded us a little of our brother's wife, that is to say: her smile was too thin. We left Manya in her care with some misgivings and much relief.

I spoke with earnestness to her that night and cautioned her to be good. Our income came to us from Ariana, who knelt all day at the feet of rich ladies to pick up hems, let out seams, or take in darts to conceal the defects in their figures; and from Sophie, whose quick fingers made the alterations indicated by the pins.

Each gown sold for more than twice their joint salaries, but we were not bitter. I was the housekeeper and thrifty, to make the most of their efforts. They appreciated me, and I tried to indicate to Manya her duty to her good sisters.

Manya was silent, but I was used to that and hoped that somehow she had been impressed. She was not really bad-hearted, only a little self-absorbed and somewhat lazy, with a good deal of prodding necessary.

For a while things moved like wheels on greased axles. Then one day there was a letter from the school principal: would I please come and have a little talk. I was flattered and felt almost what it must be to be a real mother.

So I dressed in my wine-colored silk, which was brought me from the shop, and which by good fortune had been scorched by the presser, but cleverly concealed by my sisters; because, as you see, I have such a small waist and it is easily taken in.

Sophie loaned me her hat with the Paris label snipped from one of the chapeaux in the shop and I felt in fine feather. No one can see what is inside your hat, but it does make a difference in how you hold your head.

What is my despair when Miss Pringle, who has so cheerless a face it strikes a chill, said to me, "You must do something about your sister. She has a very disrupting influence on the others."

In vain I explained that it is due to her heavy-lidded eyes that Manya looks as though she has just wakened or is about to drop off. I would not admit, aloud, that no matter how neatly we clothed her, she had always that look of untidiness. Then there was the matter of talking—only with her hands.

"But," I explained, gesticulating, so that this stiff-boned woman should understand, "we *are* like that. It is more expressive when you make so with your hands. The meaning of the words is better."

No. Miss Pringle objected. So, all right, it is not refinement. I will remind Manya, I promised. Alas, there were other things, and with much hesitation Miss Pringle explained. When I finally emerged from her office, in spite of the borrowed hat and its borrowed label, I felt much older than it was my custom to look.

"Manya," I said that night, "today I have talked with Miss Pringle. Darling, you must not whistle and make with your hands when you want more bread with your lunch."

Manya shrugged. "She does not like when I stretch for it."

"You can ask for it, no?"

"Then one would be all the time talking instead of eating. Everything is put out of reach."

"Miss Pringle says now all the girls whistle when they want something. You must not be a bad influence."

"Okay. I bring bread from home, is better?"

"Manytchka, do not joke."

"Who jokes? One is hungry, one eats."

"True. But do not wave your arms about."

"Aha! Again is not right. Whatever Manya does is bad. Please God, the Devil take me soon, and you will grieve."

"Manya! Shocking talk." We were getting nowhere. "You must not ask the other girls if they are virgins."

"Why not?"

"It is assumed that unmarried girls are always virgins, besides, it is an intimate question." I hesitated and said as an experiment, "You would not like it if one were to ask you such a question."

She looked at me, her eyes sliding to the corners like slippery fish, and then she closed them, so that the back of my neck was like an ant hill.

"People judge you by your behavior. You must learn to have good manners," I said firmly, though at the moment it would have given me pleasure to cut her head from her shoulders.

"Why?" asked Manya, scratching her head.

"Because when you are courteous it pleases other people."

"Ha! That is weakness, to want always to please others. You please yourself first, then you are happy. You are happy; you give pleasure."

I had never heard so much talk from her before; nor could I feel altogether displeased, because there was merit in what she said. But I had promised Miss Pringle to speak to Manya, and if I could do nothing more, neither would I do less.

Soon we had a letter regretting that the enrollment for the following year was already filled. We understood what was meant. Maybe it would have been wiser to have sent the red dress to Constantinople in the first place.

"Well, we cannot take her to work with us," my sisters said and looked at me. All right, she would stay at home.

This suited Manya very well. She slept late and trailed around in her kimono, sampling all the foods before they were fully cooked. If I gave her anything to do, invariably she did it so badly or so slowly that I took it away. It was no use to be irate with Manya, because you could not arouse her to anger or shame, neither was she ever really unpleasant or sullen. Under the circumstances, however, one could be excused for wishing that she had not been born.

Wherever Manya went, people, that is to say men, leered. Sometimes they followed her home. We could not let her go about alone. You understand, there was no real harm in her. She just had that look.

"There's only one thing left," said Sophie, when I poured out my grief. "We must get her a good husband." Ariana and I looked at her, without reminding her that she had not been too successful on her own account.

"That's easier said than done," said our eldest sister, sighing.

"It can be arranged. Sometimes it is even advertised. People are marrying all the time."

I was horrified but interested. "You mean to put it in the papers that we are seeking for our eighteen-year-old sister a husband?"

"If you put it that way," said Ariana, "we will have to offer a dowry."

"Maybe we'd be better off letting her try by herself," Sophie said thoughtfully. I shuddered.

"How would you like a sweetheart?" Ariana asked Manya. "Someone to quarrel with and to kiss."

"Someone to pay your way to the movies and hold your hand," I added, falling in with them.

"Someone to buy you sweets," said Sophie, insinuatingly.

Manya smiled and smiled, her prune-eyes narrowing all the while. "Is all right," she said, and wiped her nose mercilessly.

ABOUT this time, Ariana had pains of such cruelty in her legs that I prevailed upon her to see the doctor. It was Ariana's opinion that so many years of working on her knees had warped her bones. But the doctor said go pull teeth. Now that is a strangeness we have here, and probably why there is a need for so many dentists. As soon as one's arm aches, or one's legs, right away is the remedy, go pull teeth. But Ariana has so little patience with illness or stupidity, whether it be her own or somebody else's, that we went to seek a dentist.

Mrs. Bilbadian, who is our neighbor, recommended her relation, the dentist on our corner. And it was decided that since so many teeth would have to be repaired it would be less expensive to remove all and be fitted for new ones.

Ariana and I were impressed with the dentist, who, we subsequently discovered, lived with an old mother who was anxious to see him married before she died. He was a tremendous man, tall and rounded, with a vocabulary limited to "Open please, wider please, spit out," and "Rinse please."

I agreed with Ariana that maybe Dr. Ratzhaus would be a good thing for Manya. We wished to marry off our little sister with the least compunctions. Fat men should not be too hard to please, I reasoned, providing you can cook. Perhaps I could teach Manya something of housewifery, or I might sneak over a roast and pastry from time to time.

With much cajoling, it was finally arranged that Mrs. Bilbadian give a party, though I did not trust her too much; that is to say: she substituted water where my recipes called for sour cream.

You cannot be too sure of a woman who falsifies to her own stomach, and so I provided the refreshments. The dentist and his mother were invited.

Except when he ate, Dr. Ratzhaus did not open his mouth. Several times he got up to make his mother comfortable, while she kept up an interminable chatter about what a good wife should be.

There was no way to stretch such a frame around Manya. If she was not selfless nor persevering, neither would she martyr herself. We had to hope, therefore, that the dentist would be blinded by Manya's physical charm as others, less worthy of acceptance, had been before him.

Finally, the old lady said to her son, "Ask her to go for a walk. She is a little too forward, to be sure, but not objectionable."

Manya jumped up at once. "Is beautiful tonight. The moon is shining." But the dentist sat mute, shaking his enormous head.

"What is it?" asked his mother. The dentist stiffened himself as if for a tussle with an enemy. He lifted one huge hand and straightened a heavy finger. He pointed.

"I want that one," and then his courage collapsed, for he bent his head into his chest. We stared.

Then Manya burst out laughing, and when she laughs, it is something to hear. "See how red she is," she howled, pointing to Sophie. And she was right.

Sophie had misgivings, but Ariana talked her out of them; that is to say: one cannot get a respectable proposal from a dentist every day, mothers-in-law do not live forever, and so on. That is how Sophie got married. Ariana said it was a pity it could not have been arranged sooner, because of the outrageous sum we had to pay for her new teeth. I thought Sophie might intercede and get a reduction on her sister's behalf, but it is a mistake to expect much from relatives.

WELL, there was still Manya. In the excitement of Sophie's marriage we overlooked her a little, forgetting to keep a careful watch over her arrivals and departures. It soon became apparent that every time she came into the house, she brought another of God's creatures, some of them

not altogether human in appearance. She was willing to like anyone, regardless of size, age, hair, or lack of same, being rather amiable, but a complete simpleton about men. Manya had that look, you see, only it meant nothing.

One autumn we went to a charity picnic-bazaar, that is to say: one paid for a ticket in the first place and then, if one wanted to eat, one bought from the food vendors at the laden tables. Also there were books, and shawls, and trinkets—all trash—to buy. There was a man who tootled on a horn and another set the pace on an accordion. Also there was a woman to sing, who might just as well have been male, too, with her flat chest and deep voice. It was a beautiful day, crisp and smelling of sun-browned leaves.

"What charming odors," said Manya, sniffing with a terrifying loudness. At hand a woman was ladling stew into a brown bowl. "Look, goulash, what I love," Manya pointed.

"Not now," said Ariana, tightening her hold on her purse.

"Permit me," said a hesitant voice behind us; and there was a little man, whose upper teeth overlapped a little. He had a startled look, as though he were surprised at his own daring, and I liked him right away.

He looked at us, one-two-three, and then again, and before we spoke he ordered four bowls, handing them to us in turn. We thanked him. When he saw how Ariana stared, he tried to close his mouth over his teeth. His chin puckered from the strain, and he blushed.

He led us to a table, put his bowl down, brushed some ants away, and ran off for some hot rolls.

When he came back, he sat down quickly, straightening his sleeves, and smiled at us. Manya dipped her bread into the gravy and filled her mouth. She was blissful.

"Please be my guests," he said. "I don't know anybody here. I live in New Jersey and read in the Hungarian paper about the picnic. One gets hungry for the sound of the mother-tongue."

"We are not Hungarians," said Ariana, with hauteur.

"Yoy," said the little man and he looked at us, one-two-three. There are those who are always surprised to find that there are human beings in other nationalities.

"They don't like Hungarians," said Manya, sucking the drippings off her fingers. "Is nothing personal, is only themselves they admire." Her voice was earnest and good-humored, and we did not think to take offense. "What else is to eat?" she asked looking around.

"I'll show you," said the little man, jumping up.

"Wait," said Ariana. "We are not acquainted."

"She means, do you need a wife and is there money in bank," Manya said kindly, as if to translate us to him.

"Well, I'm not married," he answered carefully, "and I have good business. I am cabinet maker, specialist in ice-chests. My father was coffin-maker in old country. My grandfather. . . ."

"What is your name?" interrupted Ariana, and I guessed she was sufficiently impressed.

His name was Milo Niemcy and we let Manya walk with him. We followed, but discreetly. They bought meat and green peppers roasted on skewers, and there was something new in the look on Manya's face as she watched at the open fire. It was my opinion that the scene called up something of her life in Constantinople, of which she had never spoken. But Ariana raised her eyebrows at me and pulled her lips in. I must learn not to tell everything I think to Ariana. It is disheartening to be always pooh-poohed.

Later, we saw Mr. Niemcy offering Manya his handkerchief. And suddenly I wanted to cry. I was just beginning to realize that from now on life would be different, that is to say: if Manya married, I would have to live alone with Ariana, who was daily more cranky. Do not misunderstand. I love her very dearly, but she is a little wearing.

When it was time to leave the picnic grounds, Mr. Niemcy brought our Manya to us.

"I hope you have not been too extravagant," I said. "Mr. Niemcy will think you are a spendthrift." But he laughed and so did Manya.

"It's all in the echo-nomics of it," he explained. "She spends so much only because it is not her own." He turned to her, as though they had settled it between them, "When it will be yours, you'll take better care, no?"

Ariana and I exchanged looks. But Manya said, "Will it be mine? When will it? I like something of my own, once." She was almost wistful and I was heartily ashamed of her. He could think we had starved her, or sent her naked abroad.

He brought us all home in his little car, an unlooked-for treat. After that, he came every Sunday for three months. I tried hard to see Manya through his eyes. He was such a nice man I wondered if it was quite fair to him to let him have Manya. But to him she seemed as rich as the dark and fruitful earth of Hungary, and at the same time, exotic and simple, glamorous and naïve.

Everything went well and they were married at Christmas. Before they were to leave, however, Manya had hysterics. She cried and cried. She would not leave us, how could she go away to live with this strange man who was nothing to her, not even a relative. We coaxed and petted, and finally threatened, till she wiped her eyes and nose on the chintz skirt of the dressing table, kissed us all several times, and left.

A YEAR and a half went by and we did not see her again. Ariana said leave well enough alone, and I did not like to ask her for the fare. You may not believe this, but I missed Manya sorely. When she wrote once or twice, the paper was so messy with ink and grease stains, it was impossible to decipher. Ariana was ill a great deal of the time and worried what would become of us if she would lose her job. Nothing I did or said pleased her. With us it was like with the dog who kept biting the end of his own tail.

Then, one summer, the establishment for which Ariana worked closed for alterations. Because she was the oldest employee, she was granted a month's pay and vacation expenses. For two vacations there was not enough money. Although Ariana offered to go to a cheap hotel, so that we could be together, I denied myself this pleasure. It was decided at last that I would travel up with her and spend the first weekend there and come back for her the last weekend.

I took the local train home and sat back to enjoy myself. For me it was an adventure. My thoughts turned to Manya, as they often did, because I could not help but speculate on how it was with her. One thought leading to another, I recalled the day at the picnic and how Manya had cried out, "When will it be my time to have something of my own?" And I wondered pleasantly if that time ever came to anyone, and if it were ever to come to me, what was it I would like. And it seemed that this was it—just to sit quietly and watch the farm-land and the towns drift by. Perhaps I dozed. Suddenly, I heard the conductor call "Stockwoode, next." Stockwoode! That was where Manya and Milo lived. We had not stopped on the way up because it had been express. I would go see them. I grasped my reticule tightly and reached for my little bag; and there I was, standing on the platform.

Without too much inquiry, I found their house, stopping first at a confectioner's. It was neat and ugly like all the rest, painted tan with brown trimmings. When I opened the gate my heart began to drum so loudly and so quickly that I had to stand still, breathing deeply for some minutes. My heart does that often lately and I must remember to ask about it some time.

It was Manya who answered my knock, and she stared at me for a long time. "Manytchka," I said, "you are just like always." But it was not so. She was much thinner and seemed taller. Her heavy hair was brushed back into a roll, and her red dress was clean and pressed—only the top button was missing at the throat, and another was hanging by a thread.

"Lubitchka," she said. Nobody had said my name like that since I was little. "So it is you at last! Come your way in. You look so tired." Her voice seemed charming to me as she took my hand and led me inside. "Have you come all by yourself?"

"Yes," and then we laughed together.

"I have brought sweets," I said, as she took me into her living-room. It was

clean and comfortable, and disappointing. There was a piano. The curtains were plain, with many pictures on the walls; but no rugs, only linoleums.

"Where is your husband?" I asked, as she undid my parcel and laid the cakes on a plate.

"Sunday is his day of reckoning," she answered.

I was startled. "How do you mean?"

"He sits in his shop at the end of the garden and reckons his receipts and bills for the week. Then he gives me the little papers. Is a great deal of money."

"That is good. Money is excellent to have," I said. She put the kettle on and broke a cake in two, giving me the larger piece. Manya was different.

"True. Always he talks about how much there is, and how much more there would be if we do not have to pay taxes."

"What do you do with it all?"

"Spend only for what is necessary, pay taxes, and keep the rest in bank. Some is in my name." She smiled at me in the old way, just as she used to when I set food before her.

"You are happy?" I asked her.

"Sure, look. Whole house is mine." She led me through the tidy, barren rooms, one after another, and then into the basement to show off her washing-machine. Outside, behind the lumber shack, there was a chicken yard, and on the other side, the garden.

When we came back into the house, Milo was already there, and I could see he wondered what brought me.

Supper was a casserole of macaroni and vegetables with bits of meat. Also good warm cabbage soup. I asked if I might have a single boiled egg, my digestion is not what it used to be, and Manya brought in a half-dozen. "From our own chickens. For you I give the heaviest."

When I took sugar for tea, they watched me so closely, my hand trembled so that I took less than intended. Then Manya said, "Is good to see you in my house, no Milo?" And I was glad to be there, only strange.

Afterwards, Milo showed me his shop. It was very neat with a good raw smell of wood. Over his desk hung a picture of a half-draped female. I was petrified. What kind of a portrait was this for a man's workshop?

"I have more," he said proudly, following my gaze, and before I could stop him, he had hauled out a bunch of picture cards.

"This is too much. What for do you need these when you have our Manya?" I asked.

He bent over the pictures and with great care began to erase some thumbmarks. "Yoy," he sighed. "You don't know Manya. She is a good wife and has learned the value of a dollar. But she, how shall I say? I tell you because you are her sister: Manya is not what she seems. She is sparing of everything." He sighed again and put away his pictures.

I stared at him. What was this? "You must be patient," I said. "She is very young."

"Perhaps," he said. But he did not seem convinced.

They did not press me to stay and although I felt that they had been pleased to see me, they seemed just as pleased to see me go. When I got on the train, bound for home the second time in one day, Manya gave me her shawl. I had no need of it, but I was strongly moved by this gesture, because I had never known her to give of herself before, in any shape or manner. Of course, the fortunes of Manya and Milo would not suffer by this gift since it was so faded and, as to be expected, badly mended. Quickly, I folded it out of sight, feeling tired and lonely and a little like the day I walked out of Miss Pringle's Day School for Girls, years ago. But I was glad that we had been unstinting in our efforts for Manya. She looked happy. But then she always had that look. As for Milo, what can you expect from a man?

It was not in me to begrudge Manya the fruits of our labor, but something was unequal here. Often there arises a predicament, even a catastrophe, and there is an axiom to prove its value. But here was strangeness, a proverb in reverse: the ten-o'clock scholar catches the worm. While we had persevered, Manya had strained neither brain nor back. Yet she had maneuvered to please herself, above all, in

spite of our efforts to teach her to think of others first. Now she had a whole house to play with, money, and even a husband to manage!

I resolved not to speak of this to anyone, but the old habit of talking things over was strong. So next day, I went to visit with Sophie, the dentist's wife. While watching her bathe the fat little twins, I told her what I had learned about Manya and asked her what she thought, for I was a little confused and not at ease.

But Sophie, perhaps because she was not listening too carefully, and perhaps because she never was too sensible, handed me one slippery baby to wrap in a towel and said, "Poor Milo, how was he to know that all that Manya ever wanted was a red dress?"

I did not understand what she was talking about at first, but later, a little. And I would hesitate to say this to Ariana, nor do I like to set myself up as a philosopher; but the longer I live, the less certain I am that I understand men; and some women are peculiar, too. And you can see for yourself, how everything has a proper purpose and similar result, only one must shape it a little, as Manya had, without seeming to.

The FFV; Or, It Pays To Be Ignorant

This advertisement was published in the Loudoun Times-Mirror, *Leesburg, Virginia, on April 4, 1946.*

Keep Loudoun Wealthy

Here is the Record

Six National Banks with Deposits of $15,143,791.35.

Over $10,000,000 War Bonds Purchased during the war.

Liquor Bill in 1945, of $355,000.00.

More Intangible Property than any county in Virginia. (Except Arlington)

More Intangible Property than any city in Virginia. (Except Richmond & Norfolk)

Second Lowest Tax rate in State on Real Estate and Personal Property.

Real Estate and Personal Property value at $55,000,000 (Assuming 35% Assessment.)

Do not dissipate this wealth to hire teachers. We cannot stand another Tax raise of Twenty Cents. (Close some schools if necessary.)

Tell your Supervisor that school children do not vote.

This ad is paid for by Taxpayers.

PORTRAIT OF A DANGEROUS MAN

MILTON MAYER

Moody finished his sermon—the Colossal Campaign to Reduce the Population of Hell by One Million Souls was under way—and Sankey stepped forward to render "The Ninety and Nine." It was the 1876 Revival, Boston's Biggest Ever. The Giant Mixed Choir had pressed into service for the occasion some very small, mixed giants, and as Sankey mourned for the sheep that was lost, and the audience wept, one of the smallest of the mixed giants in the choir tugged at his mother's sleeve and whispered, "What are they crying for?" His father, on the other side of him, merely said, "Hush," but his mother, unable to resist the evanescent opportunity, bent down and looked hard at him. "They are weeping," she said, "for *you*, Bobbo."

Seventy years have passed, and they are weeping for Bobbo Lovett still. More in sorrow than in anger, the U. S. Congress cut off his salary as government secretary of the Virgin Islands. A decade earlier, and no less mournfully, a committee of the Illinois Senate demanded his dismissal from the faculty of the University of Chicago. Streaming with evangelical tears, the Bureau of Naval Intelligence found him, still earlier, "the primary factor which loyal Americans must contend with"; the Chicago *Tribune* called him "a pacifist, bolshevik, communist, and pale pink radical"; the chief investigator for the Dies Committee held him responsible for more Communist "fronts" than any other man in America. And the FBI groaned in apostolic agony as it disclosed that Bobbo belonged to 400 organizations, all of them (with the possible exception of the Red Cross) engaged in overturning the republic.

Others, however, have insisted that, far from not being found, he is one of the few sheep that have never been lost. The first to take this hopeful view was President Eliot of Harvard, who wrote of him in 1893, "Lovett is a man by whose character and later achievements Harvard is willing to be judged." Exactly half a century later the *New York Times* could not think of "any act in his life inconsistent with the purest patriotism," Harold Ickes called him "an American who has never had any thought except to help other people and to serve his country," and the municipal councils of the Virgin Islands, in joint assembly, proclaimed him "an American gentleman, a patriotic citizen, a humane administrator, and a symbol of the American flag for which our sons are fighting."

On balance, it would seem that the Boston Revival, the FBI, and the Dies Committee were right. Certainly the evidence is abundant that the *New York Times*, President Eliot, and the Virgin Islands are wrong. Robert Morss Lovett, no less in-

Milton Mayer is assistant professor at the University of Chicago. He has written for the Saturday Evening Post *and the* Yale Law Journal, *and has had previous articles in* Harper's.

nocent-fronted at 75 than he was at 5, has a lifelong record of vicious associations, some of which are even yet to come to light. (The FBI, for all its unremitting diligence, never discovered, for instance, that *the only decoration he ever received* was that of the German Red Cross.) He has a record as a jailbird; he has been photographed with Negroes who resisted eviction even though they had not paid their rent; and he has been brought to justice with a thief on either side of him. He has gone bail for at least one Nazi and no end of Communists; he encouraged young men, as long ago as the '20's, to take the "slacker oath"; and as recently as a few years ago, he used his powers as acting governor of the Virgin Islands to stay the execution of a condemned murderer, asserting, with the same disingenuity that he displayed in the choir, that his act was motivated not by the fact that hanging was unthinkable to him as a member of the Committee against Capital Punishment, but that the execution was set, as chance had it, for Bunker Hill Day, *and to hang a man on Bunker Hill Day was unthinkable to a member of the Sons of the American Revolution.*

IN SPITE of his offenses against public safety and public decency, this admitted enemy of certain American traditions remains at large; and not only at large, but at large in a post of public honor and influence. He is now finishing his second year as professor of English, and his first as acting chairman of the English Department, at the University of Puerto Rico, a public institution supported entirely by the government tax on rum drunk by the American public.

It may be recklessly supposed that a man of seventy-five is not much of a menace, either public or private. (Informing his friends last year of the birth of his first great-grandchild, Lovett announced, with a touch of arrogance, "Now I'm an ancestor.") But his show of genteel senility has been a deceit for years. As long ago as 1933, a policeman testifying against him as a rioter told the court, "And when I went to put him in the wagon, the old gentleman there, he held the door for me." The extent to which his air of ancientness "otherwise influenced the native mind" (a charge made by the U. S. Congress) was disclosed when Special Agent Willis of the FBI reported that none of the natives he interviewed in the Virgin Islands knew that they had been subverted and that all of them, on the contrary, declared that Lovett was "a wonderful old man," "a kind-hearted old man," "a kind and gentlemanly old man," and "a fine old man and a loyal American citizen."

The impression of solid old age is effected by a more than solid portliness; by a Humpty-Dumpty head reminiscent of W. R. Hearst's; by a double-breasted sack coat, a little too short and a little too tight, worn until Mrs. Lovett throws it away in the night; by the indiscriminate courtliness which amazed the Chicago policeman; by an invariable façade of solemnity which has earned him the sobriquet, among others, of the Buster Keaton of the saints; by a high, wrinkled, and wispy (where it isn't barren) gray dome; and by a long, cleft upper lip, which, whether he is annoyed, amused, or embarrassed, moves up and down like a rabbit's, to the accompaniment of the blinking of an owl and the pouting of a pigeon.

His deafness is acute in the presence of public lectures, musicales, and Latin American tyrants; but he seems to hear the whispers of beggars and trouble-makers. Sleepiness invariably overtakes him at formal functions, but never when he's paddling around in the Caribbean or trotting through the hills around San Juan. He has the greatest difficulty in placing certain statesmen whom he has often met, and in fine company finds that he cannot remember a single stanza of "Abdul Abulbul Ameer," whose fifty-six stanzas he sang in a low crowd the evening before.

He has been called a fanatic with a sense of humor, a chuckling martyr, a crusader without a compulsion. But there is no sign whatever that he knows how much evil—some would say good—he has done; or that he has ever known what he was doing when he did it. A Hearst reporter, who was assigned to "smear" him, wrote in the diary that all Hearst reporters keep: "One of the flash pictures I will carry in my mind until I die is that of Professor Lovett, as the big policeman hurried him from the filthy, hot cell. . . . He was neither

ashamed, nor was he proud. He was just there. . . . He looked at me as if I were another human being, at the slumping colored boy on the bench as if he were another human being, at the policeman who stepped up beside him as another human being—all just alike before him, and, consequently, all made conscious of their being human. He thought he was no better than anybody else, just as he thought that nobody was better than he."

II

THIS misspent life began on Christmas Day—itself a deceptive auspice—in Boston in the year 1870. Unlike so many troublesome persons, Robert Morss Lovett never knew either the want or superfluity of either ancestors or bread. His father was an insurance man, and his mother had been a teacher. "My childhood," he says, "was not unhappy, but uncomfortable. My parents took an unwholesome interest in my life." What they did was try to inoculate him with the Christian, the bourgeois, and the manly virtues. It was simply no go.

Prayer was a thrice-daily performance in the gaslit Lovett home, and Bobbo had to memorize a chapter of the Bible every morning. "I took it right after my cod-liver oil." His mother tried unremittingly to convert him, but all signs of grace were lacking. His grandfather was a member of the Congregation, in distinction from the Church; he had made no public profession of faith. "I admired Grandpa, and I couldn't believe he wasn't saved." He finally believed himself converted, however, by the hymn beginning, "I love Thee, my Saviour, for Thou first lovedst me." The spirit of *quid pro quo* appealed to him, but when his mother gave him a dollar for remembering the Commandments and his aunt gave him ten dollars for remembering not to pick his nose, the spirit failed him. The private prayer he best remembers is, "Dear God, please cut out the begats."

If he resisted the Christian virtues, he positively crusaded against the bourgeois. Sent to dancing school, riding school, and the Boston Conservatory of Music, he came home hating them all. In school he was put in the non-singers' group. Years later, at a party, he was pressed to sing "Abdul," and when he agreed to, as he always did, the hostess asked Rudolph Reuter to accompany him. The great pianist tried, but Lovett shifted key too fast. At the conclusion, Lovett turned to Reuter and said miserably, "I was a non-singer in school." "Did you say 'non-singer'?" Reuter replied. "I would have said 'anti-singer.' "

"As a child," he says, "I was pleasantly contentious." But his contentiousness did not extend to the field of the heroic pursuits. He couldn't fly a kite or flop a sled. True, he was captain and pitcher of the team he organized; true, also, he owned the bat and ball. The day of the big game, the team advanced him to the rank of umpire. The fact that he had to spend three years trying to manipulate a gun in the rear rank of the worst company at English High School may have lost the country a general comparable, in other respects, to Robert E. Lee.

BUT there were other kinds of war for pleasantly contentious young men, and one of them was going on at Harvard. The Harvard of 1888 was torn between the Old Guard, representing the traditionally smug, narrow, and remote "education of a gentleman," and President Charles W. Eliot, the man who, probably more than any other, accounts for Robert Lovett. Eliot's steady, self-assured struggle to overturn Harvard appealed to a natural-born lost sheep. The courses, characterized by the treadmill routine that Eliot was fighting, were pipes. Maintaining a *summa cum laude* average was easy for Lovett, and he had time for other things, especially the newly established *Harvard Monthly*. Norman Hapgood liked his stories and asked him to write for it. He became an editor and met Hutchins Hapgood, George Baker, George Santayana, and the two contemporaries who became his closest friends, Robert Herrick and William Vaughn Moody.

There were men on the faculty then like Everett, Toy, and Kittredge; but, by and large, the teachers and the teaching were, to Lovett, fantastically unreal. He recalls that in Child's famous Shakespeare course, "a whole year passed without any mention

of the fact that Shakespeare had a personal history and wrote for the Elizabethan stage." By the time he left Harvard, Lovett's central intellectual conviction—that literature is life and life literature—possessed him. Half a century later he formalized his *raison d'oeuvre* in the Hopwood Lectures at the University of Michigan: "The material of literature is derived from humanity and human experience. It returns, revitalized and reinterpreted, to be received again by human beings and to become once more a part of their experience. In this process the artist is mediator and agent. Surely neither artist nor art can profit by being divorced from the great community which is for both, and in a double sense, the source of life."

In his *Monthly* editorials he crusaded against "Harvard indifference," in all its most honored forms—anti-feminism, empty orthodoxy in religion, and the habit of describing the great community, when it was described at all, as "teeming." A further hint of the dangerous man to come is to be found in the Class Poem of '92, which proclaimed that "the upward struggle is itself salvation, And only faithlessness is real disgrace." The poem ended, "Fair Harvard, we who are about to live salute thee." Its author, back from a summer in Europe with Norman Hapgood, was saved from choosing between divinity and law by an assistantship in English at Fair Harvard.

He who was about to live was in agony when, the following year, Herrick asked him to come along as an instructor at the new University of Chicago. He wanted to love Harvard as Newman loved Oxford; to live there, and, if not in God's own time, then in Harvard's, to die there. At twenty-two, he was much readier to contemplate death than life, antiquity than modernity, completion than adventure. The upward struggle, to which he had born testimony at twenty-one, and of which the Dies Committee found him guilty at seventy-one, did not appeal to him. He insists he has always loved "decay and the end of everything." His favorite line is "The sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep."

THE Chicago of 1893 was no place to sleep. President Harper took the occasion of the October convocation to assure the faculty of the University that the payroll would be met. Chicago was tough, and the little coterie of tough men who ran it were, in the panic, tougher still. The collapse of Pullman paternalism in the great railroad strike reduced Chicago to the anarchy that its millionaires thought they had hanged after the Haymarket. Into this hungry, bloody, muddy, and bitter Chicago came the young man who wanted to love Harvard as Newman loved Oxford; into this, and more.

William Rainey Harper, for all his great scholarship, was a man after Chicago's own heart. Storming that he couldn't run a university and be hampered by a budget, he bulldozed Rockefeller out of infinite millions. The chubby little "steam engine in pants" never stopped for or at anything. Rockefeller gifts were celebrated like football victories, and football victories like the Second Coming. The great history professor, Von Holst, delivered an oration in defense of the Oil King; the faculty accepted a champagne dinner (along with an observatory) from the traction boodler Yerkes.

Only in innovation did the bustling, back-slapping Harper resemble the patrician Eliot. He introduced the quarter system, the junior college, the summer quarter, university extension work, and the university press. And he peopled his new university not only with mighty names like Michelson, Whitman, Nef, Loeb, Shorey, Chamberlin, Salisbury, and Small, but also with comers like Ferdinand Schevill in European history. From Harvard, along with Herrick, the young novelist, and Lovett, the young critic, there arrived in the English Department Moody, the young poet, and John Matthews Manly, the young Chaucerian.

The bachelor life, with Moody and Schevill, was legal, if not always exemplary. An occasional grape was pressed; a semi-occasional rose was flung; a continual story was told. There are rumors still—but let the FBI track them down for itself. In the summer of '95 Lovett and Ida Mott-Smith of Radcliffe, who had helped him break down the Harvard indifference, were married. Bimbles, Doodoo, and Beebee (Robert Jr., Ruth, and Beatrice, on their birth

certificates) were born, the two latter in Europe, where Lovett, on long sabbaticals *en famille*, sampled vast quantities of books, cathedrals, and Burgundies; discovered he wasn't a novelist; led his young son over Tyrolean passes where angels trod; and was converted to lifelong *avant gardisme* by men like Berenson, Russell, Dolmetsch.

Realism was becoming a word in France, in Italy, and in realistic Chicago, and Lovett spent much of his time and still more of his heart with the local renaissance, personified variously by Fuller, Garland, Herrick, Dreiser, Moody, and later by Anderson, Masters, Sandburg, Dell, and Hecht. It was they who broke the new ground; but it was Lovett, pushing all of them on, who was surer than any of them that new ground must be broken. Still more of his time, and most of his heart, went into his students. Frank Norris was one at Harvard; and then, in the early Chicago days, came Maude Radford Warren, Anna Louise Strong, Samuel Harper, Howard Mumford Jones, Vardis Fisher, Helen Hull, Dorothy Scarborough, Ruth Cross, Carl Van Vechten, Harry Hansen, Burton Rascoe. Later there were Glenway Wescott, Elizabeth Maddox Roberts, Nathaniel Peffer, Vincent Sheean, and John Gunther; and later still, George Dillon, Sterling North, Albert Halper, and Meyer Levin. A crazy wild Irish kid who always talked big and did nothing came in one day with a short story. Lovett read it, pouting and blinking, and said, "We can stretch this into a novel." The story was *Studs Lonigan*.

Hundreds more who call themselves "Lovett men" came under his spell in the University Poetry Club, which he organized; or the University Dramatic Club, which he urged to the first American productions of Yeats, Synge, and Gregory; or in *Poetry*, the first magazine of its kind in America, which he helped Harriet Monroe establish. His $50 annual prize was a spur to kids who had wondered if anybody cared about new poetry; but the goad was the Lovett Sunday evenings, the Lovett classes, and the Lovett office, where anybody who wondered if anybody cared about anything new at all found Lovett caring. "Let's try it; let's see it; let's go ahead with it; let's send it around," was what he said.

He had grown middle-aged very gracefully, and not at all dangerously. But wasn't he, contrary to his own doctrine, somehow "divorced from the great community"? What had he meant by the upward struggle in the poem he wrote at Harvard? Was it to be found within the newly-ivied walls of a university or between the boards of a book? There had been fleeting glimpses of the struggle—he remembered being shocked, for instance, when he learned that Spain had yielded to the American demands the day before America attacked—but he had grown middle-aged much too gracefully for a dangerous man.

III

The mentor of so many pacifists, the idol of so many more, and the defender of them all has never been a pacifist. Like Wilson, he opposed America's entrance into the war; and for Wilson's reasons. He lent his name to every peace group; who, in '14, '15, and '16, didn't? But as '17 came on, the peacemakers melted away. It was April, and then war. The peace people held meetings to demand a statement of war aims. On the last Sunday in May came the big meeting in Chicago's Auditorium. There was a committee, including Lovett. The committee, like the peacemakers before them, melted away. The speakers couldn't come. At the last minute Lovett stood on the platform alone. He began: "This meeting has been called for the sole and explicit object of representing to the Administration the general desire that as soon as possible, the war aims of the United States be set forth, together with the terms of the peace which represent their fulfillment. This meeting is not held to pass any criticism on the course of our country in entering the war."

Outside the packed hall were hundreds of people who couldn't get in; and police. The papers had warned the community that the pro-Germans were going to meet to obstruct the war effort. Outside the hall somebody pushed somebody else, and the police went into action. The next morning the papers reported an anti-war riot. The following day the streets around the Uni-

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versity were covered with leaflets calling upon patriots to lynch Lovett in effigy in front of his apartment that night. The professor was scheduled to give a doctoral examination and was torn between the two attractions, when his friend Bill Chenery (later, editor of *Collier's*) called him and protested that without the victim's presence the lynching would be a dud. He went and watched, unnoticed. There were clergymen in the mob, and professors; there were not many students.

It was the virginal morale of a country's first man-sized war, and the tub-thumpers included a large section of the University faculty, marching fatly with wooden guns and proving that they were men and not just professors. A secret meeting was called in the faculty to demand Lovett's dismissal. It began and ended when Henry Gordon Gale, eminent All-American, eminent physicist, and, in 1917, the most eminent tub-thumper of them all, got to his feet, looked silly, and finally managed to say it: "If Lovett goes, I go too."

The lynching was the trauma of Lovett's life. It taught him the meaning of Samuel Butler's statement that of three misfortunes —loss of money, loss of health, loss of reputation—the last is by far the least. Now he knew where the upward struggle was. Now he was free to fight it.

With almost every male member of the English Department scurrying to Washington to fight the war, Lovett, when he was asked what he was doing to help, replied, with his usual dead-pan, "I am carrying on with the ladies." But more and more, as patriotism turned to persecution, and persecution spread to village and farm, he found himself in the great community, testifying for "draft dodgers," i.e., pacifists, and for "Bolsheviks," i.e., socialists. He defended the American rights of people with German names. He crusaded against a prison terror which sent murdered pacifists back home in Army uniforms. He fought for Scott Nearing, for the leaders of the Non-Partisan League, for Max Eastman, and the editors of the *Masses*. His historic defense of the I.W.W.'s before Judge Landis may have contributed to their conviction by a jury of professing Christians. Lovett suggested—and counsel proclaimed—that "there is a ritual of violence and a ritual of Christianity, to which the subscribers, in both cases, pay lip service without in the least intending to put them into practice."

On May 7, 1918, the telegram came. The night before, Lt. Bimbles, who had volunteered from Harvard, took a patrol in Belleau Wood. It was a brasshat's bonehead mistake; the patrol walked into the enemy and was wiped out. Lovett was away a few days in Boston, where his brother Sidney walked into the parental home to find him weeping with his father. It is the only display of emotion larger than a frown or a chuckle ever reported of the man. He returned to Chicago, taught his classes, went on with the upward struggle.

The shooting ended and the war began. He attacked Versailles, America's abandonment of the League, the British massacres in China, and the French invasion of the Ruhr. He became president of the Friends of Freedom for India, a member of Oswald Garrison Villard's committee to go to Ireland to investigate the Black-and-Tan outrages, and a lobbyist against American intervention in Mexico and the Caribbean. He joined the Anti-Imperialist League and the Committee to Aid China during the hopeful days of the Christian General.

His long career as a thoroughly conscious fellow-traveler of the Communists began with the Russian Revolution. Even pacifists like Jane Addams saw the bloody rise of Russia as a dent in the iron curtain that fell all over the world right after the war. His hopes for liberal nationalistic capitalism sinking, Lovett followed the counter-revolutionary activities of the Allied governments—including his own—everywhere in the world. As chairman of the Committee for the Relief of Russian Women and Children, he was softly informed by President Livingston Farrand of the American Red Cross that "we are unable to work with the Bolsheviki, but we're right behind Wrangel's troops."

Undaunted, his committee, which included Presidents Eliot and Nielson, organized a ten-dollar-a-plate dinner at the Waldorf. They made the mistake of printing the menu: black bread and thin soup, the standard evening meal of a Russian

child. The shimmering guests had bought all the tickets, but when they saw the menu they drifted into the Waldorf dining room and failed to return for the speeches. Normalcy had come to America, and Lovett discovered how few of his countrymen were morally willing, or psychologically able, to have any truck with the upward struggle.

IV

THE few, then, had to do it all. Lovett the imaginative writer had already passed with the failure, decades before, of his novels *Richard Gresham* and *Winged Victory*. Lovett the scholar passed with the Auditorium speech in 1917; none of his half-dozen subsequent textbooks came up to the prewar *History of English Literature*, written with William Vaughn Moody and known still to hundreds of thousands of children as "Moody and Lovett." Lovett the critic passed when he ended his year's editorship of *The Dial* in 1919, where he launched Malcolm Cowley and Lewis Mumford as reviewers. Back in Chicago, Lovett the dangerous man was forced to be born.

In the postwar trample toward normalcy, his name was on every defense committee, usually in the flattering, if thankless, role of treasurer. The Lovetts, if not the law, would have to preserve the principle that ten guilty men should escape rather than one innocent man be punished. A German writer, imprisoned as an enemy alien at Fort Oglethorpe, wrote Lovett for help, proclaiming himself a pacifist and describing the torture to which he had been subjected. Lovett got Norman Hapgood to intercede with Attorney General Palmer. The German wanted to meet his benefactor, and Lovett invited him to the Harvard Club in New York, where Hapgood recognized him as a notorious pro-German agitator. The man hopped the next boat to Germany, where, says Lovett, "he at once became an ornament of the Nazi school of literature."

The "Red raids" took their toll in the higher learning as everywhere else. When a German-born student named Louis Wirth —now a distinguished sociologist at Chicago—criticized the Versailles Treaty at the Student International Club, the sacrilege was at once reported to President Judson. Judson called a faculty meeting to consider withholding Wirth's college degree. Lovett made the only speech. He wanted it understood, he said, that he had no objection to withholding Wirth's degree, providing that President Judson would thereafter include approval of the Treaty of Versailles in the entrance requirements of the University. It was the end of the witch-hunt at Chicago, with a single victim: Lovett. His resignation was requested as dean of the junior college. Judson was reported to have said that Lovett was a dangerous man: "he knows anarchists, socialists, and lesbians." Lovett resigned as dean, refusing to defend himself, and his three assistant deans resigned the following day.

AS AN active editor of the *New Republic*, where, for a decade beginning in 1921, he spent six months a year, he found himself caught in the wheels within wheels (or pinwheels within pinwheels) of the third-party movement. The "Committee of 48," with Amos Pinchot, Dudley Field Malone, Lovett, and their likes as the leaders, held a "nominating convention" in Chicago for the 1920 campaign. The labor groups, also convening, refused to unite on a reform platform, and the platform as adopted was repugnant to the reformers' candidate, Senator La Follette. Amid the chaos, "new parties were being born throughout the Morrison Hotel. In the lobby, we started and plunged as the word was whispered, 'Judge So-and-So of Nebraska has a new party in Room 445.' " But four years later the mugwumps polled a staggering five million votes for La Follette and Wheeler. La Follette gave Lovett the foreign policy plank to write and asked him to take the presidency of the University of Wisconsin. "A Christian like you wouldn't last a week," Professor John R. Commons informed him from Madison, and Lovett declined to be a candidate. The post went to Glenn Frank.

His *New Republic* career began with book reviewing. He brought in young Edmund Wilson to help him and went out to look at "the great community." Called to Washington to testify before the President's War Policies Committee, he announced his

conviction that "the way to take the profits out of war is to take them out of peace." He went to Boston to cover the Sacco-Vanzetti case and wound up chairman of the Sacco-Vanzetti League. (The "worst dereliction" of his life, he says, was his failure to raise the $50,000 which a member of the gang that actually did the killing was willing to take for the actual story.) He went to Cleveland to speak on disarmament and discovered himself conducting the struggle against Newton Baker and the New York Central-Van Sweringen Terminal deal. He was one of the founders, with Roger Baldwin, of the American Civil Liberties Union, and from then on, wherever there was trouble, he turned up in person or pen: Centralia, Bisbee, Tulsa, Harlan, Herrin, Brooklyn, Passaic, New Bedford. Whenever and wherever nobody else would write or speak or sign, there was Lovett. Somebody had to.

Van Wyck Brooks complained that "Lovett writes better than any of us"—a lover's exaggeration, perhaps, like everything ever said of him by his friends—"and spends his time doing everything but writing." But Lovett had long since decided that his time wasn't worth anything. The end product of man's life was man, not words. If a man had words, he should use them for man. His articles are more pedantically written than Brooks suggests; easy and long, until their implications are irresistible inferences; and without rancor. He is devoted to Ruskin, and with reason.

If capitalist man is, as Maritain says, man in a hurry, Lovett was a Communist indeed. His colleagues at the University knew that if they got sick Lovett would take their classes. Either as an official witness for the Civil Liberties Union, or simply because he had read about the case in the paper, he sat for days on end in neighborhood police courts. Discovered thus sitting one day by one of his friends, Lovett explained, "I am fixing the court with my eye in an effort to intimidate it into a carriage of justice."

Jane Addams was "the only person I have known whom I would follow into social conflict blindfolded," and she needed help at Hull House. Lovett moved in with his family in 1921. Along with the rest of the residents, he took his turn tending the door and the switchboard two nights a week. He conducted classes for immigrants. But his greatness at Hull House, as everywhere, lay, as Jane Addams put it, in his being there. People came to him heavy-laden.

One who came to him needs to be remembered; a Russian refugee, who had written an autobiography exposing Soviet corruption. Lovett thought the book was important, if not too well written, and succeeded in persuading a publisher to get it out. The book was not a success and its author accused Lovett of sabotaging it in behalf of the Soviet Government. Lovett, with more courtesy than the situation demanded, replied, in a scribbled note of consolation, that he himself "did not care whether the book reflects on the Russian Government or the United States Government or any other—all in my opinion being rotten." A decade later the scribble appeared as Exhibit 19 in the files of the Illinois Senate Committee which, demanding his dismissal from the University, stated, "If all the exhibits offered in evidence against Professor Lovett were disregarded except Exhibit 19, proof of his disloyal conduct is conclusive." Still a decade later, Exhibit 19 was produced by the U. S. Congress. But Robert Lovett still scribbles careless notes of consolation to young writers when their books don't sell.

V

The associate of so many Communists, the defender of so many more, and the tool of them all has never been a Communist. Robert Lovett's whole life has been at odds with principles and practices inseparable from Communism—violence, intolerance, expediency, self-interest, and materialism. And no one who knows him doubts that if he were a Communist, he would have joined the Communist party. Yet, of the four hundred organizations which the FBI connected him with, it is safe, if a little conservative, to name three that were not, at any time and in any degree, infested by Commies—the Pulitzer Prize Committee, the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and the Harvard Club of New York.

If he often found himself working with them, it was not because of his early faith

(somewhat wilted since) in the Russian Revolution or his conviction (subsequently adopted by the American Government) that the Soviet Union was here to stay. It was because the Communists, like the Socialists, were willing to work, whatever their ends, for immediate causes which found respectable liberals frigid or impotent. If the Commies were fighting the Mooney and Scottsboro cases to provoke the class struggle, Lovett was fighting the same cases to rectify injustice. If the Communists were using him for their purposes, he was using them for his; and the ancient question of who was doing what to whom is still to be answered.

He was too innocent in his heart to be an innocent front. He knew the Communist pattern of control-or-destroy. He knew he would be, as he often was, reviled as a "literary looker-on," "Trotskyite," "capitalist stooge," whenever his own estimate led him to break with them. But the estimate was always his own. "I have never been as afraid of liberals going Communist," he says, "as I have of their pulling out of liberal organizations when the Communists, with their discipline, their persistence, and their eagerness, threatened to seize control."

Persons who value either their purses *or* their good names above trash will never understand men like Lovett. Harold Ickes, defending him before Congress, said, "Most of us would be more critical and discriminating in our associates. I, for example, would refuse to join any organization if I knew that it contained a large number of Communists, whatever its professed objective might be. But I am a far more suspicious man than is Mr. Lovett. He has, for the seventy-three years of his life, found it difficult to think ill of any man."

But there were those—professing Christians all—who regarded latter-day associations with publicans and sinners as strictly un-American. In terms of length, the record of Robert Morss Lovett in Mrs. Elizabeth Dilling's *Red Network* made him the most dangerous man in America; and with the death of Jane Addams and Ramsay MacDonald, whose records were longer than his, he rose to undisputed eminence as the most dangerous person in the world. He had attracted, meanwhile, the attention of more formidable patriots than Mrs. Dilling. One of these patriots did not think much of professors in any case and thought highly enough of Hermann Goering to publish his articles in a chain of powerful newspapers. "I have never understood," says Lovett, "how I first offended Hearst. It is true that I called him Public Enemy No. 1, but everybody else had a list of Public Enemies and I didn't see why I shouldn't have one of my own."

The New Deal was on; the New Deal was the Brain Trust; and the Brain Trust was a wire-whiskered idiot with a bomb in each hand and a mortarboard on his head. The steady hammering at "Red professors" was one facet of the attack. One evening the publisher of Hearst's Chicago *Herald & Examiner* was entertaining his most important subscriber, Mr. Charles R. Walgreen. Mr. Walgreen remarked that his niece had heard a lot about Communism at the University of Chicago; even, said Mr. Walgreen, whose drug stores did not advertise contraceptives, about free love. The publisher did not have to be reminded of the Chief's orders to "get" Lovett. Mr. Walgreen withdrew his niece from the University and demanded, exclusively through the Hearst papers, a legislative investigation of Communist teaching at the University. The next thing the poor druggist knew, he had retained a lawyer, who, as chance had it, was also counsel for the Chicago *Tribune*.

The great investigation—consisting of a series of jammed public hearings—was one of the most delirious events of our time. (One witness, with a distinguished record as a labor spy, anti-Semite, and vigilante, testified that the Red flag flew over the University on May Day.) There was, of course, no pretense made of supporting the charge of Communist teaching. When Lovett offered to recite the lectures in his courses in seventeenth and nineteenth century English literature, counsel for Mr. Walgreen asked him if it was true that he approved of the "slacker oath against our country." "If," said Lovett, "you refer to the so-called Oxford oath not to bear arms, I regard it as the individual equivalent of the Kellogg-Briand Pact by which the United States gave up war as an instru-

ment of national policy. I am opposed to violence, including violent revolution. My son was killed in Belleau Wood, and I do what little I can to save similar young men from a similar fate."

When the smoke blew away and the papers blew themselves out, the University awaited the verdict. The legislature had the power to tax its property and bankrupt it. When the legislative committee "acquitted" the University but found that Lovett had "pursued an unpatriotic course of conduct for eight or ten years," President Hutchins, who had thus far conducted himself like a gentleman, wrote a violent statement. Professor James Weber Linn dissuaded him from issuing it: "But, Bob," said Linn, "I'll tell you this. If the trustees fire Robert Lovett, you'll receive the resignations of twenty full professors tomorrow morning." "Oh, no, I won't," said Hutchins, "my successor will."

The University sat tight while the wolves howled. "We've got to stand by Lovett," said Professor Gale to Hutchins, "but he's cost the University millions." "Oh, I don't know, Henry," said Hutchins, "this last time around he brought in about four million." The Rockefeller Foundation had given the University three million dollars. A letter offering to be "of whatever service for which you may wish to call on me" had been received from a resident of Long Island, Mr. Marshall Field. And a miserable little man had gone to Professor Charles E. Merriam with a $250,000 proposition. "I don't know," said Merriam, "you've hurt Lovett's feelings." The little man advanced the ante to $550,000, and the University announced the establishment of the Charles R. Walgreen Foundation.

The morning the legislative committee demanded Lovett's dismissal, Dean Edith Foster Flint called the Lovett apartment at Hull House. Lovett was out of town, and Mrs. Lovett was obviously uninformed of the committee's report. Thinking to soften the blow, Mrs. Flint began telling Mrs. Lovett what a wonderful man her husband was and how much everyone loved him. "Edith," said Ida Lovett, interrupting her, "is Robert in jail again?"

THE Chief died hard. Daily the Hearst papers demanded that Lovett be fired. There was only silence, until one day the *Herald & Examiner* announced: "Under pressure of the demand for his ouster, the University of Chicago has decided to drop Professor Robert Morss Lovett from its faculty, according to authoritative sources. The University administration contemplates retiring him on Christmas Day. At that time Professor Lovett will be eligible for a pension." That afternoon the University announced that Professor Lovett, who would reach the retirement age of sixty-five on December 25, had been persuaded to remain a member of the faculty.

He wanted to retire; he "loved decay and the end of everything." He wanted to sit in the sun; he wanted, he said, to read a few of the books on which he had lectured so eloquently for forty years. But the upward struggle carried him on. He went to Flint, Michigan, and was escorted into the sit-down-struck plant. Holding his five shares of General Motors stock above his head, he informed the grinning strikers that "my management is mistreating my workers, and I am here as one of the owners of the corporation to tell my workers that I am behind them."

Blandly going his way, seemingly unaware that he was a "must" on the list of men whom powerful forces—in, as well as out of, the government—were determined to destroy, he took to the hustings against the massacres incident to the Little Steel Strike. He denounced Roosevelt's failure, under the Neutrality Act, to recognize war where there were a million Japanese soldiers in China and a whole Italian army corps in Spain. As late as the spring of 1939 he pleaded for limiting American intervention to economic sanctions. But after the Hitler-Stalin pact and the partition of Poland, he gradually advanced to the position, in 1940, of calling for "all possible aid, even if it involves war with the aggressors."

That a man who was willing to follow Jane Addams blindfolded—who had often said, "I have always been opposed to violence," and was fond of saying that "blood is the milk of old men"—should go overboard may have shocked his pacifist friends. But there was no real inconsistency in his record. He had not opposed the first war; he had opposed the basis on which it was

fought. The fascist attack on civilization was, as he saw it, the concerted, climactic assault against the upward struggle. His defense of dissenters was no less wholehearted than it was the time before. "I am not," he said, "against war under any and all conditions. I live on a lower moral level than many men I admire."

It would be an offense to judge this feelingest of men as a political, economic, or even literary thinker. If he has been consistent, his consistency has been an accident. There is a higher consistency in him. He is Plato's "man of right opinion," who gets where a man ought to go without knowing how he got there. He moves by the heart, and it is men's hearts, not their heads, that he moves. After forty years of teaching English literature, he says that the one thing he knows for sure about English literature is that it cannot be taught. His lecture courses were ineffably dull; "Robert hangs up his personality," Professor Philip Schuyler Allen once said, along with his hat in the cloakroom." Asked what Lovett's "teaching technique" was, Meyer Levin replied that it was the same as that of the great teacher of painting in Paris, who was never known to have done anything except pass behind his students' easels and mutter, "*Continuez, continuez.*" James Weber Linn may have come closest of all when he said, "Robert doesn't teach; he warms."

VI

It was the summer of 1939, and Lovett, crowding seventy, was *really* ready to retire. He had taught three emeritus years at Chicago and two summers at Northwestern University and the University of Colorado. He had spent the summer of 1938 on a lecture tour for the League for Industrial Democracy, the Socialist organization of which he had so long been president. Now he and Mrs. Lovett were touring the West, visiting James Westfall Thompson and Upton Sinclair in California, and moseying around Arizona, where John Manly, Ferdie Schevill, and Sherwood Anderson all had sunny places. The Lovetts thought they would stay.

"It seemed perfectly natural," says Lovett, recalling his invitation that summer to a White House dinner for Rachel Crothers. "Miss Crothers was the cousin of my dentist." The day after the dinner, his old friend Harold Ickes asked him to go to the Virgin Islands as government secretary. "What we need," Ickes told Lovett, "is a greeter." What they really needed, it turned out, was a governor. The governor was absent most of the time in Washington, where it was an open secret that he was trying to get rid of Lovett, whom the natives idolized. Lovett spent more than half his four years in the Virgins as acting governor. Mrs. Lovett tried to get him to buy a new suit; he agreed to buy a new hat, which he argued, was the most important part of a Caribbean governor's costume, since it was always being held conspicuously over the heart at receptions for visiting dictators.

On February 1, 1943, Congressman Dies denounced Lovett on the floor of the House as "an irresponsible, unrepresentative, crackpot radical bureaucrat." Thoroughly frustrated by the fact that only four of the more than eleven hundred government employees he had denounced had been fired, Mr. Dies demanded that "if there is no other way to get rid of these people, we should refuse to appropriate money for their salaries." A sub-committee of the House Appropriations Committee, with Congressman Kerr (Dem., N.C.) as its chairman, was created to take up where Dies left off. On April 14, 1943, Lovett, then in Washington, was handed an "invitation" to appear before the Kerr committee less than twenty-four hours later. He was denied access to the charges and the right of counsel. Even the solicitor of the Department of the Interior was excluded from the hearing. The transcript of the hearing was never shown to Lovett, to the Department, or even to the House of Representatives which voted his conviction.

The Kerr committee reported that Lovett was "unfit to continue in the employment of the United States Government by reason of his association and membership in organizations whose aims and purposes have been subversive of the Government of the United States." The committee failed to observe that among others guilty of association and membership in one or another of the organizations they listed

were Thomas E. Dewey, Wendell Willkie, James Farley, Cordell Hull, and Justices Frank Murphy and Robert Jackson.

The House attached a rider to an appropriation bill providing that no part of the appropriation was to be used to pay the salaries of Lovett and two employees of the FCC similarly pilloried. Letters in defense of Lovett poured in, not from radicals, nor merely from the entire population of the Virgin Islands, but also from Chairman Thomas Lamont of J. P. Morgan & Co., President E. E. Brown of the First National Bank of Chicago, Judge Learned Hand, and the senior partners of the largest corporation law firms in both Chicago and Washington. Men who hate each other have one thing in common, their love of Lovett. "Robert is the damnedest fool I have ever known," said one of the country's most conservative (and ungrammatical) millionaires once, "but when I say his name I feel like I'm in church."

Signing the appropriation bill, with the rider attached, Mr. Roosevelt said, "I have been forced to yield to avoid our delaying the conduct of the war. But I can not so yield without placing on record my view that this provision is not only unwise and discriminatory, but unconstitutional." Harold Ickes, who was always mad, had known Robert Lovett, who was never mad, for all of forty-five years. Ickes insisted on fighting. Preliminary suit, for recovery of the interim salary, was filed in the U. S. Court of Claims, which, in a unanimous decision, awarded Lovett his back salary of $1,996.

The issue over the lost sheep of the 1876 revival is not, in 1946, an issue over $1,996. It is the issue over the encroachment of Congress on the Executive. It is the issue over due process of law. It is the issue over one of the basic causes of the American Revolution—the bill of attainder, a law against a man. It is the first such law in American history, and Lovett's reaction was typical. "It was by attainder that Parliament cut off the Earl of Strafford's head," he observed. "Our advance in civilization is shown by the fact that it is only my salary that has been cut off." On March 25, 1946, the Supreme Court of the United States agreed to hear on appeal the case of the cutting off of Robert Lovett's salary.

SOMETHING appeared in a leafy place called Emancipation Garden the night of March 28, 1944. It was the United Citizens Organization, comprising every subcommunity (including the churches and the businessmen's association) of the Virgin Islands. It existed to say good-bye to the Lovetts and to give them a surprise in the form of the Robert Morss Lovett Charity Fund, to be used as Lovett might direct. The Joint Municipal Councils of the Island blubbered about "his upright, just, and sympathetic administration"; the St. Thomas *Daily News* bemoaned "a great and noble American, whose name, long after he has gone, will be uttered here as a synonym for tolerance, integrity, honesty of purpose, and distinguished service." Lovett said, "When I come back, I want to find a new hospital, a new high school, better housing, and a decent water and sewage system."

When Chancellor Jaime Benitez invited him to come to the burgeoning University of Puerto Rico, Lovett asked what he was to do there. "Just be here," said Benitez. His two last remaining Chicago cronies, Ferdie Schevill and Percy Holmes Boynton, were teaching in the sun, and Lovett went. "If he stays *here* four years," said Governor Rex Tugwell, with characteristic conservative horror, "he'll be elected king." But this year, he says, he's going to quit. His "love of decay and the end of everything" has had to wait for thirty years. He is going, at last, to pursue it, "in the form," he says, "of my autobiography." But there may be another wait; according to word from San Juan, he is up to his ears in the upward struggle for the four freedoms for Puerto Rico.

THE COCKPIT OF THE MIDDLE EAST

ELIAHU BEN-HORIN

Some months ago, an office in Washington, interested in news from and about the Middle East, placed an order for such material with a clipping service. At the end of the first month, the man in charge was amazed and greatly perturbed by the size of the bill. It amounted to over ten thousand dollars.

This furnishes a tangible illustration of the place occupied by the Middle East in current world developments. The range extends all the way from a local rebellion by a Kurdish chieftain in Iraq to the fear of a new conflagration over the Soviet-Iranian conflict in the UN's Security Council in New York. Or does it end there? Is there a single issue among the many perturbing the world today that does not cut across Middle East realities?

Though this may sound like a hyperbolic statement, it is far from that. In some cases, the crucial importance of the Middle East has become clear to everyone. In others, observers at a distance fail to detect the explosive potentialities until the eruption actually takes place. It takes time to see the connection between disturbances in Azerbaijan and two hundred years of Anglo-Russian rivalry in Persia; between demands presented to Turkey on behalf of the Georgians and Armenians and Russia's need for a free outlet to the warm seas if she is not to remain a landlocked empire; between anti-French riots in Damascus and British-French disagreement over European issues; between terroristic outbursts in Palestine and Britain's determination to maintain its dominating position in the Middle East; between the sudden declaration of Transjordanian independence and the UN's plans for trusteeships over mandated lands; between an American airfield in Saudi Arabia or an American trans-Arabian oil pipeline and Mr. Byrnes' indignant speeches on Russia's failure to withdraw her forces from Iran.

More than any area on earth, the Middle East is a jigsaw puzzle with enough pieces in it to cause bewilderment even to experts at the game. Yet this puzzle, like all others, has a solution. All the pieces can be made to fit.

Some of the components of the Middle East puzzle are tangible or visible. Here they lie before us in utter disorder: Arabs and Jews; Christian minorities of all churches, including some whose very existence is unknown to most Americans (Melkites, Nestorians, Chaldeans, etc.); Moslems of a variety of sects; Assyrians and Armenians; Druzes and Kurds and even sun-worshipers; the Suez Canal and the Persian Gulf and also the Dardanelles —the latter to be included in the Middle East if we take this term to cover also the

Eliahu Ben-Horin lived for many years in Palestine, where he was editor in chief of the Palestine News Service for four years. He is the author of The Middle East: Crossroads of History, *published in 1943.*

Near East. There is more oil in the Middle East than in any other single region of the world; its strategic and communications values are unparalleled. This is where the invisible components of our puzzle come into play: the interests of the great powers in whose hands the local factors are no more than pawns. The stake in this game of rival imperialisms is the domination of a region which holds one of the keys to world power.

The ingredients of internal strife, apt to produce worldwide repercussions, are present in the Middle East in great abundance. Azerbaijan was not invented in the Kremlin, and if tomorrow the world is faced with the question of the Kurds and their demand for the formation of an independent Kurdistan, this, too, will not be the invention of some evil mind. There are Kurds in the Middle East, some three million of them, and they were even promised, after World War I, that they would have an independent state of their own. In other words, the pawns have been there all the time, but their moves are timed and directed by world interests.

Because of the Middle East's crucial importance in the world picture, it would be of little use to analyze any single local problem on its limited merits. They are all interwoven in one pattern, the threads of which do not end in the Indian Ocean in the east or in the Dardanelles in the west. The threads go on to London, Moscow, and Washington. It would be futile to try cutting the knot in Cairo, Jerusalem, or Teheran.

There is enough dynamite amassed in the Middle East to explode into a worldwide conflagration. On the other hand, wise statesmanship could use the dynamite as a lever in a great constructive effort on behalf of humanity. Oil moves tanks and bombers, but it also feeds tractors and diesels. A diversity of national and religious groups can easily breed trouble, but it can also produce a more colorful civilization.

II

Oil is now on everybody's lips. Oil is seen behind every clash and difficulty in the Middle East. The existence of nearly thirty billion barrels of petroleum in the ground of the Middle East lands has indeed been established beyond doubt. Fairly competent guesses speak of an additional seventy billion barrels. This is a very respectable amount of oil, far exceeding the total home reserves plus the Caribbean reserves of the United States, and probably equaling the combined known and undiscovered reserves of the Soviet Union. Yet, I venture to say, the importance of the oil factor in Middle Eastern rivalries is both over-emphasized and over-estimated.

On the face of it, it was Russia's desire for oil concessions in northern Iran that was the cause of all the recent agitation in the UN's Security Council. However, a sober analysis of the Soviet-Iranian conflict would prove that oil played but a minor part in the development of events. Does Russia need Persian oil so badly as to risk a serious clash between the Big Three? Is it known with any degree of certainty that there are substantial petroleum reserves in Iran's five northern provinces, and do the Western powers entertain any ambitions of their own with regard to the oil of that area?

The honest answers to all the above questions would be in the negative. Without mentioning her present control over all the oilfields of eastern and central Europe, Russia has enough oil within her own boundaries, not only for her current needs but also to fuel an extensive program of reconstruction and industrialization. To be sure, Russian oil production suffered during the war, and new sources would be welcome. But the need is hardly acute enough to warrant war. Britain and the United States have no reason whatsoever to oppose a Soviet concession in northern Iran, a region which traditionally belongs to the Russian sphere of political and economic influence and which is virtually inaccessible to profitable exploitation by any other power. This region, moreover, is as yet unexplored and its petroleum potentialities have never been established. The British own the rich oilfields of southwest Persia and the Americans have tried to get a concession in the southeastern part of Persia. In addition, Britain and America control all the oil reserves of the Arab lands. No British or American com-

pany wants concessions in northern Iran, for the simple reason that it would not pay.

A look at the map will show that the five northern provinces of Persia—Ghilan, Azerbaijan, Astrabad, Mazanderan, and Khorassan—are so cut off from world markets that an oil industry there could not compete with other producing areas. These provinces lie near the Caspian Sea and Russian developments in that region. The conclusion is indicated that no oil concession to any nation is practical politics in this area, unless it is obtained and worked with Russia's consent.

If it was not oil that caused all this trouble, what was it? The truth of the matter is that none of the great powers was half so interested in obtaining the oil of northern Iran, as in not letting the other fellow have it. Russia does not need the oil, but she would hate to see Britain established so close to her borders and to the Caspian Sea. Britain does not need the oil of northern Iran, but she is determined to prevent or to slow down Russia's thrust toward the Persian Gulf.

THE real crux of the problem is this: who is to control the strategic heights in the Middle East? All the rest is camouflage, not always artistically executed, but widely used by both parties. British-American indignation over Russia's use of Azerbaijan to achieve its aims in Persia or to create a Soviet-dominated puppet state can hardly be taken seriously in the light of Britain's own record. One could recall the case of the Assyrians after World War I. Britain raised the question of the Assyrians, when she demanded that the Mosul district be cut off from Turkey because the Christian Assyrians could not be safely left under Turkish rule. But as soon as Mosul was incorporated in Iraq and the British secured for themselves the oil of Mosul, they forgot the Assyrians completely—even to the extent of condoning their mass massacre by the Arabs of Iraq.

We do not have to go as far back as that. At the very time that the Security Council was preoccupied with the Soviet-Iranian controversy, the British government in London announced the independence of Transjordania. This land lying east of the Jordan, an integral part of the area under the jurisdiction of the Palestine mandate of the League of Nations, was suddenly transformed into a sovereign kingdom. Who had taken the decision to abolish the League's mandate? Not the League of Nations; not its mandates commission; not the United Nations; not even a conference of the Big Three. It was done unilaterally by Great Britain. It was done, moreover, in great haste, without waiting for the recommendations of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine or for the decisions of the UN's Trusteeship Council which is supposed to take over the League's mandates.

To be sure, Transjordania will be no more independent now than before. Granting it the nominal status of "kingdom" and its ruler, Emir Abdullah, the title of "king," will not change the basic conditions of its national existence. There will still be only about 300,000 inhabitants, mostly nomadic illiterate Bedouins, with no industry, little commerce, poor communications, no cultural institutions, no economic development. Transjordania and its "king" will still be totally dependent on Britain politically, militarily, and financially. If Britain were to stop its subsidy to "King" Abdullah and his Arab Legion of 16,000 (British-officered) men, the king and his soldiers would have to beg for alms.

One is entitled to ask: If Britain may set up a puppet state in Transjordania, in disregard of international covenants, why should not Russia be allowed to do the same with Azerbaijan today, or Kurdistan tomorrow, or a larger Soviet Armenia the day after?

III

THE sun does not set on the British Empire. Nor, for that matter, does it set on the Russian Empire. A Labor government in Britain and a Soviet regime in Russia cannot change these physical realities. Mr. Attlee and Mr. Stalin are engaged, not in an ideological dispute between Socialism and Communism, but in a clash of two mammoth empires. The main scene of their duel is the Middle East. Nothing happens today in the cockpit of the Middle East without being affected by this over-all rivalry between Britain and

Russia. Its ultimate outcome must be either the most annihilating war in history or peaceful collaboration between the two empires, with America as a third partner and arbiter. There seems to be no middle way.

This is the light in which the various Middle Eastern issues, big and small, must be seen. An American expert who possesses first-hand knowledge of Persia and the Middle East recently tried to take the bull by the horns and offer a solution for the Iranian problem, which, if accepted, would set the pace for a peaceful and constructive settlement of the many complicated problems of the entire Middle East. I refer to the statement issued in April by Dr. Arthur C. Millspaugh, of the Brookings Institution, who served as administrator general of Persia's finances from 1922 to 1927 and again from 1943 to 1945. What Dr. Millspaugh suggested was an American-British-Soviet guardianship over Iran for twenty-five to seventy-five years as the only alternative to competitive concession grabbing and the only way to establish a progressive and enlightened administration in the interests of the masses of the people rather than of a few feudal lords.

Here is how Dr. Millspaugh describes conditions in Iran:

> . . . Discontent and disloyalty are widespread. The government neither represents nor serves the people; and, without outside control, it is, in my opinion, incapable of doing the things that are necessary if Iran is to establish stability at home and command respect abroad. In Iran, neither independence nor self-government is a reality; and neither can become a reality if it is assumed that Iranians are now politically capable of solving their own problems. What Iran needs for a time is more foreign interference, but interference of a new and constructive kind.

If this is true of Iran, an independent and self-governing state for thousands of years and, in the past, a conquering empire, how much truer must it be of the many little states of the Middle East to whom nominal independence was indiscriminately granted after World War II, regardless of their qualifications for statehood in general, and progressive self-government in particular. We have mentioned the case of Transjordan. Syria and Lebanon, as well as Iraq, are in the same category. So is Lybia, where, it seems, a similar plan for nominal independence and factual dependence on Britain has been set in motion, as a counter-move to the Russian demand for sole trusteeship over that ex-Italian colony. By now it should have been clear to Britain's statesmen that the setting up of satellite-states is a double-edged weapon. Two can play at this game, and in this kind of politics the Kremlin certainly lacks neither ability, nor experience, nor connections, nor appeal to the imagination of the masses.

Indeed, what the dispassionate expert, Dr. Millspaugh, has suggested with regard to Iran, was recently advocated, if not explicitly, by a leading British weekly. In a penetrating analysis of the forces at play in the Middle East, the *New Statesman and Nation* arrives at the conclusion that present British policy is suicidal. After describing the elimination of France from the Middle East with Britain's active support and the erection of the Arab League —once again with active British support— the paper says:

> . . . From the Soviet point of view, the only conclusion that can be drawn from British policy is that it is an effort to organize the Middle East against the USSR. They have plenty of material to justify this view, just as the British can cite much Soviet propaganda and intrigue to prove that Russian policy is to destroy the British Empire. . . . In deciding to found their future on a presumably anti-Soviet Arab bloc, British policy appears to us to be founded on sand. The Arab League is of no military account; its economic resources are small; it is beset by internal rivalries; and there is not the slightest reason to believe that it will remain "loyal" to the British Empire. . . . In our present bid for Arab support we British can only go a certain distance before we cut our own throats. Anglo-American commitments of all kinds are such that we cannot offer the moon. The Russians can always go one better; the strength of the Russian appeal in the long run is that it offers the miserably poor Arab peasants the hope of a modernized economy and the end of landlord exploitation.

I apologize for this extensive quotation, but the *New Statesman and Nation* has stated so succinctly the relative positions in the Middle East and the dangers inherent in present policies that I have not been able to withstand the temptation of borrowing its description. On the strength of this apology, I should like to reproduce the concluding passages of the article, as well:

> . . . If the rising tide of pan-Arabism, set in motion by ourselves, but now also fostered from Moscow, submerges the Jewish establishment in Palestine and the Christian Lebanon, the only friends whose loyalty has never wavered will have been sacrificed to the romantic chimera of a great Arab union, resuscitating the glories of the Caliphate, linked to Britain by bonds of gratitude and amity.
>
> This has never been an intelligent dream, and it does not take account of present reality. It would surely have been wiser for both the British and the Russians to maintain the original policy of Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin, which was, verbally at least, to accept the facts of each other's power, co-operate on the basis of respect for each other's interest, and work together to improve the living standards of backward peoples.

Thus Dr. Millspaugh's detached American approach and the British weekly's concern for the future of the empire dictate the same conclusion. Anti-Russian intrigue by Britain will produce payment in kind by Russia. If the present clash is allowed to continue, it must lead to a catastrophe. Anglo-Soviet-American cooperation in the Middle East would seem to be a far more "intelligent dream."

IV

UNDER existing conditions, any adjustment in the Middle East can be no more than a temporary expedient liable to break down under the impact of either Soviet or British-American onslaught. As long as mistrust and hostility continue to dominate the relations between the two empires, there cannot be even a minimum of stability in the recently proclaimed independence of Transjordan, in the statehood of Syria and Lebanon, in a new British-Egyptian Treaty, in a British-American decision with regard to Palestine, in a UN-negotiated settlement of Soviet-Persian relations, in an international agreement with regard to the Straits, in any number of other decisions and agreements about Lybia, Greater Soviet Armenia, Azerbaijan, oil, Kurdistan, Georgia, Eritrea, Sudan, the Suez Canal.

Should the Big Three, however, adopt the wiser policy of co-operation, the problems could be solved in a manner which would at once safeguard the legitimate interests of the big powers and assure justice for the small peoples. Analysis of the major problems will substantiate this.

Let us, first of all, formulate the chief legitimate interests of the great powers. Britain's interest in the Middle East has priority from the viewpoint of both oil and communications. Unlike Russia, Britain has no petroleum at home. Unlike Russia, the British Empire is not a compact land-mass but a chain of possessions spread all over the globe. Accordingly, if Britain is to exist as a great power and retain her empire, she must be sure of her oil supplies and line of communications.

Russia has two main concerns in the Middle East: she needs an outlet to the warm seas and fears an anti-Russian or anti-Soviet *cordon sanitaire* in the Near and Middle East. The first consideration is responsible for the Soviet maneuvering in Persia with an eye on the Persian Gulf and for the Russian, Armenian, and Georgian demands on Turkey—demands actually centered on the Straits. The second consideration motivates all Russian intrigues against Britain and the Empire.

Both the United States and France are interested in Middle Eastern oil and other economic resources, and have religious and sentimental attachments to the area.

THESE legitimate aspirations of the great powers are not wholly irreconcilable, while their harmonious co-habitation would benefit the peoples of the Middle East—and I mean the peoples, not the ruling cliques—much more than the present system.

A genuine agreement between the great powers would easily dispose of the three major international assets of the Middle East: oil, the Suez Canal, and the Straits. As far as oil is concerned, if mutual fear and mistrust are eliminated, there should be no difficulty in the division of exploitation areas among the various parties. There is enough oil in the Middle East to satisfy all needs. These natural riches, moreover, could and should contribute to the welfare of the Middle Eastern peoples themselves. As matters stand today, the Arab fellah, the Bedouin, or the Persian peasant derive hardly any benefit at all from the abundance of liquid gold in their soil. The nearly one hundred million dollars paid by the oil companies to Iraq have not improved the lot of that

country's downtrodden masses. The same is true of the oil royalties paid to King Ibn Saud, or to the sheiks of Kuwait and Bahrein. Actually, these Moslem potentates can do nothing with their oil unless it is developed, produced, refined, piped, shipped, and marketed by Western capital and industry. It is well within the capability of the Western world to see to it that the capital invested in Middle East lands be used for a program of development which would elevate the masses from their present misery.

If the questions of the Straits and Suez are treated together rather than separately and the same yardstick is applied to both, a just and logical solution can easily be reached. Each is an international waterway in which one major power is primarily interested. The Suez Canal is the chief artery of Britain's naval communications, while the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles are Russia's only outlet to the Mediterranean. There is a third essential similarity between these two waterways: both lie within the geographic boundaries of small states. In fact, the Suez is probably the main obstacle in Egypt's way to independence and the Straits constitute the main danger to Turkey's national security. These slices of international power are too large to rest safely in the hands of small peoples. The Straits were once internationalized, after World War I, but later were returned to Turkey's jurisdiction. The Suez Canal, now in Britain's hands, should revert, by 1968, to Egypt's possession and full control. The solution lies, of course, in the establishment of international administrations over the two waterways, with a Briton at the head of the Suez administration and a Russian at the head of the Straits administration. Egypt and Turkey should get their revenues from the traffic in the waterways, but neither of them could expect or should desire to be charged with the sole responsibility for strategic positions of such international significance.

V

If the same principle of international collaboration could be applied in good faith to the local problems and conflicts of the Middle East, all of them could be resolved. The former Italian colonies in North Africa, Lybia, and Eritrea, will continue to cause an international headache as long as Britain tries to prevent Russia's penetration into the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. Russia had demanded sole trusteeship for herself over Lybia, probably as a bargaining device in the controversy over the Straits. Britain encourages the Arab League to ask for the independence of these territories, which is a mere joke, for these desert countries are utterly incapable of exercising statehood. An American-British-Russian trusteeship, with a possible cession of part of Eritrea, including an outlet to the Red Sea, to Abyssinia, is the only regime which could develop these lands economically, culturally, and politically in the interests of the local populations.

Continuing our examination of local problems from the fringes of the Middle East to the center, we come to the question of the Azerbaijanians, Kurds, Armenians, and Georgians. Today, the demands of these groups for national self-determination or for more *Lebensraum* sound very much like Soviet intrigue. They may be, but there is no way of proving it and certainly no justification for refusing Azerbaijan or Kurdistan what is granted to Lybia or Transjordania. As in Lybia, so in Azerbaijan and Kurdistan, condominium administrations by the Big Three would be the best remedy. As to the demands of the Armenian and Georgian Soviet Republics, an international inquiry into the historic background and present conditions should precede any decision. However, it should be remembered that there is only one large group of Armenians outside of Russia: over 100,000 in Lebanon. If the question of Lebanon is solved in such a way as to safeguard the existence and development of its Christian communities, the problem of these hundred thousand Armenians would lose its urgency.

We have still to consider three major Middle East groups: the Moslem Arabs, the Jews, and the Christian minorities other than the Armenians. All three now face a common enemy—fanatical Pan-

Arabism, promoted by reactionary chieftains, feudalistic landlords, and backward clergy, and sponsored by Great Britain. Pan-Arabism today stands opposed not only to a Jewish Palestine and a Christian Lebanon, but also to the vital interests of the Arab masses. The adverse effects of Pan-Arabism on the relations between the great powers have already been mentioned. Its effects on the progress of the Middle East are no less detrimental. That there is anti-foreignism among the Arabs —as among many other peoples—cannot be denied; but if the Arab League were deprived of the artificial aid given it by the conflict of rival imperialisms, it would remain with very little real power, whether political, military, economic, or religious.

The fear of Pan-Arab reaction is often cited as the main reason for the non-fulfillment of the Balfour pledge to the Jewish people. If it were not for that fear, most people would agree that Palestine was promised to the Jews and that the Jews are entitled to a homeland. The failure of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry on Palestine to offer a plan for the final solution of the problems, was, once again, due fundamentally to the fact that Soviet Russia was not invited to share in the inquiry and in the responsibility.

BRITAIN shows no inclination to transfer Palestine to the jurisdiction of the UN. Not only the proclamation of Transjordania's independence militates against this, but also the fact that at the liquidation session of the League of Nations in Geneva, in April of this year, Lord Robert Cecil, speaking for the British government, stated that while Britain was willing to hand over her mandates in Africa (Tanganyika, the Cameroons, and Togoland) to the UN, the question of the Palestine mandate had to be postponed. Britain, moreover, is busy building extensive military installations in Palestine at the cost of many million dollars, enlarging her garrison there, and showing every sign of transforming Palestine into her main military and naval base in the eastern Mediterranean. This stands to reason, in the light of the pending withdrawal of Britain's forces from Egypt.

The establishment of a British-American-Russian trusteeship over Palestine and of a French-British-American administration in Lebanon would solve the Jewish and Christian problems in the Middle East, as no other device could. In twenty or thirty years, Palestine would become a predominantly Jewish republic and the Lebanon a Christian state. Both of them would be loyal collaborators with progressive humanity. Both of them could be trusted to respect the legitimate interests of the great powers and take care of the social and economic needs of their working masses. All they need is a chance, and that can be given them only by the great powers acting in concert.

ONCE the civilizing influences of the great powers and of Jewish Palestine and Christian Lebanon were firmly established, the way would be open for progressive promotion of Arab statehood in Iraq, Syria, and the Arab Peninsula. For in cases such as these, formal concepts of independence are without practical meaning. In the words of Dr. Millspaugh, what these states need is "more foreign interference, but interference of a new and constructive kind." Great power condominiums over the Arab states would make possible not only the utilization of their petroleum resources for the benefit of the Arab masses, but also the inauguration of development programs of historic magnitude. The prerequisites for such development are there; they have been waiting many centuries for intelligent and well-meaning administrators to come and set to work.

The fate of humanity is now being determined in the cockpit of the Middle East. Which is it to be: a new Armageddon or a better world?

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WHY I DIDN'T TELL THE FBI

KURT JUHN

IMAGINE an American who knew the solution to the war's greatest spy mystery, yet kept this knowledge to himself while J. Edgar Hoover and his men tried frantically for one year and six months to crack the case of the famous little dots.

I am the man. I don't apologize. I had an unbeatable reason for my silence. If you think there can be no such reason, you will soon know better.

In January 1940, one of Mr. Hoover's ablest counter-spies brought bad tidings back from Germany. In December 1939, Dr. Hugo Sebold, the principal of Germany's best espionage school, Klopstock Pension, Hamburg, in his farewell address to the graduates had spoken the following ominous words:

"The greatest problem of *der Führer's* agents in North and South America is keeping in touch with us. The Americans have given us a great deal of trouble. But before long we shall be communicating back and forth throughout the world with impunity. I cannot explain the method now but watch out for the dots—*lots and lots of little dots!*"

This dark prophecy made the offices and laboratories of the FBI hum with activity, but for a long time they did not find one reliable clue.

J. Edgar Hoover's fascinating story of how the mystery of the dots was solved appeared recently in the *Reader's Digest* (see "The Enemy's Masterpiece of Espionage," April 1946). According to that article, the FBI had been at work on the problem of the dots for a year and a half, in 1940 and 1941, when a laboratory agent by chance noticed that a period on an envelope which had been in the possession of a suspected person reflected light. Under a microscope, the dot became an image of a full-sized typewritten sheet containing spy orders for the Nazi agents in the United States to go after "scientific works for the utilization of atomic-kernel energy."

There it was, the first detected little dot. Knowing where to look for them, Mr. Hoover's men discovered more "micro-dots." Dr. Sebold's top secret was out. From now on hundreds of micro-dot messages were intercepted, spies were arrested, and gang nests cleaned out. The FBI watched out for the little dots.

Mr. Hoover credits Professor Zapp of the Technical High School in Dresden with the invention of the micro-dot process, and in a sense he is right. The particular process which the Germans used *was* invented by Zapp, but micro-dot messages had been sent before—by a Frenchman named Monsieur Froment.

Monsieur Froment's dots were white, on a strip of black glass, and he could write a five-line message—and even pictures—in a dot a fortieth of an inch in diameter. He showed his invention to some people in London who were much inter-

Kurt Juhn is a movie scenario writer and author of mystery novels. His stories and articles have appeared in the Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, *and the* American. *This is his first piece for* Harper's.

ested in it—but nobody seemed to have considered the possibility of utilizing the dots for espionage.

I have in my possession photostats of Monsieur Froment's micro-dots. I did not get them in London nor was I there at the time. But I know that the people to whom they were shown are no longer alive.

Before I reveal how I—and perhaps also Professor Zapp—came to know the facts about Froment's dots, I must quote a most interesting short passage of Mr. Hoover's narrative. Speaking of the Nazi agents in America, he says that they often tried to fool their superiors into thinking they had extraordinary inside sources of information. Spies constantly lifted items from magazines. "Germans in Portugal," says Mr. Hoover, "also paid neutral sailors for copies of American magazines—300 escudos, then about $21, for a single magazine containing military information."

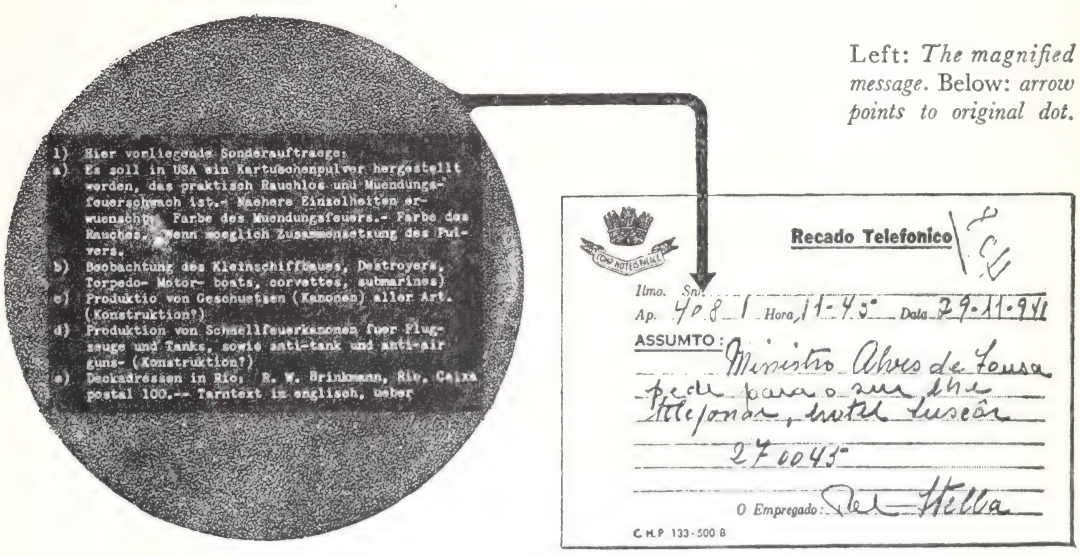
This was not as stupid as it seems.

In August 1939, I browsed in one of the book stores on Fourth Avenue in New York and for a few dollars I bought a whole bunch of volumes of old magazines. In one of them I found a long and detailed article about the New York water supply. Right in the middle of the piece, the unnamed author switched to a very interesting discussion of inventions in the field of optical instruments and microscopes, and imbedded in that discussion was a detailed account of Froment's work, well illustrated. There was a picture of one of his black glass plates, with four little white dots on it, and magnified views of two of his micro-dot messages.

Today it is quite clear to me that Froment's invention inspired the Nazi spy-masters to develop their micro-dot gadgets. What is more, there is no doubt in my mind that the FBI would have cracked the mystery of the little dots earlier than August 1941, if Mr. Hoover had seen the article about Froment's inventions when he first learned of the Nazi's plan to communicate by "lots and lots of little dots."

But he did not see it and unfortunately I did not show it to him. The reason for my silence is simple. Until Mr. Hoover's article appeared a few weeks ago, I did not know that the FBI had been looking for information on the little dots.

But where are my proofs for the statements I have made? How do I know that the people in London who had seen the inventions are all dead? And where is my reason for not even having dreamed of the possibility that the FBI would like to know what I knew?



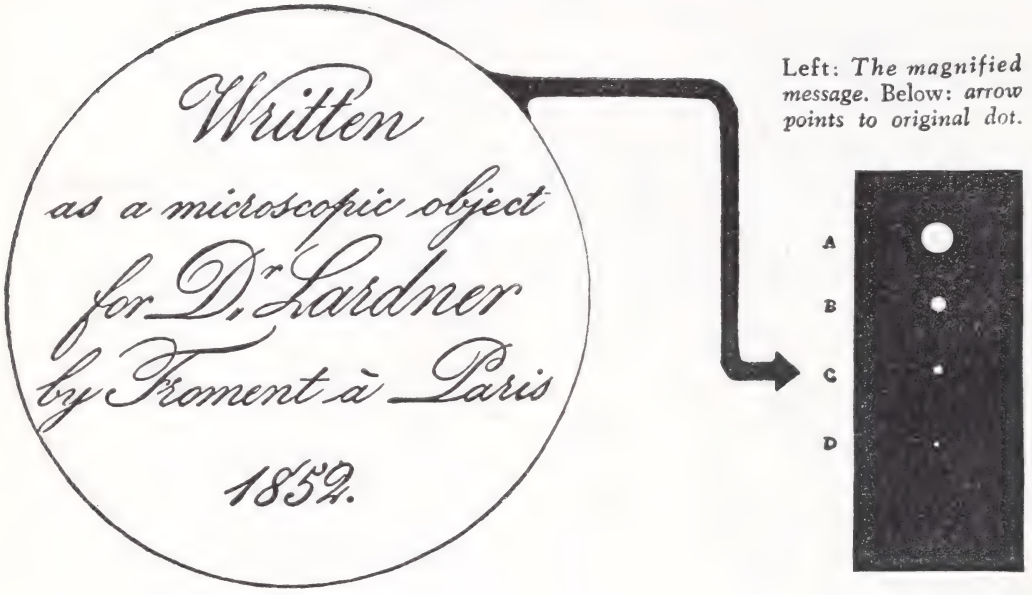
Left: *The magnified message.* Below: *arrow points to original dot.*

Nazi micro-dot spy message and the dot from which it was enlarged. Illustration reproduced from April 1946 issue of the Reader's Digest, *with permission of the publisher.*

The answer to all these questions can be given in one sentence!

The article, "Croton Water And Its Inhabitants," was published in the March issue of *Harper's Magazine* of the year *1859;* and the occasion on which Monsieur Froment exhibited his inventions was the World's Fair in London in 1851.

I love to read old magazines. So did Dr. Sebold. But apparently the FBI does not.



Left: *The magnified message.* Below: *arrow points to original dot.*

Froment's micro-dot message and white dot on glass plate from which it was magnified. Illustration from Harper's, *March 1859.*

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

THE other day I was looking at a spread of 10,000 sheep in a Colorado mountain valley way up high. Sheep are the most idiotic beautiful things that ever lived. I can't believe my senses when I look at them and I half envy people who don't have to make the effort. It occurred to me that the best place to find people who don't have to believe their senses about sheep or anything else would be New York, and I'd throw in Washington also. Ten thousand sheep wandering down Wall Street would be put up with as a temporary inconvenience but it wouldn't be remembered any longer than a Sioux war dance in Times Square. It would go down as just another stunt of some kind in the minds of people who believe their senses very resentfully because they have so little use for them.

The trouble is that these people's senses don't get enough exercise. Sensation is becoming vestigial among them, like the flabby muscles we still have for wiggling our ears like mules. About all their senses are used for is setting up reflexes that come in handy for getting around in traffic, eating, and mating.

The rest of what used to be called sensation has been taken over by cerebration, because these writhing seaboard masses are jammed together so tightly that they have to live for the most part by symbols instead of things real to the senses. They have no choice in the matter. There's nowhere near enough room for the people themselves to shove their bodies around in, while they work all day with all the biggest and bulkiest things in the world in the way of commerce: the vast herds and flocks of mountain and prairie, the food and fibre of millions of acres, the enormous tonnages of mines and mills. To be manageable at all, every bulky reality has to be pulled down into something it isn't—some tight little representation of itself, a symbol or cryptogram, such as converting 10,000 real sheep into a flicker of teletype. New York would be buried in half a day by the physical substance it handles symbolically in the same half day. (Be fun digging it up like Pompeii: way down deep, under the seventh layer of wheat or cotton, you'd find a mummified broker hugging a firkin of butter and his stenographer serenely clasping a pump handle.)

IT FOLLOWS that, in handling such volumes of physical material by spirit rather than sense, the mind feels a bit guilty. It feels that it ought to know more about the outside world, it ought to make some effort to connect up with the reality behind the symbol but, hang it all, there isn't time. You can't go high-tailing it off to Butte to learn about copper, or off to Kansas to learn about wheat. So you come to rely more and more on imagined concepts of what the outside world would be like if you could ever bring it into the field of sensation. These imagined concepts are fortified by no end of information services, respected because of their brevity. They presume to tell in one paragraph what Iowa is thinking or what California wants. But such summarization carries the mind, not closer to reality, but farther from it. The net effect has been to increase, rather

than diminish, reliance on the symbol.

I never cease to marvel, and I shudder also, at what begins to happen when man, as a partially educated animal, becomes subject to mass congestion. Congestion and literacy, it seems to me, are heading seaboard people for the most skillful manipulation of unreality in history: they are well on their way to the mysticism of the lower Ganges Valley, but they lack the complacence that goes with the symbolic life. They are too well off, too healthy; they have been spared the fatalistic peace of mind that accompanies pestilence, famine, and high mortality. Thanks to literacy and prosperity, all they get out of this manipulation of unreality is the jitters. Their Karma is the sanitarium. Their capacity for fear thrives on having nothing real to be afraid of except each other.

The five senses in these congested areas are always at a loss to find anything to work on. The hardest-hitting seaboard realist, however close to Nature he may have started his life, owes his ultimate success to manipulating things he never sees or touches at all. His desk is clean save for one vacuum bottle of cold water. He no longer affects a telephone. He eschews all sensual pleasures: if he ever did any lusty helling around he has long since given it up. He is the top mystic, wearing his stomach ulcers like a hair-cloth shirt. In his air-conditioned retreat he is quietly attended by industrial nuns who whisper low rituals and occasionally give him some paper fetish to contemplate. This paper fetish is a ritualized art form—for example, the annual report of some corporation, representing symbolically the expenditures of life and energy of some whole countryside. The paper will show assets, say, of $26,109,612.04 and liabilities of precisely the same amount, $26,109,612.04. This has been got up by the accounting priesthood—artists highly trained in selection, emphasis, and understatement—assets and liabilities have to rhyme and chime as inexorably as the final couplet of an Elizabethan sonnet.

Somewhere along the line, far back in his youth, this top mystic qualified for this cloistered unreality by getting his hands into things that pushed back when he pushed them. He knew sensation: he worked in a steel mill or slaughter house. And he still has a Faust-like hankering for it. This protects his judgment; he still has some carry-over reference to Nature and, as long as he can keep it going, his wisdom is useful in mercantile abstraction. It isn't easy, for he is surrounded by small-fry mystics who have long since broken with Nature if they were ever integral to it at all. They flounder in the limbo of statistical cryptograms: the small virtues of interpolation become the fantastic vices of extrapolation. The statistical curve is so plausible to them that they think that all you have to do is push it just one mite farther to know all about tomorrow. These curves are as distinct a contribution to the history of mystical art as the Gothic arch was to substantial art.

RELIANCE on abstraction increases directly with density of population. Denver differs from New York only in degree. Our Seventeenth Street neophytes make devout pilgrimages to receive the blessings of the lamas of Wall Street. We are all on the road to congestion-abstraction but don't know what it is doing to us.

In small towns, with plenty of land around them, people are closer to original materials and farther apart from each other; consequently, they require fewer symbolic abstractions. Robinson Crusoe didn't need any. Go back to when nearly everybody lived in the country, a century or so ago, and note how slowly and begrudgingly people added new symbols to their traditional stock. Agricultural superstitions showed little variation from one generation to another. Established religions were constant and repetitive. Outrageous excursions such as Unitarianism or Mormonism shocked the whole country by their novelty; but symbolic innovations, for the most part, were quickly absorbed by cross-roads politics where such abstractions as "the tariff" or "nullification" could carry the venturing mind as far as it wanted to go. But nowadays less, I suppose, than one fourth of our people are farmers in the old-fashioned sense and our capacity for making new symbols is nourished by city congestion.

Everybody is hell-bent to live in the city

and thinks that the biggest city is the best city. This means a wider chasm between men and original materials, more dependence on representation as a substitute for fact, and less dependence on sense for confirming truth. It's an odd contradiction that industrialization itself, which we think of as putting men very close to physical materials, carries with it, the farther it goes, the obligation to increase the number of representations of what the material once was and the kind of life it stood for. The extractions of the earth have to be pretty well fabricated into simpler forms before the city can tolerate them at all. The man who makes shoes out of leather has no sense of cattle. There's nothing about the garment worker's cloth to remind him of blue flax in bloom, fields of cotton, or sheep being clipped. Even a lamb chop—to go back to my 10,000 sheep again—gets all snarled up in symbolism blurring its original actuality. To the Easterner who munches it down there's no hint of the ranges, grass, or water, because the lamb chop comes, if it comes at all, from the corner store: it stands for something wrong or right about the store, something wrong or right about the bureaucrats, wrong or right about the world food economy. The poor little lamb chop carries such a mystical burden that there's almost no fun eating it.

BEING jammed into the symbolic life a good deal ahead of the rest of us, it is natural that seaboarders should be more adept at pure theory. Obviously, they have had more practice. It is easy to explain why they are more disposed to superstition, witchcraft, devil worship, and appeasement. This is characteristic of anybody who lives preponderantly in the world of the spirit. Their plant equipment for the vicarious life is superb. Nowhere else on earth does anybody have such access to all the representations of what life elsewhere *must* be like: here are the greatest libraries, the greatest museums of art and natural history, the greatest foundations to explore economic symbolism, and the greatest concentration of universities to make fullest use of every representation. Like anybody breaking new ground, these pioneers on the frontiers of abstraction naturally romanticize their activities. They are as blameless for parading their mental garments as the cowman for wearing a ten-gallon hat. It is inevitable that they should feel that they have superior intelligence, superior humanity, superior insight into world affairs.

What they actually have is, obviously, more mental activity with proportionate sacrifice of sense reference as to its accuracy. What they mistake for superior intelligence is no more than accelerated cerebration—quicker turnover of very volatile and interchangeable symbols. They work the mental squirrel cage harder simply because there are so many more squirrels queued up to get into it. Their claims to superior humanity and global love for their fellow man have a curious relationship to mass fear. With fear as a catalyst the seaboard masses churn themselves up to a crusading hysteria, but, in the absence of fear, these humanitarian impulses degenerate quickly, to the sad disillusionment of the intellectuals.

All these mental traits belong to the general phenomena of excess population that we don't understand very well and ought to try harder to understand because all our problems of war and peace are more concerned with them than anything else. What these masses want, but don't know how to say it, is some sort of integration with the land. They are bewildered when anybody tries to encroach on what little they have—witness the hue and cry about fundamental rights when the UN wanted to stake off a little acreage in Westchester County.

Clearly, seaboarders are doomed to a far greater variety of heavens and hells than we inlanders who have made slower progress on the road to abstraction. Quite apart from fear, which always thrives on congestion, emotional intensity of all kinds is part and parcel of the symbolic life. This is characteristic of all artists and prophets. A symbolist like Dorothy Thompson has as vivid a conviction of reality as the mad poet, William Blake. The eye surveys the whole world with stereopticon clairvoyance; international problems take on a four-cocktail clarity.

An Iowa farmer would have to get all hopped up on hard cider to have the

faintest inkling of these burning awarenesses, even at their most sluggish Monday-morning level of intensity. As I look back on it, the only sin of the Corn Belt farmer in recent years was that he didn't stay plastered all day. It was metaphysical inagility rather than lack of patriotism that made him the arch-enemy of world peace. He was clumsy about swapping the abstractions of peace for the abstractions of war, for the simple reason that he'd never had much truck with abstraction of any kind in the first place. He couldn't transfer hysteria he didn't have to something somebody else was afraid of, nor did he have the stimulating disadvantage of being elbowed around by people who were afraid of each other. He was stigmatized for wanting to hide behind the haystack but, in my opinion, he was so well integrated with the land, and required so few abstractions to make what sense there was out of his life, that he had little feeling of either security or insecurity until people started calling him names.

I'D CONCLUDE these remarks by suggesting that people who live by symbols are forever fugitive from them. Somewhere behind the flicker of teletype that stands for 10,000 sheep there must be real sheep; somewhere behind the greatest library in the world there must be the kind of life that caused all those little black vowels and consonants to be put into all those millions of books. The real thing is worth going after. The horizon beckons. It becomes a consuming drive. But the first sally is merely the flight from the city itself, and the first destination is the pastoral illusion. Actually, it isn't a flight from the city: the city is more convenient than the country, more comfortable, healthier, the food is better. The real flight is from the symbolic life. You've got to make your senses go back to work, get your hands into materials that push when you push; you've got to get your nose into the smells of Nature and your eyes into the kind of distance that keeps on going. You've got to remodel some upstate barn or race off to Connecticut to fondle a real lamb.

The pastoral illusion, however, trips you up, because you are too experienced a symbolist to break whole-hog with the city you love best. All you are asking for is another adventure in symbolism. Unfortunately, rustic innocence is not retroactive. The only people who really have it are the ones who grew up with it and never found it out.

By the time you get to wanting it at all, it's too late to do more than increase the draft on your already over-developed talent for making the unreal stand for the real, plus a lot of fatigue in shuttling back and forth a good many miles from one illusion to the other. What I'm saying is as true of the city poor as the city rich, but the poor are spared the embarrassing privilege of running away only to traipse back home with their tails between their legs. And they thank no one for their good fortune, nor should they: every man to his own adventure!

Eh?

In-fran'gi-ble (ĭn-frăn'jĭ-b'l), *adj.* 1. Not capable of being broken or separated into parts; as, *infrangible* atoms.

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, Fifth Edition, 1940

REST CAMP ON MAUI

A Story

EUGENE L. BURDICK

Drawing by Corrado Cagli

The rest camp was as ugly as a place can be in the Hawaiian Islands, which is saying that it was as ugly as slums in New York, mud flats in Georgia, or drought land in Arkansas. Bulldozers had scraped the foliage and trees off several hills and left them red and naked. The hills had been covered with tents and a few Quonset huts. The only tropical thing about the camp was the sun and the heavy, sweet sugar-cane odor which was laced with the sharper odor of flowers when the wind shifted away from the valley.

Lieutenant Terry walked down a row of tents with the correspondent at his side. He stopped in front of a tent and pulled the flap aside to let the correspondent in. Three Marines stood up. A fourth Marine standing in front of a mirror was rubbing Aqua Velva on his face. He rubbed it with short, smooth strokes along his chin and then up his cheeks, splitting his fingers apart to pass on either side of his ears. Terry watched the Marine rub the liquid on his face and said nothing. Then the Marine turned around and clicking his heels together, said, "Lieutenant Terry." He said it in a mocking, affected way that meant he liked Terry and felt at ease with him.

Terry started to speak rapidly: "Men, this gentleman here is a correspondent who wants to talk to you for a while. Give him whatever information he wants and we'll check it later for security. Mr. Black, this is Sergeant Fellows, Corporal Young, Private Selfensky, and Private Shannon."

By the end of the introduction the Marines all seemed relaxed and their faces went a little blank. They shook hands with the correspondent, squinting over his shoulder as they grasped his hand.

Fellows was round and red, like a beery friar.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. Black. Glad to help you any way we can," he said.

His voice was so flat that the cordiality of the words seemed to be squeezed thin and reluctant. He went back to the mirror and sprinkled some more Aqua Velva in his hands and started to rub his face.

The correspondent picked up his knapsack and opening it slipped out a bottle of whisky and put it on the table, saying, "Something to help pass the afternoon."

The four Marines all heard the bottle come down on the table and turned to stare hard at it. The bottle looked big and new and shiny. Their faces were eager and individual now. Their eyes glistened and Fellows licked a corner of his mouth several times quickly, without looking away from the bottle. They turned and looked at Terry. It was against regulations to drink in camp and they watched to see what Terry would say. Terry looked at Fellows and winked and said, "I'll be back for you in two hours, Mr. Black."

He turned and walked out the flap.

Fellows laid out four heavy, metal mess cups and a chipped glass. He picked up the bottle, ripped the cellophane cover off the top, and unscrewed it. He poured out the whisky until the whole bottle was neatly divided into five equal parts.

"I'm not drinking today. Go ahead and use mine," the correspondent said.

Fellows looked up from the bottle and smiled at the correspondent. He picked up the chipped glass and split the whisky in it equally among the four metal cups. The whisky had a heady, rich odor that quickly filled the tent. Selfensky laughed and picking up a cup said, "*Skol.*" They rinsed their mouths with the liquor and the heavy fumes flooded up their noses and tickled beautifully. The strength of the whisky brought tears to their eyes and they swallowed it quickly. They all smiled at the correspondent and when he started to talk again the conversation was more relaxed.

THE correspondent took off his cap and laid it on the table. It was crumpled like the caps that Army pilots wear. It was cleverly bent and the wire stretcher had been removed from it.

"Men, I'm trying to get the personal angle on some of these shows you've been in," he said.

They felt good now and they grinned when he said "show." Correspondents always said "show," "bloody do," or "rat race," especially in the books they wrote.

"I want to get your attitude on politics and women and how you feel about things back in the States. There weren't any women on Tarawa or Iwo, but how about the women in Sydney and the Hawaiian girls?"

Fellows started to talk loudly about the Australian chicks. The correspondent kept grinning and saying he couldn't print that, but you could see he wanted to hear more of it. Fellows talked about the Sydney girls out at King's Cross and down at Woolamooloo Dock and how at first they would always shack up with a girl apiece, but later when they got broke, a half dozen of them would all shack up with one girl to save money. The Marines hardly listened to Fellows' talk. They sipped at the whisky and smoked cigarettes.

Lord, Young thought, it's wonderful how good cigarettes taste when you suck in the smoke through the whisky breath of your throat.

Usually Young liked to listen to the older fellows' talk about women. He was only nineteen, the youngest man in his platoon. He'd joined the Corps when he was seventeen and never had a chance to hang around girls much. He had never had a girl, but he picked up the salty talk quickly and felt pretty sure that he sounded like any other Marine talking about women. Today he felt good and mellow, and leaning back in his chair he thought about the time on Okinawa.

He and Fellows had been on a patrol on the northern end of the island and they had come to another one of those little villages that were almost deserted. As they walked past the little houses they saw a few stunted people disappearing around corners or sitting in front of the tiny houses. Even the dogs looked runty and little. In front of one house a woman and her husband were seated on the ground. The husband was puffing on a small clay pipe and looking straight ahead. He looked as if he had been carved and lacquered, and he had a smooth, oily, little pot-belly that gleamed out of a hole in his shirt. The woman was seated with her back to the wall and she had dark, long hair. It was so black that it looked steel-blue. She must have been forty years old and her skin had an exquisite pattern of wrinkles over it, but somehow it looked soft and well cared for. Perhaps she had powder on her skin. It looked as if it might have a nice odor to it.

Fellows laughed and said, "Look," as he tossed her a small, wax-covered package of K-ration. It landed on her lap and she picked it up and examined it slowly and then looked up at the sergeant. A gift from a man in uniform could mean only one thing to her. She slid down until her shoulders were on the ground, but her head was still angled up against the house. She unfolded her kimono and drew it carefully back from her body until she was naked from the waist down. Young looked at her husband and he was still puffing his pipe

slowly and looking straight ahead. The woman looked at the sergeant again and turned her head until the side of her face was flat against the rough material of the house. She closed her eyes. Young thought for a moment it was an odd movement of coquetry, but knew instantly it wasn't. It was artless and completely uninspired, the movement of a tired animal. Lying in the sun on her kimono in the peculiar posture she should have seemed disgusting, but to Young she seemed very lascivious, although she made not the slightest movement and lay inert on the ground.

Young said hoarsely, "Come on, Sarg, let's get going."

"Yeh, yeh," said Fellows, looking at the woman. "She's probably got a lot of screwy Jap diseases we never heard of."

Fellows was no longer smiling and as they went on through the village he said, "You know, kid, they always lay still like that. They're screwy people. I had Asiatic duty once. I know the screwy bastards."

Young stopped in the middle of the street and suddenly vomited. He felt greatly relieved and laughed loudly as Fellows hit him on the shoulder and said, "Take it easy, kid, take it easy."

Later Young had thought of the woman when they'd start to talk about their girls and wives and what they'd do when they got back to the States.

Fellows was still talking about the Aussie women and the correspondent was writing occasionally in a black notebook. Young moved behind him and read what he had written. "*Marines like Aussie girls, but first love still clean-cut American girls.*"

THE correspondent's pen moved across the notebook again. "*Jews in the Corps. Personal, human angle?*" He looked up.

"How have the Jews in the Corps made out? I'd like to give them a good write-up in my book," he said.

Fellows nodded at Selfensky and said, "Ask Selfensky, he's a Jew."

Selfensky looked straight at the correspondent for a moment and the Marines knew he wanted to talk about Lieutenant Cohen. Usually Selfensky clammed up when someone made a mistake and talked about Jews in front of him, but today he felt loose and oily inside and talking seemed easy. He chewed at his lip, trying to form words, and then the correspondent said, "Yeah, Selfensky, you probably know more about this than anyone here. You know, some of my best friends are Jews. Damn fine fellows, I really like them."

Selfensky's face went a little hard and he stopped chewing his lip and said, "Ask Fellows. I don't know hardly anyone outside my company."

"Yeah, yeah, I know just about everyone in this damn division," Fellows said. He started telling the correspondent about Horowitz, a pfc in the quartermaster, who organized an all-Marine show.

Selfensky took a sip of the whisky and he felt a little tight and beautifully lightheaded. He hadn't thought about Lieutenant Cohen for a long time. Selfensky remembered how proud he had felt when he got the word that his company was getting a Jewish officer for a platoon leader replacement. There were only a few Jewish enlisted men and no Jewish officers in his company. He had been disappointed when he first saw Cohen. He was of medium height and had dark eyes and long and very white graceful hands. Selfensky had hoped he would be a big rugged Jewish football player like Sid Luckman or a huge, fast, powerful boxer. Cohen was very quiet and kept to himself, but he was marvelous on weapons. Instead of field-stripping his platoon's weapons on a clean, canvas-covered table he made them take them out in the sand in a fox-hole. They had to strip them with their eyes bandaged and put the parts in their pockets to keep them from getting sandy or losing them. Cohen could beat anyone by a minute or so. He was always asking questions about new gear and equipment and remembered most of it. Once he took a two-day pass and went to visit a tank outfit. When he came back he could drive a tank. The men started to like him.

One day a big Polack had called Cohen a kike. Loud and clear so that Cohen could hear it, and then looked at Cohen so that he couldn't ignore it. Cohen told him to report to the back of the rifle range and about twenty men drifted along to see what would happen.

Cohen took his shirt off and said, "Corporal, take off your shirt."

The Pole was a little nervous, but he laughed when he saw that Cohen was actually going to fight him with no rank or rate showing. He outweighed Cohen by forty pounds.

Cohen stood very straight and white and said, "Corporal, I can't possibly beat you in an ordinary fist-fight. This is going to be a no-holds-barred fight. Do you agree?"

"Yeah, Jew-boy, that's OK with me," the Pole said.

Selfensky felt sick and wondered if he should try and stop the fight, but the Pole had already started after Cohen. The Pole hit Cohen twice—hard blows on the chest. Then Cohen seemed to be all over the Pole, like a mongoose after a dog. He kicked the Pole hard in the shins and as the Pole straightened up Cohen had his finger inside the Pole's lip and ripped it back from the corner of his mouth. The Pole kept hitting Cohen hard, but he was a little scared now. Cohen went after his hands next and when they separated he had broken the little finger of the Pole's right hand. It hung back from his hand at such an impossible angle that it hurt you to look at it.

Cohen drove his knee into the Pole's groin a couple of times and Selfensky could see panic in the Pole's eyes. The Pole tried to kick and knee too and that ended it quickly. Cohen stood back and smashed him time after time in the face. The Pole got weaker and soon his knees buckled and he put his face in his hands and sank to the ground. The broken little finger stuck straight out from the other fingers curled around his face.

The Pole turned into sick bay and said he'd been in a fight with some civilians. Cohen visited him in the hospital and when the Pole got out he transferred to Cohen's platoon. Cohen still worked his men hard and by the time they were ready to stage for Iwo his platoon was the toughest in the company. The men were lean and hard and they all looked tougher than Cohen, whose hands were still white and graceful looking.

THEIR company went into Iwo on D plus 2. Selfensky remembered how much like practice it all had seemed as they went down the nets into the LCVP's and circled around waiting for the rest of their wave. They joked and kidded a bit and a BAR man pretended he was seasick over the side. It didn't seem too bad even when they got up close to the beach and could hear the mortars crumping and could see the F6F's suddenly leave their 500-pound bombs hanging still in the air and then the bombs would start to speed up and go so fast you could hardly see them as they hit into the big mounds of sand and exploded blackly.

As soon as the platoon hit the beach, however, and started to muck through the black volcanic sand, things didn't look so good. The first thing they saw was an aid station that had been hit. There were broken plasma bottles hanging from rifles and a long stream of bandage unrolled neat and white across the black sand. Cots and crates and blankets were all smashed together and big, tarry clots of blood and flesh were plastered over everything. The corpsmen had already set up a few yards down the beach, but you could tell that they didn't expect to stay there long. Funny how corpsmen always looked like kids. Even the middle-aged men looked like kids when they wore the big helmets with red crosses on them and brassards on their arms. Like kids playing soldier.

They moved off the beach fast and alongside the air strip, avoiding the little flags that indicated mines. The mortar fire started to pick up. They hit the line very soon and found the outfit they were supposed to flank. There were a lot of dead Marines around, but no one was bothering about them and Selfensky wondered where the Japs were. He hadn't seen a Jap body or a Jap position yet, although the machine-gun fire was heavy now and occasionally there was some artillery fire. Then a company runner arrived and gave Cohen a field dispatch and he moved the platoon to the right and into a big shell hole.

"We're going to clean out that pillbox on the hill," he said. "We'll have tank support and everyone except the BAR men keep close to the tank. BAR men keep the pillbox under fire all the time. A couple of grenades ought to do it, but don't pitch one until you're sure you can hit the slit."

Selfensky looked up the low hill and finally saw the long, camouflaged slit. It looked like a crevice between two rocks, but occasionally there would be a stream of smoke-puff from it.

They had to wait a half hour for the tank so they broke open their K-rations. Selfensky didn't like the candy in the ration and traded it to another man for the little can of cheese.

The tank came early, lumbering down the side of the air strip, with dust thick and black all over it. Wherever there was grease on the tank the dust bulged out in huge mounds, like soft, black cancers growing out of the steel. The tank didn't stop when it came to their shell-hole, but the turret swung toward them as if in question and then turned back toward the pillbox. The gun barrel pointed at the pillbox like a long, commanding finger. They threw the paper and tins into the bottom of the hole and started out behind the tank. At once the fire started to increase and mortar shells began to plop around the tank. The pillbox was firing fast now and the smoke puffed steadily out of it. The BAR men lagged a little behind and suddenly they started to fire into the pillbox. You could see the hot, angry tracers powdering the stone around the pillbox and smoke stopped coming out of it.

They were only a hundred yards from the pillbox when they all heard the first screaming ricochet of an anti-tank shell. Mortar projectiles don't ricochet, they just plop into the ground and explode, but high velocity anti-tank projectiles will ricochet off almost anything. The turret of the tank spun around frantically trying to locate the anti-tank gun. All you could see was dust and mortar shells exploding and ugly little hills held together by dust and great chunks of concrete that you couldn't see. There were two more snarling ricochets and then the fourth round shattered into the tank. It made a terrible ringing sound and Selfensky's ears stopped hearing for a minute and he felt a sharp, cold pain at the base of each tooth. The hatch of the tank was blown off and the tank captain came out behind it. The hatch and the tank captain turned slowly over in the air, the tank captain's clothing shredding away from him in the air. When he hit the ground he lay there white and broken and naked.

The tank was smoking, but the motor was running smoothly. The dust had been shaken from the tank and the green and brown camouflage paint looked smooth and new. Selfensky felt fear grip his stomach and suddenly felt very exposed against the sand. He wished he had had a bowel movement back in the shell hole. He heard his name called and looking up saw Cohen lowering himself into the hatch of the tank and motioning to him to follow.

Inside, the tank was hot and dusty and the sweat started to stand out on Selfensky's face. He felt secure inside the thick steel walls despite the hole in the side of the tank and the two men who had died, looking over their shoulders into the turret. Cohen boosted the gunner up to him and Selfensky pushed him out the hatch and let him slide to the ground. The driver was harder to get out and Selfensky was sweating hard. He was feeling better all the time, however, and he was amazed at how safe and snug a tank was. He looked at the hole in the side of the tank and saw that the steel was several fingers thick. Damn it, this was all right! Cohen looked up from the driver's seat and said, "Tell the Pole to take over the platoon and we'll try to get up to the pillbox."

The tank started slowly up the slope and through the periscope the pillbox slit got larger and suddenly smoke started to puff out of it again. Selfensky could feel the bullets hitting the side and bouncing off and he grinned down at Cohen.

Cohen's greens were dark with sweat now and his large white hands were moving over the controls rapidly. They were about fifty feet from the pillbox when a scrawny little Jap started to slide sideways out of the slit and Selfensky saw he had a satchel charge in his right hand. The Jap came hopping bow-legged down the hill, his face all contorted and probably yelling. He had covered about half the distance to the tank when he started to stagger. It looked as if someone were hitting him with an invisible sledge hammer. His forehead dissolved in a red splash and his legs snapped back from under him as the BAR

slugs tore into them. Sudden red decorations started to spread over his shirt. He smacked backward into the ground and the satchel charge slipped from his hand. Cohen stopped the tank and crawled over into the gunner's position. He didn't know how to work the sight, but at this range he could fire by eye and not miss. He fired five rounds into the slit and when the pillbox looked like a smoking black eye in the hill he stopped.

COHEN grinned up at Selfensky and started the tank back down the hill. They were about halfway down when they hit one of the 500-pound aerial bombs the Japs had mined the island with. Later, Selfensky was told that the tank flopped over on its back and lay there like a great, helpless turtle. Selfensky only remembered coming to and knowing he didn't hurt anywhere, and almost immediately he knew where he was. Cohen was hanging face down from the driver's compartment and the explosion had clamped the compartment around his legs. He hung from his knees down into the turret. Selfensky was puzzled at Cohen's position for a few minutes and then he started to crawl toward him. At once he heard a rasping sound and a great pain inched up his leg. The bone was sticking almost straight out from his leg and when he moved he had pulled it across the rough surface of the tank. He looked again at Cohen and hoped he was dead because he was sure to lose both his legs.

Cohen's voice sounded low and clear in the hot turret, "Take it easy, Selfensky. Stay where you are and they'll get you out of here."

Cohen's eyes looked big and soft and Selfensky felt embarrassed looking at them upside down. He tried to turn his head so he could see straight into Cohen's face, but Cohen said, "No, no, Ski. Take it easy, boy." Selfensky's whole body ached to have Cohen die or faint before he looked up and saw his legs.

"Two little Jew-boys gone astray, eh Lieutenant," Selfensky said and wondered if it sounded funny.

Cohen closed his eyes as blood started to bubble out of his nose down into them and Selfensky reached over and wiped them out. The eyes opened and were big and soft again.

Cohen started to sing and Selfensky couldn't place the words for a while. Then he remembered the song. He'd learned it long ago at the synagogue and forgotten it. He started to sing softly with Cohen. Cohen sang beautifully, like a cantor. The words sounded big and glorious in the tank. It sounded like many voices singing. Selfensky felt that his voice was huge and powerful and a queer exultation seized him. He didn't know how long they sang, but gradually Cohen's voice became softer and then it stopped. Selfensky hated to look up because he knew that if Cohen's eyes were open and big and soft he'd go crazy. Finally he looked up and Cohen's eyelids were closed and there was a stream of blood from each nostril that ran out his nose, across the eyelids, and into the dark hair. Selfensky reached out and took Cohen's cold hand and started to say the old Jewish prayer for death: ". . . O, may death be an atonement for all the sins, iniquities, and transgressions of which I have been guilty before thee. . . ."

He was holding Cohen's hand and sitting in the same position when they came and cut the tank open with a welder's torch.

FELLOWS had just finished telling the correspondent about the show Horowitz had put on. How he'd dressed up a bunch of big Marines like women and brought them out as a chorus line.

"It was really a laugh," Fellows said. "Horowitz had cut coconuts in two and they wore them under brassieres. They did an awful dance and one big gook fell on his butt twice. Then one of them dropped a coconut out of his brassiere and it bounced on the deck and that really brought down the house. So they all started dropping them out on purpose and pretty soon the whole deck was covered with them. Horowitz was mad about that, but it sure made a good laugh."

Fellows was red-faced now; sweating a little. He had just enough whisky left in his cup to twirl around and he was waiting before he drank that. He kept thinking he wouldn't see any more for a long time. Fellows wished suddenly that he had a

whole quart to start in on. He could drink forever and not get sick or sleepy; he'd just keep feeling better and better. The correspondent had an indifferent look on his face and they all knew this wasn't the kind of stuff he wanted to hear, but they didn't care.

The correspondent started to write in his notebook again and Fellows could see the words: "*Jewish boys in the Marines, famed for their entertainment on Broadway and in Hollywood, arrange musicals, shows, and other laugh-fests to keep America's finest fighting men relaxed between battles.*"

"Where does this Horowitz come from in the States?" the correspondent asked. "People like to read about where the boys come from."

"Oh, he came from Nebraska. His old man had a peanut farm or something out there," Selfensky answered.

"Not so good, Ski." The correspondent winked at Selfensky. "Jewish boys should come from Brooklyn or Chicago. Gives them more human interest."

The correspondent looked at the empty bottle and Selfensky could see that he was measuring the dope he had got against the whisky and feeling cheated.

"Any of you boys pick up any medals in these shows?" the correspondent asked, changing the subject rapidly. The Marines looked at one another for a second and then, because they were feeling good, they all started to laugh.

"Sure, we all got the Purple Heart," Fellows said.

The correspondent shook his head patiently. "No good. People expect Marines to have Purple Hearts. Any other medals aside from that?" His voice hung somewhere between irritation and patience.

"Yeah, Shannon there has a Silver Star and a Navy Cross. He's got so many medals that they had him go on a bond tour back in the States."

Shannon held back the good, loose feeling in his head and chest and grinned at the correspondent.

"That must have been a pretty fast life after being out here for a couple years. I'll bet you were anxious to get back to your outfit after all those cocktail parties and speeches by politicians," the correspondent said.

"No, I liked it. They sent me back right after Iwo and it was swell. Lots of good food; I gained twenty pounds the first month back. They always fixed me up with a date and I hadn't been out with a girl for three years. Some of the girls still write me. It was a hell of a lot of fun. Everyone was swell to me and the workers at the plants would come up and ask questions about their kids in the Corps and take me out to their homes for dinner. I hated like hell to come back out." Shannon's grin had faded to a serious smile and the other Marines were looking at him oddly.

"I don't know, Shannon," the correspondent said. "What would you say if I wrote you up as being more scared by the speeches and the good-looking girls than you ever were on Iwo? I'll put your name in it and it ought to make a good story. People like that human interest angle. What do you say?"

The correspondent was mildly excited about the new angle. He didn't notice that the Marines were all quiet and they were watching Shannon.

SHANNON was not smiling now and he was trying to understand what the correspondent meant. His mind telescoped the long hot months of training; the nights in combat he had urinated into his pants rather than look for the pit; the grease-packed K-rations; the sleep that was not sleep, but unconsciousness; the pfc who threw himself on a grenade that had been dropped by accident and whose body jumped two feet into the air and fell back a crumpled sack of khaki; the warm canteen water that turned the dust in his throat into mud. All these his mind telescoped into one experience. He laid it next to the memories of the laughing girls and iced lemonade and the keen exhilaration of three beers and the fragrant pork roasts and blue water in country streams and the yellowing corn.

Shannon smiled uncertainly over his shoulder at Fellows. He felt a sudden relief, for he could tell that Fellows knew what the correspondent meant.

Fellows finished off his whisky and looked in the bottom of the cup and put it on the table. He stood up and walked over in front of the correspondent.

"Get out of here, you son-of-a-bitch," he said.

His voice sounded a little tired, but the words came like cold drops of metal out of his mouth. The correspondent looked up, startled, and started to say something.

"Get out, you lousy bastard," Fellows said again.

His face wasn't red any more and there was even a little white around the nose. He wasn't the slightest bit drunk.

"Look, old man, you don't understand . . ." the correspondent started to say.

"Come on, bum, move on," Fellows said, and walked back to his chair.

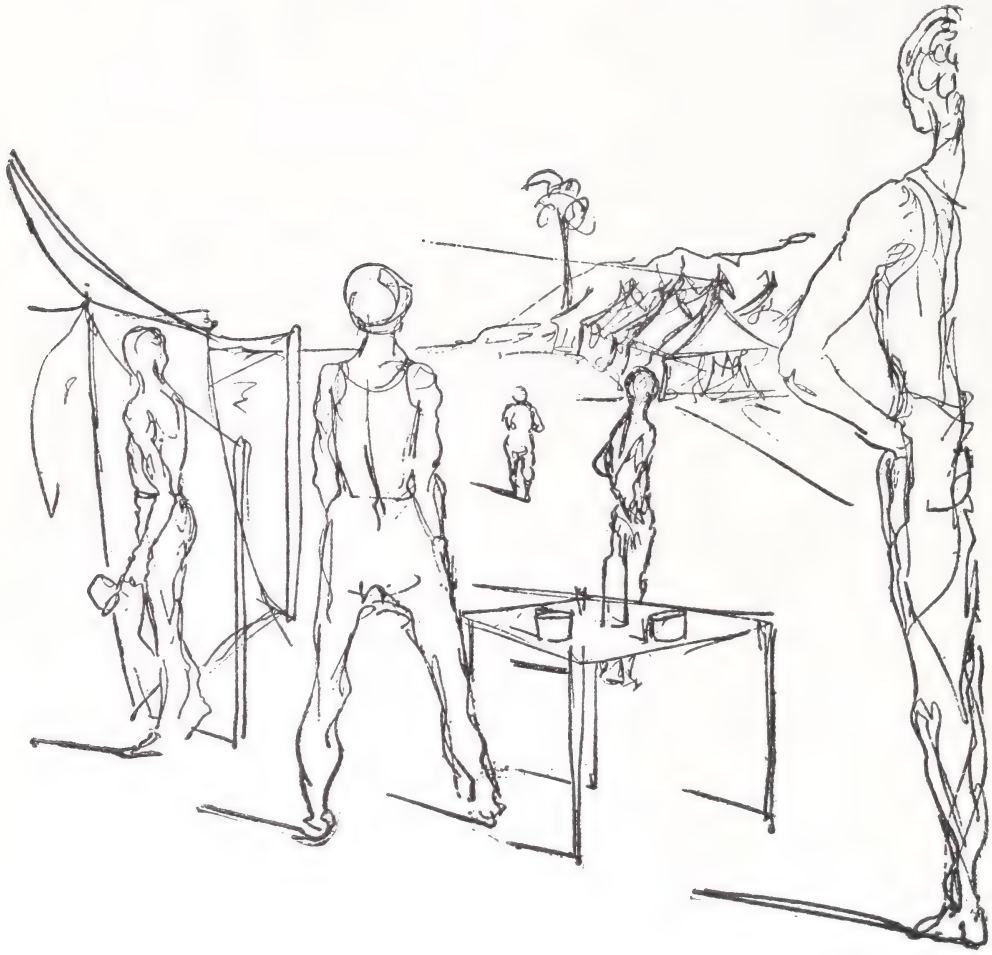
Five minutes later the correspondent went into Lieutenant Terry's tent and said he was ready to go back to town. Terry looked at him and started to whistle.

"How did you make out?" he asked.

"So, so, they didn't have a hell of a lot to say. A little too prima-donnaish," the correspondent answered.

They went back down the road that overlooks the beautiful valley of Maui. As the sea came into view, sparkling and blue, Terry started to sing:

> There'll be no promotions,
> This side of the ocean,
> So cheer up my lads,
> Bless 'em all.
> Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
> The long and the short and the tall . . .



Corrado Cagli

SILVIO GESELL AND FREE PRIVATE ENTERPRISE

GEORGE RICHMOND WALKER

If Karl Marx may be called the prophet of socialism, then Silvio Gesell may be called the prophet of free private enterprise. And yet, oddly enough, few business men have ever heard of Gesell, he has been persistently neglected by orthodox economists, and no nation has ever put his ideas into practice. There are reasons for this, to be sure; nevertheless, the neglect of Gesell may someday come to be recognized as one of the world's larger ironies.

Silvio Gesell believed in economic freedom—free access to raw materials, free competition, and free markets. And he described the conditions under which real economic freedom might be achieved. He was opposed to socialism and to all forms of a planned or state-directed economy. But he was also opposed to the restraints caused by monopoly and to the limitations upon industrial expansion imposed by finance capital in order that the owners of industry might enjoy the profits of scarcity. Gesell believed in the private ownership of the means of production, in private initiative, and in profits; but he did not approve of an economic order which allowed vested interests, either in land or in capital, to enjoy unearned income at the expense of those who produced it. Thus Gesell's theory of free private enterprise stood between socialism on the one hand and orthodox capitalism on the other. And as the economic history of the past hundred years has witnessed a titanic struggle between capitalism and socialism, each regarding the other as a form of tyranny, it is not surprising that Gesell, who hated tyranny of any kind, was either abused or ignored by both sides.

Most men, in theory, believe in freedom, and many have given up their lives in its name. But it seems that in practice most men seek freedom only for themselves, or for their class and kind, and strive for power and dominion over others even at the risk of social disorder, revolution, or war. Silvio Gesell wanted freedom for all, and like others in times past whose appeals have been broadly humanitarian, he was able to inspire devoted disciples in all countries but no party to fight for his principles. It is time such a party was organized.

But who was Gesell? Like Marx, Gesell was a German; but whereas Marx was an impecunious social philosopher who elaborated his doctrines in the dusty libraries of London, Gesell was an active and successful business man who derived his theory from his experience as trader, importer, and manufacturer. In 1886, at the age of twenty-four, Gesell went to Argentina and set up as an importer of surgical instruments. A few years later he

George R. Walker, whose article, The Touch of Midas, *appeared in the February 1944 issue of* Harper's, *is a managing trustee of real estate. He specializes in the study of the theory of money.*

opened a factory for making cardboard boxes, a venture which prospered until the Argentine government, in 1898, announced that it intended a drastic deflation of the currency. Gesell, who had devoted a good deal of study to monetary and fiscal problems, warned the government in a pamphlet that its policy of deflation would have ruinous effects upon business. As no attention was paid to his warning he promptly sold his plant at a good price to a competitor and retired to a farm. Within a year, as Gesell had predicted, industry in Argentina was at a standstill and tens of thousands of workers were unemployed. Eventually the government reversed itself and adopted several of the suggestions that Gesell had made in his pamphlet. Gesell bought back his plant (at a low price) and prospered as he had before.

In 1900 Gesell retired from active business life, having acquired a comfortable fortune, and settled on a farm in Switzerland. Here he pondered on his experience, read books on economics, and searched for the causes of booms and depressions. His studies were interrupted by the death of a brother in Argentina in 1906. Gesell returned to Buenos Aires to manage his brother's business, remaining there for five years. He finally wound up his affairs in 1911, went back to Europe, resumed his studies, and began writing the book in which he set forth the conclusions he had reached. This book, called *The Natural Economic Order*, was published in Switzerland in 1915 and has since been through several editions and been translated into several languages.

In 1919 Gesell almost had a chance to put his ideas into practice, and it is a great pity that fate was against him. It was in 1919 that the Socialist government of Bavaria called upon him to serve as Minister of Finance. He accepted, despite his opposition to socialism, and prepared immediately to carry out his reforms. But he had been in office only a few days when the government was overthrown by the Communists. Gesell resigned his office, finding it impossible to work with the new government, and returned to Switzerland where he remained until shortly before his death in 1930.

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES in his *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money* devoted several pages to the man he referred to as "the strange, unduly neglected prophet Silvio Gesell." Keynes concluded that the underlying principle of Gesell's theory of money—the principle which distinguishes his system from both capitalism and socialism—was sound. "The future," said Keynes, "will learn more from the spirit of Gesell than from that of Marx." Let us hope that Keynes is proved right, and soon.

In 1933 Professor Irving Fisher of Yale published a book in which he advocated the adoption of Gesell's plan as a remedy for the depression. But other plans were preferred, and although the depression was alleviated it was not solved—as it perhaps might have been had the country paid more heed to Gesell.

Apart from Keynes and Fisher, few economists of standing, at least in the English-speaking world, have given serious consideration to the ideas developed by Gesell, and those who have considered them have tended to be hostile. It is not difficult, if one has a mind to do it, to point out the weaknesses in Gesell's program or even to ridicule some of the proposals that he made, and in this manner divert attention from the true significance of Gesell's ideas. His theory has been represented by some critics as an attack on property income in the form of rent and interest, and by others as an attack on socialism or on government planning. Although there is evidence to support both of these views, they are nevertheless misleading in that they misinterpret Gesell's central objective, which was to describe an economic order in which the productive energies of men would be set free. Gesell dedicated his book, *The Natural Economic Order*, to "all those who have striven to create an adequate economic basis for peace and good will among men and nations." And even his most hostile critics have admitted his high purpose. "It is impossible to read Gesell's work," writes Professor Myers of Vassar College, who deliberately set out to disparage Gesell's economics, "without being impressed by his warm-hearted sincerity in seeking a means of improving the lot of the common man."

II

GESELL's chief contribution to economics lay in the field of monetary theory. Although he was also concerned with the problems of land and of international peace, his primary aim was to establish a monetary system that would insure prosperity and a rising standard of living under free private enterprise. His general theory was adopted with few changes from the Manchester school of economists, but while studying their writings he noticed their prediction, made explicit by Adam Smith, that the constant expansion of the means of production would increase competition and tend to lower prices, raise wages, narrow the margin of profit, and reduce the rate of interest. To Gesell, as to others, this prediction seemed logical enough, but he knew very well from his own experience in business that the prediction had not come true. In the first place, the expansion of industry was not constant. Instead, there were booms and depressions, and although the interest rate varied there was no indication that it had a long-run tendency to decline. Why was it, he wondered, that prosperity always ended in a slump, with workers idle, factories closed down, and business at a standstill? Why was it that interest rates always rose again after a decline? In short, what was wrong with the theory of private enterprise as expounded by those who conceived it?

Gesell's answers were reasonable, simple, and clear. And yet they have been widely misrepresented. To understand them one must have either a certain innocence of mind or the insight of a philosopher. Gesell discovered that the classical economists went astray in their assumptions as to the nature of money, and money is a subject concerning which a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Money is a form of power (the power to satisfy material wants) which is passionately desired by men. It is only natural, therefore, that the various theories of money, like theories of God, should be complex, conflicting, and passionately held. The study of money is sometimes called a science, but the truth is that it more closely resembles a theology. It is a labyrinth of intricate doctrine, and it is entirely accurate to say that one understands money more clearly before entering the labyrinth, relying upon ordinary observation and common sense, or after passing through the labyrinth, than when one is lost in the middle of it. To those who do not regard themselves as "monetary experts," therefore, it is suggested that in reading what follows they may safely trust to their plain common sense.

CAPITALIST economists believed (and Karl Marx agreed with them) first, that money must either be a valuable commodity, such as gold or silver, or a substitute, such as paper currency, which was backed by and exchangeable for a valuable commodity. Gesell denied this, asserting that money was valuable not because of the material from which it was made but because it performed a necessary economic function. In a modern economy, with extensive division of labor, barter is impractical; a shoe manufacturer who has made ten thousand pairs of shoes cannot barter them for other commodities but must sell them for money and then use the money to buy what he wants. Thus all goods and services offered for sale in the market constitute a demand for money, and it is because of this demand, and because modern business cannot be conducted without a medium of exchange, that money has value. The experience of this and other countries during recent years has confirmed the correctness of Gesell's view.

Secondly, capitalist economists have held that money has two primary functions, namely, to serve as a medium of exchange and as a "store of value." Gesell points out that these two functions are incompatible. Clearly, if the entire money supply were used as a "store of value" there would be no money available to serve as a medium of exchange, and all business would come to a standstill. Or if twenty per cent of the money supply were withdrawn from active circulation and stored, then either prices would be forced down or the volume of business would decline by twenty per cent. That would mean unemployment and depression. Gesell concluded, therefore, that if we want to avoid depressions we must insist that money be used only as a medium of exchange. If people want a "store of value" they should

not hoard money, and thereby reduce the demand for the products of industry, but should buy durable goods or invest in new plant and machinery.

Thirdly, both capitalist and socialist economists have assumed, inasmuch as money is exchanged for goods and goods for money, that money and goods are equivalents. Gesell claims that this is not so. He points out that money is the only one of the factors in production that can be withheld from the market indefinitely without cost. Commodities rust, rot, shrink, or go out of style, and if they are stored they incur charges for storage, insurance, and taxes. Idle land is taxed. Idle factories incur charges for taxes, insurance, and upkeep. And if workers remain idle both they and their families must soon suffer privation. But money held idle in a bureau drawer or in a bank costs nothing for storage or insurance; it does not rust, rot, shrink, or go out of style; it does not get hungry; and it is not taxed. Thus one who has money that he does not need to spend has a peculiar advantage over those who have goods or services for sale: he can sit tight until business is done on his terms.

If money is to serve efficiently as a medium of exchange, said Gesell, it should in fact be the equivalent of the goods for which it is to be exchanged. Goods and money are equivalents only if neither the one nor the other can be withheld from the market without cost. Those who hoard money, therefore, should be penalized in the same way that those who hoard goods, or withhold labor, are now penalized.

HAVING developed his ideas as to the nature and function of money, Gesell was prepared to explain why economic progress has been characterized by alternating booms and depressions rather than by a constant expansion of industry, and why interest rates have shown no tendency to go down and stay down. A boom continues, he said, until it becomes apparent to investors that a further expansion of industry would cause "over-production," an increased demand for labor and higher wages, increased competition and lower prices, and a declining margin of profit. When this point is reached, those who own or control capital funds no longer anticipate a satisfactory return from new investment; so they stop investing and allow their funds to lie idle. It is true that they may speculate in the stock market or in existing real estate, as they did in the late twenties, but they stop investing in new houses, hotels, office buildings, and industrial plants of all kinds. The consequence is unemployment and depression.

The reason, said Gesell, that capitalists are able to stop the expansion of industry periodically is that they enjoy the privilege of holding their money idle without cost. And it is because of this same privilege that interest rates never stay down. If rates fall below the point which capitalists regard as satisfactory they simply stop lending and wait until the rates move up again. And, unless the government interferes, they are bound to move up eventually. Wages cannot be paid, goods cannot be sold, and business cannot be conducted without a medium of exchange. And so those who have saved or otherwise acquired capital funds in substantial amount are in a position to say, and do say in effect: "You can't do business with *our* money unless you pay us a rate of interest which we regard as satisfactory. And remember, we can hold out as long as need be, for it costs us nothing to keep our money idle in the bank."

It should be clearly understood that Gesell had no objection whatever to capitalists' getting a return on their money. If they could lend or invest their funds profitably they had a right to do so, and they were entitled to all the profits they could make. Had not Gesell himself made profits, and had he not retired with a comfortable fortune?

What Gesell did object to was that when capitalists could not find profitable outlets for their funds, or when they could not lend their money at a satisfactory rate of interest, they simply refused to play ball. They went on strike, just as surely as workers who have walked out of a plant. But unlike the workers, the capitalists suffered no penalty. They could hold their funds idle and throw the whole economy into a depression—and not even be blamed for it. Still, Gesell would not deny them the right to strike. But he said that it should cost them something if they did strike. In

short, their idle funds should be taxed. And then capitalists, workers, farmers, factory owners, and business men would all be in the same boat: they would be penalized if they walked out on their job.

III

Now let us consider the implications of Gesell's teachings for our own day. If we can grasp them clearly we shall see that they have the utmost significance, and that they may offer us our only hope of escape from a fatal dilemma, which consists of a choice beween another boom and bust under traditional capitalism on the one hand, and a regimented or socialist economy on the other.

The orthodox capitalist view is that prosperity under capitalism depends on the investment of savings, that investment will take place only if investors have confidence and can get a satisfactory return on their money, and that, therefore, the government must be conducted in such a way as to retain the confidence of investors, and the managers of industry must be allowed to control wages and other costs so that profits will be large enough to induce the investment of new capital. Some hold (despite the experience of 1929) that if conditions are sufficiently favorable to investors another depression can be avoided; but others admit that depressions are inevitable, that they bring about necessary economic adjustments (such as lower wages), and that, in any case, depressions are the price we must pay for economic freedom. (Whose freedom—and who will pay for it—is not specified.)

The socialist view is that periodic, and perhaps chronic, depression and widespread unemployment are unavoidable under capitalism. Political and economic conditions cannot be so ordered that investors can always find profitable outlets for their savings, regardless of how much they save. When the rate of saving is high the process of investment is self-limiting, for it leads to over-production, reduced profits, and a diminishing incentive to invest. The remedies suggested vary all the way from the complete socialization of industry, through various degrees of state regulation and planning, to government spending when private investment dries up.

Socialist economists claim that another major depression under capitalism will cause the disintegration of society and lead to chaos. And capitalist economists reply that an attempt to solve the problems of depression by increasing government controls over private enterprise will destroy freedom and democracy and result eventually in dictatorship. Thus the issue is joined and the battle rages.

The appalling thing is that both may be right in their predictions. But both start by making an unnecessary assumption, namely, that capitalists shall continue to enjoy the privilege of hoarding their funds without penalty. Why not withdraw this privilege? asked Gesell. We can have prosperity under private enterprise (and on this point nearly all economists agree) if all income paid out by industry is promptly either spent or invested, and no income (except that retained for necessary working capital and reserves) is accumulated and held idle. And if we have prosperity under private enterprise there will be no need for the socialization of industry, or even for government spending in order to provide jobs for the unemployed.

Gesell solves the capitalist-socialist dilemma by correcting the widespread misconception as to the nature and function of money. The sole function of money, he says, is to serve as a medium of exchange, and only if we insist on its use for this purpose will we have a genuinely free market and a constant demand for the products of industry. Money may be exchanged for goods or services, or it may be invested in a new enterprise or in new plant and equipment. But it must not be hoarded. Idle money means idle factories and idle men. No one should have the right, in pursuit of his private advantage, to withhold his funds from the market and thereby cause unemployment and depression. And so, said Gesell, let us tax idle money and in this way keep it circulating through the arteries of commerce and industry. This will not solve all our problems, but it is an essential step toward the solution of the crucial problem of recurring depressions.

In the congressional debate on the so-called full employment bill, the principal

issue was whether the government should accept responsibility for providing jobs for all willing workers, and the decision was in the negative. But who is to be responsible? It is on this point that Gesell's theory is of particular significance. Those who have money have the power to employ, and those who have the power to employ should assume responsibility for employment. Industry, although it does the hiring, cannot provide jobs beyond its ability to sell its products, for it is from sales that industry derives the money to pay wages. But those who have money can hire people to work for them directly, or indirectly by purchasing commodities that require labor to produce.

Most people have to spend most of their incomes in order to live, and it is this expenditure by consumers that provides relatively steady income for industry and employment for workers. Income that is saved, however, is in a different case, for those who have savings may spend them, invest them, or hold them idle as they please. If savings are promptly invested in new productive enterprise they also provide income for industry and help to maintain production and employment. But if they are held idle, production will decline and workers will lose their jobs. All those who have money have the power to employ, but only those who have money which they do not need to spend are in a position to deny employment.

The power to hire people to serve you or to supply you with goods is a great power. But the power to *deny* employment is a dreadful power, for it is the power to deny one's fellow citizens an opportunity to earn their own livelihood. *And yet, in a capitalist economy, this dreadful power is completely divorced from responsibility.*

We have no reason to expect the system of private enterprise to survive if those who have the power to employ will not assume responsibility for employment.

IF WE go to the heart of the matter—if we cut through all the arguments of opposing interests, analyze their doctrines, and reveal their hidden assumptions—we will discover that the final issue is freedom.

For most men economic freedom means an opportunity to earn their own living. A worker who cannot find a job is not a free man; rather is he an outcast dependent upon charity. Freedom for business and professional men means opportunity for enterprise and freedom to work, produce, and create. But their freedom is limited by the demand for their products or their services in the market. Freedom for those who have capital funds is freedom to spend, or invest, or give away their money as they please. And theirs is the greatest freedom, for the market for their commodity is unlimited.

But capitalists enjoy still another freedom, which is the privilege of holding their funds idle. And this privilege, as Gesell has shown, is the privilege of contracting the market for goods and services. Such a privilege is not an essential freedom but is rather an unwarranted license to limit the freedom of others by restricting production and employment. Private enterprise will not be free until this license is revoked.

Silvio Gesell wanted an economy that was really free—the kind of economy that was described by Adam Smith and his successors but which no country has ever achieved. He believed in a free market in which prices, wages, and interest rates were determined by supply and demand, as against one that was rigged, manipulated, and controlled by labor unions, industrial monopoly, finance capital, and government. He foresaw that a steady expansion of the means of production, uninterrupted by periodic depressions, would raise the standard of living of all, while at the same time it reduced the gross disparities of individual wealth and income. Finally, he offered us an alternative to orthodox capitalism on the one hand and socialism on the other. His alternative was free enterprise, with the emphasis on the word "free."

Can we learn from Gesell before it is too late? Can each of us agree to give up his right to impose economic restrictions if others will do likewise? If we can there is no need to fear for the future of America. The productive possibilities of a free economy, with an unrestricted market, are almost unimaginable.

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THE SCARED MEN IN THE KREMLIN

The First of a Series of Russian Articles

JOHN FISCHER

John Fischer of our editorial staff recently returned from Russia, where he spent more than two months as a member of an UNRRA mission to supervise the distribution of relief in the Ukraine. By prior agreement between UNRRA and the Soviet Government, the members of the mission were granted exceptional freedom of movement, observation and conversation with Russians (with their own American interpreter)—more freedom, in fact, than any foreign diplomats or correspondents have been permitted for many years. Needless to say, the opinions that Mr. Fischer expresses are not those of UNRRA nor of the other members of the mission, but his own.—The Editors

THE colonel in the astrakhan hat stepped in front of our car just as it swung onto the narrow cobble-paved ramp which leads from Mokhovaya Street to the Forest Gate of the Kremlin. Three soldiers, carrying automatic rifles with bayonets fixed, moved out of the darkness just behind him. They closed in, two on each side of the car, before it slid to a stop on the damp stones. In the glare of the headlights I caught a glimpse of the bright blue collar tabs, edged with red, which mark the crack Internal Security Troops of the NKVD, the political police.

While his men inspected the inside of the auto, the colonel reached for our four passes. He checked the numbers against a list in his notebook and held each of the little tan cards up to the light to note its signatures and watermark. Then he thumbed through our passports, read every line of the Soviet visa in each of them, and compared the photographs with our faces. Finally he handed back the documents, saluted, and waved the car on. Nobody had said a word.

Just before we reached the gate—a tunnel through a massive medieval tower of red sandstone—we passed another guard in a black-and-white-striped sentry box. Six more NKVD men with tommy-guns stood just inside the gate. The car, moving fast now, shot by them into a great paved courtyard, bright with floodlights. It pulled up beside a high iron fence which stretched across the middle of the court. As we stepped out, four guards—all officers, armed with automatic pistols in polished leather holsters—again examined our documents with grave courtesy before they ushered us through the barrier.

In the minute or two which it took to walk across the inner court we passed five riflemen. They stood at every door and passageway of the yellow stucco buildings which formed three sides of the enclosure. We headed for the largest of these buildings, the old Romanoff palace which now serves as the assembly hall for the Supreme Soviet. Eight NKVD officers met us at the entrance. Their uniforms were immaculately tailored and none wore less than three medals. After a final careful scrutiny of passes, we were escorted through a maze of walnut-panelled anterooms and corridors to a little gallery overlooking the long hall where the Supreme Soviet—the Russian equivalent of Congress—was in session. Six plain-clothes men, looking like detectives the world over, lounged in the foyer which led to this gallery and one of them accompanied us to our seats. He could hardly have regarded us—three American representatives of UNRRA with our interpreter—as dangerous characters; but he sat close behind us all the time we were there.

Below, in what was once the imperial court, sat some twelve hundred delegates who (according to the Soviet constitution) make up the ruling body of the USSR. Later I was told that very few of them had ever been admitted to any other room in the Kremlin. Nor did any of them carry briefcases here, although most Russian officials feel virtually naked without one.

They conducted their deliberations under the eyes of blue-uniformed guards stationed at six-foot intervals along the wall. ("Deliberation" is perhaps a misleading word. The delegates listened passively to the set speeches, and then voted "yes" with machine-tooled precision. There was no debate from the floor, and there is no record that any delegate ever cast a dissenting vote.) Additional guards were posted at each door, and at the end of every aisle stood an alert officer of the NKVD. I had never seen any building, not even Eisenhower's wartime headquarters, so elaborately protected.

It seemed a fair conclusion that somebody in the Kremlin was scared.

For the next three months, as we traveled about western Russia, hardly a day passed that we did not encounter other signs of this pervading fear. The most obvious symptom, of course, was the Red Army—still mobilized four and a half million strong in spite of Russia's desperate need for manpower. Men in uniform were everywhere, often fully armed; it was by no means unusual to find the boy in the next seat at a movie theater cradling a tommy-gun in his lap. Military trucks (at least half of them lend-lease Studebakers and jeeps) made up the bulk of the road traffic, and every airport was lined with long ranks of Yak and Stormovik fighter planes.

It showed, too, in many little incidents —the nervousness of a Russian official when our American interpreter wanted to carry her camera on a Sunday afternoon outing; the unobtrusive little men in blue serge suits who kept turning up in the back of our box at the opera; the concentration camp for Russian civilians just across the road from the Kharkov airport; the guard cars loaded with plain-clothes men which trailed the limousines of all important Soviet bureaucrats. It was evident in the embarrassed refusals of nearly everyone whom we asked to our rooms for a chat and a cup of tea. The Ukrainians are the friendliest kind of people; but in the 1937 purge a good many Soviet citizens disappeared for no apparent reason except that they had once been on cordial terms with a foreigner—and the lesson has not been forgotten.

And in the background there was always the NKVD, beyond question the most efficient and most pampered organization in Russia. Its special army, includ-

ing Border and Internal Security forces, probably numbers less than half a million men; but they are the best-trained, best-equipped, and most handsomely uniformed troops in the Soviet Union. Its secret police is at least two or three times as large. No foreigner really knows, but the estimates given me by a number of diplomats with long experience in Russia never ran to less than a million. Protection on this scale naturally does not come cheap. One report, which I believe to be reasonably accurate, placed the internal security budget for 1945 at seven billion rubles or $1,400,000,000 at the official rate of exchange; but since such statistics are not made public in the Soviet Union, it is impossible to verify.

It seems curious that any government should feel the need for such lavish precautions—especially a government which has just crushed its only foreign enemies and apparently is popular with its own people. (In those parts of Russia where I worked, at any rate—an area including a good fifth of the total population—I could find no evidence of serious disaffection. Ukrainians sometimes grumble about a good many things; but most of them appeared honestly convinced that their government, for all its shortcomings, was the best in the world.)

Yet a sense of fear quite plainly is one of the dominating facts of postwar Russia. It is a fact of pointed interest to Americans, since it is shaping—or warping—the entire Soviet foreign policy. To the ordinary Russian it is even more pointed, since it is likely to condemn him to at least ten more years of the strain and sacrifice of a war economy.

Who is it, then, that is so scared? And why?

II

The first answer is not hard to guess. Like nearly every impulse of real importance in modern Russia, the national fear neurosis could spring from only one source—the group of fourteen men who boss the Soviet Union. They make up the Politburo, the directing brain of the Communist Party. They also hold the key jobs controlling every nerve-strand of the country's administration. Their lithographed portraits adorn millions of homes, schools, offices, and billboards. From their offices in the Kremlin—the exact location is a carefully guarded secret—flow the orders which turn every wheel from the Danube to the Bering Straits.

These fourteen work as a board of directors in almost daily session. In theory it has no chairman. In practice, of course, Stalin is the head man; but there are indications that he does not operate as a lone and arbitrary autocrat. For one thing, running Russia is not a one-man job. For another, the thirteen men who sit with him plainly are nobody's stooges. They are tough, able, and aggressive characters, and each of them controls a considerable span of power in his own right.

Moreover, British and American officials who have had dealings with the Kremlin for the last seven years have noted certain sharp divisions of opinion within the Politburo. Four members, in particular, generally appear to act together. They form an inner circle of Stalin's most trusted lieutenants; and it probably is a safe bet that one of them will be his successor. They are:

1. Molotov, Foreign Minister and (to judge from the tone of the carefully-modulated Russian press) Number Two in the party hierarchy.

2. Beria, a bald, tight-lipped mountaineer—aside from Stalin, the only Georgian on the Politburo. The apparatus of the secret police remains under his supervision, although the Ministries of Interior and State Security recently were turned over to two of his aides. He also is in charge of the government's frantic efforts to develop atomic energy.

3. Malenkov, known among the smaller-fry bureaucrats as The Fat Boy. He once worked as the Generalissimo's personal secretary, and his card-file mind has become a Russian legend. Today, as one of the secretaries of the Party, he sits at the switchboard of the country's political machine. From a similar position, twenty years ago, Stalin was able to out-maneuver all his rivals for power.

4. Zhdanov, another protégé of the Generalissimo and his trouble shooter in countless delicate political situations. He is the boss of Leningrad, a job compa-

rable to the governorship of New York.

These four gradually have become known as the extreme nationalists, the tough guys, the proponents of a vigorous policy abroad and a tight rein at home. On occasion their proposals have caused a good deal of misgiving among their colleagues, and Stalin himself apparently has stepped in from time to time to impose a "moderate" compromise. This kind of bellicose behavior is of course a common symptom of inner insecurity; and it may well be that of all the fourteen scared men these four are the most frightened. There is even some reason to believe—as we shall see—that one of them makes it his business to engender a feeling of suspicion and uneasiness among his associates.

WHAT frightens them is not so easy to say. Some good-hearted Americans seem convinced that it is merely the atom bomb, and that if we were to hand over The Secret all Russian misgivings would vanish overnight. Such an answer surely is too simple; the guards at the Kremlin gate aren't on watch for an atom bomb. No outsider can do more than guess at what goes on in the mind of the Kremlin; for—as Paul Winterton has pointed out—there are no experts on Russia, but only varying degrees of ignorance. Yet the scant facts at hand seem to indicate that the pattern of fear is a complex one, blended out of at least five separate elements.

One of these no doubt is sheer personal anxiety. The men behind the red wall remember how they rose to power, and they don't intend to leave that route open to any other group of determined conspirators. They remember, too, that over the course of centuries an astonishingly high percentage of Russia's rulers have died by violence. Most of all they remember the murder of Sergei Kirov.

When Kirov was shot to death in his Leningrad office, one winter afternoon in 1934, he was Stalin's closest personal friend and heir-apparent. He was killed by a Comrade Nicolaev, until that moment a trusted member of the Party. For sixteen years there had been no attempt to assassinate a leader in the Bolshevik hierarchy; and all the costly and sensitive antennae of the secret police had failed to transmit any hint of danger.

For forty-eight hours after the shot was fired, Stalin seemed to trust no one in Russia. He hurried to Leningrad to question the murderer personally, and before he boarded his private train in Moscow every human being was cleared out of an area stretching nearly a mile around the station.

The investigation which followed dragged on for three years. It uncovered a conspiracy reaching into the very bowels of the Party, the Red Army, and the secret police itself. The resulting purge inevitably was tinged with panic; eventually there came an official admission that innocents had suffered along with the guilty in the great wave of executions and imprisonments. Such crude and ruthless surgery—however justified by the politics of survival—could not help but leave scars and some itch for revenge. Is it any wonder, then, that members of the Politburo seldom appear in public, or that they prefer to drive behind panes of dark-tinted bullet-proof glass? If Kirov wasn't safe, who is?

Another clue to Russian behavior lies in the geography of the country. Naked plains stretch both east and west with no barrier to provide a defensible frontier. These plains have served as open highways for invading armies—Mongol, Turkish, Polish, Swedish, French, and German—since the earliest record of Slavic history. Fourteen times since 1800 hostile troops have poured across the western border; Minsk has suffered precisely 101 foreign occupations; Kiev has been sacked so often that its citizens have lost count. And every invader since Genghis Khan has sent spies and fifth columnists ahead of his troops.

The result is a suspicion of foreigners, a secretiveness, an obsession with security which was fully developed centuries before the present regime. It was full-blown in the court of Ivan the Terrible, who set up a corps of political police as early as 1564 and who eventually killed his own son in a fit of suspicion (probably well-founded). The ancient obsession was of course greatly intensified by the shock of the last war. I have walked through cities such as Poltava and Kremenchug where eighty per cent of all buildings were razed,

not in battle, but by notably efficient German demolition battalions. For two months I lived within half an hour's walk of the Baba Yar ravine, where one hundred forty thousand bodies from the SS death camps were dumped in layers and covered by bulldozers; bones still wash up in every thunderstorm. I have talked to a farmer whose wife and children (one of them seven years old) were hanged because he fought with the Partisans, and to nurses whose hospitals were soaked with gasoline and burned with the patients screaming in their beds. These are by no means isolated cases; nearly every family in the Ukraine has its own story of German terror. If these people view the outside world with a certain nervous mistrust, we may think it regrettable, but we shouldn't be surprised.

A THIRD reason for the Politburo's misgivings is its awareness of the country's enfeebled condition. A foreigner who looks at the list of Russia's vast resources in land, manpower, and raw materials is likely to forget that—for the moment—these add up to only *potential* strength. For all its astonishing industrial progress in the thirteen years before the Nazi attack, the Soviet Union was still largely an agricultural nation and a rather backward one at that. It scraped through the war by the narrowest of margins—a margin provided only by Hitler's bad judgment and American lend-lease. During the course of the struggle it lost a stunningly high proportion of its factories, homes, farm machinery, livestock, and skilled workmen. Soviet officials—including Nikita Khrustchev, a member of the Politburo and boss of the Ukraine—told me frankly that they could not be completely replaced for at least a decade. After looking at the tangled mountains of scrap metal which once were the industrial centers of Dnepropetrovsk, Kharkov, and Zaporozhe, I am convinced that their estimate is conservative.

Because of the Germans' methodical destruction of tools and equipment—even to wheelbarrows and farm carts—the pace of reconstruction is painfully slow. In all the Ukraine I saw only two wheelbarrows. For moving rubble and earth, laborers ordinarily use a sort of crude wooden tray, with handles at each end like a stretcher. Masons often carry bricks in their arms and slap on the mortar with their bare hands, because they lack hods and trowels. Modern steam shovels and bulldozers are pitifully scarce. As a result, the rubble heaps were still piled high on both sides of the main street in Kiev, capital of the Ukraine, nearly two years after the liberation.

Incidentally, nearly all of the destruction was done by the Germans. I was surprised to find that neither the Soviet's famous scorched earth policy nor its plan to remove factories to new sites beyond the Urals were carried out in the Ukraine on anything like the scale which the outside world had been led to believe. The great Dnieper dam, for example, was only partly crippled when the Russians abandoned it; the power plant was untouched, and except for a relatively small center section the dam itself was left intact. The Germans soon had it repaired, although they were never able to put its electric current to much use. When they finally were forced back from the river, they razed the dam to its foundations and blew up all seven of the giant turbines, to boot. Similarly, most of the Ukraine's industrial plants, including its largest steel mill and the big Kharkov tractor factory, fell into German hands almost undamaged. The Russians succeeded in moving only the lighter machinery to the east; consequently the new wartime industrial centers in Siberia were built up, in the main, not from "refugee factories," but with American lend-leased equipment.

The most crippling loss of all was the destruction of the rail network throughout western Russia. Never adequate for a modern industrial nation, the transport system came out of the war literally in splinters. As a result the fast passenger express from Moscow to Kiev, for example, now feels its way over a hastily-patched roadbed at an average speed of fifteen miles an hour. Every siding and junction is heaped with burned-out rolling stock, and an unbombed station is a curiosity. Passengers crowd the train roofs and corridors and—even in the coldest weather—hang in clusters on every step and coupling. Nor can the highway system

take up the slack, because there is no such thing as a highway system. Cobbled roads radiate for only a few miles out of the larger cities. Beyond lie the dirt tracks, hub deep for three months in dust and clogged the rest of the year by snow and mud. Even our jeeps bogged down in that bottomless gumbo.

This near-paralysis of transport is clamping a powerful brake on Russia's economic recovery. It cannot be fully cured until the steel mills of the Donbas are rebuilt, because huge tonnages of metal are needed for rails, bridges, and new rolling stock. But meanwhile reconstruction of the Donbas, once the industrial heart of the Soviet Union, is held up by lack of transport to move coal, iron ore, pit-props, and machinery. Moreover, this bottleneck cannot be broken by taking locomotives and freight cars from Germany as reparations, because the Soviet rail lines are all wide-gauge.

From the military standpoint, this means that Russia is like a giant temporarily exhausted from loss of blood, with the severed arteries of his right arm still unhealed. Even if the atom bomb had never been invented, the Soviet Union today and for some years to come cannot begin to match the military and industrial potential of the United States. And to the men in the Kremlin this fact is profoundly alarming.

III

AMERICANS find it hard to believe that anyone could regard us as a menace. Yet to every good Communist we are precisely that—a threat potentially more dangerous than Nazi Germany. In fact, since February 9 of this year no loyal member of the Party has dared think of America in any other light; to do so would be heresy, punishable by excommunication or worse. For on that date Stalin himself set forth the doctrine that another war is virtually inevitable, and he implied unmistakably that the attack probably would come from the United States.

This notion is understandable only in the peculiar terms of modern Marxist theology. One of its basic articles of faith is the theory that the capitalist world can never escape from its fated cycle of booms and depressions; that each new depression is worse than the last; and that eventually the capitalist ruling class turns in desperation to fascism, imperialism, and aggressive war as the only way out of its economic troubles. "Thus," Stalin explained, "the first World War was the result of the first crisis of the capitalist system of world economy, and the second World War was the result of a second crisis."

A third crisis must be expected, because peaceable settlement of economic conflicts "is impossible . . . under present capitalist conditions of the development of world economy." Consequently the Soviet Union must embark at once upon a new series of Five Year Plans to raise its steel production to sixty million tons a year and its output of other war materials to comparable levels. "Only under such conditions," the Generalissimo warned, "can we consider that our homeland will be guaranteed against all possible accidents."

Such "accidents" obviously are expected to originate in the United States, since it is the citadel of capitalism and the only remaining nation capable of challenging the Soviet power. Even during the war, when Russia's proclaimed policy was co-operation (carefully limited) with its capitalist allies, Party executives both in the USSR and abroad were privately warned that this "friendship" was a purely temporary expedient—that there was no likelihood of lasting collaboration between the two worlds.

TO THE average Russian this warning seemed amply justified by Churchill's famous plea for an Anglo-American alliance at Fulton, Missouri. The speech was immediately denounced by Stalin as "a call to war against the USSR" and the whole Soviet propaganda machine cut loose with a barrage of vituperation against Churchill and his "fascist friends in Britain and America." (The Russian press as usual did not carry the text of the speech, but only the official reply.) The result was a shiver of horror through the entire country. Dozens of war-weary little people —farmers, train porters, bookkeepers, who normally took no interest in politics —asked me anxiously why these evil men were trying to set the world aflame again.

And why didn't President Truman denounce these warmongers as Stalin had?

From that time on the Russian press and radio began to speak in an increasingly chilly voice about the United States. (They had long been pouring a stream of hostile criticism on Britain and its Socialist leaders, whom the Communists regard as Marxist heretics even more wicked than simon-pure capitalists.) Almost every day some item appeared about America's "imperialist" efforts to set up permanent military bases in Iceland and the Pacific, or the pampering of "quisling war criminals" in American refugee camps in Germany.

The tone was set by Professor P. F. Yudin, a sort of court theologian and a revered authority on Marxist doctrine. He demanded a strengthening of the Red Army because "the Soviet Union is surrounded . . . by capitalist states which are constantly sending in a stream of diversionists and spies."

How far this text has sunk into the minds of the Russian people was illustrated by one typical seven-year-old school girl. When an interpreter asked her what she wanted to be when she grew up, she replied:

"A Red Army nurse and help fight the fascists who surround our country."

She will be well prepared. Military training for both boys and girls starts in the fourth grade of Soviet schools and continues through college. Red Army instructors are attached to each school, and we frequently saw ten-year-olds drilling with wooden guns in play-yards.

This Soviet apprehension, so deeply rooted both in dogma and in Russian history, probably has been deliberately cultivated by the country's most potent bureaucrats, the political police.

For a quarter of a century this organization under its various names—the Cheka, OGPU, and NKVD—has enjoyed a highly privileged position. Its officials have been entitled to the choicest food, clothes, cars, and ballerinas. Its funds have been virtually unlimited, its equipment the best the country can produce. (The Russian telephone system, for example, is chronically afflicted with odd noises and unpredictable breakdowns; but the twenty-one NKVD dictaphones which recently were found concealed in the baseboards of a foreign government's building in Moscow proved, when tested, to be of excellent quality.)

Above all, the police machine has enjoyed great power. It holds, quite literally, the power of life and death over anyone in Russia except Stalin himself. It can demand access at all times to files, safes, letters, bedrooms, and kitchen cupboards, with no nonsense about privacy. Its *dossiers* record the most intimate details of the lives of everybody of any consequence in the Soviet Union and of thousands of unsuspecting people abroad. Its concentration camps for political dissenters provide an important fraction of the country's labor force. Not even the Soviet élite, the officers of the Red Army and the Party, are beyond the reach of its dread hand.

This organization was founded to combat the foes of the Revolution, foreign and domestic. The domestic enemies—Czarist nobles, capitalists, kulaks, and such dissident revolutionists as the Mensheviks—were soon disposed of, but the foreign enemies remained a very real threat. First there was the 1918 intervention of the frightened capitalist powers which hoped to strangle the Bolshevik regime in its infancy. After that had failed, there was always the threat of land-hungry Japan and, a little later, Nazi Germany. From the available evidence there can be no question, it seems to me, that Germany and its satellites did make a strenuous effort to plant spies and fifth columnists inside Russia, working with the Trotskyites and other disgruntled elements; and that the NKVD did perform an invaluable service in blocking these attempts. (The excesses which followed in the Great Purge are quite another matter. Any nation which employs an all-powerful secret police can take it for granted that such power eventually will be abused.)

With the end of World War II, however, the NKVD's chief reason for being simply evaporated. Every foreign enemy was crushed; at home the regime was wildly acclaimed by a grateful people. Consequently, the police bureaucracy had

only two choices: it had to peel off its shiny uniforms, give up its power and privilege, and go out of business—or it had to discover a new threat. No country, not even Russia, would long tolerate such a costly and burdensome apparatus unless it seemed clearly indispensable.

Now it is not the nature of any bureaucracy—Russian, American, or Fiji—to go out of business voluntarily. The records of congressional appropriation hearings are full of the ingenious arguments for continued existence which any federal bureau can produce when its original job is finished. Prewar Persia provided a still more instructive parallel. Nearly every session of its parliament would produce a strong movement to cut the budget of the secret police. Then, just before the motion came to a vote, the police would discover a new plot on the life of the Shah. Any legislator who voted for the budget cut would practically be voting for assassination; so the police appropriation always was approved unshorn.

It would hardly be surprising, then, if much the same sort of thing began to happen in Moscow as the war drew to its close. If Beria and his lieutenants produced intelligence of fresh dangers, of plots for a new capitalist encirclement by Russia's former allies, they would simply be obeying the oldest instinct of politics, the passion of the functionary for his function. And a number of Western diplomats who have been working closely with the Russians believe that this is precisely what is happening.

Time and again negotiations over relatively minor issues have been disrupted by an upsurge of Russian suspicion—based apparently on sudden and ominous reports from the NKVD espionage apparatus. Rumors that America was forming a Yugoslav Royalist army in its zone of Germany; that OSS operatives were training Ukrainian refugees to serve as spies; that the British were maintaining a whole army corps of German prisoners with its formations intact and weapons stored close at hand—these and countless similar tales have kept Soviet officialdom in a constant dither of mistrust. By the time each of them is laboriously disproved, other rumors take their place.

Such stories, however improbable, carry weight in the Kremlin, because members of the Politburo live in almost hermit isolation. Except for Molotov, they seldom have any direct contact with foreigners, or with anyone else except a tight circle of their own top officials. The NKVD is one of their three chief sources of information. The other two are the Party and the Soviet Foreign Office, in that order of importance. Unlike American bureaucrats they cannot check their official information against newspaper accounts; for the Russian press is not an independent news-gathering agency, but rather a funnel for passing on whatever scraps of official information may be deemed suitable for public consumption.

The Communist Party, with its disciplined membership in every country, is of course a highly efficient intelligence organization. Both its reports and those of the Foreign Office, however, probably tend to confirm rather than to correct the distorted picture of the world which is drawn by the NKVD. These reports are drafted by men long trained in Marxist habits of thought, and their interpretations inevitably are colored to reflect the current Party line. Nor is such news-coloring always unconscious; no prudent Communist would care to have his reports differ too widely from those of the secret police.

The danger of the Kremlin's dependence on such prefabricated information was well illustrated by the Finnish war of 1939. At that time the Soviet rulers appeared to believe quite sincerely that the Finnish workers and peasants were sympathetic to Communism and eager for liberation from a handful of capitalists and "Mannerheim White Guards." Consequently, there seemed no need for a major campaign; a few Red Army reserve divisions should be enough for the job. These troops, inadequately trained and equipped, marched across the border with bands playing. They had been ordered to expect a joyous welcome from the Finnish proletariat, who would quickly overthrow their oppressors. Actually the Finnish workers were waiting in the bushes with machine guns; the reserve divisions were butchered; and Russia found itself involved

in a prolonged, bloody, and embarrassing campaign.

Perhaps the gravest danger to world peace is the possibility that the Politburo will make another such error in its calculations about the outside world. I am convinced that the Soviet Union does not want another war—certainly not for the next twenty or thirty years. But there is always a chance that it may blunder into one, as it strives to build up its protective ring of satellite states outside every vulnerable frontier.

WITHIN the next few years there probably is nothing we can do to tear away completely the barrier of Russian suspicion. There is much we can—and should—do to keep it from growing. With enough patience and restraint we may even be able to dispel some of the minor nightmares. A wise occupation policy, for instance, ought to demonstrate eventually that we are not trying to preserve the control of reactionary industrialists in Germany and Japan, or to set up an anti-Soviet beachhead in China. But no assurance, no gesture of goodwill is likely to touch Russia's basic fear.

For the Soviet leaders simply do not take the assurances of our present government very seriously. In their eyes, Truman and Byrnes are nice, rather fuzzy-minded old gentlemen with an honest yearning for peace—just as the nice old gentlemen of pre-Hitler Germany were sincere in their pledges of friendship. The trouble is that those German pledges didn't hold good after Hitler came to power.

Neither would Truman's promises bind the Huey Long whom the Russians expect to stride into the White House with his own brand of American fascism during the depression which they believe to be inevitable sometime during the nineteen-fifties. They are sure that this coming American Fuehrer will be militantly anti-Soviet—a tool of the "reactionary financiers" whom they regard as the real bosses of the United States even now. (One of my Ukrainian friends explained to me that "since every government is merely an executive committee of the ruling class," both Congress and the White House undoubtedly are guided by some secret junta of capitalists who pull the strings from Wall Street. For the same reasons, he refused to believe that the anti-Russian crusades of the Hearst and McCormick newspapers represent only the private views of the publishers. Because both America's press and its government are controlled by The Interests, he argued, those "fascist" editorials must really be a veiled expression of official opinion. "If you had a truly democratic government," he concluded, "it would wipe out those reactionary warmongers.")

Moreover, the Russians have little confidence that the United Nations would be able to hold an aggressive America in check, any more than the League of Nations could stop Hitler. They are willing to play along with UN—after all, so long as the USSR holds its veto power, the organization can do it no harm—but they certainly do not consider it a main line of defense.

Real safety, as the Politburo sees it, can lie in only one direction: a strong Red Army and "friendly" puppet governments in every border state—plus constant efforts to prevent the Western nations from forming any kind of association which might someday be turned into an alliance against the Soviet Union.

THESE views will not be easily changed by any argument that American diplomats can muster. The trained Communist has his own system of logic, which he believes to be infallible. Anyone who does not speak in the same terms is heard with kindly pity—much as Cardinal Spellman might listen to some Bantu tribesman explaining the virtues of devil worship. The Communist is convinced, moreover, that his dialectic materialism provides a crystal ball with which he can peer into the future. The official "History of the Communist Party," published a few months ago in Moscow, puts it this way:

"The power of the Marxist-Leninist theory lies in the fact that it enables the Party to find the right orientation in any situation, to understand the inner connection of current events, to foresee their course, and to perceive not only how and in what direction they are developing in

the present, but how and in what direction they are bound to develop in the future."

Even Jimmy Byrnes's eloquence can't make much of a dent on that kind of mind.

Appeasement is not likely to work either. If we should suddenly agree to hand over the atom bomb, scrap the Navy, give up our island bases, and pull clear out of Europe, Stalin & Co. would of course be delighted; they could then expand their security zone still further. But these gestures almost certainly would not be accepted as a permanent guarantee of America's good intentions. More probably they would be regarded as a sign of weakness, another symptom of that purblind softness which is supposed to characterize "bourgeois liberal" governments.

THERE is only one way, it seems to me, to cure the Russians of their fear of foreign attack. That is for the United States to pull through the next fifteen years without a major depression and without going "fascist." If we can find some democratic method of controlling the violent ups-and-downs of our economy —if we can hold on to full employment and our freedom at the same time—then we will have proved beyond question that the Communist forebodings are all wrong.

That is the only kind of proof Stalin and his associates will readily accept. Their conviction that the capitalist world is inherently unstable, dangerous, and pregnant with war probably can never be shaken by mere verbal argument. But they can be shown. They have never been slow to reinterpret Marxist dogma when it collides with a hard and indisputable fact; and not even the NKVD could succeed in covering up such a fact forever.

Moreover, such a demonstration that a free society can still be made to work is perhaps the only practical method of halting the spread of Communism. The economy of the entire Western community of nations is now tied to our own; and so long as that community enjoys a stable prosperity, it is not likely to yield to Soviet encroachment. For the Communists' main weapon of expansion is not the Russian army but the Russian idea—the carefully-nurtured theory that they alone have found the secret of running a modern industrial economy without wrecking it every ten years or so in depression and war. That idea will have considerable driving power until we demonstrate in actual practice that it simply isn't true.

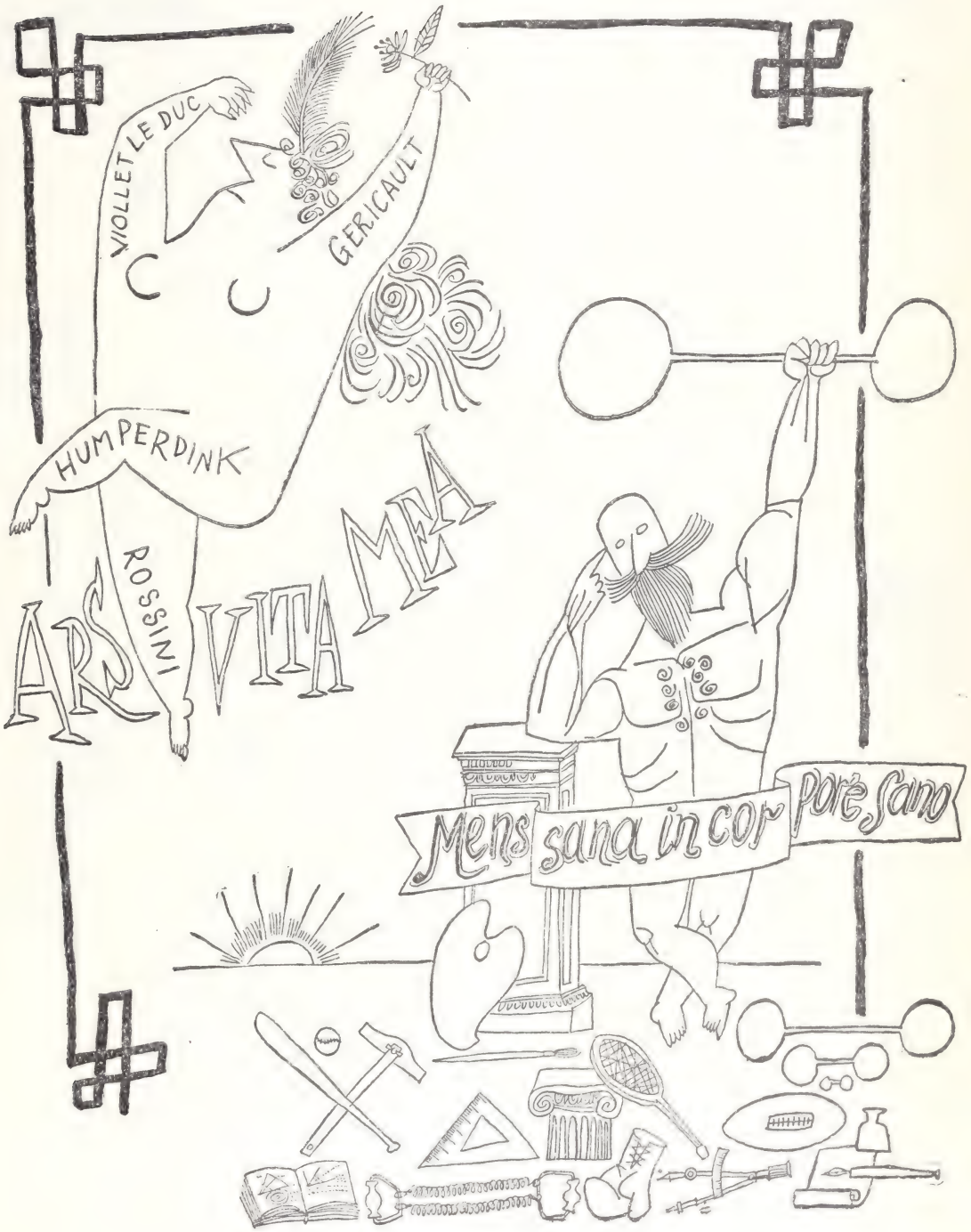
When that time comes—and, I think, not until then—the Soviets may be convinced that there is a possibility of real co-operation with the non-Communist world. They may begin to rely for security on the United Nations, rather than the Red Army, and to ease up their frantic efforts to build a huge defense industry. The Kremlin might then be willing to relax the iron grip of its political police, and to loosen the lead strings on its satellite nations in Eastern Europe. Eventually it might even feel safe in giving up its veto in the Security Council, and risking some measure of democracy and free speech within its own borders.

But for at least fifteen years we must expect the Soviet Union to go on behaving like a frightened neurotic. Such behavior will always be irritating; at times it may even prove dangerous. If we are wise, however, we will learn to endure it with forbearance, firmness, and tact.

How the Kremlin's fear of war is affecting the Russian people—their jobs, their living standards, and their personal freedom—will be discussed by Mr. Fischer next month.—The Editors

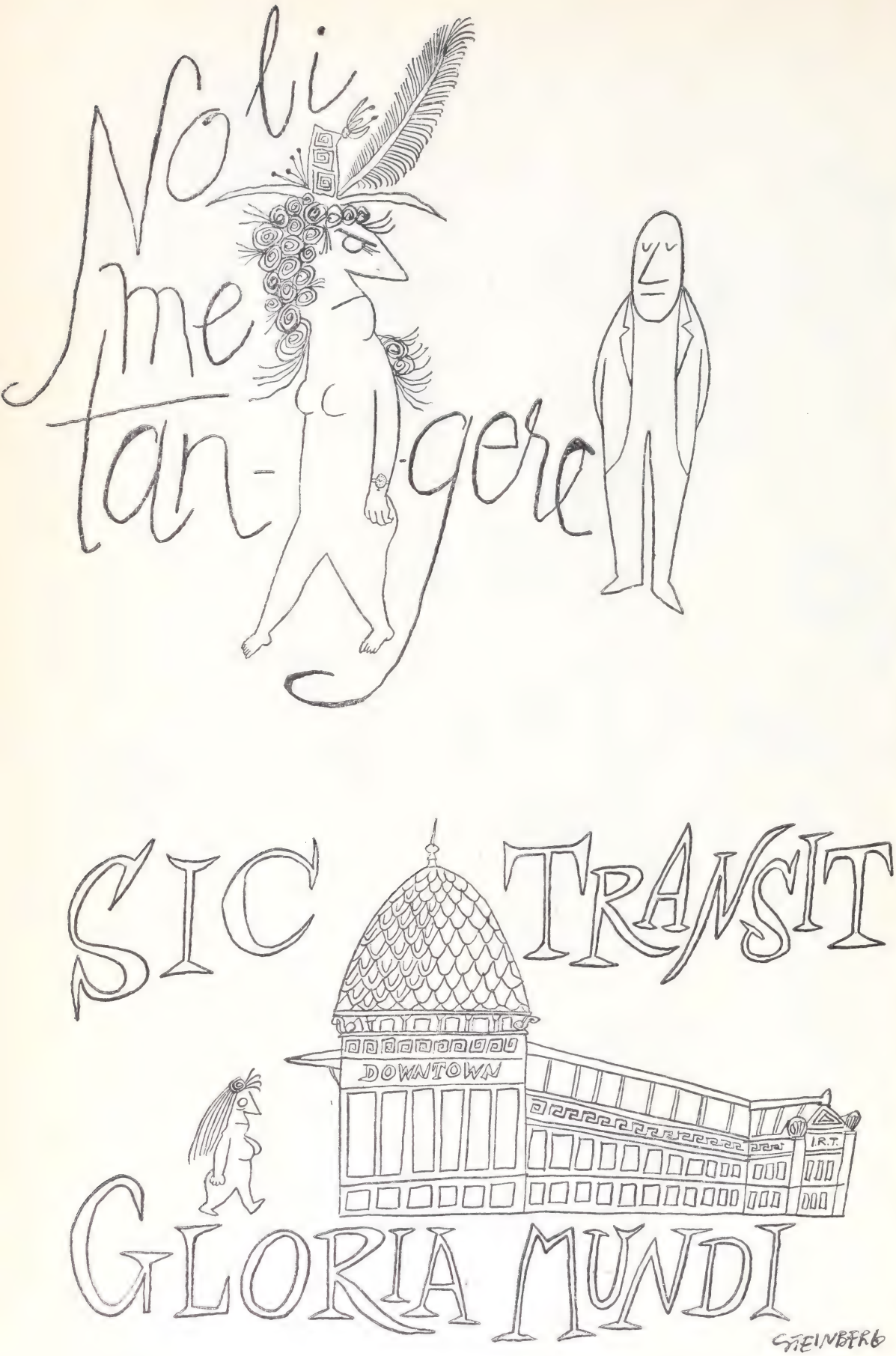
MOTTOES ILLUSTRATED

by STEINBERG




HABEAS CORPUS
E PLURIBUS UNUM


DULCE
ET
DECORUM
PRO
PATRIA
MORI
COGITO, ERGO SUM


Noli
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DOWNTOWN
I.R.T.
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MIDDLETOWN REVISITED

Snapshots of Muncie at Peace

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

AT NOON it was raining hard as the college Dean drove me to downtown Muncie, and the narrow streets were clogged with angry traffic. The Dean said, "They tell me the streets are so narrow because originally this was a great forest of walnut trees, the hardest trees there are, and so the pioneers only cut narrow paths." He laughed, his eyes twinkling. "It's done something to our thinking, too." We parked and he leaped from his car; I followed him as, his raincoat flapping, he skipped across the choked-up intersection to the sheltering columns of the Merchants National Bank, where he left me.

I told the vice-president of the bank, C. C. Wingate, that I was trying to find out what was going on in Muncie at the end of the war. Wingate, a fast-moving friendly man in a gray suit, said Muncie was in good shape. Bank deposits were at an all-time high despite the strikes, unemployment was slight, the war hadn't changed the town much. And yet, as for the mood of the people, "Generally speaking, they are confused. I often hear them say, 'I'll be darned if I know where we're going.'" Were they worried about international affairs? "No, I don't think so. They are concerned about domestic affairs; but international affairs—well, that's a pretty big problem." Yet he thought people were less "isolationist" than before the war. He himself had had leanings that way, but now "it *is* one world, you can't get away from it"; and he seemed very serious and a little regretful.

On Saturday afternoon, after the rain had ceased, farm people and city people not long from the farm sat in cars parked at the curb on Walnut Street and watched the crowds go by. And what were the people, now at peace, talking about? A young veteran in GI khaki pants and a civilian sport coat put one foot on the running-board of a parked car and said to his friends, "Christ, I been trying all over to buy a pair of overhalls." Overhead a cloth banner flapped and billowed gently: "Be Sure You Have Enough To Eat, GROW YOUR OWN." (People in Muncie were doing it: vacant lots all over town were planted to garden, much as in wartime.) In front of Stillman's, The Store for the Thrifty, a tall thin man was telling two shorter ones with briefcases, "I don't object to feedin' the people all over the world, but they take my tax money and—" His voice was lost in those of two blind women, arm in arm, carrying tin cups and singing, "Count your blessings, see what God hath done." Leaning against Woolworth's a fat man in a black hat, his blue

John Bartlow Martin's highly controversial picture of Muncie in wartime appeared in the July 1944 Harper's. *Formerly an Indiana newspaperman, Mr. Martin is now a free-lance writer.*

coat and vest and black raincoat unbuttoned to reveal a stripe-shirted paunch, was telling his companions, "We need some government. We got no government, we thought we had democracy but we ain't got no government at all, let a man like John L. Lewis run the country."

Across the street Ball Brothers Department Store had few shoppers: "We can't get anything to sell." Besides sports shirts, Richey's men's store had only eight or ten shirts in size 15/34, and about half of these (with a silk stripe) were $5.95. Ah, but Ballard's hardware store displayed shiny pots and pans and skillets (remember how scarce metal used to be?) and Kirk's had fishing tackle, and in half a dozen store windows were displays of brand-new card tables and chairs: "Durham Bridge Sets, Post War Models, A Muncie Product," made now by the company which, a few months ago, was making shells with workers from Kentucky and Tennessee. Are not all these the fruits of peace? And out at the Muncie Gear factory, where the hiss and clatter was as great as during the war, shiny outboard motors and solid stokers were coming out of the shipping room instead of gun carriages and rocket bodies; and only a few women remained at the pounding, clashing machines. Most had gone back to their kitchens; their husbands had returned from the war. Of two hundred and fifty employees, fifty-three were ex-GIs.

Waiting for the traffic light to change, I heard a housewife shopper say, "I told him it cost too much." A man had told me, "They're not throwing their money away like they did during the war. They always used to be conservative here and they're getting back to it. Oh, you'll notice loose money in tipping and high-priced meals. But cars, clothes, things for the house—they're not buying just any old thing." And although the Buick dealer said he had one hundred and seventy orders and only two deliveries, a man I talked to said, "I used to figure on trading my car in every two years but I've got a '38 and I've found out it'll run almost forever, so I haven't even bothered to get my name on a list for a new one." Pent-up demand—was it slackening? One recalled the "buyers' strike" of 1920.

Gone from the sidewalks were the lady war workers in slacks and jackets bearing big round badges. A teen-age boy wove rapidly through the crowd, wearing a GI field jacket his big brother must have brought home; all over it were sewed corporal's and sergeant's stripes and the bright patches of a half dozen famed combat divisions; and some small boys trailed him, staring enviously. In Meyer's drugstore two ex-GIs sat at the soda fountain sipping chocolate milk shakes, and in a booth a paperboy and his two little friends were counting great stacks of pink lottery tickets for the Shetland pony that the Rivoli was giving away in June. These too were the ways of peace.

And so were these: When an old man by the curb said, "I could drink a beer," his companion replied, "Sure—but where you gonna get one?" So critical was the beer shortage that most taverns did not open till after 4:00 P.M. and did not sell beer till six or eight. In the Flamingo, a fancy new cocktail lounge, the bartender was rummaging for ice for an old-fashioned, mumbling, "Damn if it ain't gettin' to be a problem even getting ice." The juke box was playing "I'm a Big Girl Now," and of eight occupied booths two held girls without escorts. The bartender said, "The girls don't come in so much like they used to, though. Alone, I mean. Their husbands are coming home." Another man said, "They used to travel in packs."

I met my friend for dinner and we had good steaks. "Probably black market," he said. He went on to remark that housing was tough, and I could believe him: when I had arrived at the Hotel Roberts, having wired a week earlier, the clerk had told me I was sixty-sixth on the list. For now in this reconversion spring all the traveling salesmen were hitting the road again. "The rent ceiling's been a life saver," my friend said. "That's the only thing in OPA everybody likes." Owners were selling, not renting, older houses. Anybody vacating an apartment knew half a dozen people who were doubled up.

My friend waved to some people who passed on the sidewalk outside. "All they're talking about's housing and strikes," he said to me. "Not international

affairs, nothing else." People were against the British loan. "You hear them say Europe wouldn't feed us if we were hungry. Which is true." Talk of war with Russia had been common a few months ago, not now. "They just aren't thinking much about foreign affairs. They've got too much else on their minds." He thought the town's "rabid race feeling" had subsided. "Just a natural reaction. Those things move in cycles." Two years ago, following several purported rapes and attempted rapes, a mob went one night to the Negro district and sent a committee through a Negro's home, looking for him. For weeks tension mounted as, due to the labor shortage, Negroes were given better jobs than before and whites were imported from Kentucky and Tennessee. The Mayor and civic leaders condemned mob rule; there was a criminal conviction or two. "It all died down by itself."

The waitress brought the check ($5.50). Though it was seven-thirty it was still light. We walked down Walnut Street, and I noticed that the Downtown Bar was not as jammed as when it had been the gathering place of the night shift of war-workers, nor was the floor littered so thickly with tip book tabs. "People just aren't pepped up like they were. They're worrying a little more about the future. The town's down a little."

Nevertheless, upstairs in the Benadum Building, behind a locked door, the CIO clubroom was crowded; and, in our booth, the union leaders and I had to talk loudly over the whirr and clash of the bank of eight slot machines. Ed Crago said the UAW had come through the winter-long strikes in good shape. Warner Gear had gone out not long after V-J Day, followed by Chevrolet and Delco. Crago said, "Feeling was pretty good among the public generally. Naturally they's some reactionaries. But the GM strike didn't hurt us here." I asked him if he thought the CIO could hold the enormous gains it had made in Muncie just prior to and during the war and he said, "I don't see why not. After the last war they jumped organized labor. This time we jumped 'em first." A roaring square-built man in a checkered jacket passed our booth brandishing a bottle, and Crago waved a hand at the milling noisy throng and said, "Now these are all factory people you see here. None of them mad about anything."

Over at the Veterans of Foreign Wars hall, the slot machines were busy, and the young-faced veterans I talked to said they were getting along all right, getting their old jobs back or getting better jobs, going to school, receiving a ready welcome. "Oh, there's a few aren't getting along. But they're the ones wouldn't get along anyway, veteran or not." Were they talking about strikes? "Oh, sure. You hear both sides. We got lots of good union members in this town." Of the UN? "No. They're just so damn glad to be home."

And what were others in Muncie doing this night of peace in May? In the lobby of the Hotel Roberts you could hear an orchestra playing "I'm a Big Girl Now" and "Prisoner of Love," and leaning on the mezzanine railing were sorority girls from Ball State Teachers College. Presently, with the escorts they had invited to their dance, they came down the wide stairs, and in their long white dresses and long black gloves they looked as fresh and young and lovely as ever did college girls in May; but only a few of the escorts resembled the skinny awkward small-town boys, ill at ease in tuxes, whom you used to see at Indiana college dances. Instead they were older men, and serious-faced, and some had been wounded—how strange it was to see a burly man in tweeds with a ruptured duck in one lapel and a white rose in the other, and the fragile blue cord of a dance program dangling from his coat pocket!

At ten o'clock my host and hostess for the evening called for me, and we drove through a mist five miles out of town to the Country Club. Most of the members had arrived about nine, after cocktail parties in their homes. Now the first floor barroom, with its bare walls and few tables, was filled with loud voices and the whirr and clash of a bank of eight slot machines which were set along the wall opposite the bar, just like the slots at the VFW and the CIO halls. In the 'twenties the Country Club, unlike most in Indiana, had had no bar, owing to the influence of the Ball family, the glass jar manufac-

turers; did not this change symbolize their waning influence in Muncie? A manufacturer was saying to me, "If we can ever get these damnable strikes over with we can have prosperity in this country undreamed of." He got change at the bar and went back to get in line for a turn at the fifty-cent slot. These people were not worried tonight; they were here to dance and drink and play the slots. The war was over, and like people everywhere they were glad of it. No longer was it necessary to feel guilty about having fun. The club was enjoying a postwar boom—the membership had increased from four hundred to five hundred fifty during the winter. New gas heaters hung large and ungainly in the corners.

Upstairs the large dance floor was full. The younger people were here, and many were performing the deadpan stiff awkward figures of jitterbugging; one pretty girl looked exactly like a girl with a lot of lipstick and a tight blue dress who had been jitterbugging at the VFW, except that this one at the Country Club was wearing ballet slippers and her dress was shorter, above her knees. The older members were sitting around tables still cluttered with the remnants of dinner; sometimes they danced, though rarely with their own wives. Occasionally some woman —she might be gray haired—would sit in somebody's lap, and there was a good deal of laughter and a few off-color jokes, and some talk about the scarcity of nylons or about plans for a fishing trip.

When, long past midnight, I got back to the Roberts, maids were scrubbing the lobby and the clerk was asleep in an upholstered chair.

II

In his office next to that of the Girl Scouts, Fay Paul, the small, youngish Chamber of Commerce Secretary, told me, "Muncie is in a very enviable position from the standpoint of reconversion, production, and employment." During the war Muncie industry had operated at capacity but had built only one new factory, which Warner Gear had now taken over. Moreover, most Muncie firms manufactured virtually the same products for peace as for war—Warner Gear transmissions simply went into jeeps instead of sedans—and so the manufacturers had had practically no reconversion shutdowns. I asked if the strikes hadn't hurt Muncie. "They hurt the strikers," said Paul. "They didn't hurt the businessmen." He compared diversified Muncie, where only thirty or forty per cent of the industrial workers struck, to Anderson, where GM employs perhaps ninety-two per cent of all factory workers and the automobile strike knocked the town flat. Nevertheless, said Paul, "the subject of strikes pops up in about every meeting. Protective legislation is needed. If Congress can put the same responsibilities on labor as on business, we will have a period of prosperity unheard of for seven years."

"And after that?"

He smiled and leaned back. "There might be a decline."

Paul's telephone rang, and the call proved to be about plans which were being made for a million dollar tri-city airport to serve Muncie, Anderson, and Newcastle. Some individuals and companies already owned private planes, he said, and more than two hundred others had ordered them. In this respect, too, things were moving ahead prosperously.

Across the street only a few people were standing at the counter in the United States Employment Service; they might be termed the precipitate from the turbulent days two years before, when the USES office was the busiest in town. Today labor demand and supply appeared about in balance. Dawson Price, the USES manager, said there was a slight labor surplus which soon would disappear. The assistant manager, Zale Edwards, said, "If by some magic there should suddenly be a lot of materials, it wouldn't amount to a damn because we haven't got the men in the building trades. We can't fill our orders for carpenters and painters right now." An incomplete USES survey had shown a war peak factory employment of 22,000; the figure dropped to 15,700 just after V-J Day, but by March 15, 1946, it had come back to 18,180 (forgetting strikes). It would go above the wartime peak by July; construction would require a thousand additional workers, and stores, taverns, filling stations would need men.

Muncie's employment picture was bright indeed. The smash-up feared by so many people—with hill people on relief in Muncie, with jobless men and women walking the streets and competing with veterans for jobs—simply hadn't happened. Women had gone back home. The hill people had stayed on and found jobs—"They got a taste of this high city living and they're not going back if they can help it."

When I first met Ed Crago two years ago, he was just a Muncie man in shirt sleeves who worked at Chevrolet and had become president of the Delaware County Industrial Council, extremely earnest and burdened with his responsibilities. By this May he had become an elder statesman in the Muncie CIO. He had been a member of Walter Reuther's GM negotiating committee and he had spent more time at the dizzy heights in Detroit and Washington than at Muncie. In preparation for becoming a UAW international representative he had dropped all his Muncie union offices but one, and soon he would quit his factory job. In the CIO clubroom we sat in a booth between the slot machines and the juke box, and every now and then some union member would come up seeking Crago's opinion on something.

Harold Cronin, Crago's successor as president of the CIO Council, came over, and I asked them if the GM strike had been worth while. Crago said, "Yes," and smiled quickly and slightly. "Providing we can hold that price line." I asked what would happen if all OPA controls were removed. He laughed; it was a foolish question. "So much inflation they'd have to coin a new word for inflation." He said, "That's the only thing that's held a lot of necessities off the market—some of these manufacturers want a price increase. All the merchants know is what the manufacturers tell them to say. You see a demonstrator of something you want and the clerk gives you a long-winded story that that's the only ones they had in stock before the strikes shut down production. They don't know the real truth."

Did this add up to a strike of capital?

"Why sure, that's what I'm saying. The clerk's just the pawn for somebody."

I asked, "For whom?"

"The NAM."

Two years earlier, Crago had spoken of the future of the CIO in Muncie as a local problem. Now, having attended, with Ball Brothers executives, a party celebrating the signing of a closed shop contract with that last large local employer, that long-time holdout against unionization, he talked about the Muncie CIO in terms of national politics (telling Cronin, "You haven't been traveling like I have"); and he said to me, "When you see all your unions fighting, even the brotherhoods, you know damn well it's a struggle." I suggested that during the war, government, labor, and industry had all grown much bigger and that this might result in a fatal squeeze on small business, an unhappy prospect. Cronin said, "What do you mean, sad? Take your little businessman that runs a filling station. Say he pays me $35. But Crago gets $65 at Chevrolet. It costs as much where I live as where Crago lives."

III

I walked up the concrete sidewalk among the trees of the Ball State College campus and into the office of the new president, Dr. John R. Emens, a vigorous young man. The college was far more topsy-turvy than the town. One professor, unable to find housing in Muncie, had left his wife in the apartment she had occupied in California while he was in the Navy. The wife of a young Ph.D. in education was still in Michigan. And a terrific crush was expected next fall. Who knew how many teachers to hire, how much housing to hunt? Co-eds still were quartered in the Ball Residence Hall for men. "If the Army would release its housing instead of hanging onto it, it would help. Down at Camp Atterbury, hospitals and barracks are sitting empty." More than a third of the students are veterans. "Something is bound to happen to social studies when these men bring back experiences from all over the world."

I was told that without a single exception, students who had attended this college before the war, and had returned, were now making better grades as veterans. The grades of all ex-GI's were as

good as the college-wide average. Forty per cent of the veterans were married, and plans were being laid to quarter family men in trailers and barracks. Only a few ex-soldiers were goldbricking; they dropped out quickly. A factory personnel man had told me that an increasing number of veterans in college were applying for part-time jobs, because the cost of living was outrunning their government allowances. The oldest ex-GI was thirty-seven, the average twenty-three years, nine months. Didn't all this make college pretty grim? "The faculty says it is a serious business, not grim."

One show window of Penzel's bookstore was devoted to books on housing—full of pictures of intriguing "ranch houses"—but none told the reader how to transfer one of them from paper to a lot in Muncie, and C. L. Bartel, the realtor and builder, was sitting in his office and saying, "Is housing in bad shape in Muncie? Terrible! Why? Crackpots! If they'd get the crackpots outa Washington, and I mean the New Deal crackpots that went in sixteen years ago, why maybe—" and he went on to detail his troubles. Like this: "There's plenty of plywood. But the FHA won't let us use it. 'Cause they wanta give it all to the prefabricators with the four hundred million dollars Mister Wilson Wyatt is giving them to guarantee them a market." Or this: "Rock lath isn't available because the government won't allow an up in price to the manufacturer. If the damned OPA. . . ." Or this: "They ask why don't we build for rentals, and good God!"—he gripped the edge of his desk and the skin on his bald head wrinkled—"we're paying fifty per cent more for materials on a 1942 rent ceiling—that's why!"

He was a small man in a good-sized office. I asked him what was to be done. "I think we ought to use some common sense. Lift a lot of ceilings. Don't pit one group against another. That's un-American."

"What groups?"

"Like the prefabricators and the conventional builders."

He said there was a lot of loose talk about housing. The public housing officials were exaggerating the need. "We used to build one hundred and fifty houses a year and that was plenty. What's really causing the shortage now is too much money—everybody's got money and they wanta live by theirself. That's fine—if they can pay for it. How long can they?" Already he had noticed a leveling off in the price of old houses. "We got these old houses so high with that government money, that GI Bill of Rights—these kids are buying without any cash. Well, we got two hundred under construction now—hell, anybody can dig a basement—and when we reach five hundred, these GI boys are going to walk out and buy a new house and tell the government to take their old house, and then what? And this'll happen by December of 1947."

A man from a financial institution told me his organization was turning down half of its GI applicants for building loans: "And they'll appreciate it in the long run, though it makes them sore today."

Before the gas boom fifty years ago, Muncie was nothing but a farm town, and it still is a farm marketing center. Many of its factory workers and managers spent their boyhoods on the farm. And how were things on the farms in this first postwar spring? Walker Baker, County Supervisor for the Farm Security Administration, and I took a blacktop road that wound over the rich rolling land, wet and green with new wheat or plowed for corn planting. The farmhouses were better kept than most city houses, fresh-painted, surrounded by cropped green lawns, with white barns and white chickens bright against the green grass, the gray sky. Baker said, "Crops and prices have both been pretty good through the war." Pretty good indeed: the farmers had paid off more mortgages and banked more cash than ever before. Nearly all the FSA borrowers were way ahead of schedule in their payments; two men had recently paid off forty-year loans in five years.

The banker Wingate had recalled to me what happened twenty-five years ago. "Farmers with an eighty went out and paid $250-$300 an acre, and bought another hundred and sixty—and then the bottom came out and they lost it all. But this time land hasn't gone as high and the

farmers have paid cash for it." Baker, however, was afraid some farmers had overextended themselves. "City people have been buying land, too. Speculating, some of them. And some may be looking for something they can be sure of if trouble comes."

Northwest out of town, we found a man in blue denims on a new gray tractor pulling a road grader over his lane; he led us past his modern gray shingled house and on around to the broad graveled turnaround in front of the expensive barn. He stopped his tractor and came back and shook hands. He was Ernest Freeman, president of the County Farm Bureau, a leading farmer, a spare man, probably fifty, with steel rimmed glasses, a gray stubble beard, quick eyes, a seamed face. Leaning against our car, he said the county Farm Bureau's co-operative had done over $800,000 worth of business last year, double a prewar year. It had started selling gasoline and oil. In the past three years it had added two grain elevators and had sold fertilizer and insurance and farm machinery, and now it planned to build a large soybean processing plant. For three years it had paid a seven per cent patronage dividend, the last two in stocks; the cash profits were used to finance the expansion program.

Freeman brought up one of the sharpest struggles developing in the Midwest today: the attempt to force co-ops to pay a federal corporate income tax. "Big business, the grain dealers and bankers and big packers' associations and the Board of Trades, have pooled a lot of money to break the co-operative effort. One way they can do it is to spread dissension among the people. The farmers have got to understand that in union there is strength." He smiled quickly, "By union I mean stick together—I don't like that word union as we understand it today. I heard Walter Reuther two years ago up in Milwaukee and I come home and told the folks that's the most radical man in America today. And he's proven himself so." Yet when I pinned Freeman down he defended price control, as does Reuther —"I'll never forget the day I sold three truckloads of hogs and went up and paid one installment on my taxes and I had just $19.08 left." (Can we not see here a curious reversal of traditional position? The farmers, traditional cheap money men, had joined with labor in favor of price control, while city bankers and manufacturers and businessmen, traditional hard money men, wanted controls removed? And another trend contrary to one following the 1914–18 war: real estate inflation had occurred more in the city than in the country.)

IV

To my third-floor room in the Roberts after lunch, voices floated up from the Kiwanis meeting singing, ". . . and let the rest of the world go by." I had asked nearly everyone if he thought Muncie was less "isolationist" than before the war. Nearly all had answered yes. There can be no question that the world had pressed in upon Muncie. The editorials in the *Star*, which changed hands last year, were devoted more to world affairs and the need for international co-operation than to local subjects. But an astute man who gets around said, "I must talk to a lot of dumb people but I hear a damn sight more talk about the lack of butter, the lack of cars, the lack of white shirts, than about the United Nations." And nobody I talked to brought up international affairs voluntarily.

Asking directly about isolationism was like asking about sin—people were against it. It hadn't worked. The Japanese had discredited isolationism. Something else must be tried. What? Well, there was the United Nations. But what kind of a UN? A white-collar man said, "It is definitely needed. But I don't mean we should surrender our sovereign rights." A banker said, of people's opinion of the atomic bomb, "They think it's all right for us to have it but they don't want the other fella to have it." When I asked if people were talking about international affairs, his reply was, "England comes in for her share of criticism on the loan." The FSA man said, "I don't really think farmers are too sympathetic with European affairs. Never have been. The war didn't change them. They're interested in their home community and inclined to blame their troubles on something far off like Euro-

pean affairs. That goes for city folks too."

As for the atomic bomb, it simply was not being talked about. A factory executive said, "Nobody is taking it too serious, I don't think, not in this locality." And when I asked the head of the Farm Bureau about the bomb he said, "That's a big mystery," and laughed. A man in government said, "When it first come out it just nearly scared the devil out of us. You know, the idea of a tremendous force, you can't see, you just don't know what's coming, there was a definite amount of fear then." I asked, "But not now?" "No. It's a good deal like going to a motion picture show, a scary scene, after they get away from it awhile, people don't like to dwell on those things too far."

The college dean said the war hadn't changed Muncie's fundamental viewpoint. "The axis of the earth still sticks right straight up through Muncie. It's safe here. Somebody might drop an atomic bomb on New York, but not here. To me, the bomb ended an era. I'll mention it at a faculty meeting—I am a frightened man, you see," he inserted, smiling—"and they'll say 'Looks pretty bad, doesn't it? What are you doing Saturday night?' " A banker who had been approached by a committee to combat isolationism said he was too busy, there were more important things. "Besides, I've just given up movements." And a white-collar worker said, "There are so many things in the background you don't know who to believe. Every newscaster that comes on says the UNO did this, it did that, till it don't mean a damn thing and you shut it off. I get a bellyful. That may not be the right thing to do but I don't know what to do about it."

That mood of bewilderment—is it not dominant? And in all conscience, was May 1946, with all its enormous domestic pressures, not an unfair time to test the international views of citizens? What mortal man in Muncie—balked each morning in every effort to buy a car or a home or a pair of stockings for his wife, confronted at lunch (after battling long lines of hungry office workers) by headlines announcing new strikes, new "emergencies," frustrated through each afternoon by restrictions and forms and shortages that hobbled his endeavors, smitten each evening by the radio Cassandras' predictions of chaos—what mortal man of Muncie could be expected to worry over Europe's famine, the veto power, or Trieste?

But people were complaining far less than might reasonably be expected. Numbed and frustrated through five or six years, they had grown accustomed to frustration. Their appetites, which economists call "demand," were in a measure becoming atrophied. And, having witnessed (albeit mainly from a distance) so much suffering, their sympathy was atrophied. "I been so damn busy trying to run that office, I just wouldn't know what people are talking about. I haven't heard any really deep conversation in some time. People aren't really worried, they're just drifting, expecting this thing to straighten itself out. I have definitely not seen any lack of confidence. They think if we get the strikes over with we're good for five years."

"Five years"—was this then confidence? Most people seemed to expect an economic smash-up in seven years or less. When I asked the Farm Bureau head about this, he said, "I hope not," and laughed, the same nervous little laugh with which he had commented on the atomic bomb. It was curious how many laughed when I mentioned depression and the bomb. Were these what they most feared?

The kindest thing anyone said about Harry Truman was that he was doing his best. The Farm Bureau man said, "He never wanted to be President and he'll never make a President. He's a victim of circumstances—pret' near all of us are." And another man said, "He reminds me of a story, the fella says, 'I had an uncle played piano in a whorehouse two years before he found out what was goin' on upstairs.' " (All this was a week before Truman acted in the railroad strike.)

THE continuing effect of the war was apparent in little things—whisky kept under the counter for old customers, cabs scarce, shopkeepers still indifferent to customers, people moving around restlessly, driving faster, quitting jobs irresponsibly. Last year more divorce suits were filed than marriage licenses applied for. Even

when the dining room in the Roberts was not crowded waitresses seemed harried, out of habit. Beside the cash register hung a starred flag, and the menu still was overloaded with fish and liver and eggs. Room service still was suspended, the checkout hour was 2:00 P.M., and a sign in the room began, "During these trying times, you can help us conserve Labor and Linens . . ."

And it went deeper than that. People were touchy, afraid to be quoted on "controversial" questions like race or labor relations. Workingmen were chafing at working conditions frozen during the war. Hatred of strikes, of irresponsible absenteeism, and of war-spoiled, half-hearted workmen had become almost as fashionable as Roosevelt-hating once had been.

But the ways of peace were sweet. Two men at breakfast were talking about the first postwar five-hundred-mile auto race at Indianapolis. Steck's window was full of sport shirts and panama hats, and the Banner Whitehill windows were full of wrought iron lawn furniture and gleaming white electric refrigerators and stoves. Ladies of the Friendship Club came out of the Roberts lobby, calling gaily and shrilly to one another, no longer oppressed by dread of that final War Department telegram.

On the train I was the only customer in the diner. The waiter was glad to be rid of crowds, glad the rail strike had been postponed till Thursday, when he'd be at home in Chicago. "I could use a rest," he said. "I've worked hard the last few years." The train slid past a weather-beaten sign nailed to a farmer's tree along the right-of-way: "May God Bless Our Soldier Boys and Our R.R. Men."

They Will Not Welsh?

IN THE chaos that will be Europe on Armistice Day one preoccupation, and one only, will be common to all people. That is the lust for food. The question, "What kind of government shall we have?" will present itself to ninety-five per cent of the population as, "What kind of government will give us food?" The question, "Whom do we trust?" will become, "Who is able to give us food?"

Supplying food to hungry Europe (and later to China and other parts of Asia) will be the first step in reconstruction—the first in order of priority and the first in order of political urgency. Food must be supplied at the earliest moment and in the utmost possible abundance. Hunger unrelieved threatens chaos. . . .

In all probability America, in order to supply emergency relief to postwar Europe, will have to go on still stricter rations than during the war. We shall simply have to agree to donate to Europe one course, so to speak, from each day's dinner table. . . .

I believe the American people will accept the rationing and the controls which may be necessary to permit the emergency feeding of postwar Europe. I believe they fully understand that winning the war and winning the peace are integral parts of our struggle. They will not welsh at any sacrifice needed to win military victory. And they will not welsh during that final phase—the reconstruction period—in which we can clinch victory and begin to construct a just and durable peace for the world our children will live in.

The late Hiram Motherwell, in *Harper's* for January 1943—three and a half years ago.

THE SCHEMERS

A Story

NICCOLO TUCCI

Two summers ago we had decided to stay in town and make the best of the Hudson River that flows right under our windows, of Fort Tryon Park two blocks away from us, and of the black, burning-hot, dusty roof of our apartment house. But, alas, just as we were beginning to be reconciled to this substitute for a real vacation, the mother of a former roommate of mine in college invited us to go and spend five days on her beautiful Long Island estate. Five days are better than nothing, but then they are also worse than nothing. It takes about five days to forget New York and accept the reality of true Heaven around you, and when you have just reached this point, how can you suddenly reverse the process and hope to recover from health and clean air, from the smell of flowers and the gentle shadow of green trees?

Having weighed all these drawbacks of a short vacation in my mind, I put my diplomatic instinct to work and schemed to take along more luggage than we would need for five days, and then hope for something to happen that would result in a prolonged vacation for us. But my wife, who is apt to say good-bye the moment she arrives where she is invited, was very much against it.

"I am not the type to extort invitations from anybody . . . I this and I that . . ."

"Now look here," I said. "First of all, I have known these people for years and they will not be bashful with me if they have to say no. Secondly, you must not think that we intend to impose our presence on them by any devious means. Far from it. We shall just go there and hope. Do you see anything tactless in hoping?"

She did. Hope to her, who comes from a very pessimistic family, was the height of bad manners.

"And now suppose," I said, "just for the sake of argument, suppose that while we are there I fall and break one of my legs?"

"In that case," she said, "we would all come home in an ambulance with you."

Seeing that even destiny was to pattern itself on her decisions, I quietly changed my strategy while she went on with hers, declaring for the first time in our married life that this weekend we would try to leave town with just one suitcase, a wish expressed by me in every tone hundreds of times before. Our weekends had always looked like planned evacuations; after ten pieces of luggage were filled, five more took the overflow, until every bag, basket, box, kerchief, and hand was filled to capacity. It had always come to the point where I was ready to throw myself on the floor and plead, "Now wrap me in tissue paper too and bury me in a suitcase." But with all the memory of those past horrors, this was certainly a strange occasion for her to try to "please" me.

"You always said that we were making ourselves ridiculous with all that luggage

and I am determined not to repeat the errors of the past."

"But please," I said, "can't we postpone my being right until next time? May I stay wrong just once more? Won't you persevere in your old errors?"

"No."

I WOKE up the children and said, "Do you know where we are going tomorrow night? To Duck Island, to the sea, hurray!"

My children had never seen the sea and insisted on calling the Hudson the sea; so after many attempts to teach them the truth, I had given up. Their notions of hydrography were rather limited, but they revealed through them an instinct for classification. The waters of the world had been divided by them into the following categories: (a) drops, (b) glasses, which are made up of many drops, (c) lakes, which are nothing but glasses thrown on the floor, (d) bathtubs, (e) seas, or sea-rivers, also called Hudsons by some people. The idea of a non-Hudson sea excited them very much.

During the morning they behaved like angels. We had a sun bath on the roof and they stayed right on the old square mat without soiling their feet on the black roofing; they remembered not to jump and to run because that is apt to bring the ceiling down on the tenants and the tenants up to the roof and it is so unpleasant. After we had perspired a little, we had our daily tanning treatment: a big cloud of smoke was ejected from the incinerator and curled itself thickly around us, until the ashes had settled on our wet skins. At this point, as usual, we went downstairs to wash and dress up to go to the park. But oh, it was hot downstairs, with the windows tightly closed to keep the heat from coming in (a refinement unknown to those who leave town for the summer), and the books and all the inanimate things had that dry perspiration of theirs; even the ink on the old engravings seemed to wake up and perspire again.

My wife was aging quickly from the untold suffering of deciding what she might not need. In the old days, when she still refused to adopt my point of view, she used to pack her indecision by taking along all the things she would later discard. But this time, oh, this was time for decision indeed. She had emptied all the closets and displayed all our earthly belongings on beds, window sills, tables, chairs, dressers, and the floor. *The* suitcase was there, open, waiting for the miracle, and she was looking at each object, studying it, suffering in front of it all the temptations of the abundant packer. Then she closed her eyes and tried to visualize five days in all their practical details: so many sweaters, so many playsuits, so many handkerchiefs, against a background of the big murmuring trees, the tennis court, the flowers, and the glittering waters of the sea. Indeed it seemed an extremely difficult job to pack on the hypothesis that all those beautiful things existed. Yet I knew they did, and the thought that in six days we would again take our sun bath on the roof under that half-chewed lollipop called the sun, in the hypothesis that the real sun did not exist, confirmed me in my scheme to exploit this invitation to the bitter end.

Before we left for the park, my wife said, "Will you choose from these three piles of shirts which ones you want with you?"

"All of them," I said.

"Impossible."

"All right, then I am going to pack them myself in my suitcase."

She was so horrified at the thought of my packing (she alone knows how), that she agreed with me and I left with the clear conscience of the devil who has done his daily bit of evil.

In the park I tried a little propaganda with the children. "What is this park?" I asked. "Look at it. Smell the bitter asphalt from the road. See these signs forbidding you to play on the grass. Keep Off, Keep Off! Wherever there is a nice spot to lie down, it reads Keep Off on a stupid little sign of black wood. You would think that a man named Keep Off was buried there."

Then to mark the contrast I described the freedom of Long Island, with the cherry trees, the flowers to be picked, the sea, and they promptly repaid me with the same propaganda: they spoke about the ugliness of the park and the signs to Keep Off and they told me what the sea was like; not a Hudson, but bigger than three Hudsons. Then they fought, because

each of them felt that this was his or her secret and the other had no right to reveal it to me. At lunch they refused to eat unless their mother promised to pack all their dolls and teddy bears, and Vieri left the table to write on a large sheet of paper: FIFTY YEARS. That was how long he intended to stay. I explained to him that fifty years was too high a claim and not even I would support him. He contended that fifty years passed very quickly and I said:

"That's right, but vacations are not measured in those terms."

Then, while his sister was taking a nap, he and I sat on the window sill near *the* suitcase and I told him he must not soil his clothes, because probably they had no washing machine out in the country. After a brief interruption to help my wife drag another suitcase out of the closet, I resumed my conversation with him.

"And you know what?"

"What?"

"Long Island is a strange place. At times on hot days like this, it turns cold and you have to wear an overcoat."

Second interruption. My wife asked me to call the Weather Bureau, but I said, "What's the use? If we only stay five days it will be sufficient if we take one extra sweater along."

So we decided that a large suitcase with a little extra space would allow us room for things we might forget at the last minute, and thus the familiar procession of suitcases was brought in. Then I went to the grocer to ask for five large cardboard boxes, and they all stood there, gaping, ready to receive thing after thing in careful wrapping and in the slow thoughtful movements of my wife's hands. Teddy bears and dolls descended into their traveling grave, I took along enough papers and books to write three novels, and we left in the usual frenzy ("Close the doors, lock the windows, where are the keys? Should we turn off the ice box? Have we enough toys? Cash this check at the superintendent's"). I had won.

I WAS hating the family as I usually do on such occasions. It was hard to find a cab; when it came, the children had to go upstairs to the bathroom; then, at last, we got to the Pennsylvania Station—redcaps, shrieks, Population of the World with all its suitcases, sunrays through the smoke like illustrations of the Bible, microphones intoning "Newark-Trenton-North-Philadelphia-Philadelphia-30th-Street-Station," in pure Gregorian chant. Then we found that the five-eleven, which doesn't change at Jamaica, did not run on Fridays, so we had to wait an hour under the black stairway between trains. And to amuse the children I had to dance with them and sing nursery rhymes, while my wife stood there with two winter coats on her right arm and a handkerchief in her left hand to wipe her brow.

The station wagon was waiting for us. On our way out to Duck Island we began to believe in the existence of the world again as we sped up on the strip of land between the sound and the bay and saw sailboats and people in shirts and pants as white as sails; then we felt in our stomachs the pleasant skimming sensation of driving over gravel, and finally we got there.

My wife *would* of course greet our hostess with one of those pieces of polite nonsense it takes generations of good upbringing to learn: "Dear Mrs. R., but are you *sure* you want us for a long weekend?"

I pinched her on the arm, Vieri shouted, "She does!" and Bimba began to cry. The nonsense of her politeness became even more apparent as the chauffeur began to unload our luggage.

"You see," I said to our hostess, "all these suitcases and boxes contain bricks we have brought from New York to build ourselves a cottage on your estate."

Vieri took me to task at once: "Oh father, please let's build a cottage here."

"Shut up," I ordered, "and go upstairs."

They ran upstairs and from there shouted at the top of their voices, "Look, but look, please, we are here!" Then came the adventure of the bath, and where did the water go, and was it from the sea, and, if not, where did it come from, and could they see the plumbing all the way to New York, oh please? . . . Tears and shrieks.

Then Vieri inspected all the rooms and counted fourteen beds. There was a bunk room and he wanted to sleep there, but it

was at the other end of the house with two squeaky doors to pass, so we said, "No. Tomorrow night if you behave."

Then supper on the porch and Vieri refused to drink his milk, so I whispered something into his ear and he shouted back, "Oh no! You said fifty years and not two weeks! I won't drink my milk if we are only to stay two weeks."

"What nonsense!" I shouted. "Who ever spoke of such things?"

"You," said Vieri and looked at me with indignation.

He was technically right, but I had not quite—that is to say—anyway, no explanation was possible, and my wife said in her gentle voice, "I think it will be better if we go back Sunday night instead of Tuesday."

"You stay out of this," said Vieri. "This is something between father and myself. I must have a chance to behave and make no noise, and it will take me much longer than that."

Oh, how good it was to be awakened next morning by the birds, so many of them, near and far away, and they sang clean sunrise and not thick fog and perspiration as they do in town. I woke the children and we ran down barefoot to the beach, where I told them to shout as much as they could so as to use up all their shouting reserves for the day. Then they ran down the slope and Vieri felt that he could run faster than anything on earth.

As we came back and went through the house I went after them from room to room, asking them to tone down, reminding them of our secret plan: "Prudence, prudence. We, the schemers, must be careful if we want to attain our goal." I was making signs with my hands as if I were an orchestra conductor at a rehearsal.

But alas, everything brought out the instinctive generosity of their souls. For example, later on while we were playing on the beach Bimba ran away shouting, "Wait for me here, I am going to tell Mrs. R. that the sea is here."

Vieri of course ran after her to be the first to give the news, and after a fight under the trees, she came back to me crying and he joined us a few minutes later.

"That was very unfair," I began.

But he said, out of breath, "Oh no, you don't know what I have done. I have been very kind. I have shown Mrs. R. the sea and she said thank you."

More shrieks from Bimba who wanted to be kind too. What could I say? Of course he had been kind and I couldn't ask him to be a hypocrite, to be kind the way we grown-ups are. So I began to give up my scheme of staying there any longer.

But when Vieri asked our hostess if it were true that she disliked children who make noise, she reproached me very bitterly and said in his presence, "I think children *should* make noise, even though we grown-ups are not always in a mood to enjoy it."

"And now," said my son to me in Italian, "now tell her about the fifty years and also about always."

My defeat as a schemer could not have been greater. The only one who triumphed was my wife, but sadly, as befits a civilized person of her type. She discovered that our hostess expected a great number of her grandchildren at the end of the coming week. "And obviously," she said to me, "she invited us only because you must have said something to her the last time you saw her in town. Otherwise," she concluded, "there would be no point in inviting noisy people like ourselves for the only weekend in which she might enjoy a little rest."

"Nonsense," I said. "As a matter of fact, it's you who ruined everything. You made me so self-conscious that I told the children that she did not like their noise. This upsets all my plans now."

Vieri came in and said in a patronizing tone, "Never mind, Father. Mother doesn't know. We can stay even if she has guests. I have counted fourteen beds, and there are couches too, and I can sleep on the floor. And tonight," he added, "I shall sleep in the bunk room, as you promised yesterday. I behaved and was even kind and Mrs. R. liked my noise."

We prepared his bed in the bunk room and all during dinner we ran upstairs in turn to see how well he could climb into bed without the ladder and how well he could come down the same

way. His voice resounded like a trumpet all through the house; the doors were continuously swinging back and forth as we passed them in a hurry; and the two doors that led to the bunk room made the strangest whining noises. It was impossible for me to impress upon our hostess the desirability of continuing this sort of vacation much longer.

"Poor child," she said to my wife, "you must be very tired."

"I am not tired," said my wife. "I am anxious to go back to town so you won't hear this awful noise all day long."

"Oh, never mind me," said our hostess. "I think you are very wrong in this. You should leave your children free to make all the noise they want. As I told your husband, I think children *must* be noisy."

In the night, however, her opinion too must have changed, not because the night brings counsel, as they say, but because that night brought noise, a great deal of it. Vieri came to my room at two to tell me a dream; he slammed all the doors, and finally bumped into a wall, so that instead of telling me his dream, he told me his pain, and as soon as that was over he cried even more loudly than before because he had forgotten the dream. I consoled him and we exchanged beds. I went into the bunk room and he slept in my bed. Under my feet the stairs squeaked much more distinctly than they had for him, and also the squeaking of the doors seemed to respond much better to the experienced hand of a grown-up. Then, just as I had climbed into his bed, he came again, preceded by the entire sequence of the same noises I had just stopped producing, and he wanted his teddy bear.

"You will not go back," I said.

"Yes, I will," he said.

"No," I said, but he ran away, stumbled twice, and got to the end of his journey crying so loudly that the entire house must have heard him. I wanted to go and frighten him into silence with the most horrible threats, but I did not dare pass the region of horrors again, so I stayed where I was, whispering an uncontrollable "Sssssshhh" in the direction of the door.

THE next day, which was Sunday, our hostess was a little tired and said so. It was decided that I would act as an absorbent of whatever noises the children were going to emit that afternoon, but alas, right after lunch, while our hostess was taking a nap, they discovered in the room adjoining hers the strangest collection of drawings made right on the walls and the ceiling by the guests who had come to Duck Island years before.

When I saw their wide-open eyes I realized immediately that the situation required emergency measures; so instead of applying the technique of an orchestra conductor, I said to them: "Children, the first of you to say that this is beautiful will be punished."

Vieri looked at me for a second, and when he saw that I was trying hard not to laugh, he said to his sister: "Bimba, father wants us to find everything ugly." And he began to shout: "Uhuuuu, what horrible pictures, uhuuuu, what a horrible house, uhuuuu, how disgusting everything is!"

And they laughed so convulsively that my wife emerged from the room where she was blueprinting her next packing job. She grabbed Vieri by the arm and went with him to the end of the corridor. There she stopped in front of the old American clock and said, "See this clock? Look at it. Every minute that goes by on that clock will never come back. We are leaving Tuesday afternoon at three; you still have forty-eight hours to play outside, after which you won't go to the seashore for the rest of the year. Now you know it. Go out and play, and don't come back before supper time."

Vieri disentangled his arm from her grip, looked at the clock and said, "That clock is a dirty swine. Tfu!" He went through the motion of spitting on it.

My wife went through the motion of spanking him and beat the air all around him quite badly. She didn't dare touch him and bring out the noises of which he was so full. Then she dispatched us three downstairs with the gesture of the Angel that banished Adam and Eve from Heaven. I couldn't help laughing. I felt sorry for the clock. It had such a gentle old face with those Roman numbers and the little house and tree painted in the middle. But what does one say when a child insults a clock?

"Nice thing, to laugh," she said. "Those are the words he learns from your political discussions with your friends." So my son had a political thought and said, "That clock is Hitler."

The rest of the afternoon Bimba stayed around her mother to help her pack the dolls, and Vieri tried to bargain with me: "Tell Mother that I will be good. I want you to change every single idea in her head."

"Enough of this, go out and play."

"I will eat all my soup."

"Go out and play."

"I will eat everybody's soup. I will sleep all afternoon."

"It is not a question of that, my son, we *have* to go."

"I'll stay here alone."

"No."

"But I will help."

"No."

"But there are fourteen beds."

"Listen. Do you remember what Mother said about that clock?"

His last question was quite sad: "Does it go all the time?"

"Yes, it goes all the time."

"But I don't want that." This was his protest all during Monday and Tuesday. The weather was beautiful, but he sat in the darkest corner of the porch, with his face in his hands, looking at the cricket balls with which he had played so well the day before, and doing nothing. He didn't want to run faster than anything in the world; he was thinking of his enemy the clock. Before going to bed he asked: "Is tomorrow the last day?" And he fell asleep mumbling: "I don't want that." The last day of his fifty years, of his millions of years. It was quite sad.

TUESDAY at three o'clock we left with all our luggage, our regret, our winter coats, and our handkerchiefs to wipe our brows. At seven, with God's help and assistance, we entered the apartment in town, and it smelled like the inside of the Pyramids. I opened all the windows. The tanning cloud was being blown into our house from the neighboring roof now. The sun was there, shaven of all its glorious crown of rays, the same pink lollipop that had nothing to do with shedding light on anything, because the world was all in pencil, dusty and gray as an unframed etching on top of a hot radiator. The tugboats were spitting something white in front of them, and that was water. It was real home again.

At ten, in the dark, while I was on my bed patting my wet knees with my wet hands, the phone rang. From Long Island. Oh, if we could only smell the clean air through the receiver.

There came the voice of our hostess: "Did you get home safely? Is it hot in town? How are you all? By the way, do you know that my clock stopped today for the first time in years, and that the pendulum is missing?"

"Hold the line," I said, "I'll be right back."

"Vieri, Vieri!" I shook him out of his slumber. He was naked, wet, and suffering. He turned his face to me without opening his eyes. "Vieri," I said, "do you remember that clock?"

He was snoring again, but a voice came, "That clock is Hitler."

"Yes," I said, "but where is the pendulum?"

His hand pointed to the wall, "There."

"Here?"

"No, in Long Island."

"But where in Long Island?"

"Under the dresser." He scratched his eyes with anger as the perspiration was falling into them from his hair and went back to sleep, still mumbling something against his great enemy.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Captain Meriwether Lewis with four men reached the great falls of the Missouri River in advance of his main party on June 13, 1805, at about noon. The expedition which I am conducting along his trail got there after dark on the evening of June 20, 1946. It took him more than ten weeks longer to travel there from the Mandan villages than I needed, but North Dakota had been providing him with a lot better food than it furnished me. Since his time there have been changes in the falls, on the river which he was not sure was the Missouri till he heard their roar some seven miles away, and in the immediate countryside. Also the countryside has been named. It is Montana and, 2,649 miles out of Cambridge, Massachusetts, I'm glad to have reached it.

Though I may change my luck by saying so my 1941 Buick Special has behaved superbly. A few miles out of Pontiac, Michigan, a prewar inner tube departed this life, and the vigor of highway repairs just inside South Dakota wrenched the speedometer cable out of its housing. Such mischances might happen to a new car on the way home from the dealer's—will happen if I am correctly sizing up the new cars I breeze past—and apart from them there has been no trouble. I will furnish you the statistics of gas, oil, and road expense when the expedition gets back to its base; enough now that I have found no reason to mourn the new station wagon which the automobile industry promised me but was unable to supply.

Any long tour is a renewal of American landscapes and this one remained primarily that for a considerable time, though it is supposed to be a historical research and recollection. The historian in me should have come awake in the almost monotonously beautiful countryside of New York, but I felt content to leave its past in the competent hands of my friend and neighbor Walter Edmonds. I took the night boat from Buffalo to Detroit and when I woke we were in the Detroit River—and I was in the Parkman country, wondering why we never think of it as such. The answer seems to be that there is a penalty for writing history too well. Parkman left historiography too few elipses and controversies. The historians occasionally complain that he drew Pontiac, his first subject, too tall and that he had little understanding of economic forces, though he understood better than anyone since him the clash and collapse of empires on American soil. For the rest, he did the job so well that those who teach our children history turn their gaze elsewhere. In New England where I live he is thought of as the historian of Louisburg and raids southward from the St. Lawrence and, when New England troops join the expeditions, of Generals Amherst and Wolfe. Elsewhere he is thought of primarily a traveler of the Oregon Trail, which does not come into his history at all and is important to it only because that was where he studied the Indians.

Yet the drama of his history lies mainly to the west of Niagara—on the Great Lakes, down the Ohio, up the Mississippi, across the tributary streams, and on to the wilderness beyond, toward which his Jesuits, voyageurs, and coureurs de bois

were always trending. That and not Montreal or Lake Champlain was truly the prize for which the empires were contending, and Wolfe and Montcalm died for the wilderness which the Verendryes had followed farther than anyone else. So the periods of Parkman prose were in my ears all the way across Wisconsin and Minnesota, with the names of his priests and traders—echoed back to me by the names of counties, buttes, towns, lakes, rivers, and city streets. It is no mean pleasure to cross a landscape with Francis Parkman in your mind.

I left him finally at Pierre, South Dakota, where the state historian showed me a small lead plate with some words scratched on it. Two children were strolling one day along a ridge beyond Fort Pierre and one of them tripped on the projecting edge of something that the rain and wind had at last uncovered. They kicked it free and their elders found that it was the plate which the Verendryes had buried to secure the wilderness to the King of France. It failed to secure it and, taking leave of Parkman, I began my own job of reconstruction. For sixty years later there followed after the Verendryes two American captains and a half-company of soldiers, working up the Missouri toward the farther wilderness. From the hills where the lead plate was found you can see the place where Lewis and Clark met Parkman's Sioux and the most important exploration in our history first faced the threat of failure. The Sioux were not feeling genial toward Americans—the great father who gave them guns had been British for so long that they scorned men with forked tongues who claimed that their true father was French or Spanish and derided those who said that he had become a Yankee. Their mood was to close the Missouri to the United States. The captains scotched that impulse immediately and firmly, though more tactfully than William Clark liked, for the Sioux had made him almighty mad. The captains did a good job, their earliest decisive job, and word ran ahead of them up the river that these were men toward whom Indians would be wise to maintain a good heart. The expedition had no more trouble with Indians till on the way home Lewis met the Blackfeet, who did not read the newspapers, did not believe what they were told, and never managed to maintain a good heart toward anyone, even themselves.

HERE, then, I got to work, after a passage whose most charming part was the crossing of one of our loveliest landscapes, Wisconsin. (I could get no Wisconsin cheese in any restaurant I ate at in the state. To the Milwaukee and Madison newspapers which lately yipped like Sioux when I reported another experience in Wisconsin: if you quote that statement be so good as to quote it as I print it. I add that there was plenty of process cheese but since I am not a Wisconsin editor I did not have to pretend that I could enjoy it.) But in order to reach that landscape I had to undergo a vexation which I had better describe, for it is typical of the tourist life in the summer of 1946.

I crossed from Detroit to Ludington in order to take a ferry across Lake Michigan and I traveled fast because that ferry was scheduled to leave at five-thirty P.M. Management announced that hour in the folder which I got in Cambridge, confirmed it to the AAA which asked verification in my behalf, and advertised it on billboards for fifty miles inland from the dock. (All the ads commanded you to be there half an hour earlier so that your car could be got aboard.) The ferry departed at ten minutes past eight. Several passengers who cross regularly told me that two hours and forty minutes represent the normal lag—and it might be important to someone coming from a distance and relying on the line's word. Advertising folder and signboards announced that dinner would be served on board the boat; a placard at the ticket office on the dock said that it would be served up to seven o'clock (that is, for an hour and a half after the scheduled departure), and that "snacks" would be on sale till midnight (that is, two and a half hours after we were supposed to reach Manitowoc). At ten minutes to seven, an hour and fifty minutes late, seventy passengers went aboard and were told that the dining room would not open till seven. Ten minutes later they were told that the dining room

closed at seven, and if any passenger on that boat ate dinner he ate something he had brought with him, something the line would probably call a snack. Various officers and attendants on the boat gave me various explanations: that the cooks were on strike, that the union would not let cooks work after seven, that the boat was two cooks short, that there was no food aboard. The last simply was not true for I saw a truckload of food carried into the galley while we waited for the captain's whim to let us go aboard. Later the steward told me that I could have got a meal if I had known how to go about it, then took it back when I moved to offer the bribe which I understood him to be suggesting.

The line did not seem to be concerned about feeding the passengers it advertised for, nor about seating them. A capacity load would have been about four hundred but there were insufficient cabin or saloon accommodations for the seventy who made this trip. When the cabin chairs were filled you could stand up, which would have produced interesting results if the crossing had been rough, or you could pay $1.90 or $2.50 for a stateroom and sit down. The calculated petty gyp was the expectation that you would buy a stateroom as I did, as everyone did who had children with him. If you must cross Lake Michigan, I advise you to make for Muskegon, where the presence of competing lines insures the traveler better treatment, or for the straits where the State of Michigan operates a ferry.

This is managerial contempt of the customer, the to-hell-with-you attitude that has resulted from the war boom and continues during the inflation. The tourist, any traveler, must count on a great deal of it this summer, especially in hotels and restaurants. There are no longer patrons or clients or customers, there are only suckers. Even allowing for the inflation, prices are extortionate, accommodations are foul and filthy more often than not, service is almost universally hostile, and meals nearly everywhere are bad. And this has no relation to the shortages in food and labor; it is a realistic appraisal of crowds on the move with money in their pockets. No hotel or restaurant I have stopped at has lacked an adequate staff; west of Detroit all have had food in quantity and variety astonishing to one who has been living in Massachusetts. But everywhere at least five people are impatiently waiting to pay high for what you regard as objectionable and managers satisfy a deep need of their nature by telling you so. Their clerks, bellboys, and waitresses have learned the pleasures of insolence; they take you for a fool and treat you as a fool and the truth is you are one, for you let them get away with it.

The American cuisine is a war casualty as far west as the Montana border. The food is there: from Wisconsin on I could have eaten steak three times a day and there has been more butter than any of us wanted. But a meal is just grub, something slapped down before you which you will please get rid of one way or another as soon as possible. And bad as the cooking is to the eastward, it gets worse when you reach Minnesota and becomes unbelievably bad when you enter North Dakota, where anyone who survives long must eat at home. We had good meals at Pittsfield, Massachusetts, at Skaneateles, and on the Buffalo-Detroit boat. No other meal was better than third-rate; many were worse, some were dreadful. A lunch thrown at me from a sizable distance at Fox Lake, Wisconsin, was the worst meal I had ever eaten in years of wandering back roads and country towns, but the record did not last long. A few days later the record was broken at Mandan, North Dakota. We went on to Minot, a hotel where you could not buy dinner or newspapers or cigarettes at seven P.M., and a restaurant which was imitating Mandan but fortunately ran second.

To the tourist who likes a drink at the end of a day's drive: do not bother with the beer anywhere along my route so far, do not order a martini, and better carry a bottle in your suitcase, for the local liquor laws are certain to be different from your own and if you stop at a hotel the bartender may be otherwise engaged. Advice to veterans: go into the hotel business or better still open a motor court, or buy into a restaurant. When things shake down again few of us will ever stay at a

hotel in a town of less than three hundred thousand population. Anyone can clean up big who will require his employees to behave with a minimum of courtesy or even restrain them from belligerence. You will find that there are millions in serving edible food.

WHICH is one of many reasons why I am glad to reach Montana. It was warm in my memory not only as a beautiful State but as one where even the crossroads hamlets had good restaurants. My impression was correct and, against the background of the Dakotas, Montana shines like gold. Forsyth and Lewistown are small towns but they served me better meals than any city did in all that stretch west of Skaneateles. The woman who runs the Elk Café in Forsyth apologized, saying that she had to be her own chef and was not a good one, but she was doing all right, she served me a better lunch than any I have had on Fifty-second Street for at least four years. I will remember dinner and breakfast at Miles City, one in an old restaurant as antiquity goes in the West, a restaurant with an honorable tradition scrupulously maintained today, and the other in a new café shiny with the Chicago décor but doing as well by the customer as its competitor across the street. Wherever you are, you are not likely to be eating at restaurants as good.

So I came on to Great Falls and my friend Joe Howard took me to a place called Dempsey's which overlooks a stretch of the Missouri just below the place where my captains got their boats back in the water after the eighteen-mile portage—and which has now served me three dinners better than any others I have eaten for years, as good as any I have ever eaten anywhere. Lewis and Clark fared well at Great Falls too, with buffalo and bear and ducks and trout. But Dempsey's martinis and green vegetables and salads after the straight-whiskey and fried-potato culture of the Dakotas were as refreshing to me as their first sight of the Rockies was to the captains; and after the dreary stretch where steaks were pan-fried to parfleche, Dempsey's tenderloins and T-bones, thick and tender and decently hung and broiled in an anteroom of paradise, were worth a good deal more travel than my 2,649 miles. Further advice to tourists: head for Montana by the most direct route and end up at Great Falls.

AND if I remembered at the Detroit River that I was undertaking to see the country as a historian, it was in Montana that I remembered I have Western roots. I had turned up the valley of the Yellowstone to take William Clark's homeward route in reverse and had reached the mouth of the Big Horn, about which I have lately written most eloquently in a book whose proofs I shall probably have to read in Idaho. I decided to leave the trail and look at the battlefield where Custer led so large a part of the Seventh Cavalry to a glorious and quite unnecessary death. So I drove up the valley of the Big Horn and presently the pyramids and flying buttresses which the Yellowstone repeats from the Missouri disappeared, and buttes stood up whose shapes are familiar to my dreams, being the shapes that hills had during my childhood. The irrigation ditches were watering fields that might have been my grandfather's, the alfalfa and sugar beets and willows and cottonwoods might have been growing anywhere in the valley of Great Salt Lake, and I had reached my personal West.

I have already driven through a good deal of Western history and observed a good deal of the current West. Of the latter much delights me, much else dismays me. I will report on both later on. This is merely to announce that I have reached the beginning of the Rocky Mountains, the shelf over which the Missouri pours its vast water and up which Lewis and Clark dragged their boats. A power company has a dam above that shelf now; in fact it has several dams. So far as I know it has paid no one a dime for the sites or for the people's water which it uses. But by its bounty the people may now picnic at the great falls of the Missouri and cook their frankfurters free of all charge with electricity generated on the spot. A signboard says so, and I have never before seen so much Western history in so small a space.

CANDIDATES FOR HEART ATTACK

GEORGE DOCK, JR.

"NEVER been sick a day in my life," the red-headed sergeant had said. Then, that last afternoon in training camp, he ran the obstacle course again. As he stood there, breathing no harder than a man should after such a workout, a look of angry amazement came to his face.

"That one got me," he muttered in protest, leaned forward, and dropped, face down. Before anyone could even reach him, he was dead.

"Acute coronary occlusion," the autopsy read. The sergeant was only thirty-three years old when the blood supply to his heart was so abruptly choked off.

General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., was just one among thousands of other soldiers in the American forces who died in this latest war from coronary occlusion or angina pectoris. More than eight hundred of them were below forty years of age when they died, and a few were not yet twenty years old. Hard exercise was not always the trigger; many of them died in their sleep.

Those soldier deaths may help millions of other men to have longer lives. For a study of their hearts has brought out some of the most interesting evidence collected so far in the long struggle of the medical profession to discover the causes and the best means of controlling coronary disease, which now kills twice as many men as cancer, ten times as many as tuberculosis, four times as many as pneumonia. (The coronary death rate among women is far lower than among men. Women live to a higher average age, and cancer is the leading cause of their death.)

PHYSICIANS themselves are among the favorite victims of coronary illness. Of the 9,290 American doctors who died in 1943, 1944, and 1945, no less than 2,283 were struck down by coronary occlusion or by angina pectoris. Hospital death records indicate that the ratio is approximately the same throughout the entire executive and professional group: coronary disease causes nearly twenty-five per cent of all deaths. The biggest harvest is among men between forty-five and sixty-five, around the peak of their usefulness and earning power. The front page and obituary section of your newspaper bring you the shock of many such sudden deaths every week.

Just as with cancer and many other expert killers, the earlier phases of coronary disease usually give no warning signal. Few of the doomed men are aware of danger before the first actual attack which, for some of them, is also the last. Fortunately, the death rate from that initial stab is less than five per cent among men who are not

With a father and brother whose medical careers have included much work on coronary disease, Mr. Dock, New York advertising man, comes naturally by his interest in the subject.

handicapped by high blood pressure or diabetes.

Each subsequent occlusion, however, brings death to a progressively higher proportion of the survivors. Prevention of these later attacks is one of the major objectives of medical science. Thousands of men today are leading reasonably active lives, in spite of the fact that they have suffered one or two attacks of coronary occlusion, because of the success with which they—and their physicians—have forestalled further assaults. But of course the real task—on which, likewise, progress is being made—is to prevent even the first attack, or at least postpone it beyond middle age.

II

THE most puzzling feature of coronary disease—its far higher toll among men than among women—was explained until recently by the tension and worry of business life. Now a different answer is suggested by microscopic studies of the coronary arteries of many persons of both sexes who died from various causes, at ages ranging from a few hours after birth to the full three score years and ten. If these findings are confirmed by wider research, the strain of making a living has much less to do with the heavy inroads of coronary death among men than the combination of two other factors—the structure of their arteries, and the food they eat.

The interior wall of the coronary arteries might be likened to the tube of a tire. It is surrounded by an elastic muscular cylinder which corresponds to the tire itself. The inmost lining, or "intima," is thicker in the heart-feeding coronaries than in any other artery of its size in the body. It is usually thicker, even at birth, in boys than in girls. It tends to grow still thicker with age, and more rapidly in men than in women. The lining of other arteries shows little change, even among very old people. Thickening of the coronary wall takes place *inward*, like the clogging growth of rust in an iron pipe, gradually cutting down the supply of blood to the heart.

The *speed* with which the coronary lining thickens from year to year is often accelerated by a "fatty" degeneration of the surface of the lining. The source of this deterioration, strangely enough, is one of the most hopeful aspects of the problem of reducing the coronary death rate. Recent research shows that what and how much we eat, or don't eat, is the main factor behind this arterial degeneration. That is something we can control, while the relative thickness of our arteries at birth is not.

What actually happens in paving the way for severe coronary trouble is that a wax-like substance, normally present in the blood, seeps through the smooth surface of the coronary lining. This substance, known as cholesterol, is deposited in tiny droplets. It sinks more easily into a thick lining than a thin one, forming microscopic masses. These lumps expand, and set up irritation inside the intima, causing rough or scar-like spots to develop. Those surface cushions, or "atheromata," lead to death by coronary occlusion. The process may last for a few months, or over many decades, steadily narrowing the channel that carries the blood supply.

At some advanced stage, a fragment of the roughened tissue breaks loose from the inside lining of the artery. A blood clot forms where it was torn off, and that clot, or thrombus, filling the remaining channel, causes a thrombosis type of occlusion or closure. In that case, death may be instant, unless a different branch of the system of arteries in the heart takes up the added load. Then life continues, under the Damocles blade of a more dangerous later attack.

In most instances, the atheroma does not break loose, but there is a gradual filling-up of the arterial channel, simply through the rust-like growth of the cholesterol-filled lumps in the lining. This slowly shuts down the supply of blood flowing into the heart muscle. Sudden excitement or hard exertion may then bring on the agonizing pain of angina pectoris in the overburdened heart.

There are only two coronary arteries to the heart, but a marvelous cross-circulation network builds up between them when one or both may be narrowed by the swelling of the lining. Even the complete closure of one artery may thus produce no

warning symptom, in certain cases. In others, it brings on angina, or even the severe illness that is sometimes called "acute indigestion" but may really be an occlusion that may have fatal results within a short time.

Cholesterol, the real villain of coronary disease in nearly all instances, is not an alien virus or bacterial invader, but an essential chemical element of the blood. It forms part of every cell, and may have something to do with the building of hormones. It is supplied in two ways, being manufactured within the liver and also absorbed from the cholesterol contained in certain foods we eat.

Those foods include animal fats, egg-yolk, butter, and cream and milk, raw and cooked. They are the most valuable of all foods for infants and growing children, and for undernourished adults. Cholesterol is not found in fruit, vegetables, cereals, or nuts. Lean meat and fish contain a little of it, but what is more important, they also provide large amounts of protein, which not only offers vital nourishment, but seems to give the body the power to burn up some of the excess cholesterol in our blood.

Cholesterol amounts to about $\frac{2}{10}$ of 1 per cent of the blood of the average well-fed American. When it rises much above that level, atheromata are probably being formed in the coronary lining of anyone whose intima happened to be dangerously thick to begin with.

Now we encounter some odd geographic and dietary details in the statistics of coronary disease. Post-mortems made by American-trained doctors upon thousands of native Chinese revealed astonishingly few cases of coronary illness or the atheromata which are its forerunners. In China, rice and protein-rich millet and soy beans are the mainstay of hundreds of millions of people. Eggs, milk, and animal fats are almost unknown luxuries to them. The blood-cholesterol level of the average Chinese is little more than half as high as that of most Americans.

A striking fact was also noted in Germany many years ago. Men who died around the age of fifty in 1920, after the three gaunt years of the German "hunger-time" which accompanied World War I, proved in post-mortem examination of their coronaries to be much "healthier" in freedom from atheromata than Germans of forty-five had been in the more prosperous days of 1915.

Many U. S. Army medical officers were disturbed by the high death-rate by coronary disease among American troops (especially in the lower age brackets) in training camps in the United States, where the per capita consumption of real eggs, full milk, and fatty foods was far above the average peacetime intake.

British troops drank more tea than milk, and ate more bread and beef than ice cream and eggs. And they incurred a considerably lower death-rate by coronary attack than our own men. There seems to be a definite, close relationship between high cholesterol diet and high coronary mortality, if we deal in masses of men, and *not with a few individual cases.* Even in rather small groups, the evidence is impressive. Out of 21 cases of coronary disease among people under forty, of whom 18 were men, 16 showed very high cholesterol levels, a noted Boston heart specialist recently reported.

III

Men are more prone than women to coronary disease; but a woman with high blood pressure who is overweight, and whose family history shows a heavy toll by heart attack, is certainly much more likely to have an occlusion than a man of the same age whose blood pressure is normal, who is light in weight for his height, and who has no dark background of ancestral mortality by coronary illness or diabetes.

"Immunity" or high resistance to coronary disease is very much a matter of heredity, because of the importance of the inborn thickness of the arterial lining, which varies so widely among people of any age group. But the *rate* at which that lining takes on greater thickness and a rough surface is the deadliest factor of all in laying the individual open to coronary attack. That rate can be slowed down in many cases, through dietary measures.

But elimination of cholesterol-heavy foods is not the only precautionary step to be taken by anyone in serious danger of coronary trouble. People vary in their ability to deal with that wax-like foe. Many persons keep their blood-cholesterol at safe levels even on food containing a great deal of that substance. Still others develop fatally high cholesterol on diets which are practically free from it. The reasons for this paradox are now beginning to come to light.

A sluggish thyroid gland, for example, seems to cause a high cholesterol level. A heavy diet of protein food, on the contrary, helps to keep the level down. Certain vegetable derivatives also have the power to lower the blood level, or reduce the arterial absorption, of excess cholesterol. Recent experiments with animals have disclosed some of these possibilities for the control of human coronary disease. The protein picture is especially interesting and reassuring.

Dogs, like other naturally carnivorous animals, consume much protein in their normal diet. A dog's cholesterol level, incidentally, is less than one-fifth of that of the average American adult. But when a dog is fed a *low-protein* ration, his cholesterol level rises quickly, as much as three hundred per cent in a few weeks. When dogs are given their customary *high-protein* food, they show no such increase in cholesterol level, even when considerable amounts of that substance are added to their intake in the form of fats.

Rabbits and poultry, whose ordinary feed is low both in protein and cholesterol, develop acute arterial disease when fed cholesterol. Such tests may prove useful in working out ways to lower the human coronary mortality rate in this country, where the average diet is richer in cholesterol-containing foods than is found anywhere else, except perhaps among the Eskimos, whose protective protein intake is well above our own.

We all know families whose members live to a ripe and vigorous age on diets that fairly sag with the tonnage of cream and eggs and fats. But these enviable people may owe their long lives to a rare combination of congenitally thin coronary linings, some inherited mechanism for burning up the surplus cholesterol they consume, and a healthy supply of protein in their ample fare.

Most of us are somewhere in the middle area between high resistance and high susceptibility to coronary trouble. There is more danger for us in a single Sunday drive on a three-lane highway than in a thousand omelets, ice cream cones, or slices of fat bacon. If we were to give up foods containing cholesterol, we would also lose some of our best and cheapest sources of healthful vitamins and protective proteins.

It is well to remember that the problem of human diet is very complex, that individuals vary greatly in their needs, that even the medical profession still has much to learn on the subject, and that people are likely to do themselves more harm than good by imagining that some simple food, vitamin, or hormone formula will keep them in good health. For us, perhaps, the best course is merely to avoid an *excessive* quantity of rich foods, just as we try to live down to the other speed limits of life.

The "one man in four" who has good reason to guard against coronary illness faces a more urgent problem. He would do well to ask his doctor whether it might not be better for him to switch from butter to cottage cheese, to abandon those mammoth helpings of fried eggs which he may like too much, and to get plenty of real buttermilk, lean meat, whole cereals, fish, beans, and nuts.

THE basic fact remains. Between five and seven million men in the United States, now over twenty-five years old, are slated to succumb to coronary disease. Some of them will die before they are thirty, many more from thirty to forty-five, and the largest number of all between forty-five and sixty-five. Many of them—not all—could postpone that destiny by taking *in time* a few sensible steps that call more for moderation and adult "weaning" than for harsh self-denial. Anyone can ask himself these three questions, and shape his course by the answers:

What is my family history of death by coronary disease?

Am I much above the weight that the life insurance companies consider safe for a man of my height *at the age of 25?*

What does my physician think about my present cholesterol level? Is it abnormally high?

On that final point, the ideal level is below two hundred milligrams per one hundred cubic centimeters of blood. The level can readily be determined by a hospital or other reliable laboratory, in a very simple test. A level above three hundred milligrams is a signal for a rearrangement of diet, designed to lower the cholesterol intake and build up the protein intake.

Much medical and biochemical research is needed before the remaining mysteries and challenges of coronary disease can be met. The research here described represents only one phase of a widespread, intensive effort by the medical profession to solve this great problem. Science some day may give us harmless anti-cholesterol protection by pill or injection, or find some other answer to the coronary riddle. Today, the best shield against the coronary hazards that some of us have inherited would seem to be individual prudence in diet.

Abandoned

LAWRENCE PERRY SPINGARN

THEIR great days done, iron and rock
Rail at the rust in the stopped clock.
Fear is a mouse in the still room.
Shadow sits idle at the loom.

The Book is closed. Its reader lies
With rigid face beneath cold skies.
By lost walls in anarchic snows
The rabbits watch where silence goes.

A russet thuds from the dry branch:
That shock could start an avalanche!
Thaw is a signal to the moles
To charge downhill from cellar-holes.

The churn is rancid, the pot foul.
No one answers the foolish owl.
Tramps stare up at the broken pane,
Shake their heads, pass on in the rain.

Ids Off to Dr. Ackel

MARY MIAN

Chorus of Women.
Guardian of the antique fire, he—
Voice from out the primal mist.
Sighted seer and potent sire, he—
Come, O Psychoanalyst!

Dr. Ackel.
I'm the Moses of Neurosis.
I shall lead you, little band,
Where the Phantisippi flowses
Into Wishfulphilia Land.
Be you Manic, Schizophrenic,
Won't you come along with us?
Picking posies and psychoses,
Ring around an Oedipus!

Mrs. X.
Every day at 5 o'clock, ar-
rayed in sailor suit and dink,
I am waltzing down at Rocke-
Feller Center skating rink.
I am sensitive to censure,
And if some day, after dark,
Into Roseland I should venture,
Do you think I'd cause remark?

Dr. A.
Delving through the years that smother,
We shall find there, at the root,
Jealousy of little brother,
Wearing his new sailor suit.
Cast aside the fears that vex you;
On the ice you still may dance—
Painlessly I shall bisex you—
On with nylons, off with pants!

Mrs. Y.
I am living in a bottle,
From the wicked world to hide.
All the friends who'd like to throttle
Me are waiting there outside.
With their globbid eyes they want me,
With their wimmering arms they wave—
Dr. Ackel, come, decant me,
Ere my bottle is my grave!

Dr. A.
By your bottling you have meant a
Longing nevermore to roam
From that pleasant old placenta
That you called your earliest home.
Urksome your regressive urges,
Needing many months to check,
Till at last your head emerges
From its glassic bottleneck.

Mrs. Z.
Worst of all is my existence;
Common troubles have I none.
Days go by into the distance,
Like as zeros, every one.
Psycho-termites tunnel through me—
Ah, my dry and dusty fate!
Nothing ever happens to me—
Save me; it is getting late!

Dr. A.
Your libido is frigido,
And your insects paranoid.
You would like your psyche freed-o,
But you're slightly over-freud.
Little complexes that were mites
Grow apace to screaming meems —
We'll exterminate the termites
In the Subway of your dreams!

Chorus of Women.
Opener of the closed fount, he—
Surgeon of the hidden cyst—
Plumber of the bank account, he—
Hail, O Psychoanalyst!

AUSTRIA: LIBERATED PROBLEM-CHILD

HENRY C. FLEISHER AND DYNO LOWENSTEIN

THE jeep lurched down Vienna's *Opernring* and swerved out of its course not a moment too soon to avoid collision with an elderly pedestrian. The GI driver, his perennial good humor long since tempered by the casual street-crossing habits of the natives, halted his vehicle and emerged to give the venerable old man a lecture on the art of dodging military traffic.

"Mein Herr," the GI said, waggling a finger in the septuagenarian's face, "when one crosses a street, one first looks to the left and then to the right. If there is no traffic, one crosses. If cars are coming, one waits."

The old Viennese listened impatiently to the lecture. When it was over, he drew himself up in all his shabby dignity and exclaimed: "Don't you know, young man, that Austria is a liberated country?"

There are, in the ranks of Austria's four occupying armies and among the population of its shabby cities and unscarred mountain valleys, many people who wish they were as certain of the country's status as the elderly Viennese pedestrian. However reckless they may be in their relations with a confusing new world of jeeps and weapons-carriers and roaring two-and-a-half ton trucks, Austrians have learned in the course of a year's freedom from Nazism to approach the subject of their new-found liberation with a considerable degree of caution and reserve. By painful experience they have discovered that liberation under the circumstances of four-power control can often be confusing, and at worst produce a condition bordering on political and economic stagnation. On the other side of the political fence, responsible officials among the four occupying armies have found that in a nation beset by four years of native fascism and seven of German nazism, democrats capable of effective leadership don't grow on trees.

The confusion among Austrians as to their national status springs in part from the Moscow Declaration of 1943, in which the Big Three spoke of an Austria "free and independent" and having "political and economic security"; in part from the weak and scattered nature of the wartime Austrian resistance movement; in part from the attrition of the old democratic forces during the long siege of Nazi dictatorship; and by no means least, from the varying concepts among the Russians, Americans, British and French as to the most desirable course for Austrian politics to follow. At Moscow, Hull, Molotov, and Eden announced to Austria and the world that a satisfactory show of opposition to the German Nazi regime would prove Austria's right to consideration as a country freed from the Hitler yoke rather than

Henry C. Fleisher and Dyno Lowenstein worked for the OSS in Italy and Austria during 1944–45. Mr. Fleisher is a Washington journalist; Mr. Lowenstein is currently doing economic research in New York.

as an integral ally or satellite of the German war machine. The size and scope of the country's resistance movement became, during the latter stages of the war, a subject of intense interest to Allied intelligence officers for purposes of military strategy and for determination of the political climate to be expected after hostilities ceased.

The Austrian resistance movement was disappointing. Although scattered anti-Nazi groups did exist, particularly during the last year of the war, and some Austrian patriots conducted their operations with extraordinary heroism in the very back yard of the Gestapo, the sum total of overt and secret opposition was slight. After Stalingrad and El Alamein, hundreds of thousands of Austrians prayed for the defeat of Hitler and a speedy termination of the war. In the urban industrial areas especially, growing numbers of people looked forward to the re-establishment of a democratic regime in their country. But there were few who did anything about it.

Nevertheless, the powerful short-wave senders of the Allied powers dinned into Austrian ears the promises of a better life at war's end, of a democratic Austria taking its place as a liberated nation among the foes of Hitlerism. Out of this curious disparity between the people's expectation of full acceptance as a democratic sovereignty, and the doubts and reservations of the Big Four as to the exact degree of liberation which Austria had earned for itself, there has developed a crazy-quilt pattern of occupation policy that is frequently as confusing to liberators as to liberated. Austria, like Germany, is divided into four almost air-tight occupation zones. As in the Reich, the occupational powers maintain a high degree of supervision over every phase of life and over every branch of government. And Austria, like Germany, has discovered that its four occupying armies have many—and basic—differences over their role in Austria and the country's future orientation.

On the other hand, Austria—whose area is approximately that of Maine and whose population is less than that of New York City—has been officially recognized as a liberated nation. It has held national elections, it has a Parliament and a central government, it has sent abroad political representatives with varying degrees of diplomatic authority. Yet its government cannot truly call its soul its own. Today, more than a year after V-E Day, Austria is a headstrong child with an indecisive governess. Despite previous illness, the child wants to go out and play ball with the other kids. The governess is afraid that her protégé may be picked upon by the local bully, have a case of tantrums if the teammates play too rough, or die of heart attack sliding into second base. While the governess ponders, the child daily becomes a more complex problem.

II

More than anything else, Austria wants a return to normal life. Austria is tired of war, tired of conflicts, tired of starvation diet. To be sure, this is true of all the countries of eastern and central Europe; but, unlike most of her neighbors, Austria boasts a comparatively recent period of democratic progress and social advance to which it can look back for vision and inspiration. After World War I, the Austrian Social-Democrats, having established the Republic, made possible a national liberalization of social welfare and labor legislation. In that era they gave Vienna a model city administration famed throughout the world. Now, after years of turmoil, the system of orderly government-sponsored reforms that marked the period from 1919 to 1934 looks highly attractive. It is a pattern for which Austria voted in the elections of November 1945, the first democratic testing of public opinion in that country in thirteen years.

"My God," commented one American observer after studying the results, "this is the only country in Europe that could go through two types of fascism, an unsuccessful war effort, a radically altered economy, and a strangling four-way liberation, and still vote almost exactly as it did in 1932."

In the November elections, Austrian voters divided almost equally between the right and left. Of close to 3,200,000 votes cast in the entire country, the conservative Volkspartei received a thin plurality over the combined totals of the Socialists

and the small Communist party. The balloting—which was marked by less fraud than one is accustomed to expect in New York or Chicago—followed traditional patterns. The Socialists, for instance, regained their pre-fascist control of the Vienna city government, received most of the industrial workers' votes, and ran up a majority in every city of consequence except Innsbruck, in the Tyrol—a district which some Americans argue is still living comfortably in the Middle Ages. The Volkspartei received its strength from the middle and upper classes in the cities and from the peasants, while the Communists siphoned off some of the leftist workers' vote. But the Communists, who had anticipated upwards of fifteen per cent of the total, received only five per cent. Austria was definitely choosing the middle way.

WHILE relations between the Volkspartei and Socialist leaders are in a state of constant flux, most of them now agree that the form of political democracy established after 1919 is a desirable goal for the new Austrian government. True, the Socialists take righteous pleasure in reminding the Volkspartei that its lineal predecessor, the Christian Socials, had instituted a completely totalitarian regime under Dollfuss and Schuschnigg in the years between February 1934 and March 1938, when Hitler's legions marched in with the aid of a widespread fifth column. Volkspartei leaders, many of whom participated actively in the one-party dictatorship of the '34–'38 era, are now little inclined to boast about their exploits at that time. Heinrich Gleissner, governor of Upper Austria now as he was before Austria's incorporation into the Reich, excuses his party's action in those four years as an unpleasant historical necessity. It is typical of postwar Austria that he maintains cordial working relations with a Socialist leader whose brother he condemned to death ten years ago for anti-fascist political activity.

The political democracy which all Socialists and the moderate wing of the Volkspartei regard as their ideal is a rare phenomenon in central and eastern Europe. Indeed, they can observe at close range some of the strange experiments in the art of government being conducted on their eastern neighbors. They are, as a result, anxious to re-establish with a minimum of lost time their own institutions, which functioned so well in the twenties but shook to pieces under the weight of world depression and the consequent emergence of Austrian fascism and German nazism. Can these pieces be patched together again? Can freedom of speech and press quickly be brought back and strengthened, and democratic government placed on such solid foundations that it will reasonably be able to withstand the difficulties of the next few years while providing for a program of social and economic advance?

President Karl Renner, the veteran chief of the Socialists, and most of his party colleagues are convinced that these goals are readily attainable. From the moment he was selected as chancellor of the provisional government by the Russian army in the spring of 1945, Renner has had full confidence in the ability of the Austrian government to solve its immediate problems and move ahead to wrestling with long range issues. Renner's provisional government, which functioned from May 1945 until the November elections, was a tri-partite regime in which Socialists, Communists, and Volkspartei had equal representation. With the balloting, the government underwent changes to reflect the new alignment of power; Leopold Figl, a peasant leader, assumed the chancellorship of the new coalition government, in which the Volkspartei had the largest number of places. Renner moved upstairs to the presidency, which he seems to be converting rapidly from its traditional character as a dummy figurehead to one of active participation in the country's political life.

Despite chasm-wide differences in political outlook and background, Figl and Renner constitute an effective—if sometimes unwilling and jealous—partnership in the task of bringing Austria back to normalcy. Figl, in his forties, has a background of experience limited almost exclusively to that of an efficient leader of the conservative *Bauernbund* (peasants' union) before the Nazis threw him into a concentration camp for seven years.

Renner, seventy-six years old, has the political know-how of a highly-trained Socialist executive who went through the rough-and-tumble existence of an oppositionist to the old Empire, served as an Austrian representative at the St. Germain peace conference, participated in the building of the Republic, and sat out in lonely vigil the eleven years of fascism.

Figl's road to reconstruction is paved with the good intentions of a conciliatory policy—conciliatory to little and middling Nazis, conciliatory to the Allied Council, conciliatory to the industrial and financial circles which hope for business as usual at the earliest opportune moment.

Renner, on the contrary, came out of his corner swinging with a vigor unexpected in a white-haired, nearsighted old man. His theory has been simple and apparently unclouded by doubts: the single effective method of developing a strong Austrian democratic government is to give that government full jurisdiction within its realm. With a minimum of regard for the sensibilities of the occupying powers' political representatives, he has ridiculed the four-zone division of Austria and demanded the restoration of the nation's geographical and economic unity. He has suggested that the occupying powers reduce their forces to the bone. He has complained that the Allied Council, which frequently cannot reach a common decision itself, is stultifying the normal functions of the Austrian central government. He has commented acidly, in regard to Communist domination of the State Police in Vienna and the Russian zone, that "having fought black fascism and brown fascism, Austrian democrats are perfectly capable of resisting red fascism." He has urged the Austrian press to disregard "unimportant and irrelevant" problems and to discuss instead such touchy subjects as the wisdom of application in Austria of the Potsdam decisions, the threats to the maintenance of Austria's national wealth, and the methods of overcoming "shortages of foodstuffs and certain vital raw materials"—the last, a thinly-veiled reference to Russian requisitions of grain and the seizure of the Zistersdorf oil fields.

Renner's outspoken remarks about the nature and failings of the Allied occupation have won him an enthusiastic following among the Socialists, who want a speedy return to an unfettered democratic state; and from Austria's sizeable contingent of Nazi sympathizers, who have no love for his democratic ideals but regard the removal of the Allied forces as a necessary prerequisite to an effective bid for their own increased power throughout the country. The reaction among responsible political officers of the occupying armies has been mixed. Among the Americans, at least, there is considerable sympathy for Renner's goals. At the same time, they resent the sharpness of his criticism of the Allied Council. More seriously, some Americans feel that Renner has exaggerated the basic strength of Austria's resurgent democratic forces to the same degree that he has underestimated the latent power of Nazis and Nazi sympathizers.

III

THERE is no question that Allied occupation has been essential to Austria's postwar development. On V-E Day, Austrian trade and transportation had ground to a standstill. Slave laborers imported from all of Europe by the Nazis and displaced war refugees—most of them Hungarians—numbered in the hundreds of thousands. Huge remnants of the Wehrmacht wandered aimlessly through the land. Austria's principal cities—Vienna, Graz, Linz—were badly damaged, and most of the smaller municipalities had experienced the ravages of war. During the final weeks of the Third Reich, numerous Nazi bigwigs had scampered into the beautiful mountain and lake districts of Salzburg and the Tyrol with the double purpose of escaping the hell which they themselves had created and of hiding out from the victors. No Austrian government created in the chaos of the period could adequately have coped with these problems of security and rehabilitation.

On the whole, the Allied forces acted efficiently to bring some semblance of order out of the confusion that followed war's end. Whether their record is comparably good as it concerns the effort to lead the people toward self-government and democracy is open to serious doubt.

Most readers of this magazine are acquainted by now with some of the deficiencies of military government in Germany. The same problems encountered in the Third Reich are equally in evidence in Austria: the insufficiency of trained personnel to administer the American supervisory machine, the ravages of speedy deployment, the replacement of trained officers by men with fewer points and even less background or aptitude for the job, and—worst of all—stupidity or indifference. Too often, the writers had opportunity to see American officers hounding or ignoring representatives of the democratic political organizations, yet acting as easy-mark suckers for suspicious gentlemen with a fluent knowledge of English, or for attractive young ladies wasting considerably less love for the democratic ideal than for the handiest available officer possessing abundant supplies of K-rations and cognac.

It is a regrettable fact that by midsummer of 1945, large numbers of Austrian anti-fascists—the people whom we should have most earnestly won to our standards—were complaining bitterly that although the Americans were performing useful service in rounding up some Nazis and in providing various types of economic assistance, we were also doing much to impede the progress of democracy. Austrian anti-fascists could never be certain of their status. In some few communities in the American zone, their advice and help were sought; in others the MG officer might feel insulted or suspicious at an offer of co-operation. The Socialists in Linz—an industrial city of the same size as Worcester, Massachusetts—were permitted no direct method of communication with the provincial military government until early autumn, and then only because higher echelons of the United States Forces in Austria intervened with direct orders for a change of local policy.

FORTUNATELY for our reputation, the Americans had no monopoly on bungling occupational affairs. The French, British and Russians all managed to fill a heavy quota. An Austrian official whose home is in the Tyrol complained to the writers that in his native city of Innsbruck five separate echelons of French military government—from occupational zone down to city ward—had vastly complicated the problems of municipal management and produced no visible dividends other than massive streams of red tape. In a small Tyrolean town, whose civilian motor vehicles numbered nineteen, an MG structure of eleven officers—headed by the omnipresent lieutenant-colonel—and several enlisted men constituted the MG transportation section and wrapped themselves in reams of paper work to handle the problems of keeping the town on wheels. Even more serious than the administrative burdens imposed by the occupation, however, was the friendliness displayed by leading French authorities toward Otto of Hapsburg, who made a series of scarcely secret trips to the French zone, and toward Otto's brothers, who maintained permanent headquarters in Innsbruck from which they agitated to restore their shop-worn crown. Officials of the Communist and Socialist parties, whose sister organizations had acquired the balance of power in French domestic politics, were hard put to find an explanation for this curious twist to the "liberate and democratize" policies proclaimed by the French authorities.

In the provinces of Carinthia and Styria, which constitute the British zone of occupation, a heavy thumb was kept on the political parties for months after the liberation. Styrian democrats reached their apex of confusion in July and August 1945, when by international agreement their province was switched from the Russian zone to the British. After a fortnight of new liberation policies, a Styrian Socialist commented ruefully that "under the Russians we had complete political liberty but no personal security; under the British, we are completely secure but we have lost our political liberty."

Leaders of all three political parties in the Russian zone with whom the writers talked, seemed to like Soviet military government—perhaps because there is so little of it. Unlike the western powers, which imported entire hierarchies to supervise every detail of provincial and municipal management, the Russians have been generally inclined to install only a

town commander and a political commissar in each community; these officers exert their powers through broad general directives to the heads of the local governments and leave the details to the Austrians. Whether this procedure was based on free choice or on the limited availability of capable, trained personnel, is unknown. Whatever the reason, it effected an early development of free political activity by all parties with a minimum of interference from the Russians.

The Soviet government might have harvested an abundant crop of goodwill from this political arrangement had it not been for the intensity with which the Red Army lived off the land. Soviet soldiers requisitioned large amounts of grain and cattle, seized household property without much attention to the political or class background of the owners, and dismantled considerable industrial equipment for shipment to Russia.

These actions were explained by the Russians on the basis that the Wehrmacht hadn't behaved exactly like Little Lord Fauntleroy during its eastward excursions, and that under the Potsdam Declaration the USSR had been promised sizeable quantities of industrial machinery owned by the Germans. The explanations were valid enough, but scarcely calculated to win the admiring respect of Austrians long exposed to the "liberated nation" propaganda. The railroad workers, for instance, were among Austria's most convinced anti-fascists and had played a significant role in the country's resistance to the Nazis. But their pro-Soviet sentiment was diluted when they discovered the Russians had dismantled and were planning to evacuate by train the only plant in Austria for processing railroad ties. For several weeks the railroad workers in the Russian zone played an intriguing game of hide-and-seek with Soviet officials over the movement of the loaded train, which seemed invariably to land on a remote siding somewhere between Vienna and the Austro-Hungarian border!

IV

UNDER the impact of so mottled a set of occupation policies, the Austrian national government has settled naturally and quickly into a state of nervous lethargy. Even more clearly than people elsewhere in the world the Austrians have been able to see the gradual deterioration of unity among the Big Three.

The Nazis have enjoyed this phenomenon. And thoughtful leaders of the Austrian government are seriously concerned, for although deep and abiding faith in the Russians is not a predominant national characteristic they have sensed that the decaying relationships among Washington, London, Paris, and Moscow are quickly reflected in differences and deadlocks within the Allied Council in Vienna. In almost every case, it is Austria that loses in such a contest for power or prestige among the generals.

Under the circumstances, the Austrian government can make little headway toward establishing a sound fiscal policy, because the largest single factor in the country's financial burden—the cost of occupation—constitutes a complete unknown. With upwards of a hundred thousand Russian soldiers (a proportion of 1 to 15 of the civilian population) and a roughly equal number divided among the French, British, and American armies, the Austrian government knows for certain only that one day it will receive a whopping bill.

Furthermore, the establishment of tight zone boundaries which severely limit travel throughout the country has helped keep trade and industry at a fraction of normal. In some sections, cattle and horses have all but disappeared. The food shortage typical of all Europe has been accentuated by the live-off-the-land policies of the French and Russians to the point where hundreds of thousands of Austrians are suffering from malnutrition and actual starvation. There is a tremendous job of reconstruction; in Vienna alone, an estimated 100,000 apartments have been either totally destroyed or rendered unfit for occupancy.

These are major problems facing any Austrian government, be it left or right. On none of them, it must be candidly admitted, has any of the occupying powers been very helpful up to now in mapping out future policies and programs.

Leaders of the Socialist Party in particular have been bitterly critical of this situation. Adolf Schaerf, vice-chancellor of the government and one of the Socialists' most outspoken advocates of a western orientation for his country, complained last April that Austria is now cursed with six governments: the four Allied zonal regimes, the Allied Council, and last—and least—the civil national government. Austria, he said, was better off during the early stages of the occupation when its government was recognized by—and responsible to—the Russians alone. Renner has likened Austria to a "child that has fallen out of a window. Four adults rush to save him, but in their haste to get there first, the child gets trampled." To protect the child from such a fate, he has formally requested that the four-power occupation be replaced by United Nations supervision.

Although nazi-minded Austrians have, from the beginning of the occupation, encouraged the idea of rivalry and hate between the western powers and the Soviet Union, Renner and most of his colleagues in the government fully realize that in present-day Europe, the existence of small nations can be guaranteed only through the co-operation of the big powers—the Soviet Union, Britain and the United States. "If the United Nations does not succeed," the Austrian president has pointed out, "that means war and the end of Austria."

If the victors in this war are to win the moral support of the Austrian people, they must start soon to prove that Big Three unity is more than a myth, and that democracy can offer a set of dynamics capable of providing jobs and security. So far, we have failed. In Austria today, after a year of occupation, we have made pitifully small strides toward helping to integrate the people into a decent society. We have supplied critical needed food, repaired the railways, cleaned up some of the rubble. We have thrown a good many Nazis into the clink, published some excellent newspapers, and helped subsidize the rebirth of Austrian cultural life. Our failure has been in our inability to capture the imagination of the young people who were reared in the Hitler tradition, or to find methods of providing work or mental stimulation for the returning veterans of the Wehrmacht. We have not demonstrated to the hundreds of thousands of men and women who were won to the cause of Hitlerism by promises of bread and work that we are prepared to help Austria find an adequate place in the economic life of Europe.

This is a big order to fill—but no greater than the promises we made to Austria of a rich democratic life. Compared to our wartime pledges, the contributions of the occupying powers have been meager; indeed, we now seem to be reaching the stage of diminishing returns, where we are retarding the very progress that, as democratic nations, we want to see.

At various times in the past year, the representatives of the four powers have promised Austria that the occupation will be just as short-lived as necessary to restore Austrian democracy to a healthy status. Secretary of State Byrnes perhaps had that in mind when at the Foreign Ministers' meeting in May he proposed that each of the powers limit its troops to 15,000 and move forward to discussing a termination of their stay in Austria. It was unfortunate from Austria's viewpoint that Molotov declined to discuss the question, for speedy withdrawal is a necessity if the Austrian government is to retain the strength to stand on its own two feet.

Such a withdrawal of troops of course has potentialities for bad as well as for good. Austria's submerged Nazis may renew their bid for power through infiltration. The government will probably make unpleasant mistakes. But like the parts of the human body which grow and become strong through exercise, the democratic forces of Austria have as their only chance for continued development the achievement of complete responsibility for their government and the acceptance of total self-reliance.

As matters now stand, we are restraining some of the foes of freedom by our presence in the country, but simultaneously we are alienating or frustrating our friends in Austria by the peculiarities of Allied liberation. Democratic leaders, often against their desires, are being forced into a position of criticizing the

liberating powers whom only a year ago they hailed so proudly. The common people, who took tremendous encouragement from their country's liberated status, are finding the road to normal life blocked by unexpected and often unnecessary obstacles. If these people conclude that a return to an orderly, productive society is impossible, that stagnation and confusion have become the permanent order of the day, then the dangers to a democratic Austria and to a peaceful central Europe will multiply quickly. The time is ripe for action to avert any such recrudescence of fascism in a country still aspiring to democratic self-discipline.

The Lonely Kings

ROBERT D. MAXWELL

The Brigadier
twists restlessly in his swivel chair
to break the silent polish of the mahogany room.
The pallid silken pennant in the corner
catches island sun; the fitful military eye,
with fingers drumming,
marks through the venetian slats the bougainvillea
and the hibiscus burgeoning with flame
against the semi-tropic cyclorama.

Swift expletives and gestures of command
die on the lips and in the twitching wrist,
begin the slow atrophy of peace.
He remembers
the insistent demand of intricate efficiencies,
the objective snap of khakied myrmidons,
the daily rumble of men warring comfortably.

The Adjutant in the Outer Office
rumples the diminished red-tape,
fingers like ammo the names of 400 O & EM
(once 8000)
for duds or discrepancy.

He is remembering
the vicarious, fateful authority,
the official stylus
inditing on the stencil the War Dept's yes.
His eyes so long unloitering,
rest on the Master Sergeant in a grimace—
he hates the threaded grizzle of his hair.

SPRUANCE: PICTURE OF THE ADMIRAL

FLETCHER PRATT

THE late war was on so wide a scale as to have been conducted almost exclusively by specialists—not in one arm alone, but in one of the tasks performed by that arm. Thus Eisenhower, King, Marshall, and Nimitz confined themselves to broad strategic decisions; the conduct of operations in contact with the enemy lay in the hands of Halsey, Simpson, Patton, MacArthur, Vandegrift. Only two men succeeded in crossing the shadow line that separates the two arts of war and emerged from the conflict with the reputation of being capable of anything—General Omar Bradley by land and Admiral Raymond Ames Spruance by sea. It is too early yet to call them the prime movers of victory or even the best men in their respective fields, but it is significant that no other leaders have been so highly regarded in the professional circles of their own service.

Yet the true homologue of Admiral Spruance is not the amiable Bradley, with his patient smile and Will Rogers-like voice, but an earlier American soldier. When one places them side by side, there is a striking similarity between the face that looks out at us from the Gilbert Stuart portraits of George Washington and the published photographs of the victor of Midway and the Philippine Sea. The nose of the General is slightly wider than that of the seaman but in both there are the same firm lips and thinking forehead, the same cant of the ears and solid chin. In both cases the eyes are calm, fixed inward rather than outward, seeing yet not seeing, so that sailors laboring among the litter of a newly-won beachhead on Iwo Jima or Kwajalein would hardly be conscious of the tall, lonely, striding figure till it had passed and memory reported there had been four stars on the collar. "Why, that must be that great big admiral, the boss of the whole show."

The resemblance is more than picture-deep, and deeper still than such externals as the fact that the official presence of both men brought upon them the imputation of frigidity, contradicted by their personal lives. It extends into careers which are curiously parallel in beginning, so to speak, at the top. Both men were held in enormous respect by their contemporaries at the time they attained high command; but it was a respect for character and general intellect rather than for achievement. There was no more in Spruance's record in 1941 to show that he would become the great exponent of carrier war than there was in 1775 to show that the Continental Congress was appointing one of the ablest strategists of history to command its armies.

The Admiral was neither an aviator nor

This is the third study of an individual admiral to appear in Mr. Pratt's series on naval operations in the Pacific. The other two were Nimitz, in Harper's *for February 1945, and Callaghan, September 1944.*

a "Pensacola admiral" (the term applied to high-ranking officers who take their wings after reaching a stage where it is certain that they will one day command fleets) when suddenly, and rather surprisingly for the wiseacres of the Navy, he succeeded to the command of the most important of all the carrier task forces in May 1942. He had not even worked very much with carriers save in the rather brief period when, as commander of Cruiser Division 5, he had accompanied Halsey in raids to the Marshalls, Wake, and Marcus. All of his previous service afloat had been in destroyers and battleships, and all through the war he had to fly his flag in a vessel whose primary weapon was her guns. When he selected a chief of staff it was not an aviator but an officer who had been an engineer under him in one of the old "Delilah type" destroyers in the Philippines. If ever there was a commander who deserved the usually derisive epithet of "battleship admiral" it was Raymond Ames Spruance.

The results are now in and they support the thesis that what is needed for high command is a good level of general intelligence rather than experience with, or a bias toward, any particular type of weapon. That Spruance possessed the former there was no doubt at any time. Indeed, one may hypothesize this as one of the main reasons why he received the cruiser command as second to the flamboyant Halsey, with reversion of the chief place if anything should happen to the latter in action. The question of who will lead if the admiral is killed must always be a consideration in making appointments for naval war, and it seems to have been felt both in Washington and at Pearl Harbor that while Halsey's vivid leadership and fighting spirit were exactly the qualities necessary to take a fleet into battle, the cool judgment and the broad mind of Spruance would be particularly useful in getting the ships out again if things went so wrong that he had to assume command.

II

It was thus less as a leader than as a kind of staff officer and one-man brain trust that Spruance received command of Cruiser Division 5 and went with Halsey on the first of the carrier raids—the attack on the Marshalls of February 1, 1942. Some aggressive action on the part of the fleet, both for its own morale and that of the American people, was clearly needed at the time, just after Pearl Harbor, when the news from the Philippines clearly meant they could not be held, when the Japs were closing in on Singapore and pouring down into the Java Sea. Australia was evidently next on their list, and the fact that the carrier cover for the first convoy of the war in that direction would cross the carrier cover for the second on its return, gave Nimitz, always an aggressive thinker, the idea that something might be attempted on the enemy.

Nevertheless, there seems to have been some very reasonable doubt as to the advisability of the step. It will be remembered that our heavy cruisers and carriers (only four carriers, and the Japs were known to have ten) were the fleet in those days, and if anything were to happen to them the goose would be well cooked. The strength of the Marshalls was utterly unknown; and as to what happened to carriers within reach of land-based air, there was only the testimony of the battering HMS *Illustrious* took in the Strait of Sicily, which suggested that something very serious indeed would happen to them. The carrier admirals still favored the attack, as demonstrating their point that a cruiser-carrier force contained its own protection and need fear nothing that flew or swam, but there were doubts elsewhere all the way back to Washington, and it must have been with something approaching surprise that the others heard Spruance, the battleship admiral, pronounce in favor of making the attack.

Not that he had a casting vote, being quite junior at the time. But his opinions on matters of strategy carried weight. He was one of the few officers who had been three times to the Naval War College; at first as a student, when he had an outstanding record, and later for two terms on the staff, where his record was still more remarkable and might have earned him a wide reputation as a naval thinker if he could have conquered an inherent dislike

for writing and an invincible repugnance to seeing his own name in print. In fact, it was his capacity for thinking in strategic terms that had brought him to his rank. His only command among large ships had been the battleship *Mississippi*, and he had had her for just the length of time conventionally necessary to permit promotion to flag rank. When he received that promotion he had chosen his staff from a list of names on a piece of paper without ever having met the men before, which is to say that he lacked the interest in the personnel factor which is one of Nimitz' characteristics.

He also knew what the fleet would be up against in the Marshalls, in a psychological sense if not in a mechanical. Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto had been on duty as naval attaché in Washington when Spruance was in Naval Intelligence, and the latter rated him as one of the most capable officers he had ever met—certainly the best of the Japanese. Yet Spruance's voice was unhesitatingly in favor of the calculated risk in the Marshalls. Later at Midway, of course, he had no choice; the risk was imposed upon him from without—doubly, because the strategy that produced the battle was Japanese and the American tactics of at least part of it belonged to Admiral F. J. Fletcher, who arrived on the scene aboard the *Yorktown* just as the action began, and as senior officer present of course had Spruance's force under his general direction.

At the time of Midway Spruance was still very junior, and indeed, only accidentally a task force commander. He was still in command of the cruiser division when Halsey ran his task force, built round the carriers *Enterprise* and *Hornet*, down to the south to try to catch the enemy in retreat from the Battle of Coral Sea in early May of 1942. It would be at the end of this long voyage that code intercepts began to warn our high command of the forthcoming attempt on Midway, and the reports of the scouting submarines began to confirm it. The Halsey force came racing north to parry the blow, when its admiral fell ill. The loss of *Lexington* had left one ranking officer marooned in southern waters, while two others had temporarily gone back to the Coast; there was quite literally no one to take command of the force but Spruance.

The picture of the Admiral as a cold, hard, ruthlessly efficient leader, "the thinking machine," was already being assiduously spread by the correspondents, whom he refused to interview or to permit aboard his flagship on the ground there was no room for them. As in the case of the first President, those who saw him under conditions that did not require him to answer every question with "no" had a somewhat different impression. On the bridge or striding back and forth along the deck in one of those famous constitutionals that lasted for hours and wore out two or three sets of companions, he could be impassive as granite; and also below, when he would often stand before a map for thirty minutes on end, thinking, thinking, thinking, without moving a muscle except to wave away interruptions.

Then the decision would be made, the Admiral would emerge from his brown study to talk and listen with the small mannerisms of an intensely nervous mind intensely held under control—sometimes the chin resting on the back of a hand with one finger running up the long jaw, or again the fingers of both hands interlaced and gripping till the knuckles whitened. He has a habit of opening his eyes wide and shooting up his eyebrows as he makes a point, usually with a good deal of that wit which it is impossible to reproduce because it depends upon the whole run of the conversation.

The decision reached before dawn on June 4 off Midway (Fletcher had not yet arrived, and aboard the other carriers they did not know he was near till *Yorktown's* planes streaked past in the first attack) was to run the carriers up northeast of Midway. There was no question but that here was the crisis of the war and the whole fleet might be considered expendable; but there was also no doubt that we were heavily outnumbered, with no reserves, and that attrition on a one-for-one basis would be fatal. Our forces that morning were faced with the insoluble problem war often imposes on the weaker party—

that of hurting without being hurt, of hitting without being allowed to take blows in return. The only countervailing advantage possessed by our side was a knowledge of the enemy's strength and approximate position.

THE fact that the latter piece of knowledge was only approximate led to the most celebrated incident of the battle, the incident that apparently confirmed the diagnosis of Spruance as a model of the icy efficiency usually associated with the Teuton in war—his famous "Attack at once" order when Torpedo Squadron 8 discovered the Japanese carriers under their blanket of cloud, but also, finding themselves low on gas and without fighter cover, asked permission to withdraw and refuel. Spruance's answer flashed so instantly over the radio that then and later it was assumed to have been a product of impulse—a double injustice to the Admiral. His impulse in an emergency is to make a joke, the point of which is that the questioner has been placed in a responsible position because he was supposed to possess judgment and should go ahead and use it. In the present instance it struck Spruance as merely astonishing that anyone could make such a request—hence the note of brusqueness. He himself had long ago reasoned out the idea that the Japs set so high a valuation on surprise in war because their own reactions to surprise are those of confusion and error. (He believes this is fundamentally due to the language in which they think, a language poor in the means for rapid ratiocination.) He had led the carriers to an abnormal position for the purpose of obtaining surprise. The logical position for them would have been south of Midway or between it and Hawaii. The surprise was now obtained; most of the enemy planes were on their carrier decks. The one essential was to hit them, both to give the tardy Japanese intellect a problem beyond its powers, and to damage their ships so their positions would be relatively fixed for the succeeding waves of assault. "Attack at once." Torpedo 8 had only one survivor but the Japanese were lost.

One of their carriers, *Hiryu*, escaped that deadly contact under a cover of cloud, and late in the afternoon her planes disabled *Yorktown*. *Hiryu* herself was heavily hit in return, but no one quite knew how heavily, and there was a good deal of confusion in our fleet as to the results. Especially, there was no certainty that the Japs' spirit had been broken, that they might not find means and courage for another attack. Spruance got in touch with Fletcher as the latter's damaged flagship was being dragged out of action and asked whether there were any orders. No, replied Fletcher, there was no reason to change the original plan for the night.

That plan was for the American carrier force to steam a course north (the Japanese were expected to be searching west or south), then east, then south and west around a lopsided square which should never pass twice through the same spot (in order to avoid possible submarines), but would end up at dawn with the carriers running west toward the enemy's fleet of transports. At the end of the northward leg, however, the fleet had a radar contact—on what, not even postwar analysis has revealed. It might have been a surfaced submarine; and with his miserable complement of destroyers, of which two had already been detached to aid the damaged *Yorktown*, Spruance hardly dared close a submarine in the dark. Still less anxious was he to encounter the Japs' surface craft, among which were four battleships; for a carrier, though queen of the sea by daylight, is not much better than a good destroyer by night. Moreover his objective was to protect Midway Island and he felt he could not go far wrong as long as he stayed close to it.

He turned away forthwith—the famous southeasterly turn about which so much has been written. Dawn of June 5 saw him swinging west again, but at dawn there was a report from a long-range search plane that *Hiryu* had been spotted out to the northeastward, damaged but still afloat and making ten knots. Search strikes were flown off; at the same time a flight of Army B-17's went over in that direction. Actually the Jap carrier had been stopped when seen and she went down before any of our planes got to her, but this did not become certain till three weeks later, when a boatload of survivors was picked up.

Under the clouds of the weather front the search for her took nearly all day and by that much still further delayed the pursuit. At evening came two more fine examples of the temptation to lose the main thread that besets an admiral in action. The crew of a forced-down PBY remembered several hours after they had been rescued that their precious secret bombsight had been left aboard. Spruance had to detach one of his few remaining destroyers to go find it; they wanted him to send three. Two more destroyers ran low on fuel; and just at twilight there was an apparently reliable "recon" report that far to the west, at the edge of the retreating weather front, an air battle was going on between Jap fighters and our land-based bombers, with an enemy battleship helping out their planes.

Spruance sent the fuelless destroyers home, evaluated the battle report as nonsense, and pursued at his best speed—with the result that he caught and sank one of the Jap heavy cruisers and so badly battered another that she had to stay in dock nearly two years. But the point was that in every phase of the action from the very beginning, when he sent the *Enterprise* and *Hornet* fliers out with orders not to try to slow up the enemy by hitting many ships but to pile damage on the cripples till they sank, his analysis had proved correct in the large terms of strategy.

III

Nimitz, a specialist in human relations, recognized that he needed a brain like that at headquarters, particularly since his own strategic thinking tended in the direction of an offensive so vigorous that he sometimes failed to balance all the factors involved in an operation. After Midway he accordingly brought Spruance ashore with an appointment on the staff, and kept him there for a year and a quarter. Just what Spruance's influence was on the strategy of the long campaign up the Solomons, which fell in that period, it would be impossible to tell without a stenographic transcript of the conversations at headquarters. We have the word of one officer who was present at a good many of those conferences that the Admiral's function was that of a strategic censor—listening quietly to the presentation of a plan, and in one or two succinct sentences bringing up some feature that had been overlooked.

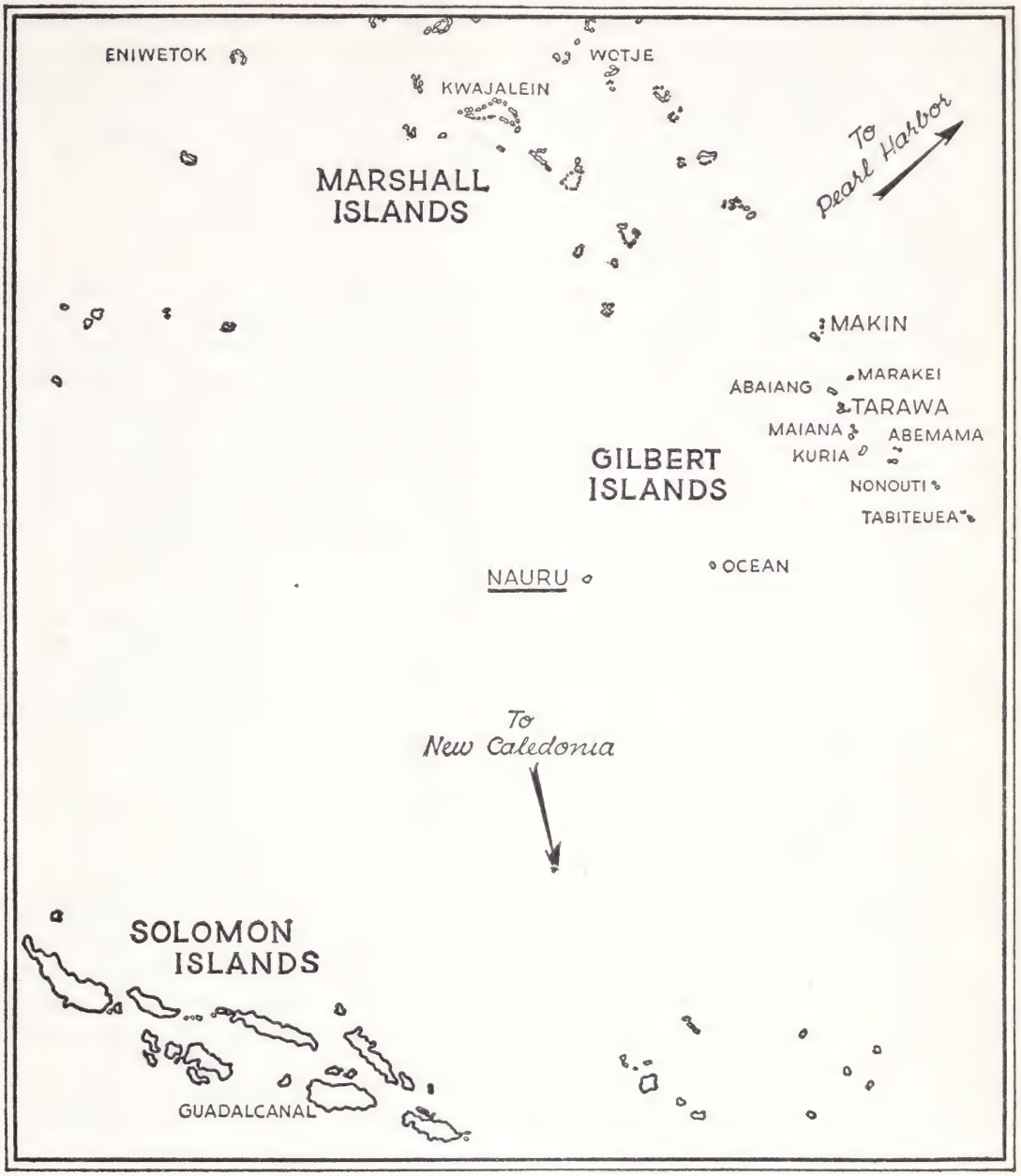
"Oh, but that's no objection," the proponent would reply: "Why, see . . ."

But next morning (says the informant) there would be a little clearing of throats, and a confession: "Do you know, Admiral Spruance, I believe you were right."

This is stating the matter in unsatisfactory general terms. It appears more clearly and specifically in the planning for the attack on the Japanese-held Gilberts, scheduled for November of 1943.

The original design was for simultaneous attacks on Tarawa and Nauru. The latter had been a thorn in the flank of American strategy for some time, since from it Japanese search planes operated over the whole area to the Solomons and beyond, while in our hands it would be a watchtower towards the Carolines. Spruance offered an objection to striking Nauru along with Tarawa; despite its strategic and economic importance, Nauru would be too tough a nut. Behind the low foreshore, cliffs rose a hundred feet; they would be filled with Jap gun positions impervious to anything but a direct hit, and direct hits would be hard to get in view of the distance of the encircling coral reef, through which there was, by the way, only a single entrance, probably well calibrated by the shore guns. We had learned something of Japanese defensive methods in the Solomons but on these comparatively large land masses it had been possible to set up supply dumps ashore and to make a systematic land campaign. Anything of the kind attempted from the sea against small islands would pin the fleet and supporting vessels to a narrow area for some time and offer ideal opportunities not only to Jap submarines and aircraft, but also to their surface fleet, which could come down through the Carolines at the most inappropriate moment. We had not yet learned how to conduct a fast campaign in these islands, and defects of technique would undoubtedly show up during an operation.

"What would you substitute for Nauru?" asked Admiral King, who was a



THE NEUTRALIZATION OF NAURU

Spruance proposed to attack Makin, rather than Nauru, believing that Nauru could later be eliminated by shuttle-bombing between Makin and the Solomons.

party to the conference with Nimitz.

"Makin," said Spruance; and added, in effect, that with airfields on Makin, at Tarawa, and in the central Solomons, it would be possible to neutralize Nauru by shuttle bombing.

SO IT was decided, and Spruance himself received command of the expedition. Halsey was due for a rest; he was very tired after the long campaign up the Solomons ladder. In any case, it was an operation that called for a sense of strategy of the widest kind. It called for rejecting even the long-desired general action with the Japanese fleet unless it could be brought about under conditions that guaranteed that the enemy would not interfere with our beachheads while it was in progress. Not only was Halsey less likely to make the beachhead his primary concern (in which, incidentally, he would

probably have had the full support of Mahan), but there seems also to have been a Turner question.

Vice-Admiral Richmond Kelley Turner was certainly our ablest amphibian commander, but his opinions were decided and his method of expressing them, to put it mildly, vigorous. Halsey was another of the same stamp and there is no doubt that the fur occasionally flew between the two men. Spruance, on the other hand, had been closely allied with Turner at the Naval War College and later in Washington, when one was in Intelligence and the other in War Plans; they liked and thoroughly understood one another and got along (the phrase keeps recurring) as Washington had with such explosive characters as Hamilton and Anthony Wayne. It was the mildest-mannered staff ever assembled; they achieved the odd feat of conducting a war for survival in an atmosphere of reasonableness and kindly geniality.

We have a picture of the Admiral as he moved down toward Tarawa aboard his flagship, the cruiser *Indianapolis;* chosen because, although fast, she was an old ship that would not be too much loss to the fleet if she were badly hurt by being taken in as close as he proposed to have her. The operation orders for the offensive had been drawn in detail by the task group commanders with whom he had previously talked things over, and now these orders were in the staff cabin—a three-foot shelf of top secret volumes. (Those for the Normandy invasion ran to a matter of tons.) "Thank you," said Spruance when they arrived, and continued poring over his charts.

"Don't you want to check them or look at them?" said the chief of staff.

"No. That's your job. Go to it."

The point was emphasized after that first bloody day at Tarawa when the higher officers gathered for a conference in the flag cabin. There were lines of strain on every face as details piled up of frightful casualties, with the Marines clinging to thirty yards of beachhead by their eyebrows and every likelihood that they would be pitched into the sea before another dawn. One after another the officers put forward suggestions—send A or X to the beach command, do this or that. Spruance heard them all in silence and when they had finished said, "Gentlemen, on that beach are Marine officers in whom I have the utmost confidence. We will proceed with the plan."

IV

THERE were no changes. The Marines picked themselves up from the beach and swept the island. But the operation as a whole was so far from satisfactory that considerable alterations were made in the planning for the next operation, the attack on the Marshalls, which fell in February of 1944, or as soon after the Makin-Tarawa attack as possible in view of the time needed for assembling men and materials.

It may be considered characteristic of the Admiral's strategic ideas, which throughout the phase of island warfare had the fixed purpose of eliminating risks to beachheads, that he did not at first like the idea of going to Kwajalein. To be sure, the possibility of interference from the Japanese fleet had been practically eliminated by the two great air raids on Rabaul, just before the Tarawa operation in November 1943. The enemy had gathered their heavy cruiser squadron at Rabaul, with attendant destroyers, in the intention of wiping out our then-new beachhead on Bougainville. Our carrier air groups had surprised them in the harbor with such damage that all but one of the ships had to go back to Japan for major repairs, which meant that the enemy fleet lacked a screen.

But the Japs had good airfields in the eastern Marshalls; they could stage planes down to them through Eniwetok. Undoubtedly they would do so as soon as our ships penetrated the island screen east of Kwajalein, with results that were likely to be hard on the beachhead there. In addition, we knew from intercepts that Japanese submarines had located the area out east of the Gilberts where our ships were meeting their tankers for refueling. A new area would have to be found, probably still further east, which meant longer runs from fueling point to combat area, all the way under the threat of air attack. The

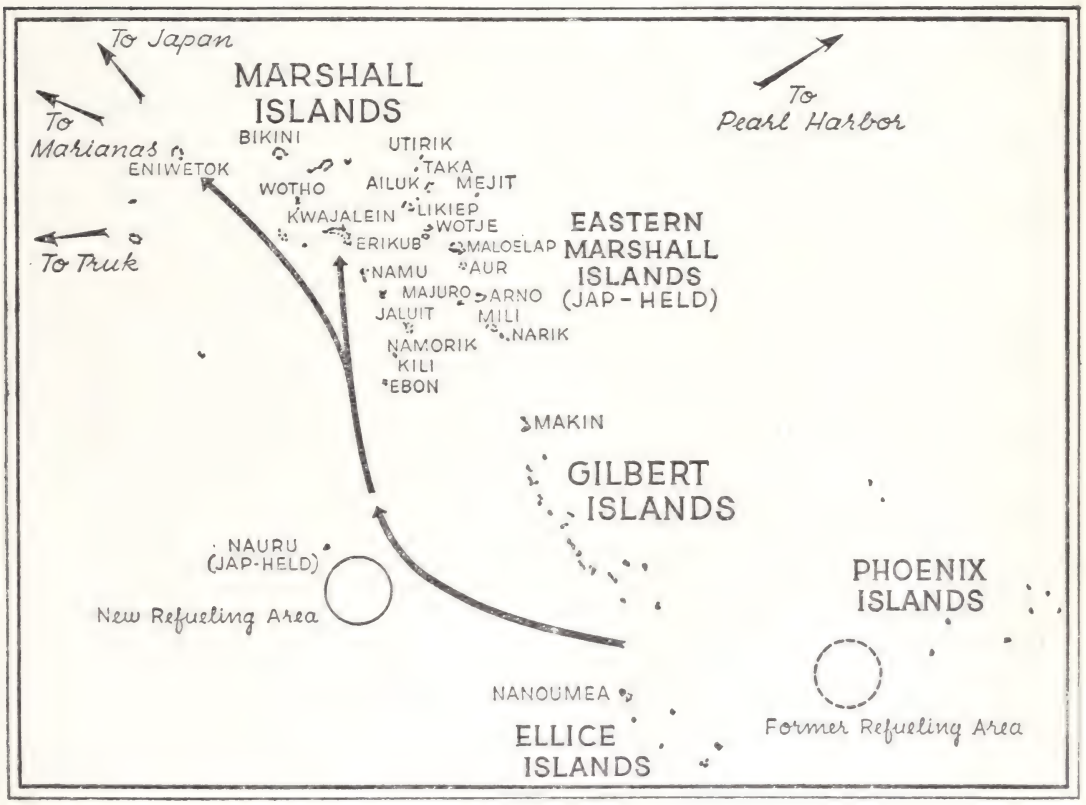
commander of the 5th Fleet (this was now the designation for Spruance's command) was for an attack on Wotje or Maloelap, where we could obtain surprise by coming up out of the sea. Nimitz and King overruled him; whether on the political-military ground of protests against "island hopping" that were rising back home or on the straight military consideration of taking the more aggressive action it is not clear—and Spruance went for one of those famous eighteen-mile walks.

When he came back the broad lines of the solution were laid down. The fleet would not move through the island screen at all, but would run up the western flank of the Gilberts direct to Kwajalein and thus gain their surprise. One carrier group would run fast for Eniwetok and hold it under attack to cut off the enemy's aerial reinforcements. The refueling area would not be moved east but west, west of the Gilberts, right under the nose of Nauru. It was the trick of Poe's "Purloined Letter" (as the Admiral commented in explaining the plan). Furthermore, there would be air cover from the little field at Nanoumea and from the carriers of the moving fleet. There would be twice as much preparation fire on the Kwajalein beaches as had been given at Tarawa, and this fire was to continue till the landing craft were actually in the water, giving the shell-shocked enemy no chance to recover. There was a revamping of the areas of command between the amphibian forces and those fighting ashore.

As usual, the Admiral held a series of commanders' conferences at which the plan was explained; then he left to group and unit staffs the task of drawing specific operations orders. For morale reasons there was a special effort with the tanker skippers, who have an unappetizing job; instead of summoning them to his headquarters Spruance went to theirs, described the whole operation, and told

The "Purloined Letter"

When the Japanese located our refueling area east of the Gilberts, Spruance deliberately placed the new area under the very nose of enemy-held Nauru.



them its success depended upon the way they carried out the purloined letter concealment. The Admiral's staff were still checking details of the orders as the fleet got under way. Even in the Tawara operation they had learned that it was normally quite useless to bring before the "old man" items in these plans that might strike them as badly arranged. "No," Spruance would say with an impatient gesture; "they have understood their orders. The details are their business. I will not interfere," and would go back to his contemplation of the charts, his study of times, speeds, distances. Later in the war, being informed that a plan called for the bombardment of Peleliu by a six-inch gun cruiser "and you know the Japs have eight-inch in there," he would snap his fingers in vexation, remark, "Guess I'll have to do something about that," and unhappily dictate an order.

On the march up to the Marshalls there was something really worth an interruption. The general orders said very clearly that each of the fast carrier groups was to detach one of its accompanying battleships for the preliminary shelling, but among the files of orders from one of the carrier groups there was no record of any such assignment having been made. "It was the only time I ever saw the Admiral really angry," said one of his staff afterwards, and the reason is not hid under a bushel. The "utmost confidence" that he delighted to place in his subordinates in order to leave his own mind free for larger problems had been violated. The battleship was detached on orders from the flag and shortly afterward the offending rear-admiral was relieved.

The Kwajalein operation was the most nearly perfect of all those in the central Pacific. The fire was such that the only Japs who came out of their holes to meet our men at the beaches were idiots and the whole business was completed many days ahead of schedule.

Of course this produced a reaction from the top brass, who began to send through dispatches suggesting that we get on with the war, step up the Eniwetok attack ahead of schedule. Spruance consulted everybody, especially the logistics officers, and replied simply that the Eniwetok attack would be carried out "as planned." In the meanwhile, Willis Lee had run down with the fast battleships to give Nauru that tremendous shelling which so crippled it that the shuttle bombers thenceforward had no difficulty in keeping it out of business, as Spruance had predicted. Now it was decided to use the extra time for the sweep to Truk.

STRATEGY at sea is always a matter which includes dealing with the ideas of the home authorities as well as those of the enemy, and since the American forces found themselves strong enough for major offensives the operating officers in the west had been forced to throw a series of body blocks in the direction of more remote planners to keep them from setting up an expedition against Truk—toward which all American naval thought for a generation had been directed. The Spruance sweep was designed to show the ancient menace of Truk for the fake it was; but the Admiral, for the first and last time, flew his flag in the battleship *New Jersey*, since there was some chance of action against the enemy heavy ships.

We know now that the Japanese admiral had called in his guards just the day before the attack fell on him, so that it not only succeeded in revealing Truk as an empty Halloween bogy but also produced a slaughter of planes and shipping that was not a bad comparison with Pearl Harbor. In the personal history of Raymond Spruance, however, this was less important than a small incident during the expedition.

A Japanese destroyer, crippled by our carrier planes, was lying nearly dead in the water north of the atoll. The Admiral led the two new battleships in to give the boys a little gunnery practice by finishing her off, and everything was going nicely when a torpedo came zipping through the water from the dying ship to miss both battleships by so little that they were saved only through quickness at the helm. At the time Spruance said nothing but "Wouldn't my face have been red if I got the *Iowa* torpedoed by a single destroyer in daylight?" But on the next prospective contact he turned to Admiral Giffen, who stood on the bridge beside him, and re-

marked, "You assume tactical command." He had recognized the fact that modern war is conducted by specialists—not in one type of arm alone, but even specialists in a particular form of operation within the framework of various arms. His own thinking was in the strategic domain, though he is recorded as responsible for one tactical innovation of importance—the system of control by which all the ships of an armada comprising several carrier groups, a battle line, and any number of light craft, move, turn, and maneuver as a single unit by always keeping a specified bearing and distance from a designated vessel.

V

THE strategic quality of Spruance's thinking shows up as clearly in the Marianas campaign of 1944 as it does anywhere.

It appears on a low level; in the first days the Japs came down through the Bonins with their bombers by night. It seemed to the staff that the Admiral might like to know about it and they roused him from sleep to say:

"We have Jap planes forty miles away and they are likely to attack."

"What the hell can I do about it?"

"Why—nothing, I guess."

"Then come tell me when I can." He turned his back and went calmly to sleep, as far aloft the night fighters' guns began to pound like distant riveting hammers.

It appears also at a high level. Already by June 16, 1944, which was D plus 1 day on Saipan, word was in from the submarine scouts that the Japanese fleet was working through the barrier of the Philippines, bound north and east for the relief of hard-pressed Saipan. The object of every American commander throughout the war was to draw that fleet into a general action which would solve all strategic problems thenceforward. The news of its approach came late at night, but Spruance went at once to see Turner of the Amphibs and asked him to get all the "stuff"—transports, supply vessels, assorted landing craft, and Marine whatnots—well out to the east of Saipan, to lend the fighting fleet all the cruisers and destroyers he could spare, and to let them go for the Japanese navy.

Turner said no. The battle ashore was not going well, he had already been forced to commit some of the troops previously destined for Guam, the 27th Division was looking bad, the supply dumps ashore were not yet adequate to let the campaign stand on its own legs, and the closest kind of support in all forms was needed. Spruance sighed, but he really had expected nothing else than that the overall strategy of winning the war would require him temporarily to adopt the doctrine Mahan had so often condemned—that of subordinating the destruction of the enemy's battle fleet on the sea to the certainty of gaining and holding an objective ashore. A German officer might not have minded sacrificing the three divisions on the beach for the chance of wiping out the Japanese fleet; an American could not.

It was accordingly necessary to stay close to Saipan and guard the beachhead area while Jocko Clark ran north at the head of two carrier groups for a blow at Iwo Jima to keep planes from staging in along that route. The precaution paid off when Clark caught a big group of bombers coming down and cut it to pieces. In the meanwhile it was becoming of the utmost importance to locate the Japanese fleet and determine what they were really up to. The submarines that had furnished the original information were, of course, unable to trail fast surface vessels by daylight.

On the 18th one of the Japs incautiously opened up his radio and a compass fix on him was secured. It seemed to show the enemy still slanting toward the Marianas without altering course or speed. But at that distance there is an error of 50 miles in radio compass fixes and in any case there was no information on the arrangement of the ships from which that one flashing message had gone out into the dark. Even the fact that the Japanese progress was regular aroused suspicion. The attempted surprise, the element of trickery so seldom absent from Japanese plans, seemed lacking. To Spruance this meant that the situation had not yet resolved itself.

Air scouting was the obvious need, but the carriers must still be kept close to the islands. Now there were waiting down in Eniwetok several squadrons of the giant PBY planes which have so enormous a range and would be just the thing for the job; but a PBY must be worked from a tender, and precisely the same reasons that had prevented Turner from taking his supply ships out to the eastward had thus far made it impossible for him to allot any space for tenders in the crowded anchorage. At the same time it was pointed out that if the 27th Army Division had performed as desired ashore, Magicienne Bay on the east side of Saipan would now be open with its thoroughly adequate anchorages.

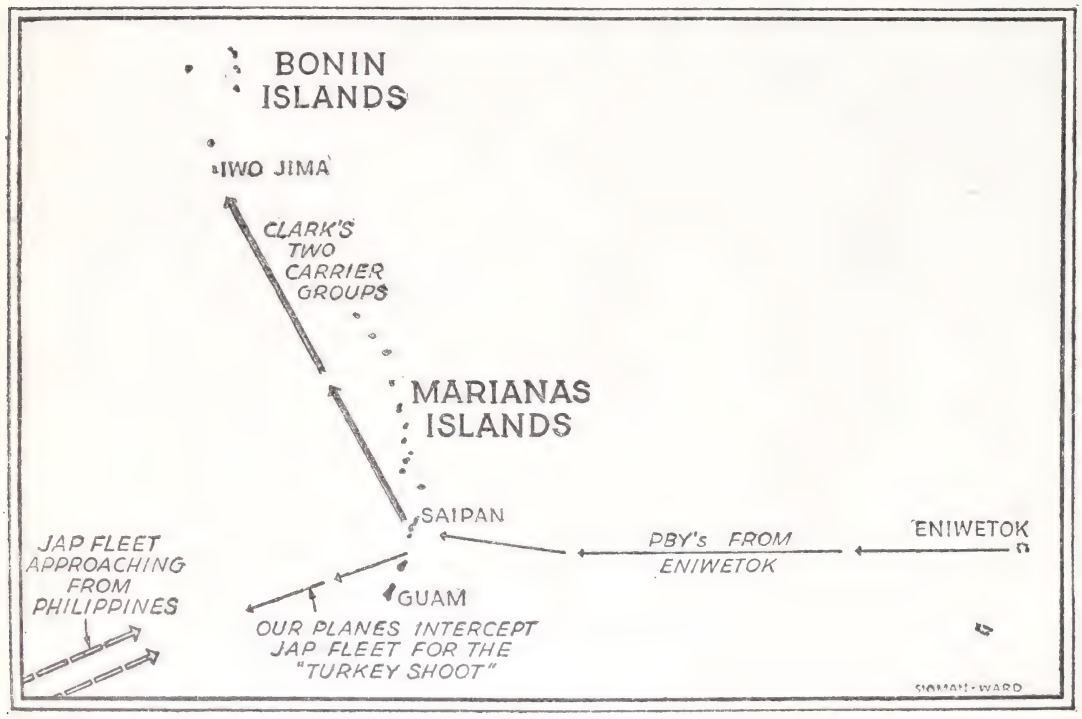
Turner and General Holland Smith of the Marines, in charge of ground operations, pressed their case on this issue and Spruance reluctantly signed an order relieving the Army Smith of his command of the division. He did it reluctantly, because of his belief that subordinates are entitled to work things out in their own way; but he signed, because the Army man's way had in this case violated the confidence and jeopardized the success of the general undertaking.

Turner made room for one small tender. That night five of the PBY's arrived from Eniwetok and four of them immediately went out again to seek the Jap fleet. They got a radar fix on it, discovering it in two widely separated groups on courses carrying them still further apart. Spruance was roused from sleep to hear the news. He made himself some coffee (no matter how many cooks he has around he prefers to brew his own from French high roast coffee, and of a consistency sufficient to float an iron wedge); after a period of brown study he believed he saw the Jap trick. They were going to fly planes in against the supply ships and beachhead from a range where our carriers could not hit back, landing them on the Marianas fields afterwards; and when our fleet pursued, they would slip their second squadron around in an end run to complete the destruction of the beachhead.

This diagnosis turned out to be perfectly correct as of the hour when it was made, and the next day was the famous "turkey shoot" when over 400 planes of the Jap

The Strategy of the "Turkey Shoot"

To defend the Saipan beachhead, Spruance imported scouting PBY's from Eniwetok, sent carriers against the bomber bases on Iwo Jima, and refrained from surface engagement with the Japanese fleet.



naval air service were knocked down. Later there was criticism of the Admiral for not pursuing at once when the last flaming trail slid down the horizon under the guns of the battleships. But his first objective was and still had to be that of barring the gate to the beachhead where Turner's transports lay.

WHETHER the Japanese might not still have attempted their end run in spite of their appalling losses in planes is uncertain. They had snoopers around our fleet during the afternoon of the 19th and though most of them were shot down it is probable that they got off their reports, and anyhow the strategic situation required our leaders to assume that they had done so. During the night, however, the strategic situation again changed when the submarine *Cavalla*, called from normal patrols to lie in ambush across the line of advance of the enemy fleet, found them and put three torpedoes into their big carrier *Shokaku*. The sub was counter-attacked and did not see the results, but when she reported toward morning, Spruance knew that the Japs had a cripple and his freedom of action was by that much increased. (*Shokaku* had gone down and the submarine *Albacore* hit another carrier, *Taiho*, but apparently her report did not get through.)

His delay in pursuing the Japanese fleet thus had two favorable effects in spite of the fact that it was a delay. For one, when the pursuit was actually begun, it carried our fleet out along a line that kept it between Saipan and the Japanese, making any end run virtually impossible save for forces so light that Turner's covering ships could easily handle them. For the other, when the Japs learned from their snoopers that our ships were still off the Marianas on the afternoon of the 19th and not worrying about pursuit, they slowed up to refuel. In spite of the enormous distances and the unfavorable wind which forced our carriers to turn in the wrong direction every time they launched or took in planes, these factors were enough to bring the air groups down on the enemy in that famous "mission beyond darkness" which completed the wreck of the carrier force that had been the leading menace to America since December 1941. The long pursuit also afforded a couple of further demonstrations of the Admiral's singleness of strategic purpose. Quite early in the run the staff began to worry about the destroyers, which were getting low on fuel. "What shall we do?"

"Send them back one by one as fast as it becomes dangerous for them to go on," said Spruance. "We will proceed without destroyers if necessary; I am going to strike that fleet and I will not be distracted by details."

Afterward, when the planes and survivors were all in, before the fleet turned back eastward, the dynamic Clark appeared with a request to take his carrier group down and throw a little jar into the minds of the enemy by a strike on their installations at Manila Bay, explaining how easy it would be to do. Spruance agreed that it could be done but said no, the fleet's first mission was still the protection of the beachhead and the ships gathered there; we must save our bombs, torpedoes, and reserve strength for that. Clark was sent back to Iwo Jima instead. Fortunately, as it turned out, since he arrived just in time to intercept the enemy's last gasp surprise rush of 75 bombers down through the Bonins.

VI

BY THIS time the Admiral had worked out some fairly clear ideas of Japanese command psychology, which he estimated as being conveniently typical now that Yamamoto, the individualist, was gone. They operated (he decided) as a gang, a committee with a tricky but almost mulishly persistent collective mind; and they were now, thanks to the failure of their navy in its own field, completely under the domination of the military authorities. It followed that as long as there was any chance whatever of success in any land campaign going on, their navy would be used to the hilt in its support. Our advantage over this system of trick and persistence lay chiefly in flexibility, which does not consist merely in "being ready for anything," as the old loose phrase has it, but in giving all plans a degree of adaptiveness that would permit

rapid changes, like those that Washington made for his Yorktown campaign.

This was the basis for the planning against Okinawa in 1945—the last great campaign. Every plan was drawn in three or even more versions and the signals arranged so that the transmission of a single word would bring a complete shift in assignments. The preliminary air strikes against Japanese ships in the Inland Sea during March were a return to the plan followed against Rabaul; designed to cripple them all and keep them home rather than to work complete destruction on a few. (They succeeded so well that when most of those ships again put to sea it was under the American flag.) Particularly elaborate precautions were taken against Kamikaze attacks on the craft off the proposed beachhead, including greatly increased complements of fighters for the major carriers and a radar picket line of ships equipped with this device all round the landing area to give warning of attack.

As a matter of fact the campaign turned out to be much more difficult than anyone could have imagined after the first Japanese trick of giving us an unopposed landing in order to make their stand deeper inland. Since the war Admiral Spruance has paid high tributes to the work of the B-29's, but these tributes are to the manner in which they executed their plans, and there is reason to believe that at the time he was not very well satisfied with the way these plans were drawn. The big bombers were too interested in achieving the ultimate strategic objective of putting Japan out of the war through attacks on basic industries, and not enough concerned with the immediate business of keeping Kamikazes away from the beachheads. Those Kamikaze attacks were the most serious problem the fleet had to meet during the entire war. The operations ashore were on a larger scale than anything else in the island war and were conducted by the Japanese with a skill, especially in the use of artillery, well above what they had shown elsewhere. This made it impossible to follow the logical plan of running supply ships in small groups, unloading them rapidly, and getting out again. The demands of the front were so extreme that there was hardly a day when the anchorage failed to be crowded. Day and night the Japanese hurled their suicides against picket line and supply ships, and there were considerable casualties.

THIS situation built up to the last of the great sea battles, so confused and dubious an affair that it has never received a name and has hardly even been recognized as a sea battle—the action of April 5–6, 1945. The background was that the airfields on Kyushu, southernmost of the main islands of Japan, had been let alone by the B-29's for a fortnight or more, and there was reason to believe that the Japanese were assembling Kamikazes there for a major operation instead of feeding them through piecemeal as they had previously. Spruance took the fleet north to hit these fields with carrier planes.

His judgment of Japanese reaction was exquisitely correct. They *had* assembled their Kamikazes in Kyushu, to the number of several hundred, and they had planned exactly this date for their operation. It was simple and in two parts. First: the great force of planes was to attack our fleet, in which they reckoned on administering crippling damage to at least twenty major units. They were aware of the American penchant for getting such ships home where they themselves would have left them to their fate or scuttled them, and they conceived that twenty damaged battleships and carriers would require the escorting services of practically all the rest of the fleet. Second: while the hospital march was in progress their battleship *Yamato* (with *Nagato* and *Haruna* if they could be repaired in time) and a light cruiser and ten destroyers were to run down the western flank of the Ryukyu Islands to wipe out the Okinawa beachhead and its transports. (It is a tribute to Spruance's constant preoccupation with the safety of the beachheads that the enemy was just as constantly concerned with attacking them.)

Spruance's carrier strikes on Kyushu took the Japanese by surprise, added to the damage of *Haruna* and *Nagato*, immobilizing them, and smashed up a lot of Kamikazes on the ground—just how many

is a matter of dispute between the Admiral and his staff. The rest of the Kamikazes came boiling out in a day-long attack on our fleet which produced a butchery second only to the turkey shoot of Saipan; and though we did have damaged ships, it was nowhere near twenty and only one was a major unit. That night the Admiral was roused from his bunk—one of the only two occasions when they turned him out during this Okinawa campaign, though when there was a night attack he often roused himself, came up for a look around, and then returned. "The *Yamato* is out, sir," they told him.

He glanced at the flag chart. He was a battleship man and here was the opportunity for which every battleship man had been waiting for years—the chance of trading strokes with the Japanese giant that had slipped away from them at Leyte. But Mitscher with the carriers was nearer. "Tell Admiral Mitscher to go take 'em," he said simply.

Mitscher did take 'em, and the troops did take Okinawa after six weeks more of ordeals. But Spruance had been withdrawn before the finish; he was back at Guam, planning the invasion of homeland Japan, for which he was to furnish the support with the 5th Fleet while Halsey with the 3rd Fleet ramped along the coast flexing his muscles. The Admiral's own opinion is that he was rather lucky not to be forced to undertake that final operation, but that it became unnecessary when the Japanese could find no means of getting supplies past our submarines. "The submarines beat Japan."

Now he has returned to Newport, to the big building overlooking the bay where the frigate *Constellation* lies, as President of the Naval War College, living with his nice wife, whom he affects to browbeat. The success of the latter operation may be judged by the fact that although he is a Californian, with the prejudices of that race in favor of the celebrated climate, they are planning to do a little traveling when he reaches retirement age, and then settle in New England, which is her part of the country. Their son is grown now and has a Navy career of his own in the submarine service; at Pearl Harbor he was able to show his father over a gigantic Japanese plane-carrying undersea craft, which the younger Spruance had brought in as skipper of the prize crew.

The Admiral worries a good deal over a feeling of uselessness at the approaching retirement. Certainly there ought to be a place for him in the councils of the nation; but it is perhaps characteristic of a democracy that has swollen beyond a hundred and thirty millions that it has difficulty in recognizing the value of specialists, except those in politics.

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I MARVEL at the athletic prowess of our time—the professionals, the amateurs, and particularly the youngsters. These youngsters bring tears to my eyes, they are downright beautiful! I can't go through any park or playground without thinking about it. Hundreds serve a tennis ball better than the top ten of my day, and it holds right down the line for many sports. They seem to do everything so much better than we did—and I don't enjoy being too thoughtful about it. The last thing any sport needs is a philosophy. It's enough to participate, to behold, and to get excited about the sports page. Whenever we get to building up a critical body of thought about any sport, as with art or literature, something deteriorative has already begun to work in the thing we are talking about, witness dry fly fishing or *vers libre*.

As one who learned nearly every sports technique wrong or, at least, far from right by modern competitive standards, the improvements of the past quarter century never cease to astonish me. Actually, I suppose, the style and paraphernalia which so impress me now were already being developed when I was a child. If, like me, you fall into the easy error of thinking that things were just starting up when you first became aware of them, there's nothing like the history of sports to give you a tumble. I could have sworn that high jumping had gone into the stratosphere within my own memory of athletes like Sweeney or Horine, so it came as a shock to learn that a Mr. M. J. Brooks had jumped 6 feet 2½ inches the year of the Custer massacre, 1876; consequently I don't dare read Pythagoras on the Olympic games for fear I'll turn up a four-minute mile—and not on any of your springy indoor saucer tracks either!

BUT if style and paraphernalia were nearing modern perfection in my sand-lot days, it was my good fortune to be growing up in a part of Denver where I didn't see much of it. A few boys had good equipment, but their parents were deserting our neighborhood, having guessed wrong on which way the town was going to grow; consequently, the rank and file of us did a good deal of improvising. We ran in packs over the "prairie lots" rank with bee-flower, Russian thistle, primroses, pink mallows, and sand lilies. I can still smell a touchdown: it's minty like pennyroyal. Half our baseballs we made ourselves: you wound a nickel ball of twine around a penny rubber ball, then taped the outside with a nickel roll of bicycle tape—total outlay eleven cents—and you were Christy Mathewson himself. We made our own jumping standards, vaulting poles, hurdles, and I recall stealing and melting up the lead weights from the dresses my mother's mother and aunts had worn—our attic had trunks full of them—to try to cast a 12-pound shot in a pack of wet mud.

In adoration of Johnny Hayes, Dorando, and Longboat, we ran around the block until we dropped dead, cheered on sometimes by some of the elder neighbors, Paul Whiteman who lived on the corner, Bat Nelson who lived kitty-corner from the

Whitemans on Twenty-second, Young Corbett who was Steve Rothwell's big brother over on Ogden Street, Thad Sowder who had just won the world bronco-busting championship at Cheyenne, and sometimes Tommy Guinan's beautiful big sister, Texas, home from her vaudeville trips. But our round-the-block marathons depended more on moral than physical endurance because we had the temerity to affect track suits; to the neighbors we were just "galavantin' around in underdrawers," and more than once the cop on the beat drove us to cover. The sun cult was yet to come, but we were hardy pioneers.

Instruction or supervision was undreamed of. We learned what we learned by trial, error, and imitation of older boys who had bungled into what skill they had much the same way. Yet, though I don't want to be too sentimental about the good old days, there was, I am sure, a most joyous emotional increment accruing from self-taught wrongness that can hardly be experienced in anything like the same measure by the modern boy whose training in sports begins at a much higher point on what you might call the curve toward perfection. The creative field is narrowed down and there's less opportunity for him to recreate himself by giving whole-hearted expression to experimental ideas. (Among adults, *recreation* has come to mean distraction and nothing else.)

The modern youngster comes into a world of established sports, fixed rules, expert supervision of organized groups, and plenty of gear and costume. As style and paraphernalia begin to give diminishing returns, he is urged to give more thought to beating the rules, which is never a happy situation whether you are out to make touchdowns or filing an income tax return. The idea of beating the rules never occurred to us as youngsters: we were too excited about beating each other. In our football games on Grasshopper Hill we didn't know much about rules at all. They came as an afterthought and some passerby was usually brevetted referee on the field of battle. We quarreled with him as an arbitrator, but did not plot against him as an opponent, whereas today it is as much a part of the game to out-fox the referee and the rules he stands for as it is to beat the other team. I see children ten years old in Denver's Young America League, superbly equipped with all kinds of football gear, being schooled and rehearsed, as if they were the Washington Redskins themselves, in all the sly hocus-pocus of trying to get the backfield into motion without getting caught and using the hands illegally without being seen. It's a case of Fagin teaching the Dodger to dodge too artfully in far too many sports; it's bad business, and it arises normally from competitive pressure and desire to please the crowd.

The crowd tolerates nothing short of excellence and constantly demands that the game be changed to afford more spectacular entertainment. Introduction of a livelier baseball to produce more home runs, or changing the out-of-bounds rule in football so that the ball comes in fifteen yards from the sideline to enable more open play are typical of any number of modifications suited to the crowd. Basketball is packed with them. Softball, which was started by Minneapolis firemen for their own recreation between fires, has degenerated, under crowd pressure, into a most bewildered bastard-digest of a good game. Recently they have shortened the bases, dropped the tenth man, and let a man run if he's hit by a pitched ball; clowning and sex cheesecake are on the upgrade and most of the performers are all snarled up with mercantile advertising. Softball may easily go the way of wrestling into mere entertainment. Crowd pressure also brings sadism: in professional football a man isn't down till he's stopped, the crowd likes to see him pounced on; he is denied the protection accorded scholastic players of having the play end when the knee touches the ground. The crowd wants showmanship (otherwise ambidextrous tennis would never have come in) yet wants its showmanship to stop just short of grandstanding. Bronco Nagurski is cheered, coming up from a line plunge shaking his head like a phony wrestler, but if he took a deliberate bow, like Robert Mantell in "Richard III," the Bronc would be booed.

But I can't work myself into a dither over the evils of crowd pressure on sports. These arguments overlook the evils of population pressure on everything else, and sports, at their worst, stand in a bright and shining light compared with what abnormal mass breeding, which started one hundred and fifty years ago and is only now beginning to slow down, has done to so much of our thinking and behavior. Blind or ignorant educators make the stadium the scapegoat for everything that's wrong with education for other reasons (chiefly, too many children) which nobody dares talk about because there simply isn't any answer. It's simpler to talk around the subject in terms of not enough schools, not enough teachers, more survey courses, and more emphasis on teaching mobs of children how to be civil to each other. The school, for the moment, has to be a youth sanctuary and the teacher a monitor.

Recently a distinguished educator actually told the assembled teachers of Colorado that the first objective of teaching chemistry was good citizenship. Could anything be more unreal? Yet he is typical of the high-minded educator who is very apologetic about athletics and who believes that undue emphasis on sports is undermining the humanities. He censures vicarious participation. It's all wrong for fifty thousand in a stadium to sit on their lazy hind ends and watch twenty-two boys do their playing for them. This, I fear, is deep water. What about a million people listening to the Philharmonic on the radio? Should each be playing his own mouth harp instead? Ah, yes, but sports are sports and culture is culture—don't confuse them! Yet to my way of thinking they should be confused much more than they are.

It is most fortunate, I think, that the unreality of the classroom has exploded into the reality of sports. In any sport there's an implicit check on whether you are doing something right or wrong: the participant knows it and the beholder knows it, and that's more than you can say for a classroom that confuses chemistry with good citizenship. You shoot a basket or you miss, you make the last yard in football or you don't—these are physical truths and, I fear, the too few physical truths that a good many boys are ever exposed to in the modern school. Sports do something for the congested city boy that all-round farm chores used to do for the country boy in developing the kind of character that builds on a variety of manual skills. And perhaps this very thing, the cultural value of sports, gripes the educators into furtive jealousy of the athletic department. Let the teachers din the daylights out of the children on their chief stock in trade, good citizenship and tolerance, but the real laboratory work is done in the stadium. Crowd pressure and the passion to win, by fair means or foul, are shattering race and color lines five ways for Sunday.

It often works deviously. For example, high school athletics in Denver are dominated by the very uppity and affluent East Denver High School which is always trying, sometimes successfully, to steal any outstanding Negro athlete who may turn up at underdog Manual Training High over on the wrong side of town, whereupon the stolen Negro becomes hero-companion to the children of some of our most eminent erstwhile Ku Kluxers of the Park Hill district. Thus the great evil known as proselytizing performs a beautiful task in the vineyard of tolerance. Sports have a way of doing it. As a child I got it into my head that an Indian was a skulking varmint that must be shot down in his tracks, and one of the first levers that pried my mind into something else was the old melodrama "Strongheart" about the noble Carlisle Indian falsely accused of selling out the football signals on the eve of the big game and sent in disgrace back to the reservation. For cultural reasons alone, the University of Chicago should swap its unreal radio forum for a real football team. And in the field of international good will, the possibilities of sports are unlimited. If Byrnes could talk Stalin into working up a good enough ball club to play the Yankees in Moscow—ah, well, I'm afraid I'm getting practical.

Education should, of course, come out into the open about proselytizing and paying athletic geniuses what they de-

serve. They should be ranked as instructors in the humanities or social sciences because it is in this field, as I have indicated, that they produce positive results. The Northwestern football team has just demanded $36 a month and perquisites and they ought to get it. Nor should they be bothered with courses they don't understand. One of the best Denver football players I ever knew got so little pay that he could hardly support his wife and baby. One Saturday morning he was forced into a qualifying examination in Biology 1 and asked to define catabolism. "Catabolism," he wrote, "is where people eat each other up." It was cruel and unusual to put him through all this when he was about to spend the whole afternoon in the stadium laboratory of good citizenship.

Moreover, so far as I have observed, campus and intramural sports, far from being injured, flourish most abundantly and, what's more, spontaneously, in schools dominated by subsidized teams of superathletes. The average boy knows he couldn't possibly make "the big team," and reacts against it by getting into all sorts of competition with others like himself. The thing to do is to carry professionalism farther. Already professional and semi-pro baseball have given scholastic baseball back to the boys. I go to many high school and college games in Colorado: they are superbly played for the love of the game itself, but there are not enough people in the grandstand to flag a train. Professional football might possibly give football back to the boys also; already the crowds seem to prefer the big Sunday shows where they are available.

But I fear I'm getting philosophical, and, as I said at the outset, that's not the right attitude toward any sport. What's happening in our country is wonderful and marvelous. There's nothing like it in the world. "There be delights, there be recreations and jolly pastimes that will fetch the day about from sun to sun, and rock the tedious year as in a delightful dream." Milton was right!

The Album Hour, 1869

THE half-hour before dinner has always been considered as the great ordeal through which the mistress, in giving a dinner-party, will either pass with flying colors, or lose many of her laurels. The anxiety to receive her guests, her hope that all will be present in due time, her trust in the skill of her cook and the attention of the other domestics—all tend to make those few minutes a trying time. The mistress, however, must display no kind of agitation, but show her tact in suggesting light and cheerful subjects of conversation, which will be much aided by the introduction of any particularly new book, curiosity of art, or article of *vertu*, which may pleasantly engage the attention of the company. Photograph albums, crest albums, new music will aid to pass a few moments pleasantly. . . . Thus an opportunity is given to all for innocent enjoyment and intellectual improvement, when also acquaintances may be formed that may prove invaluable through life, and information gained that will enlarge the mind.

The Book of Household Management,
by Mrs. Isabella Beeton, London, 1869.

CHINA'S MASTER SPY

C. LESTER WALKER

An American intelligence officer on a secret mission in Japanese territory in China arrived one evening at a tiny village and put up at the only inn. The proprietor, on learning that the American spoke Chinese, insisted that the two dine and drink together and generally make it an evening. They were well along on this when the American made a brash and startling proposal. For entertainment, he said, he would now suggest that they do what the proprietor always did: go and search all the guests' bags. No—no—just skip all the protestations! That was what the innkeeper's boss expected him to do—wasn't it?—wasn't it? The host finally admitted that it was; and the two then ransacked every room in the inn where the guests happened to be out.

"I thought at first," remarked the American next day, "this village was probably too small to have an agent."

"How small no matter," the proprietor smiled, "every place in China have agent of Boss."

Another American, an OSS captain on undercover business in the back country west of Foochow, once had an equally educational experience. On returning to his quarters he found his Chinese interpreter closeted there with two dark-gowned strangers who, on the captain's entrance, made off like shadows through the door. The interpreter was white and quaking, and for a few minutes quite unable to speak. Then he declared that the captain had come just in time; those two men had been about to kill him. He had entered and surprised them going through everything in the room. He now implored the captain not to go to bed, but to sit up all night with a gun. Otherwise the two would surely return and kill him, the interpreter. The captain said nonsense, and the man went into paroxysms of shakings.

"No—not nonsense. Those men"—all the voice he could muster sank to a fearful whisper—"of Boss."

"And so I sat up," recounted the captain later, "with the damn tommy-gun across my knee. All because those two callers were 'of Boss.' "

The "Boss" referred to on both these somewhat cloak-and-dagger occasions was General Tai Li (pronounced Dye Lee). Officially, according to the latest government yearbook, Tai Li is Director of the Freight Transportation Bureau of the Ministry of Finance. But also officially, although the yearbook does not mention it, he is Chief of the Central Bureau of Investigation and Statistics, an organization usually spoken of as BIS. And unofficially he has other and more interesting titles.

One of these is the Great Spymaster. The BIS is well known as China's secret police and is generally believed to be larger in terms of operatives and more

This is the third of a series of articles on different phases of current Chinese affairs by C. Lester Walker, who was in China during 1945 as correspondent for Harper's.

far-flung in terms of geography than any other spy net in the world.

Although Tai Li is a statistics bureau chief, he is a reluctant dragon about figures. It is quite likely he does not know with any precision just how many men his BIS controls. But from Army intelligence sources various Americans last year pieced together some totals. T.L. (as most Americans refer to him) had, they estimated, 180,000 plain-clothes agents, 40,000 of them full-time. But to get the full picture of the T.L. empire, the estimators pointed out, it was necessary to reckon in also Tai Li's "uniformed or military operatives." These included a guerrilla army of 70,000, Chinese commando columns of 20,000, Tai Li's Loyal Patriotic Army, which American Navy figures in July set at 15,291, and all the organized China coast pirates—all Tai Li men—to the number of 40,000. These added up to a total of over 325,000 actual or potential agents of the BIS Boss.

Geographically, too, the Tai Li empire probably outstrips any other espionage organization past or present. As a Chinese remarked to me once: "Wherever Chinese overseas, there BIS." To name only a few spots, the agents operate in Indo-China, Bali, Borneo, Formosa, Siam, Malaya, the South Pacific Islands, Ceylon, Burma, and India.

In India a high-ranking American naval officer was once treated to a surprise proof of their presence. During the war this officer was trailed by Japanese-hired assassins all the way from Bombay in the west to Allahabad in the northeast. There, on the railroad station platform, in the dark, he was suddenly stabbed in the back. The American whirled, kicked high, in commando fashion, to the assailant's under-jaw, and then pursued him as he fled. But the man got away. The American turned his weapon over to the police as, supposedly, the only clue. However, the tip of the man's tongue, which he had bitten off and spat out on the platform on being kicked, was found; and three days after the attack the assailant and seven confederates—"who had been landed by submarine," it was casually detailed to the American officer—were brought in. But not by the British or Indian authorities. By Tai Li's men!

Tai Li agents were not only geographically, but also strategically, just about everywhere during the late war. They were inside the walled city part of Manila, sending out weather reports right up to MacArthur's landing. They made up all the police forces of Nanking, Hankow, and all the other conquered cities of China. The Japanese, finding them co-operative, let them run things, ignorant that the police in all the cities of China are Tai Li men. They had a separate puppet air corps within the Japanese Air Force, under secret orders to turn their bombers over to the Tai Li organization in the city of Sian on September 15th. And in Japan itself, during the whole war, there were Tai Li agents in the Imperial Palace in Tokyo.

And don't imagine that the Tai Li net doesn't operate in the United States just as matter-of-factly as anywhere else. Its agents are planted in the Chinese secret societies and tongs. Others work as purchasing and contracting agents of the Nationalist party, the Kuomintang. Many of the operatives now, it is said, are graduates of the police academy which our American experts of the FBI and the Bureau of Narcotics trained in Chungking during the war. These operatives keep a trained eye on everything that Tai Li wants them to keep an eye on over here.

II

Tai Li has been called the most mysterious personality to come out of the war. The number of Chinese who know what he looks like is usually stated in reverse. Close to 450,000,000, it is said, have never seen him nor any likeness of him. He makes no public appearances, never grants press interviews, and almost never allows himself to be photographed. Three months ago his picture appeared in an American magazine. It was the first ever published anywhere.

"For years," a certain Chinese official once said of him, "Tai Li has built up the fiction that maybe he is only a name, that maybe he doesn't really exist."

Tai Li's age is unknown. Details on his early life and background are unobtain-

able. His family life is a closed book. Only a few intimates know whether or not he has a wife and children or whether, as the rumors have it, he has no children but, in Chinese fashion, five wives. The beautiful Chinese girls seen at his parties always seem a part of his household, but whether they are secret agents or simple mistresses, no one is ever really sure.

Tai Li's wealth is quite generally believed to be great, but again no one knows. He claims to work for the government of Chiang Kai-shek for no salary, which makes the source of his private income a deeper mystery. Some say it was derived from clandestine trading with the enemy. American Air Force pilots used to say it came from opium. They claimed they flew mercury from Chengtu in the west to the northern provinces, exchanged it for opium, and returned to Tai Li. But, as others point out, Chiang Kai-shek is death on anything or anybody connected with opium, and Tai Li's loyalty to Chiang and all his principles has never been questioned.

Tai Li's exact whereabouts are almost never known. He has houses and hideouts all over China, and his routes and destinations are always concealed. "He never let anyone know from minute to minute where he was going," an American who had traveled with him once told me, "and before he started out anywhere he would always issue rumors. The rumors said he was going to X. Then he always went to Y." In cities his men always telephone someone that he is on the way, knowing the wires will be tapped; meanwhile Tai Li is headed somewhere else. Because of the wire-tapping he forbids his office to make appointments for him over the telephone. Americans in Chungking have found that appointments must be requested in a sealed envelope, and that the answer is given in similar form.

Even Tai Li's meals contain an element of mystery. What he will eat or drink today, tomorrow, or any day is known to only one man, an old and faithful servant named Lao Ho.

Lao Ho happens not to be a mystery. I can vouch for his existence, since at one time, in the valley that serves as Tai Li's headquarters outside of Chungking, he tended my room and served me at meals. A charming old Chinese, near-sighted, white-haired, and bent with years, he goes wherever Tai Li goes, and is buyer, cook, and taster of all his food. Even inside the American Embassy! For when Ambassador Hurley had T.L. to dinner one night in Chungking, Lao Ho went along—taking no chances—and himself prepared Tai Li's food.

THE spymaster is frequently called China's most-often-killed personality, for time and again he has been reported dead—as happened once more this very spring, when the news reports (of which more later) were quite positive. Time and again, too, he has escaped unscathed while others with him have been struck down.

Assassins have tried to finish him off and got the wrong man. The Japanese repeatedly endeavored to kill him. Once, as he entered a town on the coast near Amoy, they attacked him with bombing planes. Tai Li wasn't scratched, though the American by his side was hit five times. Once a bitter personal enemy locked him in jail, and it looked as if he would certainly be executed; but Lao Ho got in and exchanged clothes with him, and Tai Li escaped. On another occasion over one hundred and fifty enemy plain-clothes men barred his way on a country road, with a detachment of Japanese soldiers coming up to close the trap behind; but he escaped in his usual vanishing-act fashion. When he went to bed one night on a field trip, in a town called Hochow, three Jap-hired assassins lay in wait outside his window, with hand grenades to toss in when he slept. But the men were caught by guards just at the window. Little wonder, perhaps, that many Chinese firmly believe the chief of BIS has a charmed life.

One other unofficial Tai Li title is that of China's Himmler. On this score the reports begin positively and end in a limbo of uncertainty. Many Chinese whisper that he punishes traitors by the locomotive fire-box treatment, and that he operates concentration camps for political and other prisoners. And I remember well how a Chinese professor in Kunming one day said to me:

"Of course you know that I cannot talk as I please. Neither in public nor

private. Many Nankai professors have disappeared into the BIS's so-called Thought Control Schools and were never heard of again."

During the war Tai Li often had arguments with General Wedemeyer, the American commander, about how to handle traitors. The American always urged they should be given a court martial. How the chief of the BIS felt he is said to have revealed one day to an American Navy officer in a telegram of disgust: "We have caught forty traitors, and I have to give them a trial before executing them."

More apocryphal was what Tai Li did to certain undercover men attached to American Army intelligence. The BIS chief disapproved of certain field missions; so the Americans said they would send their own trained Chinese alone. They were ambushed and killed before ever getting into Japanese-held territory. Fact? One finds that Chinese know Chinese who knew the men.

Similarly, it is rumored that from certain buildings in the Tai Li headquarters valley near Chungking, screams often issue in the dead of night, from persons being persuaded. On that, Chinese know Chinese who know Chinese who have heard them.

"But *I* never saw any torture evidence," one of Tai Li's closest American associates swore to me one day, "and I was with him day and night for weeks on end. Our New York City police department experts here in China say he does nothing that the New York 'confession department' wouldn't do."

Then comes the contribution to Tai Li lore made by a Chinese official one day—unconsciously. An American authoress, Ralf Sues, who wrote *Shark's Fins and Millet*, handled Tai Li rather roughly in some of her copy. Later, on becoming strangely ill, she believed that some of Tai Li's agents had tried to poison her. "I assure you it cannot be true," the Chinese official reassured her, "because you are still alive."

III

With the war and censorship over, some of the story of Tai Li's strange partnership with the Americans can now be told.

It began out of a great need. Almost overnight, our Navy and Air Force had to have an intelligence net in China. The Navy needed it in order to know Japanese ship movements off the China coast, enemy mining operations, and—particularly—the weather. For all south Pacific weather makes up northwest of the Gobi desert and moves south and east across China to the sea. The Air Force—Chennault's 14th particularly—needed intelligence on downed American fliers, on enemy fifth column work at 14th bases, and on Jap communication and transport.

But how to get it was the problem, and Tai Li held the key. Through BIS he controlled Chinese airlines, railway, highway, and river traffic, and the telephone, telegraph, and radio networks. In Jap-held territory every bridge and trail-crossing was under surveillance by his men. An individual Chinese could neither move nor communicate from place to place unless Tai Li approved. The chances of an organization of "long-nosed foreigners" like the Americans getting anywhere without his blessing were negligible.

Of course they could try, but they usually wound up looking fatuous. Local officials would delay them for weeks with excessive courtesies. No accommodations befitting Americans of such rank and station were to be had in the next place they wanted to go to, they were told. While these accommodations were being found, wouldn't they stay where they were and feast every night? Then their baggage—weapons, money, and clothes—would mysteriously disappear. As an American Navy captain, speaking of the situation, put it to me one day: "Without Tai Li's agents, positively we were helpless."

Finally Tai Li met in Chungking with Commodore M. E. Miles, of the Navy, and General William J. Donovan, of the Office of Strategic Services, and made some deals. The Americans were to train T.L.'s men in military intelligence and guerrilla work, and Tai Li was to assist in every way. A specific agreement was formulated and approved by T. V. Soong, Frank Knox, Roosevelt, and Chiang, committed

to paper in formal contract style, and signed in April of 1943 by Donovan for OSS, by Miles for Saco (the Navy's Sino-American Co-operative Organization), and by Colonel Hsiao (the Chinese military attaché) and Tai Li. "Giving the United States," as one old Navy man has remarked, "one of the strangest bedfellows in peace or war that it ever had."

From that day on there was close co-operation between the Americans and Tai Li's men in spying on and killing Japs; and the results were at times spectacular.

The Navy got its weather reports as never before. Tai Li soon had over a thousand operatives, trained as aerologists by Navy personnel, scattered all over China. Teamed with Americans they went into Jap-held territory, with their equipment buried in hampers of rice, and set up weather stations and stayed there. To Weather Central in Tai Li's valley near Chungking they also reported from Saigon, Singapore, Bangkok, Rangoon, Formosa, and Guam—all in Japanese hands. So that when Task Force 58 launched its first 1,500-plane raid, the carriers were able to move right in to within 60 miles of their targets, confident they would have complete cloud cover—because the weather station reports from inside China were so reliable.

Meantime, on the enemy-held coast, four-man teams of Tai Li and American watchers were sitting and spotting all shipping that passed. They would make a report, and the 14th's Flying Tigers would come out and bomb. When the Japs found the inshore waters too perilous because of the planes directed by these watchers on the coast, they moved their shipping out to new lanes beyond the 14th's reach. The coast watchers reported the new tactics, and American submarines (for which the inshore waters had been too shallow) thereupon were directed by the valley headquarters in Chungking to close in and pick the enemy ships off.

Thus a U. S. Marine, working with Tai Li men near Foochow, one day saw eleven ships just south of Haitan island. He radioed in. They were large transports, destroyer escorts, and destroyers. Anchored, he said. He was able to add that the ships would leave at six in the morning and go to Kiling; to give the names of the ships, and their order of line of sailing; and to say that they lay now in water just within the ten-fathom curve, dangerous to submarines. Headquarters in Chungking radioed all American subs within range to go in and get them. The submarine *Barb* was the first to arrive on the scene. She moved into those shallow waters *on the surface*, PT boat style, surprised the ships, and sank every one.

The Marine had got his special intelligence from agents of the local Tai Li net. They were engaged in selling fish to the Japs!

Tai Li had also enlisted in the cause his China coast pirate gangs. There are two of these, of about 20,000 pirates each, and they had long been organized professionally. One was under Older Brother of All, as he was called, Chang Kuei-fang, and preyed on shipping from Shanghai south to Foochow. The other, under Older Brother Chang Yi-chiu, worked the coast from Foochow to Amoy. Under Tai Li's orders, they posed as puppets and guarded the numerous islands for the Japanese. Whenever the Japs mined any waters, the pirates reported the fact to Tai Li; and when our Navy wanted to map the coast, and did, its camera men traveled in the pirate king's junks. Acting as bumboat men with fresh provisions, the pirates got aboard the enemy's ships and came off with invaluable intelligence on destination and course. They attacked and boarded Japanese junks, took them, and turned over the loot to the guerrilla army which Tai Li was training for them around their hideouts on shore. The Navy has said that on the day of the projected China landings, Tai Li's pirates would have been in control of every island on the coast south of Shanghai!

Had the planned landings come off the Americans would have had plenty of intelligence data for their work, thanks largely to the Tai Li net. A good sample of what the operatives collected is seen in some of the things we knew about Amoy. T.L. agents had opened a grocery store there (with American funds) and had used it as a drop. The operatives would come in

to buy dried fish and bean cake—and to report what they had learned. As a result, we had extraordinarily detailed knowledge of the conditions in Amoy—how many troops the Japanese had and where located; exactly what guns they had, of what calibers, and where located; where Japanese fire control was centered; where the military supplies were stored; and exactly what they consisted of, crate by crate and item by item.

Similarly, T.L. agents collected precise data in Japanese-held territory for our 14th Air Force. For instance, while Paoching was occupied by 6,000 Japanese, 200 Tai Li agents constantly worked the place, disguised as common coolies with carry poles on their shoulders, and as itinerant merchants. In the morning they would go in and sell their wares, at night return to their headquarters and report what they had found. If 5,000 suits of winter clothing had been stored in a certain warehouse during the day, the fact would be radioed to Chungking, and the Flying Tigers would be over to blow up the warehouse by dawn.

Meantime, all over Jap-held China, Tai Li plain-clothes men, as guerrillas with American Navy and OSS liaison officers, were ambushing enemy patrols and supply trains, and blowing up bridges, railroad tracks, and telegraph lines.

"And through it all," an OSS man reminisced to me recently, "a lot of us—that is, the Americans—had the feeling we were part of an E. Phillips Oppenheim novel. So many cock-eyed things about the way the T.L. organization operated were so constantly popping up."

For one thing, it was early discovered that the BIS was spying as industriously on its allies, the Americans, as on its enemies, the Japanese. All houseboys and other servants hired by OSS and Navy turned out to be Tai Li agents. If they were not—as happened fortuitously a few times to OSS—Tai Li put on pressure to have them fired.

Usually such pressures were applied discreetly and subtly, but not always. Chinese agents of the OSS, who were also secretly working for T.L. (another E. Phillips Oppenheim discovery!), sometimes fell out of favor with the BIS. They were then simply bumped off. "Routine," as one OSS major described it to me.

But the dread hand was sometimes mysteriously stayed. When Americans would catch a thief stealing supplies on which their safety depended, they would turn him over to T.L. An execution act would be staged; the Americans would actually hear the rifles crack and the sound of the body fall. "We have shot him," Tai Li would say. But some months later, elsewhere in China, the OSS people would run into the "executed" man, very active and healthy indeed.

And what the BIS didn't know about every American! A sample was Commodore Miles' experience on dining with Tai Li only a few hours after his first arrival in Chungking. Because of food allergies he is susceptible to, Miles can eat no chicken, nor any other meat from feathered creatures. At the banquet he was spared the embarrassment of refusing any dish—because no poultry of any kind was served. Tai Li had known in advance; but whether from his China agents or from those in the United States was not explained.

Often Americans couldn't get certain supplies but found that their friend Tai Li was almost invariably able to get them. When tires for some OSS trucks couldn't be had, not even from the U. S. Army, Tai Li got them. They were specials for the Army 6-by-6 truck—made in Tokyo!

IV

To any biographer, Tai Li's life before he founded BIS in 1932 is just about fifty percent a blank. The China *Who's Who* is authority for his birth in Chekiang, the Shanghai province, but it gives no year. Its next item records that Tai Li attended the Whampoa Military Academy in Canton. About the years between I have questioned many a Chinese, but none seemed to know anything about them, nor about T.L.'s home and parents and their position in life. Or if those I questioned did know, at least they would not say.

But with Whampoa the record opens up a bit. It was in these school days that the

talent for espionage of the future master of investigation and statistics began to reveal itself. Whampoa's founder and commandant was a young Chinese named Chiang, who was later to be rather widely known. The student Tai Li worshipped his commandant with all his heart and became his secret investigator of Communism among the student body, joining the Communist party in order to do so. One day he rounded up 75 members of the party and turned them over to Chiang —laying the foundation for the poisonous opinion which the Communists have had of Tai Li ever since.

He is said upon graduation to have "pledged his allegiance" to Chiang; and this Tai Li pledge, in a political order where ambitious officials double-cross each other frequently and casually, stands out as a kind of shining miracle. It seems to have been scrupulously kept. His bitterest enemies have never, not even slightly, questioned Tai Li's loyalty to Chiang.

The commandant, who had just taken over command of the National Armies, sent his disciple north on a mission. He was to be advance agent, to prepare the way, in the best Fifth Column tradition, for Chiang's coming conquest and the setting up of a central government. The success of the armies which later swept to Peking was due in no small measure to their special agent's advance espionage.

A few years later (1932) Tai Li could be found in what to some might seem a paradoxical position. He was both head of the National Police Training Academy, which was at Hangchow, and king of the Blue Shirts, which was an underworld group of Shanghai gangsters specializing in kidnappings and extortion. Just how and when this gang was taken over by Chiang Kai-shek is obscure; but it is well known that around 1932 it became the Generalissimo's protector and slapper-downer of Reds and other political foes—although the government at Nanking solemnly disclaimed that any such thing as a Blue Shirt existed or ever had existed anywhere.

And by late 1933 the first part of this pronouncement was probably true. For the BIS, as a secret police order, had now been born, with Tai Li in control. He was now ready to rise, by cloak-and-dagger methods, to be eventually the second most powerful force in the Chinese Republic.

IN APPEARANCE, Tai Li seems to many Americans less Chinese than Latin. He is short, heavy-built, and swart. "He looks a little like Batista," some say. He always dressed simply during the war: usually in black riding boots, plain blue uniform, and incongruous European felt hat. The most striking item of his appearance is his hands.

"They are weird and lovely," an American once told me. "They are no bigger than my three fingers. You see T.L. sitting at his desk, in his long, silk Chinese gown, with that sly smile on his face, and then suddenly out come these tiny Dresden china doll hands. If you thought him a sadist before, he seems now even more sinister."

Socially, however, the BIS chief is anything but sinister. He is a peerless host, and an always smiling and affable guest, all the reports agree. He likes parties, and his particular delight is a chance to show off Chinese hospitality and luxury.

Indeed, a passion for luxury seems one of his salient traits. Even within the Japanese lines, it is said, he always traveled in style. "With crockery and the best silver," OSS men will tell you. And Tai Li parties during the war were probably the most luxurious in Chungking. Usually held in either his so-called Horse House or his Tiger House (places named after their furniture, ornaments, and décor), they offered always the most sumptuous of Chinese foods, the "best coffee in the whole world" (as one American maintains), and liquors such as old Napoleon brandy, generally thought in those days to be totally unobtainable.

Although one might expect an espionage chief to be more cautious, Tai Li delights in social drinking. So much so that many have wondered if he finds escape thus from some of the more inhuman requirements of his profession. There are stories which seem to indicate that the idea may not be wholly unfounded. One tells of a day when the BIS chief had to order the execution of a close friend. Chiang had sent Tai Li to Kunming to investigate a scandal involving Chinese and Americans of the Army Services of

Supply, and T.L. had found that the officer chiefly guilty was an old school friend of his. Tai Li invited the man out to a restaurant, it is said, and from there telephoned the police. When they arrived, the friend stood up and, like a true fatalist, said calmly:

"I knew this was coming. I will go."

Some days later Tai Li came to one of the American Navy officers in the headquarters valley outside Chungking, in the morning, with a bottle of brandy in his hand.

"We get drunk now," he said grimly. "Because now is ten A.M.; the military court executing my friend."

TAI LI's future career is a subject of frequent speculation in Chungking. Some think he will be content to continue loyal and always second to Chiang. Others think he may retire to his ancestral home in Chekiang province, to loaf and contemplate. This however, to those in the know, seems doubtful, and for a curious and rather comic reason. The great spymaster, it seems, doesn't like his ancestral home. He hates to go home at all, ever. And the way he explained this to one of our naval officers one day was the epitome of things Chinese.

"When there, my old mother scolds me," he said. "I am afraid of her."

Or perhaps Tai Li will be heard of next as giving up espionage to take on what is said to be his favorite extra-career interest: the heading of a project to dredge the Yellow River and make it navigable.

Or perhaps—who knows?—he may never be heard from again. For, as this article was being written, reports of his being killed were once again on the wing. This time it was by a plane crash. (Not the first time in this way.) "In the cloud-shrouded mountains near the Yangtze River," the dispatches said. His favorite pistol, asserted the rumors, had been recognized by friends.

It was a good story, but no one believed it. The news dispatch was datelined April 1, All Fools' Day. Ask any Chinese his opinion today and he just laughs.

"There is no way," he says, meaning that the Chinese believe it is impossible—that the world's greatest spymaster still bears a charmed life and cannot be killed.

That Man in the White House

"IT HAS got to the point where organized labor can't do a thing without government interference."

Alexander F. Whitney, president of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, quoted in the *New York Times*, June 17, 1946.

THREE SHORT STORIES

I. Ebu and the Two-Ton Lift

EUGENE KINKEAD

When the red night-lights were on in the battleship wardroom, Ebu, deep in a blacked-out recess of the pantry, looked like a gorilla. Only the barest flicker of light outlined the huge form, the white eyeballs, and the ebony face. Officers on the late watches going to the pantry window to ask for food invariably got a start if they peered over the shoulder of the sandwich maker into the remote dimness beyond and saw Ebu sitting there like a creature out of the Congo.

But Ebu wasn't a gorilla. He was a pantry attendant. At the start of the war, he had stalked out of the swamps of southeastern Georgia like a vast, black troglodyte, and joined the Navy. "Us all got to help," he said.

Ebu was an extremely tall young man, well over six feet. But he looked stunted because his trunklike arms were so long and his barrel chest so deep. His legs were not undersized, however. They were terrifically thick and strong, and he walked with a peculiar shuffle because the thighs had a hard time getting past each other.

Ebu lived with the fifty-odd other Negroes aboard the battleship in a compartment under the armored deck on the third level below the main deck. His name puzzled his associates. "Boy, where you get dat name?" they asked him.

"Don't know," said Ebu.

"Sound like a hoss name."

"Dat my name," said Ebu without rancor. "Dat no hoss name." By and large, they let him alone with all the respect that Negroes usually have for the mild and the gently touched.

Ebu had a dove. He found it when he was on shore leave once in the New Hebrides Islands. It was hardly more than a nestling at the time. Some small French boys were teasing it under a candlenut tree, and Ebu bought it for $2 and brought it back to the ship.

Ebu kept the dove in a cardboard soup carton under his bunk by the stainless steel locker among other personal belongings, including a bottle of Waterman's fountain pen ink which he never used. He fed the bird on cracker crumbs and apple slices that he brought down from the wardroom.

When he was off duty, he carried the dove around with him, holding it with vast tenderness in one cavernous paw. The sailors and marines aboard would occasionally ask him what the bird's name was. "Ain't got no name. It just a bird," Ebu would say.

During most of the periods when Ebu had no work to do, he spent the time lazily sprawled on the forecastle between Mounts 4 and 6 of the anti-aircraft arma-

ment, staring out at the land or at the rushing sea, and petting his dove, and talking to it. It was his great and only fantasy to pretend that starvation threatened the bird.

His lips would move rhythmically as he lay on the deck during the wide, blue Pacific days or on clear, starlit nights when the wind blew off Japan. If anyone had bent down close enough to have listened to what Ebu was saying to the dove, the eavesdropper would have heard, "If he don't get his chow, he gone get mean. He gone get mighty mean." This was repeated over and over again like a chant.

Occasionally, when the ship berthed for a few days at various ports on Honshu, and land was close at hand, other members of the crew would take it upon themselves to twit Ebu about his pet. "Sure as hell, that bird's going to jump ship," they would say. "Going AWOL and pick up with some Japanese girl pigeon, just you wait and see."

But Ebu was unperturbed. "No," he told them. "He never leave me." And he was right. The dove never gave the coast nor the bustle of the ports more than a passing glance.

PETE was a powerful mulatto from Texas, lithe and tigerlike, who came aboard the vessel as a replacement shortly after she tied up the second time in Yokohama for supplies. His skin was the color of a lemon, and he had the shrewd mind and the mean disposition that sometimes accompanies such complexions.

When he first saw Ebu, he scornfully announced that Ebu was too stupid to be a mess attendant and wait on officers, which was the kind of work that Pete did. "You dumb, that's what you is!" he stated, without equivocation. Ebu admitted that this might be true.

Having got that far, Pete decided that Ebu was easy. But he resolved to wait until the proper time presented itself before extending his domination further. After about two weeks he concluded that it had arrived, and one afternoon he started teasing Ebu about his dove. Pete declared that he was going to give it to the cook for pigeon pie that night. Pete made a move for the dove.

Ebu didn't mind being called stupid, but threatening his dove was an entirely different matter. Ebu's hand whipped out like a rough fork of black lightning. It clamped around Pete's wrist tighter than the halves of a clamshell bucket. There wasn't the slightest sign of levity on Ebu's face as he spoke. He told Pete never to do such a thing. Never to even *think* of doing it. "You is on probation 'bout dis bird," he said gravely. "Remember dat."

Pete, however, with the perverse mind of a juvenile delinquent, couldn't keep away from the dove. If Ebu was on duty in the pantry and Pete was free, Pete would annoy the bird by sticking a pencil into the opening of its box and wiggling the instrument around. With the sense of proprietary instinct inherent in the species, the dove, with wing and bill, resisted this intrusion of its home until, during some stage of the battle, it would stick its head out. Then Pete would try to stun it by tapping it on the head with the thin wood stick. If he was unsuccessful, the game continued; if he succeeded, it was postponed until the bird revived. The other colored boys who happened to be in the compartment always gathered round, giggling, to watch the sport. They liked it largely because they knew how wrathful Ebu would be if he knew it was going on.

ONE morning Ebu unexpectedly returned to the compartment when Pete was teasing the dove. The quarters were reached through a hatch, usually open, in the armored deck, from which descended a steep steel ladder with hand ropes on either side. This was the arrangement that led to most of the men's quarters throughout the ship, but in the case of third-level compartments the hatch was heavily armored. In the colored boys' compartment, the one hatch served for traffic both in and out.

Ebu descended the ladder quietly, holding on to the hand ropes. He was halfway down the stairway before he saw the crowd gathered around the box beside his bunk.

He could not see what they were doing there but from the laughter and the snorts he deduced that they were molesting the dove. Ebu gave an injured roar. It was a

sound not usually heard in civilized society.

With one leap, Ebu was off the ladder and making for his bunk. The onlookers scattered like palm fronds before the passage of a five-inch shell. Their departure left Pete squatting on the deck, foolishly plumbing the interior of the box with a pencil.

"You messin' wid dat dove?" Ebu bellowed.

Without waiting for an answer, Ebu crouched and lifted Pete up from the deck by the unusual method of fastening his left hand around Pete's gullet and then standing up. Still holding on to Pete, he tossed him onto a nearby bunk. Pete was a powerful man. But with such a rival he might as well have been a two-year-old. Ebu's eyes blazed. His huge black fist was poised in the air. "I gone bust you," announced Ebu. "You a mean, yellow nigger and I gone bust you."

Ebu would have probably done exactly as he threatened had not Mr. Miller, a wisp of a white man from Tennessee, descended into the compartment at that moment. Mr. Miller was a warrant officer with the rank of Chief Supply Clerk, and all the colored men aboard were directly under his charge. He had come down into the compartment to ask one of them a question, and had found the place in an uproar.

"What the hell is going on here?" asked Mr. Miller.

The men, all except Pete, turned. One of the more nimble-witted in the audience replied, "De boys just rasslin', suh."

"Well, god-damn it, stop it," said Mr. Miller.

It is doubtful whether an order from anybody else aboard would have halted Ebu just then, but Mr. Miller's did. Slowly Ebu relaxed his grip on Pete's throat. He backed away. Pete arose, shaking his limbs like a wet and outraged cat.

Mr. Miller asked his question and departed. Ebu went over to the carton and lifted out his dove. He petted it with long gentle strokes. He put it to his face. He rubbed it with his nose. In a few minutes, like sunshine that follows equatorial rain, Ebu was smiling and talking to the bird.

But Pete wasn't smiling. He glowered. And black thoughts were in his mind.

THE armored hatch through which Ebu and the others passed to their compartment was of homogenous steel. It wasn't a large piece of metal. It was four and a half feet in length by three feet in width, but it was specially treated and thick enough to weigh four thousand pounds.

During general quarters, it was dogged down by a series of lugs around the bottom edges. It was raised and lowered by the aid of a counterweight system on cables which was slowed in action by an oil hydraulic arrangement, all this being part of the scheme to isolate and protect the vital workings of the hull during an engagement.

Several years ago in the Navy a common question on examination for advancement in shipfitters' ratings was to request description of a process for getting out through an armored hatch that had jammed. The usual answer by the uninitiated was to suggest cutting through it with an oxyacetylene torch. Now the question isn't asked any more because shipfitters in general have learned that the steel won't cut and that in such circumstances the wisest thing to do is to find another hatch.

There were two armored hatches in the mess attendants' quarters—the one which the boys used, and another which was inboard at the farther end of the compartment. This one was always dogged down. It, too, was reached from the floor by a narrow steel ladder.

Pete had determined to be revenged on Ebu and the dove, but the mathematics of the business turned out to be not an entirely simple matter. Ebu had now become suspicious. When he was on duty and away from the compartment, he posted friends, to whom he paid a small fee, to look out for his pet. "Don't you let 'at ole Pete get nowhere near him," Ebu warned them. " 'At ole Pete snake mean." The custodians performed their offices more or less faithfully, but after several weeks Pete thought he had a plan.

The watch on Ebu's battleship was not dogged as is the custom with practically every other ship in the Navy. This was due to a quirk of the executive officer who had his own system—an improved one, he claimed—by which meals were less

disordered. According to this procedure, the evening watch was from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M.

During this period Ebu was on duty, Pete was off, and the watcher in the compartment was a fat, slothful boy named Zeke. Zeke, Pete had observed, liked to play solitaire. He sat on his bunk with his back leaning against a bulkhead that intruded into the quarters. In this position Zeke had his head turned away from the carton, but he faced the open hatchway so that nobody could take the bird out that way without his seeing it. Under this arrangement Zeke congratulated himself that he could be both comfortable at his game and secure in his role as guardian.

Accordingly, Pete bided his time until a little after eight one evening when nobody was in the compartment but Zeke, playing solitaire, and himself. Then Pete sneaked over to the box and got the dove in his hand.

It was not at all Pete's idea to kill the bird in those surroundings. That was far too dangerous a procedure. There was the ever-present chance that he might be caught with the remains and described as the killer to Ebu. He had a far safer plan. He intended quietly to climb the ladder at the farther end of the quarters, undog the hatch, slip out that way, and go aloft. When he got on deck he would wring the bird's neck and toss it over the side into the water. It would be dark up there and no one would see him. Then he would return the way he had come, walk out past Zeke, and go scot-free. When Ebu noted the bird's absence, Zeke, the stupid watcher, would be blamed for the loss.

Pete slipped the dove in his left hand under his blouse, and climbed on tiptoe to the top of the far ladder. With his free hand, he softly undid the dogs, pushing the hatch up about a foot. On its hydraulic arrangement, it rose easily. He started to wriggle through, coming out in the bunk compartment of H Division, whose men were on watch. He could see a ladder leading to the main deck just ahead. A smile was on his face.

He eased his way through the hatch, his free hand acting as support and holding his shoulders a couple of feet off the deck. In a moment he would be out of the compartment. Just a couple of more wriggles. When all but his legs were through, however, something went wrong with the counterweight system. The hatch came down, falling with tremendous force on his calves. It jammed. The shock threw Pete forward flat on his face, breaking both leg bones below the knees. The heavy metal cover held him tight. He screamed. He screamed. He screamed.

Not long afterwards, Ebu, who had forgotten his cigarettes, shambled into his living quarters, clad in the undershirt and trousers of white cotton that he always wore in the pantry. He was surprised to see a lot of damage-control men at the farther end of the compartment, swarming up and around the inboard ladder. A number of the colored boys, too, were gathered around their periphery.

Ebu went over and asked one of the mess attendants what the trouble was. "Ole Pete caught up dere under dat iron," the colored boy said.

Looking up, Ebu saw, sure enough, a pair of ankles drooping oddly from under the hatch. Pete was no longer screaming. One of the doctors had given him morphine.

"Why don't they lif' him out?" said Ebu.

"Can't lif' him, man! That thing stuck," the boy said.

Ebu looked at the hatch for some moments.

"I lif' it," he said, simply.

Ebu walked forward like a tall edition of Gargantua. He moved the damage-control men around the ladder gently aside. He told those up the ladder to come down.

"I lif' 'at iron," he explained.

When this unexpected scheme was relayed to the damage-control officer on the level above, he came down. He was a lieutenant commander from Massachusetts, a red-faced Irishman named O'Brien, and he did not understand Negroes. If he had been Mr. Miller, or any other Southerner, he would simply have told the tall pantry attendant with the peculiar build to go ahead and then have given him hell when he failed. But O'Brien argued with Ebu. He told him that nobody could budge the hatch.

"I lif' a mule once," said Ebu mildly. "Lif' him right out de mud."

"But this is steel, man," yelled O'Brien. "Two-foot steel!"

"I lif' a Cadillac once," explained Ebu. "Hol' up de front end while dey change tires."

O'Brien was unimpressed. He railed at Ebu. But Ebu held his ground. Finally, because there is nothing in Regulations which says enlisted men may not *try* to raise armored hatches, the lieutenant commander yielded blusteringly. "Go ahead. Go ahead, you crazy son-of-a-bitch," he said, waving his hands over his head in disgust as though then and there he washed them of the whole matter.

O'Brien stepped back into the crowd and Ebu moved up the ladder to within several steps of the top. Disbelief that he could raise the cover was strong in the crowd below. "That coon is nuts, if he thinks he can lift that," one of the white men whispered. "I don't know," a mess attendant said. "That Ebu mighty strong." The ends of Pete's legs hung down like weak and foolish appendages.

EBU bent over and got his back under the center of the hatch. Pete's feet were dangling at either side of his head. Ebu moved up another step. He braced his hands on his knees. He waited a moment. It was hot at the top of the ladder.

Then, with his body squarely under the hatch, Ebu arched his back and pushed upward, hard. The hatch stayed where it was. The beating pulses of the men in the crowd below sounded loud in their ears. For ten long seconds, Ebu exerted himself, the thigh muscles showing gigantic and wide as fence palings under his tight white trousers. The hatch didn't budge. But the stout steel step, eight inches wide and half an inch thick, on which Ebu was standing, began to bend.

Ebu stopped pushing. He was puzzled. For the first time in his life he had applied his strength to something and it had failed to move. He moved down two steps and wiped the perspiration off his face. He looked up at the hatch for a moment and then down at the rosette of motionless, upturned, skeptical faces. He shook his head like a resolute ox.

Then he remounted the two steps and bent over. This time he moved his feet to the edges of the tread where it joined the sidepieces. Then he tried again. His previous effort was nothing to that which he now put forth. He exerted himself to the utmost.

The hatch wouldn't give, and Ebu wouldn't give, as his tremendous body pressed its burden. Slowly, like moments moving in low gear into eternity, the seconds passed. The watchers began to have queer, knotty feelings in their stomachs. Something, they realized, would shortly *have* to give. Finally, like a far-off wind in rigging, slowly, reluctantly, in the hushed atmosphere of the compartment, there grew a curious, soft, little sucking sound. The cables on the counterweight system distinctly clicked. The tiny aperture of light in the overhead widened. The hatch was moving. It was moving upward under the shoulders of one man. Somebody cheered. Up . . . up it went in lingering fashion as Ebu's neck cords stood out and his eyeballs bulged. When it was high enough, eager hands on the deck above snatched Pete's legs clear.

"Ole boy done lif' it!" cried one of the mess attendants. In the relaxation of the moment, he started to dance.

"Jesus Christ," muttered the damage-control officer. "Jesus Christ!"

"Sir," whispered one of his men standing beside him, "that hatch weighed two tons!"

"The lift was more than that," said the damage-control officer. "The thing was jammed."

When voices from above told Ebu that Pete was clear, Ebu ever so slowly let the hatch, which was no longer governed by the counterweight system, down again. The sweat poured off his body in rivulets. His leg muscles quaked. When the cover was in place, Ebu backed heavily down the ladder, holding on to the hand ropes.

His face was a curious gray color, and he moved like a great automaton winding down. He had almost got to the deck when he staggered and fell. Somebody ran and got a wire stretcher. Three damage-control men picked him up, very tenderly, and carried him, unconscious, to the hospital.

Five hours later on the narrow white bed, Ebu came to. He had some difficulty with his speech and in moving his left arm, but he smiled a crooked smile when people spoke to him.

A little while after he came to, a damage-control man entered. He had the body of Ebu's dove that they had found on the deck below Pete. He handed it to Ebu. "We found this under Pete," he said apologetically. Then he backed away.

Ebu took the little mass of feathers into his cupped hands, and looked at the bird with unbelieving eyes. At first, he didn't do anything, a great black ogre, vast on the little white bed. Then, slowly, he began to move his head from side to side like a metronome.

"Oh . . . oh . . . oh!" he cried, as though his heart would break.

II. Braun's House

DAVID GOLDKNOPF

"These two houses," Holden said, "are for the captains and the lieutenants. And," he added, "for me." Holden was the only warrant officer in the Fighter Group. He was thirty-seven years old, and everybody called him "Old Holden."

"Nine of us to go in this one. I'm living in the front bedroom with Andrews. I've got a bed for him, when he comes. The rest is all yours." Burke nodded.

It was a neat two-story house of brown stucco, identical with the house next to it, and very much like the other homes in the German model village that the Group was going to use as billets. The garden had two fruit trees in blossom, a row of currant bushes, a clump of cultivated violets, and a lawn that already needed mowing. But for the red tile roofs the village could have been a suburban development in Buffalo, Burke's home town, or for that matter, in almost anyone's home town.

"Gave them two hours to move. Left all their stuff. Best deal we ever had. Like moving into your own home. You'll see." Holden thoughtfully rolled the cigar between his lips. "Well, the bastards asked for it. Need any help with your stuff?"

"Not yet," Burke answered. "I want to look around first. Thanks."

The name under the doorbell was Rudolph Braun. The key was in the door, and Burke walked in. He merely glanced into the rooms downstairs. They had been a living room and a dining room, and they were full of useless furniture. Upstairs, Holden's bedroll was in the first room. The next room was a little smaller. After it came the master-bedroom, and the last room was a nursery. Burke went back to the second room. It might be too small for two people, he reflected. Burke had found a number of friends in the Group, but one thing he had never found was any sort of privacy, and there were times when he resented it. If there were gripes Junior Logan could bunk with him. They had bunked together since Normandy, and they had an agreement about Junior's fiddle-playing. One way or the other, it would work out. It was a good deal, all right.

The maple furniture seemed new. There was a bed, dressing table, chair, and a

wardrobe that was too large for the room. But it was the bed that drew his attention. It was the first real bed with a real mattress that he had seen in a long time, and he was tired. The trucks hadn't been loaded until 2 A.M., and he had been up again three hours later. It was late now, for there had been a long column at the pontoon bridge over the Rhine. He started to walk toward the bed, but he remembered that he had to unpack, and that the bed was so much cleaner than he was. He put his musette bag on the floor and his pistol-belt in the corner, making the room his.

Downstairs, Holden was gone, and so he carried up the bedroll and B-4 bag alone. He was starting to unpack when he heard loud clanging noises and Holden's profanity in the cellar. Holden was stoking the furnace.

"Hot water tonight," Holden said, "if I got this baby figured out right. Say, did you see the woodworking tools this boy has over in the corner? There's a backhouse full of them." Leaning on the shovel he paused to light his cigar. "You know, I used to have a little shack like this in Denver. Six-room, half-brick. Can't see this stucco stuff. Mighty nice little place. Oil heater. I threw this thing out and put in oil."

Burke explored the basement casually. He picked up a Luftwaffe blouse which had been mended under one of the sleeves, and turned the pockets inside out. A letter fluttered down. It was in a small uneven script which Burke could not read.

"Laundry to your left," Holden announced, like a sight-seeing guide. "Electric washing machine. I've got to fix the belt on it, it slips. All the comforts of home. Denver's a nice town. Probably go back there. Ever stationed at Lowry?"

"No," said Burke. He knew that Holden was going to start talking about the Philippines or Iceland where he had served before the war. Holden's laconic manner was deceptive. "Anything I can do?" he asked.

"Sure," Holden grumbled, as if reading his thoughts. "You can watch me and do it tomorrow. Probably blow it up otherwise."

"I won't blow it up."

"You blew up a pot-belly, didn't you?"

"Junior put some gas in it," Burke said wearily. "He must have put in a quart."

"Jesus Christ, and I'm the fire marshal. Look, here's the water valve. This is the gauge. This is the line on it. Don't smother the fire and dampen it at night. Open this door, close this one. It's got a safety valve, but don't let Junior near it."

Burke started to walk toward the stairs. "Lived in Denver two years, before I left for the Philippines," Holden was saying. "Hope to hell I don't live here that long."

THE kitchen looked as if the Brauns had gone to the movies without cleaning up. The dishes were still in the sink, and there were some grated carrots on the table. The pan on the electric range was half-full of water. The printed shopping reminder on the wall was askew, so that all the red arrows in one row pointed toward "*Brot*" to "*Pfeffer*," and, in the other row, away from "*Reis*" to "*Zweibeln.*" At the top of the list was the question, "*Was Fehlt Uns Heute?*" What do we lack today, that's a good question, Burke thought. He went upstairs again to unpack.

First he cleared the top drawer of the dressing table and put his socks and underwear in it. He put everything on top of the table into one corner — the porcelain figure of two dancing children, Holeco tooth-powder, green balsam hand lotion, empty cigar box. In another corner he put his letter-writing materials and an Armed Services Edition book. He placed his wife's picture on the center of the table.

He moved everything in the wardrobe to one end—the woman's tweed jacket, the yellow playsuit, the camel-hair coat—and hung up all the clothes in his B-4 bag. He folded a green raglan sweater and a set of pink curtains, and placed them, with some tumblers wrapped in newspaper, at one end of the shelf above his clothes, making room for his helmet, gas mask, and web-belt.

On the chair, as if left specifically for him, was a sheet. He spread it on the bed and tucked it in painstakingly. Then it occurred to him that he ought to have at least one more sheet. He looked through

all the rooms, except Holden's, opening drawers and closets, but he couldn't find any. He did find some pillowcases. They were too small, and so he used two, one at each end of the pillow.

He picked up his toilet kit and went into the bathroom. Holden had figured the baby out. He used a lot of hot water, washing and shaving leisurely. Tomorrow, there might be enough water for a bath.

Holden called him as he left the bathroom. Holden had found a blue dressing-gown and a pair of bedroom slippers. He had put them on, though they were too large, and had lit a fresh cigar.

"You old coot," Burke said.

Holden swore at him. "You don't have a beat-up old jug of bourbon around?"

"If I had you'd have smelled it." Burke went into his own room and got undressed. He placed his folded clothes on the chair, and then, carefully, as if in fear of waking another sleeper, he got into bed.

He was very tired by now, but he lay awake for some time. "There is no use kidding myself," he thought finally. "All the comforts of home, but somebody else's home."

And yet, as Holden had said, the bastards had asked for it. No doubt about that, they had asked for it. Or one could be more articulate. He framed a statement: "For us, Herr Braun, this is a military necessity. For you it is an act of biblical retribution."

He shifted a little, enjoying the compliant comfort of the mattress.

And yet, suppose that, in spite of this, one felt uneasy, guilty of violent intrusion, and even, in a way, criminally intimate with the enemy. . . .

Suddenly he knew that he was trapped. He and Holden and the rest of them. Holden the Conqueror. They had been betrayed by their schools and homes and history. In a moment of primitive despair it seemed to him that only by an act of brute destruction could they slip the yoke of decency. "We ought to wreck this place when we leave it, break the windows, slit the mattresses, smash the furniture. . . ."

He heard Holden's querulous voice in the hall.

"God damn you, Burke," Holden was saying, "you left the light on in the bathroom."

III. Past the Age for Folly

WILLIAM ARTHUR BREYFOGLE

"But you're in luck!" Atkinson told me. "This voyage, we're off for the West Coast, and it's the first time they've let us go past the Gulf. Captain Hunt's very pleased."

Atkinson was second officer of the *Mary Kelly*, and I had just come aboard as purser. I was trying to look as if I belonged there. In the journeyman stage of my career, I had once worked for a shipping company and made a few voyages as supercargo, the better to fit me for my duties ashore. Atkinson had followed the sea briefly when he was young, but for thirty years he had been a lawyer in Boston. Atkinson and I kept each other in countenance. Strictly speaking, we had no business to be going to sea again. And yet—

You know how it is. You feel that you ought to be doing something appropriate to wartime, you make inquiries here and there, and you begin to resent it when the authorities keep asking how old you are. They are very shy of middle-aged fellows with romantic ideas, and you find small choice of jobs. But the impulses of middle age can be just as irresponsible, and as irresistible, as those of adolescence. You keep on trying and at last, after many rebuffs and much indignation, you sign as a member of the crew of the *Mary Kelly*.

Atkinson hastened to assure me that there was nothing wrong with the ship, nothing wrong with her at all. He spoke on a note of challenge, and I guessed that his first good look at the vessel had been as great a disenchantment as mine. The *Mary Kelly* was nearly fifty years old, a slow, small coal-burner. I found out later that she owed her survival, her escape from the wreckers, to a long and involved process of litigation turning on the question of her ownership. While the lawyers were at it, the old ship had led a life of pampered ease—laid up at a wharf somewhere, her machinery kept smeared with grease and her paint touched up now and then. The war, with its need for anything and everything that would float, had brought her back into service. Her low speed barred her from the Atlantic convoys but beyond that, Atkinson insisted, there was nothing wrong with her. She was a good ship; it didn't matter what ignorant people said about her.

That was a sore point with us all, from Captain Hunt down. The seamen from the new freighters docked near us in Philadelphia called the *Mary Kelly* "Grandma," and they used to shout derisive comments to us across the littered water of the harbor. "A good ship," Captain Hunt would say in his deliberate manner, when the taunts became more disrespectful than usual. "When *she* was built, they didn't turn them out by the hundreds and thousands. If they had, she wouldn't be afloat today."

The Captain thought the world of her. He was as blind to her imperfections as any lover to those of his lady, and he had that simplicity and singleness of devotion that persuade you, against your own better judgment. A reflection upon his ship was the only thing that irritated him. The inevitable hitches, delays, and minor emergencies of war time shipping had no power to disturb him, and he was quite willing to admit, when questioned, that he himself was past the usual age for active command. (He was seventy-one, and admitted being sixty-six.) But if you were wise, you would not mention the *Mary Kelly* in his hearing except to praise her. Atkinson confided to me that there were times when the Old Man frightened him.

"It's that particular kind of innocence he has. What he believes, he believes all over, without any doubts or reservations. Lord, it's terrifying! I'd forgotten that there were still people like that."

"Did he have as hard a time as we had, getting to sea again?"

"I think so, though he never mentions it. You know, he isn't good at deceiving anyone. He gives himself away. You've noticed that tune he whistles when he thinks nobody's around? It's always the same tune—'The Blue Alsatian Mountains.' Fifty years ago it was very popular, and that's when Captain Hunt first heard it, and liked it, and remembered it. It's quite in keeping for him to stick to one tune all those years and never see how it dates him."

Atkinson shook his head. "At first I wanted to take him in hand, teach him a few tricks. But then I saw that it would be impossible, and by that time I didn't want him changed, anyway. He's unique, Captain Hunt is—a collector's item."

My own dealings with the Captain fully confirmed what Atkinson had told me. We got away from Philadelphia and stood off for the south, and Captain Hunt paced up and down the bridge and whistled "The Blue Alsatian Mountains" while the old ship plodded sedately along. At sea, with no one to shout rude remarks, we could forget that she was old. The pleasant corollary to forgetting that she was old was to pretend that we ourselves were young again, in a world in which sturdy little coal-burners were the last word in ocean transport. This was the feeling we had wanted to recapture, and for a time we were free to revel in it.

When I met Atkinson on deck, he would grin and wag his head at me. "Great, isn't it?" Atkinson would say.

We had our grumblers, of course. The first mate, Halloran, had just been given his papers as chief officer, and he was anxious to tell everyone that if the papers had come a week sooner he might have had a job on a Liberty ship. But Halloran was only twenty-three, and we found that we could squelch him by invoking our superior age, experience, and wisdom. We had a much harder time with Fraser, the chief engineer. He was a man of our own age, he strenuously denied our right to an opinion on anything below decks, and he maintained that the *Mary Kelly's* machinery belonged in a museum, if not on a scrap-heap.

"You wouldn't be singing her praises, either, if you had to do it in the stokehold," he told us sourly. "I've some desire to live out my natural span, and I can't manage that by breathing the dust of coal that's half-sulphur and half-slate. You can be poetic about the old ruin if you like, but all the poetry in the world won't get that reek out of your throat. You try it and see!"

We did our best, but in the end we simply had to ignore Fraser. He was a man quite without sentiment. "What's old deserves respect," he would say. "But what's long dead ought to be buried, even if it can still move around."

Atkinson and I ignored him. Until we reached the West Coast port of our destination, we had a thoroughly good time.

But in port everything was suddenly and sharply different. We came in a day late, and the dock reserved for us had been taken by one of the newest of the new freighters, the *Grant Southam*. We protested, but the port authorities ruled against us. Her cargo had a much higher priority than ours. The best they could do, after keeping us waiting another two days, was to move us into the next slip, where the *Grant Southam* and her crew looked down upon us in fact as well as figuratively. Fraser wanted to know what else we had expected.

The taunts began again, and they were worse than in Philadelphia. Ashore, the *Mary Kelly's* crew got into fights with the *Grant Southam's*, to make the feeling between the two ships even worse. It might have been only a natural desire to reduce turnaround time, but it did seem to us that that new freighter had an arrogant way about her. We were short-handed, and we had to watch two seamen promised us sent aboard the *Grant Southam* instead. The supplies we waited for, she got promptly—and the services of longshoremen, of port officials, and of tugboats. Then, just as they were turning her round, ready for the voyage out, a freak of current or some clumsiness on the part of a towboat-captain let the *Grant Southam* swing down too far toward us, and our blunt, overhanging stern prodded her hard amidships.

To hear them, you would have thought it was our fault, though we were docked and motionless, with steam up only in the venerable donkey-engine. Their captain, a man named McCann, came to the end of his bridge and shook his fist down at us.

"Highly satisfactory!" said Atkinson, on the broad grin. "He's got a couple of dented plates to remember us by, and from the sound of it, we may have broken some of his crockery, too. Teach him not to hurry. And now maybe the local landlubbers can spare a little time for *us*."

We discharged one cargo, and took on another. We filled our bunkers with coal, covering the whole ship with choking black dust. We got the hatches back on and got steam up, and the tugs turned us around and let us go. Now we could draw a free breath again. The *Grant Southam* had to call at San Francisco on her way home, but for us there were no calls all the way to Philadelphia, nothing to mar the happy prospect of having our part of the sea to ourselves. The *Mary Kelly* was past the age for folly, too; you could count on her to behave herself.

Or so we told each other.

The second morning out of that West Coast port, one of the watch reported that he smelled smoke. Captain Hunt told Atkinson and the bosun to go and find out where it was coming from.

It was a damp, windless day, of the kind you get in those waters, and my own

idea was that it was the low-hanging smoke from the funnel we smelled. Certainly you could smell it everywhere. It made even the stokers cough when they came up on deck for a breath of air. It hung over the whole ship like a malediction, but a malediction with enough physical reality to make our eyes smart and our throats tickle. By noon I had developed a thumping headache.

And by noon the Captain himself had come down to aid in the hunt. He talked to Atkinson for a few minutes, then said, "It must be in the bunkers. Get the hoses attached, and then take the hatch-cover off there. Careful with that job, too; I've known them to blow as high as the mast-tops. Ready with the hoses? Knock the wedges out, then. We'll have a look."

It was such a look as I hope I shall never have again. The carpenter took his maul and began tapping at the thin ends of the wedges. He got them loosened along the first side and had just begun on the second when the whole hatch-cover lifted suddenly, as if what was underneath could put up with our dawdling no longer. The cover split noisily, and we scattered as the planks crashed back on the deck. The whole mouth of the hatch spewed up clouds of gray-yellow smoke that stank horribly. I heard the Captain shouting to the hose-crews.

But at first their efforts seemed only to make it worse. Where the streams struck, the smoke had steam in it now, and a prodigious hissing and crackling came up from below. A choking cloud enveloped us, and I had begun to fancy that the deck was straining under my feet. But the Captain turned away as if satisfied. "I think you will be able to deal with it now, Mr. Atkinson," he said calmly. "If you want me, I'll be on the bridge."

I have never thought of myself as exceptionally excitable, but composure like that is quite beyond me. In a way, it was easier for Atkinson, who had something to do. Atkinson did not spare himself. He went at the hard task as if a fire at sea had been his specialty and his delight. It seemed to me an inappropriate time to stand on the dignity of my rank, and I gave the carpenter a hand. Between us, we got the ruins of the hatch-cover moved out of the way. Those planks were still hot to the touch.

I DIGRESS to remark that, all my adult life, I have been an avid reader of sea-stories. At second hand, I think I am familiar with most of the calamities possible aboard a ship. Now, the advantage the reader enjoys over the participant is so obvious that it may have escaped general notice—at any moment the reader may extricate himself from the plight. If it is intolerable, he may put the book down; if it is merely alarming, he may read on to the end. In either case, he is soon out of his fix. But we were in ours for we did not know how long, and we could not flip over a few pages and see how it turned out. Atkinson and I had gone to sea again with some nonsense in our heads about recapturing our youth, having adventures, and this was what came of it! This was an adventure—not mermaids or buried treasure, but the hot, choking, authentic thing. This was what we had come to find.

Hours after the hatch-cover flew off, the smoke still poured in huge, stinking clouds from the hold. The fire stayed in its lair, as if waiting to spring out at us when we had spent our little strength. The pumps clanked away busily, the hoses writhed and twisted on the deck, but the best we could do was to no great avail. If the fire had started at the very bottom of the bunkers, we might have contrived to drown it, but evidently it was burning about half-way down, where the streams from the hoses reached only as ineffectual, divided trickles. To try putting the hatch-cover back on in an attempt to smother the fire would be to risk blowing the ship to smithereens, and there was no way I could think of to get at it from below. It seemed to me that we were the next thing to helpless. If I had been Captain Hunt, I should have ordered the ship abandoned.

But apparently Captain Hunt had no such intention. Toward noon, he came down among us, remarking that the smoke seemed a little thinner now. "Partly that's because it isn't confined any longer, of course. Still, I don't think it's getting worse, at least. Keep the hoses playing on it. I've been down to the stoke-hold, and it's no hotter there than usual, so the fire's

well above the bottom of the bunkers."

He glanced at us. "The men look a little used up; you'd better have them relieved. Better knock off yourselves, too. Purser, what are you doing here?"

"Moral support, sir, mainly."

He smiled. "If I were you two, I should go and drink a bottle of beer apiece. Don't worry, I'll keep an eye on your fire."

"Lord!" said Atkinson, when we were in his cabin. "To hear him, you'd think we were burning leaves in a back yard. Either he is a very cool customer, or we are very, very green hands."

The beer tasted as all beer will taste in a better world than this, but it did not obscure my clear view of a most ugly situation. I said, "We are not very far from San Francisco. As I see it, the one chance to save the ship would be to take her in there and get some help. Would it be insubordination if I told the Captain so?"

Atkinson took a mighty gulp, and set his bottle down. "The choice isn't ours; it's the Captain's," he said. "It's only fair to assume that he knows what he's doing, though I shouldn't care to be in his boots just now. All that's required of us is faith and patience, but he's got to exhibit a great deal more than those minor virtues. Have you finished your beer?"

I hadn't, but I did now. Atkinson looked down at his ruined apparel. "No use changing our clothes yet," he said. "Come on; let's go and see what's happened."

Nothing had happened. The participant in an adventure cannot escape from it at will, and neither can he hurry it along. In my opinion, this waiting is the hardest thing demanded of men at sea, men at war, men whose business is with any kind of danger. You brace yourself for a crisis, and the crisis does not come. It loiters while you shift from one foot to the other, a prey to your own fears. If our fire were to belch skyward suddenly in one roaring flame, if the ship were to split apart and sink, at least it would be over. But the fire only went on threatening to do those things, and I thought the men holding the nozzles of the hoses looked a little bored.

Captain Hunt had his hands in his jacket pockets. "It isn't delaying us," he said, when we came up. "Fraser says the engine-room's all right, and the only smoke they're getting there is what blows down the ventilators. Now, if that fire had started in fuel-oil tanks, we should have been sky-high before now! Had you gentlemen thought of that? There's no denying, though, that the ship's going to be filthy before we're done with this business. The decks will want scrubbing, and no mistake." So the captain meant that we should hold our course and deal with the fire ourselves, thankful that it had not happened aboard one of those new-fangled oil-burners! He allowed for nothing worse than the hard work it would require to get the upper-works back to their proper spotlessness. The smoke went on rolling up as if it had not heard him.

Captain Hunt went back to the bridge, with that firm, unhurried step of his. We went back to fighting the fire.

THERE is a sort of protective numbness that comes over much-tried men, to keep them from sheer despair. You go on doing your hopeless job mechanically, without conceding its hopelessness. You lose track of time, and it no longer strikes you that your efforts are preposterous. I plead this special kind of numbness as an excuse for not knowing where we were, except that we had been plodding southward for what seemed an eternity—as one of the seamen put it, "like a blooming incense-pot." The sharp sense of our peril had abated in us, and we no longer started in alarm when the fire played one of its tricks—a sudden, cavernous rumbling and sliding down in those nether regions, an unexplained blast of hot, clear air. We were intent upon our task, absurdly intent, and I still remember my sharp annoyance with young Halloran for plucking at my grimy sleeve. He wanted me at the rail, and he was offering me his binoculars. Halloran was wildly excited.

My eyes were streaming from the smoke, and I couldn't see at all clearly. "What is it?" I demanded irritably. "Another ship, but what's so wonderful about that? She isn't even on fire."

"No, she's aground, fast on a shoal! And can't you make out the name? She's the *Grant Southam!*"

We had changed course a little, and were standing in toward her. Atkinson

joined us at the rail, wiping his hot face. "What now?" he said, "More trouble?"

We could make out the signals of distress the *Grant Southam* was flying, but when we ran up flags of our own, the smoke hid them. We edged in gingerly, and the *Grant Southam* hoisted a new set. "Cannot read your flags," she said. "Am lowering a boat."

Captain McCann stood in the bows of that boat, and Captain Hunt came down to the *Mary Kelly's* rail, at the waist, to talk to him. "You're on fire!" McCann cried, without any preface. You might have thought he had come only to tell us that. He pointed. "You're on fire!"

"We're still afloat, anyway," said Captain Hunt drily. "What happened to *you?*"

"A sand-bar. The charts of these waters are at fault, I tell you. We're stuck fast, and we lost our propeller, trying to back off. But, man, you're afire!"

"I know that. Will you take a line back across with you? We'll tow you off."

"How can you? Don't you understand that . . . ?"

Captain Hunt banged his fist on the rail. "I've told you I know all about that! Do you want a tow, or do you want to stick where you are, as a monument to poor seamanship? If a sea gets up and you start to pound, you'll have more than a fire to worry about. Do you want a tow, I say?"

It was a fact that, as she lay, the *Grant Southam* was utterly helpless, and might easily break apart before any other aid than ours could reach her. Captain McCann stood with his mouth open, staring up as if fascinated at the huge, leisurely plume of smoke still rising from our bunkers. At last he said, and meekly, "I'll take a line back with me, Captain. If you'll drop the end of it down to us now—"

We waited until they had taken the line across and hauled the cable after it. Then we got way on the *Mary Kelly*, and the cable came up out of the water until it stretched taut and straight between the two vessels. We put our weight on the cable then, and presently the *Grant Southam* budged a few inches, hung fast for a moment, and moved again. We hauled the big new freighter off into deep water, and Captain Hunt ordered the ship stopped. "Wait until they come up alongside," he said, "and then make fast. We're going to borrow the use of their pumps."

Then—the only time in my acquaintance with him—he hesitated, and looked at us as if for sympathy in a predicament not to his liking nor of his making. "I don't like asking for help; I'd rather deal with it alone. But we've got this tow to think of. Perhaps, in a case like this . . ."

The thick pall of smoke hid both vessels as they came together. Atkinson remarked gleefully that we should not be alone in having to scrub everything above waterline. But Captain McCann did not protest at this reeking, grimy proximity. He fell in with our request at once, and sent four lines of hose across his own decks and ours. After that, it didn't take long. In two hours the fire was out, only stinking and steaming like an evil memory. We took the *Grant Southam* in tow and turned back toward San Diego. She came along meekly; she seemed a little afraid of us.

Captain Hunt was whistling softly to himself when, freshly scrubbed, we came in for dinner that evening. He broke off when we appeared and bobbed his white head at us. He seemed very pleased.

"Mr. Atkinson—and you, Purser—you've done well," he exclaimed. "I'm proud to have you for shipmates. We've saved the cargo and the ship, we haven't lost time—or we shouldn't have lost any time if it hadn't been for this tow we've got—and, by the Lord, gentlemen, we've kept our ship afloat and able to fend for herself! I tell you, the finest compliment ever paid a crew was the look on McCann's face when we offered to tow him off that sand-bar. I've followed the sea a good many years, but I never . . ."

He turned his head, and then we saw why dinner was delayed. The steward came bustling in with a big, silver wine-cooler, set a glass in front of each of us, and began loosening the wire twisted about the cork of the first bottle. Captain Hunt looked up at the ceiling as if he had had nothing to do with any of this, as if he had only been waiting for his dinner. His lips pursed a little, and he began whistling softly in the momentary silence. It was a tune I am not likely to forget; it was "The Blue Alsatian Mountains."

THE ROLE OF INTELLECTUALS

JOSEPH H. SPIGELMAN

THE more spectacular our advances in science, the social sciences hardly less than the natural, the more dangerous becomes a certain basic inadequacy of contemporary social thought. We have learned just how to go about doing whatever we may decide to do; we have plenty of people eager to tell us how to decide; but nobody able to show us convincingly how to choose among all these proposals and what to do about the consequences of a wrong choice—or, for that matter (as we shall see), of a "right" one. We are increasingly effective in accumulating knowledge and increasingly effective in action; all we lack—but this lack is what really matters—is effective mediation between knowledge and action.

This was not much of a problem a generation or two ago. We couldn't go too far wrong, because we just couldn't go too far in any direction. If specific policies were ill-advised, particular individuals, at most the administration in power, might suffer for it; but it didn't much matter to society as a whole. For the circumstances of action automatically and constantly corrected our activities, as it were, and limited the extent of our involvement in them.

FOR one thing, with hardly any of the up-to-date means of social control—without our present contrivances for communication and terrorization, transportation and coercion, without our techniques for creating and manipulating opinions and motivations, without the highly developed bureaucratic apparatus of corporations, trade unions, pressure groups, as well as of the state—our capacity a few decades ago for planned and purposive activity was limited indeed.

Still more limited was its scope. Economic and social policies were still predominantly matters for local decision, not, as so increasingly today, for decision by national associations of business, labor, and agriculture, and by the government. State sovereignty was still something more than a polite fiction; and there were still scores of fully sovereign nations, instead of the three super-powers that alone can be regarded as truly sovereign today.

Even within the sphere of its authority, power was hedged about by traditional autonomies and immunities, by the rights and privileges of property and private association. It was checked and limited, to a degree hardly conceivable today, not only by constitutions narrowly interpreted, but by popular distrust of government. This distrust sprang as much from its demonstrated incompetence in dealing with the problems that troubled our parents as from what still remained of the "rugged individualism" that characterized the heroic age of the private enterprise system. Even where government had the physical and administrative means of acting effectively to spare the

This is the second of three articles written by Mr. Spigelman since his resignation from the War Production Board's Planning Division, where he served as a specialist on reconversion policy.

nation the ravages of crisis and depression and to improve the lot of the common man, it had neither the will nor the right to do so.

If government could not dominate the circumstances within which it functioned, and fashion them to its purposes, still less could the individual. He may have been better able than he is today to resist the authority of the state, or to escape its control by migrating to the frontier or to foreign countries; he may have been more self-reliant; but he lacked the means, for all that, of mastering a situation that would periodically get out of control and render him helpless. Indeed, the individual was doubly helpless, because of the pettiness of his powers and because government could not or would not help him. For the individual, for his associations, for his government, for all of society, the circumstances of action dominated action, determined its character, limited its scope and effectiveness, frustrated its purposes, prevented it from having its way whether for good or ill; and, for all these reasons, inhibited action even where it was feasible.

Under such circumstances, it was the main function of intellectuals—that is, of those who mediate between knowledge and action—to overcome such inhibitions. It was up to them to inspire and justify action, to make it seem desirable for some men to act and for others to accept the consequences of their action. This was, in fact, the historical role of those intellectuals whose thought had any practical importance at all and who were not merely devising "true" but irrelevant theories. From Aristotle, who sought to justify the supremacy of the middle classes twenty-four centuries ago, to the newspaper columnists, who still try to do so today; from de Maistre and de Bonald, with their apologias for royal absolutism, to Marx and Lenin, with their apologias for the dictatorship of the "proletariat" and its "communist vanguard"; from the eighteenth-century *philosophes* and *illuminati*, who for the sake of freedom sought to break the shackles of tradition, to the clerical traditionalists of our day, who for the sake of order seek to mend them again; from the mercantilist theorists, who showed why governments must save, to the Keynsians, who show why they must spend—social thought was significant to the extent that it served as a morale builder, as a means of rationalizing practices already current, of justifying authority already established, of inspiriting groups already ambitious for freedom or power, of exhorting to action the discouraged and timorous, of overcoming the apathy and inertia that prevented action.

It was this, and not "truth," that the situation demanded. The important thing was not to act "correctly"—whatever that may be—but to have the courage to act at all amid circumstances in the main so discouraging to action. If an idea for action, an ideology, a myth if you will, inspired that courage, that was enough. Marx, for example, was important not because he was right but because he laid some sort of intellectual groundwork for the greatest revolutionary movement of all time; while the people who prove conclusively that he was wrong—and no doubt their demonstrations are correct—are of absolutely no importance because nothing whatever follows from their strictures. It was not important to be right, because the circumstances of action took care that we could not go too far wrong; because the situation imposed its own corrections and had its own inexorable methods for keeping people in line.

II

But now the situation has changed. We are at last fully capable of effective, planned, purposive activity. The period that began with the Bolshevik Revolution and ended with the first use of the atomic bomb probably marks the transition from the ascendancy of circumstances over action to the ascendancy of action over its circumstances.

The situation has changed not only because of a scarcely credible development of all the main instruments of social control, but, what matters far more, because the traditional restraints on action have been nullified. As our capability for effective action increases, the goals of policy rise correspondingly. Seemingly, we need no longer dream; we can plan realistically

for all-embracing social security, for permanent full employment, for undreamed-of abundance, for world dominion if we will, for almost anything we like. But with goals at once so ambitious and so evidently attainable, we are also inclined to be impatient with whatever may happen to stand in the way of action toward these goals. Just as we have abandoned the idea that we need be at the mercy of what used to be called "natural law," so are the traditional restraints embodied in constitutions, codes of international law, immemorial rights, privileges, and conventions, rapidly losing their power to obstruct our purposes.

The experience of the wars and revolutions of the last three decades—especially the wonderfully enlightening experience of Sovietism and Nazism—have shown us that we are not the prisoners of the institutions and arrangements of the past as once we thought we were, that relationships and practices we thought inevitable are not so at all. We have discovered, for example, that through discriminating use of its taxing, spending, and regulatory powers, government can modify normal economic processes in almost any way it may choose. We have found that the constitution can be reinterpreted to make permissible any measure that government may require to achieve its ends. We have seen how readily such hindrances to the popular will as the "two-term" tradition or such obstacles to victory as the provisions of the Geneva convention can be disposed of; how easily they can be made to go the way of the "divine right of kings" and the chivalrous punctilios of the eighteenth century game of war into the dustbin of history.

With Utopia seemingly within reach on one side and annihilation threatening on the other, with the stakes so high and the game so rough, it is not likely that we shall allow scruples inherited from ages with no conception of today's possibilities to lessen our chances for survival. Expediency alone can give force to whatever traditions have thus far escaped invalidation, and to the conventions that the UN or the new constituent assemblies may attempt to establish. We may be stopped—we have already been stopped as regards various issues at home and abroad—by fear of the consequences of action, by fear of the future, but we shall hardly any longer be stopped by respect for the past.

THE consequences of action: there's the rub. We have the means of effective action, but not yet the means of dealing effectively with its consequences. Present-day society is like some mythical hero struggling with a mighty bow that he can bend but, for all his striving, cannot break. As his skill develops, he learns to bend the bow a bit further; but it always snaps back as his energies flag. So too we can, in the short run, bend the situation to our purposes; but eventually the situation reasserts itself—in the inflation-deflation cycle, in economic and social breakdown, in war, in all the eventualities that we do not quite know how to avert and that transcend our powers of control once they confront us. Catastrophes periodically afflict society to rid it of the distortions and excesses we have imposed upon it.

As our powers increase, so does the force we can put behind any course we may happen to adopt, into our mismanagement no less than into our accomplishments. Witness our astounding industrial mobilization during the war and our success in holding the price line against the pressure both of acute shortages and of an unprecedented volume of buying power. But so great are the accumulated stresses in the economy, precisely because of our effectiveness thus far, that if we go about matters in the wrong way, the results can be dismaying. If as regards price control, say, we fail to anticipate the effects of these controls on production, on public sentiment, and on the co-operation of interested groups; or if, for fear of these effects, we emasculate our controls—then all the tensions in the present situation will be explosively released. The line will break and prices may shoot up so high that nothing will be able to check their eventual precipitate fall.

But we can no longer afford the oscillations, the vicious cycle of action and inevitable reaction, to which society has always hitherto been subject. This is the sense in which our society can reasonably be regarded as mature. It is mature—not in

Spengler's sense nor in that of the stagnation theorists—but because it can no longer afford to act without regard to consequences. Like an old man who cannot afford a fall that a child takes with impunity, disequilibria that might in the past have been mere incidents of growth—indeed its very preconditions—may now be disastrous. If we have not already learned enough from the last war and the last depression to be able to prevent their recurrence, our way of life may not survive. Because so much would be at stake in another depression, another war, another major crisis, no matter how occasioned, we cannot risk the consequences of mistaken policy.

Neither, however, can we afford to refrain from needed action, as the American government—inhibited as it is by fear of consequences—is today doing. We must act even more boldly and more decisively both at home and abroad, even in fields where past experience can be no guide. But to act boldly without risking catastrophe, we must have some way to keep from going wrong in the first place. We can recapture our old élan, not by acting recklessly without regard to consequences, but by reckoning with them in advance.

III

Because we must today reckon with the consequences of action, none of the old ideologies—conservative, liberal, or radical, democratic or authoritarian, nationalist or internationalist—will serve any more. It is no longer sufficient to be told by Lewis Mumford, Archibald MacLeish, Norman Cousins, and other rhetors of our day that "men must act" and that "the time for action" is now. We are not so easily aroused by simple appeals to action as we used to be. The goals of "full employment" and "world government" do not appear to excite us as we were excited in Lincoln's day about destroying slavery and preserving the union; in McKinley's, about Manifest Destiny and American Empire; in Wilson's, about "War for Democracy" and "War to End All Wars"; or, for that matter, in Franklin Roosevelt's, about the "New Deal" and the "Four Freedoms." Maybe it is just the letdown after war. Maybe it is the caution characteristic of maturity. But whatever the underlying cause, it reflects a new concern with the costs and consequences of action, a new awareness that simple slogans do not pay these costs nor repair these consequences.

We have reason to be grateful for the new temper. For if the people nevertheless rise, provoked by some new messiah or their own desperation, to action in some simple cause (world conquest, or the extermination of the Jews, or workers' rule, or whatnot), they and all of mankind may have grievous reason to rue their undertaking.

Of little more avail is the deluge of plans, programs, formulae, specifics of all sorts, for solving every conceivable problem: the endless outpourings of hundreds of government bureaus, thousands of private organizations, and hordes of individual planners (witness the more than thirty-six thousand worthless "full employment plans" submitted some two years ago in the Pabst contest alone). So manifestly inappropriate are such plans, not only in what they may particularly propose, but in their whole conception that, despite our neurotic search for "solutions," we are no more satisfied with them than with the oratorical catchwords of a less exacting age. They can no more appease our fears than they can stir our imaginations.

For one thing, we know that whatever course we may pursue will impair the satisfaction of needs that would have been served by alternative action or no action at all. Whatever is done or not done upsets the balance in one direction or another; and action to restore that balance creates a new disequilibrium in still another direction. Thus, in acting to increase economic security, we also diminish the necessity of, and therefore the incentive for, enterprise and readjustment. Contrariwise, in stimulating enterprise we render insecure those who depend on the persistence of old skills and old production methods, on the continued use of obsolete equipment and uneconomically located capacity. Similarly, if we resist involvement in world government, we increase the chances of war; but as we move toward such involvement, we are thereby

lessening our freedom of action and increasing our entanglement in the interminable quarrels and the impenetrable poverty and wretchedness abroad. Again, if price control is effective at all, it will interfere with the production of certain products and of particular producers. On the other hand, as price control is relaxed, no matter how slightly, then prices, given the present inflationary situation, will surely rise.

These consequences would perhaps in no case be very serious if we could be sure of our ability to limit them. We could afford somewhat less enterprise for the sake of more security; a somewhat diluted national sovereignty for the sake of international harmony; somewhat higher prices for the sake of increased production, and so on. But things are not quite as simple as that. The trouble is, as with every physical system, that in overcoming inertia at rest we transform it into inertia in motion. Because we are at last able to reach our goals, we are in constant danger of overreaching them. The commitments that any course of action creates, the expectations it arouses, the dependence on continuance that it causes, its inextricable involvement in the situation it has itself created, all tend to carry an action far beyond its intended objective to its own negation.

Consider price control once more. A relaxation of control intended to be slight may, by arousing expectations of further relaxations and by undermining confidence in government's ability to hold the line at all, suffice to release pent-up inflationary pressures that would send prices and wages spiraling upwards with such momentum that they cannot be checked until they run their full course into deflation. Conversely, price control that is still sufficiently rigorous to be effective may prevent crucial lines of production from getting under way, thus greatly intensifying inflationary pressures, if for no other reason than the determination of certain groups of businessmen to discredit and destroy OPA, and thus to rid themselves of restraints no longer tolerable.

It is this inertia which has carried every boom thus far into a depression; which makes it politically impossible, even in a period of full employment, to curtail government spending sufficiently to counteract inflationary tendencies; which makes of vigorous competition the surest means of eliminating competitors and of encouraging collusion for restraint of competition; which carries the self-protective efforts of businessmen, trade unions, and other interests so far that reactions are provoked which destroy the security achieved; which breeds in peace a complacency and weakness that encourage aggression and war.

No matter how well contrived a planned course of action may be, how well suited to the needs to which it is directed and to the complex of fears and aspirations in which actual needs are embedded, how successful in winning acceptance, taking hold, and working, it will defeat itself because of its tendency to outlast the situation to which alone it is appropriate. It will end badly precisely because it is so right to start with. For if a proposal for action works at all it will, for that reason, change the situation to which it is addressed and thereby become inappropriate to it. The more perfectly suited it is to one situation, the less well does it fit its successor. That is why the only ideas that have eternal validity are those that have no specific application.

IV

How then can we deal with the inertia of policy and with its consequences? What, in particular, can intellectuals do about it?

Clearly, no purpose is served by continued vain attempts to find "right" solutions. As we have tried to show, the "rightness" of a given plan or program does not suffice to prevent untoward consequences. It may rather accentuate them.

Just as futile are frontal attacks on "wrong" policies, should such policies find favor with powerful interests, with the public, or with government. The intellectual's conception of the public weal can no more be expected to displace popular misconceptions—if misconceptions they be—than some artificial concoction of grammarians can displace a living language.

Whatever the long-run triumphs of education, in the short run—and that is what counts in the present juncture—the people and the several special interests will themselves decide their own needs and aspirations without being told what these should be. It is for them to decide whether they want more security or more enterprise, greater efficiency in production or more justice in distribution, more freedom or more order, more "liberalism" or more "statism." The job of determining what society's needs are can best be left to those who actually feel those needs and not to those who only think about them. Similarly, the job of determining how to meet these needs can best be left to the experienced administrator and his technical advisers and not to the detached intellectual.

All that the intellectual who seeks to be practically effective, and not merely to display his self-righteousness and the rhetorical brilliance of his invective, can do is to start with whatever ideas for action may win acceptance and make the best of them. Whether or not he likes such ideas, the fact of the favor they enjoy is an integral aspect of the objective situation that he must reckon with.

He will find, however, that what he starts with doesn't much matter. No policy, no plan or program, no proposal for action, is wrong in itself so long as it is intended to satisfy positive needs and not merely to harm other people. What is wrong is the effect of satisfying these needs upon the satisfaction of other needs. Government regulation, for example, is wrong not because of irrelevant abstractions adduced by the theorist, but only to the extent that it impairs freedoms actually valued. A subsidy is wrong, not for itself, but only if it disadvantages those not so favored or if it proves ultimately disadvantageous to the recipients themselves. What alone matters about any course of action are its consequences.

The only way to deal with these consequences is to deal with them: not to worry about the "rightness" or "wrongness" of the initial policy, but to put the consequences of that policy in the forefront of our concern, and to show how these consequences can best be anticipated and, so far as possible, neutralized; how its inertia can best be checked. To overcome the inertia that prevents action has always been the main function of intellectuals. That is still their most important role. But while the main task until recently was to overcome inertia at rest, to get men to act at all, the main task today is to overcome inertia in action, which also inhibits action because of the fear of consequences that it occasions.

THERE are basically two possible ways of checking the inertia and neutralizing the consequences of a given policy. One would be to make that policy self-neutralizing. The other would be to initiate separate neutralizing processes concurrently with the given policy. Let us see what each of these approaches might mean.

One way to make a policy self-neutralizing would be to make the proposed measures contingent upon suitable neutralizing action. Subsidies particularly lend themselves to such treatment. The effect of producer subsidies as well as of price guarantees in whatever form—parity prices, stamp plans, commodity dollars, international commodity agreements, and the rest—is not only to increase the tax burden and frequently to raise prices to the consumer, but to perpetuate dependence on such assistance. Yet the fight against subsidies and price guarantees has generally been fruitless. Particularly in agriculture, and probably too in such fields as coal and petroleum, shipping and air transport, the light metals and other war-essential materials, the pressure of producers for government help will frequently prove irresistible. Despite the efforts of the friends of enterprise, the volume of subsidy payments has continued to grow, the scope of price and market guarantees to expand; and they will probably continue to do so.

But the effects of such measures can be anticipated and in large part neutralized, if the right to receive subsidy payments or to have one's prices guaranteed is conditioned upon use of such assistance as a means of adjusting to changes in markets and technology: for modernizing plant and equipment, or moving to new locations, or shifting to crops for which market

prospects are better, or effecting economies in operation, and the like. In this way, governmental spending can be used to lessen the need for spending instead of, as is so often the case, to foster that need.

Similarly, the effect of a guaranteed annual wage on the costs and prices of the industries in which it may be adopted can be neutralized, if the wage guarantee is made contingent on the reduction of unit labor costs. In this way, the worker's inclination to hold himself in check—notably so in the construction industry—for fear that increased productivity will reduce the duration of his employment and therefore his annual income, can give way to a positive incentive for increased productivity as the only sure means to larger incomes.

It may be noted, in this connection, that the Bretton Woods Agreement, under which the International Bank is to be administered, represents an imperfect attempt at conditioned action. To neutralize the tendency for foreign loans to perpetuate maladjustment and backwardness in the debtor countries, such loans are to be made contingent on their use in restoring and developing the nation's productive capacity, instead of being squandered for political or military purposes.

Another way to make a given course of action self-neutralizing is differentiation. For example, to neutralize the depressing effects on production and investment of necessarily high levels of taxation, taxes should be differentiated in favor of producers and investors who take action especially advantageous to enterprise. For instance, taxes should benefit investors for investing their money rather than holding it, and for investing in equities rather than in debts; should benefit producers for increasing their output, for reducing their prices, for undertaking new ventures, for investing new capital, and so on. There are no end of proposals—which space will not permit us to elaborate—to this end. None of them is very important in itself, whatever its proponents may think. What is important is that we learn to think of taxation as potentially self-neutralizing—as a means of counteracting the harm that a high level of taxes will otherwise inflict on the enterprise system, as a means of stimulating, rewarding, and safeguarding enterprise.

The prices paid or guaranteed by the government can also fruitfully be differentiated. If, say, agricultural staples are to be accorded the market protection that they have already been assured, then the rising soybean, or whatever other crops may enjoy prospects of a long-run demand larger than the present supply, should command higher prices relative to costs than wheat and cotton and other crops with dismal long-range prospects. Similarly, in government housing projects, contractors using new and promising construction methods and materials might well receive higher prices relative to their costs than those who stubbornly stick to what is outmoded.

Still another way to make a given course of action self-neutralizing is reorientation. The cartel problem offers suitable application. There is no need to dwell here on the evils of collusion, whether on the local or international scale, to fix prices and restrict production. But it would be naïve to think that such practices can be outlawed, that producers can be deprived of all means of protecting themselves against the disruptive effects of uncontrolled competition. The main effect of our "trust-busting," as of our vice crusades, can only be to make the "trusts" more realistic, more hardboiled, more efficient, and, if need be, more respectable.

Better, then, a legalized cartel, where it exists anyway, specifically designed to rationalize production, reduce costs and prices, expand output, facilitate innovation, and, if necessary, ease sub-marginal firms out of the industry, than sub-legal but none the less inevitable attempts at price-fixing and withholding of productivity. *If* an industry is incorrigibly controlled; if the termination of control, could it be contrived, would bring intolerable dislocations and hardships, then better to reorient that control toward enterprise. Let a code be formulated that, unlike the NRA codes, would facilitate and impel adjustment. The industry, for its part, would either have to accept the code and assume responsibility for its enforcement,

or invite public displeasure and make itself vulnerable to anti-trust action. In this way, control could be a means of lessening the need for control and perhaps of making possible its eventual abandonment.

SO MUCH for methods of making policy self-neutralizing. Now for the other basic type of response to given policy: the concurrent initiation of separate neutralizing measures.

One way to check the inertia of a given course of action and neutralize its consequences is to buffer its impact. The treatment of innovation is a case in point. To counteract the threat of innovation to their security, workers have traditionally imposed work-standards, featherbed rules, apprenticeship regulations, and other devices for impeding innovation and cushioning its force. Unfortunately, such practices tend to limit productivity, to keep production costs unnecessarily high or to force them higher still, and, in general, to make the firm's adjustment to changing conditions of production more difficult. Of course, given continuous full employment, there would tend to be far less recourse to these impediments than there has been. But with or without the assurance of continued full employment, there is need for special provision to ease the transition to new productive methods and to minimize the insecurity it ordinarily entails.

The labor-management committees, developed during the war, offer one possible instrumentality for this purpose. Despite the suspicion and hostility of a great many workers and managers and the initial ineptitude of many of the committees, they did prove extremely useful in the orderly institution of technical innovations and wage-incentive plans, and in giving workers a share of responsibility for productivity and output. By showing the worker how he can gain from increased productivity, and by seeing to it that these gains are not arbitrarily denied him by wage-rate reductions; by helping to train him in new skills and methods; by regulating innovation and its effects, these committees have helped immeasurably to weaken labor's attachment to their traditional defenses against innovation. And they can do a great deal more, once they become an established and dependable buffer of innovation.

ANOTHER way to neutralize the consequences of a given course of action is to compensate those who suffer these consequences. Perhaps the most important example of this approach thus far is the social security system, though as it operates at present it compensates the victims primarily of unplanned change. But compensation can just as well be extended to those who are disadvantaged by a planned course of action—tariff revision, for example. Attempts to level tariff barriers have always had to contend with the opposition of industries which have become dependent on tariff protection and which can point to the injuries that they, their employees, their suppliers, the communities in which they operate, and the whole economy, would sustain should that protection be withdrawn. To neutralize these consequences and thereby disarm opposition to drastic but necessary tariff reductions, recent proposals by Karl Brandt and others, for a system of indemnity payments to companies which are able to prove that they suffered unavoidable losses because they could not adjust to tariff revision, are worth exploring.

The consequences both of price control and of its relaxation can also be dealt with in the same way. To compensate for the depressing effect of control on production, concessions and favors should be granted to those firms and industries which succeed in increasing production despite these effects. Conversely, to compensate for the inflationary influence of control relaxations where these occur, firms and industries which lower their prices below the permitted maximums should also be rewarded. During the war, it would have been possible to differentiate the control of materials, as the Germans did, to give the lowest price producers a larger share of the available materials. It is still possible today to apply the proposals of Arthur Upgren, among others, for taxing profits which are derived from increased output at a lower rate than profits which are derived from higher prices.

STILL another means of neutralizing the consequences of a given course of action is to provide means of escaping these consequences. This approach might be useful in dealing with the closed shop problem, for example. Unions are increasingly insistent in demanding the "closed shop" as the only means of protecting themselves and their members. But the winning of the closed shop frequently relieves union leaders of dependence on rank-and-file support. What is more serious, it makes it possible for entrenched leaders to threaten dissident workers and potential rivals with expulsion from the industry, and not infrequently—as in coal mining, the garment trades, and other industries—to carry out their threats.

Government intervention to assure union "democracy" and the honesty of union officials will not solve the problem. Not only would it arouse labor's suspicion and resentment, but it would tend to impair union efficiency and responsibility by leading too often to the election of popular but inexperienced hot-heads, who cannot manage union affairs as well as the experienced bureaucrat.

One possible way out of the impasse would be to permit workers in closed-shop industries to hold membership in two unions: the one with the closed-shop contract and any other which particular workers may choose to organize. These outside unions would, at periodic NLRB elections, have the right to dispute the established union's position as collective bargaining agent. While the union in power would have exclusive right to bargain and to strike, it would also find it necessary to prove its worth to its members, or risk losing its position when election time comes around.

ONE more type of neutralizing action deserves brief consideration here. Frequently the best way to keep society from going down a one-way street to disaster is suitable complementary action. The only way, for example, of counteracting the tendency for popular education to cause maladjustment and discontent among those who cannot secure the kind of employment for which they had been trained, is to see to it that, through industrialization and the expansion of social services, the demand for such workers keeps pace with the supply. Otherwise, the growth of popular education in various backward regions abroad can only produce breeding-grounds for fascism and revolution.

Similarly, to supplement action—for example, the granting of patents or the revision of tariff schedules—that tends to stimulate the growth of certain sectors of the economy and the decline of others, and accordingly to cause shortages of labor and capital in the first instance and surpluses in the other, more adequate and accurate information about the action and its expected results should be provided. In this way, resources can more promptly and less wastefully be drawn from where they are no longer needed to the growing points in the economy.

V

WHATEVER other ways there may be to neutralize the consequences of any given course of action, compromise and moderation are not among them. These are stern times that call for extreme measures: for more security as well as more enterprise, for more freedom as well as more control, for the more determined assertion of our power abroad as well as for greater dependence on international organization. To compromise is to evade the crucial issues of our day.

Besides, our malcontent young men will not be content with moderation and sweet reasonableness. If responsible leaders do not show them the way to go "all out" toward the satisfaction of their needs and aspirations, they will flock to those who will. The idea is not to "go easy," but, by anticipating the consequences of going "all out," to make it possible to do so. The idea is balance—but the balance of extremes.

Still worse, however, would it be for intellectuals to rest content with any particular balance, even that which they themselves may have helped establish. Once a particular neutralization of given policy wins acceptance, it should become the basis for new efforts to anticipate and

counteract its effects. For there can be no perfect balance, no complete neutralization of any course of action. Even the most appropriate counteraction will itself have untoward consequences. All that can be done is to dampen the oscillations of action and inevitable reaction. But to dampen them sufficiently to prevent the shattering of our social structure in depression and war will take all the vigilance of which responsible intellectuals are capable. To be effective at all, they must always be one step ahead of what is happening, always outside of what is established, always prepared to regard each "solution" as only a stage in an endless succession of problems of balance, always concerned with the process of achieving balance rather than with particular balances temporarily and imperfectly achieved.

But when all is said and done, not all intellectuals can escape the futility that is their peculiar hallmark. Only those can escape who come to have a certain role in the formation of policy and who learn to submit to a certain discipline. The precise nature of this role and of this discipline will concern us in the final article of this series.

Mr. Spigelman's third and last article of the series will appear next month. — The Editors

Irresolution

AGNES ROGERS

It isn't time so much I lack
As something stiffer up my back.
It's what I do with time instead
That ought to make me hang my head.
If every morning I arose
And touched my fingers to my toes
A hundred times, I'd lose those pounds.
Instead, I listen to the sounds
Of Godfrey purring on the air,
And lie in bed and like it there.
That half an hour to brush the hair
I squander playing solitaire.
The moments spent beneath the drier
I could with profit put to higher
Use—say, memorize a sonnet,
But crouched beneath that hellish bonnet
I seize the latest magazine
Devoted to the silver screen.
I find I seldom read the news
On Byrnes's stand or Bevin's views,
For when I open up the *Times*
I start at once to look for crimes,
And then examine every ad
To see where nylons may be had.

(Of course I can't converse with ease
With men of note and V.I.P.'s
Because I hardly ever know
What Bidault said to Gromyko.)
My doublecrostics, crosswords too
Consume the time when likely you
Are learning French the easy way,
In fifteen minutes every day.
My betters read in bed at night,
And so do I, but while their light
Illuminates the classic pages
Of works revered throughout the ages,
Or modern "must" and worthwhile reading,
Mine shines on books by Francis Beeding,
Eric Ambler, Buchan (John),
Or others whom I dote upon.

I should be better, brighter, thinner,
And more intelligent at dinner.
I should reform and take some pains,
Improve my person, use my brains.
There's lots that I could do about it,
But will I?—Honestly, I doubt it.

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ZERO HOUR IN CHINA

THEODORE H. WHITE AND ANNALEE JACOBY

It would be childish to expect stability in China in our generation. China must change or die.

Within a desperately few years she must move half a billion people from the world of the middle ages into the world of the atomic bomb. In addition to all the crowding problems of today, the Chinese must solve the problems of yesterday: the building of railways and industry, the fostering of universal education, the nurture of the scientific mind. The greatest human mass within the bounds of any single nation must, within a few generations, absorb all those changes which the Western world has been trying to master for five centuries.

The root problem of China is whether her two great parties can agree upon a program of change broad enough to meet the needs of the overwhelming mass of the Chinese people. If they can, change will come peacefully. If they cannot, armies will march across the land, ravaging its people and imperilling every nation in the world.

The first concern of American statecraft in China is the creation of a unified, enduring government capable of carrying through these changes. It is a task of unexampled complexity and difficulty, as General George C. Marshall discovered when he was sent to Chungking with clear orders to work for such a government. He arrived on a scene where American diplomacy of past years had made a mockery of all American pretensions and ideals. Marshall not only had to re-establish the integrity of American policy; he also had to bring together at a single council table a vigorous, ruthless Communist party and a decadent, corrupt governing party, and persuade the two to agreement. The measure of the man's greatness was in his creation of a truce.

But a truce means neither peace nor unity. A Chinese truce is as thin and fragile as Ming porcelain. Out of truce the Chinese people themselves must create a new form of government. A mission from Washington can block or encourage—it cannot create—this government; and only a new government can mobilize the

Theodore H. White and Annalee Jacoby have long been recognized as two of the ablest of American correspondents in the Far East. This article is part of their forthcoming book, "Thunder Out of China," which has been selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club.

Chinese people for that decisive movement of regeneration and reconstruction that will end civil war. The fashioning and nature of such a government depends entirely on the future course of two interacting rivalries: one within China itself, the other between the two dominant powers of the world today—the U.S.A. and the Soviet Union.

THE rivalry within China is seen too often as a simple clash of two power-hungry parties, the Kuomintang and the Communists. But the most primitive—and most truthful—expression of China's politics today is to say that the Chinese people are seeking a government that will give them change. A revolution is stirring and shaking every province, every county, every village in the land, making its demands of every man in bitter and direct invasion of his personal life. It is working in the columns of hungering refugees, in the bivouacs of every regiment, in the memory of every soldier who marched to disaster across the bare mountains and cold paddy fields.

In the changes that history demands of China one large group must lose its privilege in order that another—and much larger—group may gain. For centuries the peasants of China have worn themselves to desperation in serfdom to those who control the land and government. For centuries the cruel and graceful men who dominate Chinese society have had all the weight of morality, law, and power on their side. The struggle between the landed and landless, the well-fed and the hungry, is as old as the story of China. But now, with the injection of new techniques, new learning, new needs, the grip of the gentry is threatened for the first time.

Today China stands at historic crisis and its dangers are sharp and clear. First is the danger that the feudal-minded men who control the Kuomintang will try to transfer their ancient vested rights to the new world of tomorrow, as did their counterparts in Japan a century ago. From the Kuomintang's blind resistance to change comes the second danger: that their opponents may nourish bitterness against the time-encrusted iniquities so skillfully that the people will be willing to give up liberties almost within their grasp in order to rectify the ancient wrongs.

For the first time in Chinese history, the struggle is written down in clear political terms. The warlords with their grotesque wickedness have ceased to confuse the pattern of Chinese politics—they have been pushed far back to the marches of inner Asia where, within a few decades, they will wither away. Chinese politics will be molded by three well-defined political groups—the right wing of the Kuomintang, the men of the middle way, and the Communists.

II

THE greatest danger to peace in China is the right wing of the Kuomintang—the dominant party machine. This machine is the political expression of the Nationalist army leaders, the feudal landlords, and the war-inflated bureaucracy. These groups have benefited most by the old way of life; for peace to be effective these men must give up most. They control the Kuomintang and the "legal" government, which is the only government America recognizes. Should anything happen to Chiang Kai-shek, they will nominate his successor.

These groups of the right wing Kuomintang hold the law in their hands; the local codes that govern the villages of China were written by their forefathers, and justice is meted out by their appointees. In a sense these men are pitiful, for they guard brilliant relics of Chinese culture, philosophy, and tradition and cannot understand how or where this culture can be made to fit into the modern world. Under their stewardship, Chinese political thought has lost all inner fruitfulness, has become dead and sterile. Their war record of leadership was one of progressive failure; they could supply no social dynamic to rally men forward, for they saw men not as men but as servile peasants. Their wisdom was reduced to the cunning of the market place, their strength became only an unbending stubbornness.

The greatest indictment of these men is not their corruption, their petty tyrannies, their chicaneries; it is their sheer inability to govern, to give leadership. With the

victory over Japan and the return of the Kuomintang to the coast, the old governing group was given its last opportunity to purge and cleanse itself. The advance guards of the Nationalist armies and government were greeted in Shanghai and Canton with flags and parades, with the festivity of a carnival. Within six months they succeeded in alienating not only the broad masses of undernourished and underprivileged, but even the sturdy business groups who ten years before had been their great reservoir of strength.

It is an axiom that the last of the attributes to wither in any governing group is its ability to loot, to oppress, and to misgovern. The Kuomintang returned to the coast only to prove the axiom. In an atmosphere of seething inflation and of complete decay of morality, the money-hungry officials of Chungking returned to sack the cities and provinces they had liberated. Squeeze and bribery, so long accepted by Chinese political ethics, passed all bounds. With a feeling of nausea the people of Shanghai watched the government they had welcomed back sell licenses, sell privileges, mismanage foreign relief supplies, condone hoarding. They watched the printing presses spin off reel after reel of worthless money, while prices soared and bureaucrats danced at night clubs and drank at fine hotels. Shanghai's labor organizations watched the Kuomintang hold its first general meeting of labor unions at a dance club. The old opium rackets revived again under the guidance of some of the Kuomintang's most powerful men. The people of Shanghai had watched the government retreat in 1937, bleeding but glorious, to be replaced by the Japanese and the traitors of the puppet army; now the same government has returned to accept some of the most odious of the traitors in its fold.

SUPERFICIALLY, it seems difficult to reconcile the extravagance and debauchery of the Kuomintang's machine with the stern and puritan fiber of Chiang Kai-shek. Yet the power of this machine over the rank and file of the party membership was confirmed by Chiang personally at the party congress of 1945. The brutality and extortion of the visible bureaucracy at the coast is only the image of brutalities and extortions that have existed in the villages of the interior for generations. The old system in the villages is condoned by traditional practice and glossed by timeless graces; the gentry of the villages, who form the great base of Kuomintang support, are represented above all by Chiang Kai-shek. Accepting their support and clothing himself in their morality, Chiang must go along, almost against his will, with their urban counterparts—the machine bureaucrats who are destroying his support in the great cities. The sentence of judgment passed on Chiang by a wise American statesman is a sentence on the entire Kuomintang machine: "Chiang Kai-shek," he said, "is trying to fight an idea with force; he doesn't understand the idea and doesn't know how to use force."

It is a historical paradox, therefore, to say that the greatest single personality in the equation of peace and war in China is Chiang Kai-shek. The Kuomintang right wing gives trust and confidence to no leader but Chiang; if they are to be persuaded, committed, or forced to progressive action, only Chiang Kai-shek can do it. He alone can assure his feudal retinue that in giving up their ancient privileges they will not be entirely liquidated in the new state. Only he can guarantee them a fraction of their former dignity. And even the Communists recognize that Chiang's co-operation is indispensable if there is to be even the briefest of truces.

Between the extreme right of the Kuomintang and the disciplined Chinese Communists on the left, there stands a mass which seeks a middle way. It includes the Kuomintang moderates, the intellectuals and non-partisan liberals, the splinter groups of the Democratic League. A huge segment of the Kuomintang rank and file belongs to this group, as do most thinking people in China. This middle group, whose members are the sincerest friends of America, is surest of being wiped out in civil war. If true peace could last for a generation these men might eventually form a new administration; certainly they would dominate the thought of its press, literature, and stage. This is the group that wants peace and will labor for it.

If the men of the middle group were well organized they could guarantee peace. But they are not. They lack an army, a political machine, or roots in any social class. Only the spread of education and industry can create enough men of the modern world to give them a broad social base. Their entire future depends on the truce, on the reconstruction of China.

III

On the left stands the Chinese Communist party. The Communist party wields power, has struck for power in the past, may attempt to strike for absolute power in the future. The Communists now insist on having a solid base in north China to protect their security and lives. No one knows whether they will use this area as a staging ground for their next drive to supremacy. Only if the new government moves forward energetically to reform can the Communist protestation of loyalty be tested. If the new government of China resists change as rigidly as the old there will be unrest, upheaval, bloodshed —and the Communists will make the most of the opportunity.

The present truce will clarify the Communist party's real goals for the first time. Their leaders have fought from hill caves and moutain lairs for twenty years; they have been too close to the people to be unaware of the suffering civil war brings. Up to now, the Communist party has shone by comparison with the Kuomintang. Where the Kuomintang was corrupt, it maintained its integrity. Where the Kuomintang was stupid, it was wise. Where the Kuomintang was lazy, it was dynamic. Where the Kuomintang oppressed the people, it offered them relief. Those who visited Communist territory escaped from the oppression of the Kuomintang into what seemed an area of light. Now the Communists are part of the world—they must stand examination, not by comparisons, but by achievements. They have been more democratic than the Kuomintang; now they must prove whether democracy was a means or an end.

It would be foolish to judge the Communists of China by American standards. They, more than any other Communist party in the world, have dealt directly with masses of the people in turmoil and agitation in the past twenty years. They feel themselves now immeasurably strong, for they are riding a huge crest of revolution. They are cold-blooded, ruthless, and determined. They would hesitate as little to demand the ultimate sacrifice of thousands or even millions of peasants as they would to offer their own lives as sacrifice. They play hard politics—they have cheated and broken agreements; they are bitterly intolerant of criticism, for they consider themselves always at war.

There is only one certainty in Communist politics in China: their interests are bound up with those of the masses of poverty-stricken, suffering peasants from whom they have always drawn their greatest support. They, and they alone, have given effective leadership to the peasant's irresistible longing for justice in his daily life. Because the peasant now wants peace and food more than all else, the Communists, too, want peace. They offer to halt for a period the storming drive of discontent, and participate in a general government with the Kuomintang until the country heals its wounds. This offer is conditional only upon Kuomintang recognition of their present bases. If the Kuomintang tries to drive them out, they will fight.

What Communist policy will be five or ten years hence no one can foretell. If the Kuomintang and middle-way groups use the period of truce to offer the people the same things offered by the Communists, the truce may eventually evolve into a broad multi-party government in which all members are committed to fundamental change. If the truce is wasted by the opponents of the Communists, nothing in the world can halt them when they are ready to strike again.

In such a situation, the most sensible solution is probably that advanced by the middle groups in China: a federal union, with spheres of local and national power strictly marked. The National army, they say, must be reduced until it cannot dominate the entire physical map of China at one time. Each province must be responsible for its own internal security.

Each province will probably have to possess the same autonomy in education, local justice, land taxes, criminal and civil law that made the American union possible. Such a situation would, of course, bring about an uneven development in China—some provinces would march ahead rapidly and others lag far behind. But China is too vast, her communications too poor, her techniques too primitive to achieve the complete centralization that Kuomintang theorists have sought in the past.

Such a union can hang together only if the federal government fills the same role it does in America—the guarantor of national defense against outside aggression, the framer of foreign policy, the chief factor in the economic life of the nation. The federal government can exist only if groups from all provinces and parties participate in its operations. It must further guarantee that within each province minority rights will be respected—that all parties will be free to organize and campaign, that civil liberties will be granted to Kuomintang members in Communist territory, to Communists in Kuomintang territory, and the mass of people everywhere.

The creation of such a union would be extremely difficult. Each side has great contempt for the other. The Communists believe the Kuomintang is strong only because of America; the Kuomintang believes the Communists are strong only because of Russia. But without outside intervention, both sides would be almost evenly matched. In a civil war, Chiang, with his legacy of American arms and equipment, would take highways, railways, and cities, while the Communists, with the support of the peasants, would hold the countryside. Civil war would be long-drawn-out and incalculably costly.

Any union reached in China must sink its foundations into the quicksands of suspicion and distrust. Each party expects the other to betray any agreement and they will watch each other like sparrow-hawks for years to come. Both are trigger-happy and anything may happen.

An excellent example of this mutual ill-faith was the collapse of the first Marshall truce of January, 1946. Marshall had engineered the finest compromise agreement of the war. Politically, it called for both parties to co-operate in a supreme political council that would define the structure of the new state; militarily it set up a fixed ratio between government and Communist troops, defined their distribution and gave to the national government the right to re-occupy Manchuria.

Both parties immediately strained at the agreement to see how much pressure it could bear. The Kuomintang was the first to break the truce. Its executive committee passed resolutions flagrantly violating the accord with the Communists. Its troops, under orders from Chungking, made nibbling violations of the battle lines in the north. When the Communists reacted against the truce they did so with a characteristic vigor and sweeping strategy. They had begun their penetration of Manchuria before the truce was established; once the political violation of the Kuomintang was clear they threw their Manchurian offensive into high gear. They proceeded to seize as many cities and railways as they could in a campaign that terminated with the capture of Changchun, Manchuria's capital. The situation reverted rapidly to the state of armed hostility that preceded Marshall's arrival, and on his second trip to China Marshall found all his work to do over again under even more difficult circumstances.

IV

If China were an island continent, embarking in isolation on a new adventure in change after a generation of bloodshed, there would be every hope that unity and co-operation would outweigh disunity and civil war. The Chinese are a sensible people and they want peace. China is utterly exhausted—the men, the animals, the machines, the land itself. There are few buffaloes to plough the paddies, little food to feed the hungry, little shelter, little clothing, little warmth. There are hundreds of thousands of soldiers straggling home who want never to march again, who crave rest above all things. Left alone, the Chinese people would in time find peace in their own way.

But China is flanked to the north by the

world's greatest land power, to the east by the world's greatest sea and air power. The mutual fears, suspicions, and rivalries of the Soviet Union and the United States meet in China in their most aggravated and dangerous form; and this foreign rivalry is more than half the threat to Chinese peace and unity.

For a millennium, China was the greatest power in the East—so powerful that she became soft. The predatory nations of Europe then parceled her off into spheres of influence, and proceeded to strip her of all dignity. China was everyone's colony and no one's responsibility. The rivalry of the great powers was finally stabilized at the turn of the century by America's Open Door policy. This meant simply that China was "open" to everyone but the Chinese. The Open Door policy was a great advance over the earlier imperialism of the European powers. The older powers would have carved the goose up into easily digestible portions; but America insisted on the integrity of the goose so that all might be able to share her golden eggs. From the point of view of the goose this was preferable to dismemberment, but still highly unsatisfactory.

The first World War and the Chinese revolution changed the entire situation in the Far East. Czarist Russia, the most brutal of the predatory powers, was now finished, as was Germany; England was weak; and revolution surged through China herself. America tried to re-establish the Open Door policy by a series of conferences and understandings. But the vigor had gone out of this policy—Japan was on the march and Japan believed that China was a power vacuum which she was divinely appointed to fill. From 1931 to 1945, Japan's attempt to fill this vacuum dominated the Orient.

Today a totally new equation exists. For all purposes of history the two greatest powers operating in the Orient today are the United States and Russia. Both powers recognize that the vacuum left by Japan's collapse must be filled by a strong Chinese government; and each of the two is determined that this new government shall be as friendly to itself as to its rival. If America and Russia become sponsors of the two great parties in China as their only guarantee of friendship in the new Chinese state, then for China this will be stark tragedy. In a sense, this war which was fought by the Chinese for unity and nationhood will have become a wasted war. For us the acceptance of such a formula will be no less disastrous—for by its definition we are left as the patrons of the decadent and corrupt, and the Russians become the patrons of the vigorous and dynamic.

There are majestic rhythms in history, moments of high opportunity. The war between China and Japan cast up many such moments of opportunity. Time and again—in 1938, in 1944, in 1945—there came those great crests of fortune when internal peace might have been achieved by the two Chinese parties. Imperiled by the enemy, or under the pressure of the people, the two parties were forced again and again to fleeting co-operation. Each time, the opportunity was cast away, each time civil war was sealed even more certainly into the future of the nation.

Of all the opportunities that presented themselves in the course of the war, the most hopeful followed immediately upon victory over Japan. It was a moment of jubilation and hope in which the thundering voice of the people demanded peace as the fruit of victory. The pressure of the people upon the two great parties was a compulsion almost completely without precedent. The disgrace inherent in the waste of this historic moment must be shared equally by the Chinese parties themselves and by American diplomacy.

AMERICANS must realize one of the hard facts of Chinese politics: in the eyes of millions of Chinese their civil war was made in America. We were the architects of its strategy—we flew government troops into Communist territory; we transported and supplied Kuomintang armies marching into the Communists' Yellow River basin and into the no man's land of Manchuria; we issued the orders to the Japanese garrisons that made the railway lines of the north the spoils of civil war. Our marines were moved into north China and remained there to support Chiang's regime though fiction succeeded fiction to explain in noble words their continued pres-

ence. They were there month after month "to evacuate Japanese from China," though the Japanese might have been evacuated in a fraction of the time by a common-sense political agreement with the Communist partisans. When the Japanese began to leave, that fiction exploded, and the marines remained to counter the Russian troops in Manchuria. When the Russians evacuated Manchuria and that fiction too exploded, it was announced that the marines were remaining indefinitely merely to "guard" supply lines to the coast.

These fictions hold only for the American people themselves; in China it is clear to all that the chief duty of the marines is to preserve, protect, and defend Chiang Kai-shek's government in the northern areas where he is under attack. Both parties in China realize this. The Kuomintang knows that its new army, the coastal cities, the Peking-Tientsin area were all gifts from America, and that these gifts will continue only so long as they can infect America with their own fear of a league between the Chinese Communists and the Soviet Union. The Communists, too, realize it—all north China and Manchuria might have been theirs long since, had it not been for American intervention—and their bitterness has grown with each passing month. By that process of emotional auto-intoxication that is characteristic of the Communists, their propaganda has passed again into a phase of almost unqualified denunciation of America and its works.

For a full year, the underlying motive in the policy of both the Soviet Union and the United States has been a compound of fear and suspicion. Both have tried to build a bulwark across the body of China, as they have across Europe, to protect themselves and what they consider their interests. Fear is even more dangerous than greed as a motive in international diplomacy, and the mutual fears of two such huge and powerful states as Russia and America have made a mockery of China's sovereignty. We pursued, under Ambassador Patrick Hurley, a policy that led us from blunder to blunder to eventual participation in a civil war. Only after we had committed ourselves did we send General Marshall to China, instructed to perform the miracle of re-establishing American integrity. Out of fear of the United States, the Soviet Union blundered on from the questionable Sino-Soviet pact to the final looting of Manchuria. In Manchuria, the policies of the two great powers came to fruit in the blood and death of thousands of Chinese citizens.

V

America's real interest in China is very simple. It is the same as our interest everywhere else in the world: it is peace. In thinking about peace, it is vital for America to distinguish between peace and stability—for so far it is only stability we have been pursuing up and down the frontiers of Asia and Eastern Europe. We have been seeking to re-establish as much of the old order as our diplomacy could achieve, and our allies everywhere have been those who have profited most by the old order. We have been trapped by legalities, legitimacies, and such bastard phrases as law-and-order. In China, for too long, we have sought an evanescent stability where the Chinese people themselves wanted change; as long as we marshaled ourselves against that change and supported all those that opposed it, we were leading the Chinese people and the world to a situation where violence was inescapable.

Asia today regards America as the last great bastion of reaction—a nation that speaks of freedom, but in the end always aligns itself on the side of the old order. Even for the most conservative of Americans, a conservative foreign policy is unrealistic. As between stability and change, change must win. American loans, American troops, the constant invocation of the word "democracy" may delay this change. But eventually agents of change must creep into the peasant's village and tell him there is another system, a system by which the masters are wiped out and the land divided, a system in which village elders no longer rule but the peasants decide their own fate. Liberty is a glistening word of many faces, and the peasant will believe that system is best which gives the quickest solution to the troubles of his daily life. He will vote for it, fight for it,

and die for it. If we try to halt this tide, we are lost.

China, politically, is the most advanced of all the Asiatic nations. What will be happening in the rest of Asia tomorrow is being worked out in blood in China today. For a century white men have looked down on the peoples of Asia, condemning them for all eternity to the status of second-class human beings. The historic trend in each of these countries has been for all the people, rich and poor alike, to join in driving the white men from their positions of power.

In each of these countries, the conflict between the white man and the subject peoples has only paralleled a second struggle, the struggle between the rich and the poor, between the landed and the landless. This is a struggle between those privileged groups who wish to throw the foreigner out in order to occupy his position of advantage, and those backward, unhappy groups who wish to throw the foreigner out in order to destroy all positions of advantage which oppress the common people.

China today has almost succeeded in freeing herself from the yoke of the foreigner; she is now entering the second phase of her struggle, the struggle within herself. She stands one step ahead of the rest of Asia; India, the Indonesians, the Annamites fight now to free themselves from the white man, a fight China has nearly won. Tomorrow, the peasants of those countries will be fighting against their own native overlords for a share in the new freedom that the struggle of all has brought.

Since it is impossible to halt the revolution going on in China and in Asia, a sensible foreign policy for America should aim for three goals:

1. That this revolution, when successful, be one that regards America as a friendly state.

2. That it be achieved with a minimum of violence and bloodshed.

3. That it always preserve within itself the right of minority groups to speak, to protest, to act under law, and that it permit the great outer world to observe and report the things it does.

These should be our goals; but the policies which America may pursue at the present moment are limited in number.

We can pursue the policy that prevailed during most of 1945, the policy that led to the direct intervention of our marines in a Chinese civil war. This policy is unconditional support of Chiang Kai-shek. There is no doubt that Chiang Kai-shek has been a valuable ally. But the Chinese people as a whole are more important to us than the personality of a single individual. What they want, not what he wants, is important.

This policy might have led, and still may lead, to either one of two results. One may be the division of China; in south China there may be an alliance of the Kuomintang and the U.S.A., in north China an alliance of the Communists and Russia. This means that neither half of China is free, and that friction grows in an annual crescendo. The end is war.

The second result of this policy might be total victory of the Kuomintang. Chiang Kai-shek, supreme with American surplus war equipment, his army staffed by our combat personnel, might be able to establish his rule over most of rural China, the main cities, and the major arteries of communication. A China ruled entirely by the Kuomintang dictatorship—and this, after all, was what our policy sought all through 1945—would be a historical monstrosity. For a period there would be a flourishing industry; railways would be built, factories would rise. But the peasants in the villages would rot, their tensions would accumulate, their sons would be marshaled in the army. Having no outlet for domestic tension, this state would become (as Japan's did) a menace to all the Orient and eventually to all the world. Like Japan, it would possess all the skill and techniques of modern science, and these skills would be at the direction of men whose thoughts were still rooted in the barbarism of feudal antiquity.

There is a second policy we can pursue—an isolationist policy. We can shrug our shoulders and say, "the hell with it." But if we pull out of China, our fears and our past deeds will come home to disturb

our quiet. There would be no possibility of Chiang Kai-shek surviving even for the briefest moment if the Communists were to be backed in the future from Moscow. If we withdraw alone, then in ten years all China may be under Communist control —and in measurable years to come, all of Asia. This would not be a terrifying prospect if our relations with China began then with a fresh slate. But there is no fresh slate, for our tortuous diplomacy has already earned the bitterness and enmity of the Chinese Communists. It will be a long time before they return to the friendliness of 1944. We may exist for decades before this hostility abates — but we will have to live in a state of armed guard.

The only practical policy, then, is a third: the encouragement of a multi-party government in China which will be a vehicle for the changes the country needs. It means that many men of the Kuomintang, whom we now regard as friends, must be dropped. It means that to re-establish our non-partisan standing, American intervention must cease and American troops must be withdrawn.

The encouragement of such a multi-party government depends above all upon a prior understanding between the United States and the Soviet Union. We hold the key. So long as any party in China feels that there may be an appeal to a partisan court outside China, which will judge in its favor, the really constructive forces of the nation will be hamstrung.

We must come to an agreement with Russia either by direct negotiation, or by a conference that includes along with us the two great parties of China. First, we must make clear to the Russians that what we want is a China in which the friends of Russia will have as large and free a voice as the friends of America, that a union of the two parties is as much our object as theirs. Secondly, we must try to get Russia to join us in a negative agreement—that if civil war goes on in China despite our most sincere efforts to end it, then a cordon of immunization will be maintained by all the world. If civil war continues, both Russia and ourselves must pull out lock, stock, and barrel from China—our troops, our equipment, our financial and technical aid.

A MUTUAL understanding between Russia and the U.S.A. is only the first step in American policy. The second step is the unstinted use of American economic strength to bolster whatever peace is established. The promise of economic aid was one of the most potent tools General Marshall used in his highly successful first visit to China in 1946. Civil war can be ended permanently in China only by getting the physical and social reconstruction of the nation under way. China cannot rebuild in our times without our aid. Our resources, our technical skill, our materials can mean the difference of twenty years in her development, can mean that millions who may now die of hunger will live to maturity. Both Kuomintang and Communist Party members realize how terribly China needs American aid, and both are willing to moderate their demands to insure this aid.

Such a policy of economic aid is not charity. If a loan can buy the peace, it is a cheap price. Furthermore, a loan to China will be in the profitable tradition of American enterprise. Once the valleys are opened, once communications tap the market of four to six hundred millions of people who will soon hunger for new things, a vast and limitless market for goods will be spread before our factories.

Once the process of reconstruction is started, America and Russia must agree to stand aside politically. There will be name-calling and bitterness in China for decades; when the program of change begins to touch the peasant and alter his status there will be sporadic unrest. This will be healthy unrest and must be expected; we must not allow any casual outcry to alarm us into a belief that freedom is being assailed. A great and superficial quiet in China would be alarming; the shrieks and counter-charges of two political parties, each able to express themselves freely throughout the land, may be one index of progress.

There remains a last question: suppose we cannot get Russian agreement either in a hands-off policy or in an affirmative policy of co-operation—then what do we do?

We must match the dynamics of Russian foreign policy with an equally vigorous

policy of our own. Our program cannot be the kind we have pursued in the past, or the kind we are pursuing in Eastern Europe or the Near East at the present moment. We cannot defend democracy where democracy does not yet exist. We cannot defend a system of oppression, feudalism, and corruption anywhere in the world, and persuade people we are doing so in defense of their democratic rights. No peasant—Chinese, Iranian, or Indian—will believe that the old system yoking him as bondslave to hunger is either democratic or free.

We ourselves must become the sponsors of revolution. We must offer the masses of Asia all those things the Russian revolution promises them: bread and equality in their daily life. We can offer them even more than that, for we are nourished by the tradition of an earlier revolution—a revolution that promised the world not only equality and security, but liberty. We can offer not only bread and land in the future, but bread now, from the granaries of our surplus. The allies we seek must be those governments that give their people what they need and want; we cannot have strong allies or a strong policy if our allies block the desires of their own people, or if we ourselves remain blind to the misery of the millions.

To set change as our course in Asia is not only in the best interests of Asia but in the best interests of America. Proceeding on such a course, we will not clash with Russia. We can parallel her or outstrip her in winning the affection of new peoples; we cannot menace her by such a policy, nor can she menace us. Proceeding on such a course, the new world that is being born in Asia must inevitably become a friendly world. To try to frustrate the birth of this new world is not only wicked but perilous. It may well result, someday, in the melancholy verdict that ours was an age in which men died that peace might come—and no peace came.

Back Road Farm

CHARLES BRUCE

This house is built within a sheltering
Sweep of the hills; you will not find the sea
From attic windows; and the seasons bring
No shiver of driven tide, here in the lee
Of the land's high windbreak, where the buffeting
Onshore wind is tripped on the mountain's knee.
No mist of blowing salt is flung to sting
The trusting flesh. You will not find the sea.

This property is private. Drifting rain
Beats on its shingles and its native stone;
The wind of August on its leaning grain
Is dark with shadow, and the leaves are blown
To a soft thunder; but the hills remain;
Their strength is certain and their purpose known.
Only at night, in the stillness, low and plain
You can hear the far deep rumor of sea on stone.

MAKE IT PAY

The Government-Industry Tussle Over Consumer Goods

STANLEY J. GOODMAN

For five years now, Uncle Sam has been running a planned economy with the general consent of the public. Not in the Russian sense of "activating"—to use a pet term of the planners—the total national product. Ours was a home-grown American brand of planned economy, mothered by necessity and sanctioned by its limitations.

Superimposed on our kind of capitalist economy, it functioned without altering the laws of property or abridging the basic freedom of our enterprise. We backed into it, an area at a time, under duress of war, keeping hands off as much as it was safe to. And when the military crisis was past, most of the controls were dropped with enthusiasm. It soon became evident, however, that Uncle Sam could not yet retire from the planning game without a public outcry. In peace not less than in war there were national problems of production that just would not solve themselves. And so we find ourselves, a year after the armistice, still looking to Uncle Sam to get us shirts, suits, nylons, homes.

To the student of economic trends that may well look like an important milestone. It is certainly unprecedented in this country. The last war had its War Industries Board, but it was shorter-lived and affected a smaller sector of the economy. This time we have had more than a passing brush with the controlled capitalist economy, and we now have seen the public demand it in peacetime with no more dire excuse than the fact that people can't get things that they want. Regardless of one's blood pressure on the subject, the habit may well be taking form, and one day our children may cry for it.

Be that as it may, it does not help much to dismiss the planned economy as an un-American anteroom to communism into which we may some day be tricked if we don't watch out. The fact is that, nomenclature aside, we have been living with it for five years, and now that it is about to leave us it might be well to take a good look and see what we can find out about it. For if another emergency arises in which the public demands it, we had better know how to operate it without too much bungling.

II

At first blush, the picture one gets of the capitalist economy under control is none too gratifying. It looks for all the world like a free-for-all between the

Mr. Goodman recently returned to his work as a member of the operating committee of a chain department store company, after serving in the navy during the war. In September 1942, we published a widely-quoted article of his on trends in retailing, called "Come and Get It."

administration and industry, with Congress as the referee and the Consumer the innocent bystander who gets the black eye. Closer scrutiny will reveal, moreover, that whereas the administration is boxing under Marquis of Queensberry rules, industry is wrestling catch-as-catch-can. And that is why Mr. Consumer on the sidelines gets hurt.

For the significant fact about the government's techniques of control was that they ignored the factor of profits, while the industries they were designed to control were primarily motivated by profits. This is no reflection on industry, which was functioning within its proper framework in our economic system. But it did mean that the principal incentive for the business man to comply with the administration's wishes was the fact that noncompliance was a crime punishable by law. Thus the game was played with each side using different rules: the controllers bent on getting production at stable prices by ukase; the controlees, equipped with just as good brains and a lot more experience, bent on making as much money as they could without running afoul of the law. Little wonder, then, that things happened which were not on the program.

To get a clear view of how this came about, it is best to focus attention on one sector of the arena. The cotton textile industry is an excellent choice for the purpose. It is a basic industry with which the consuming public is intimately concerned, it has experienced government control in peacetime, and it is composed of a multitude of individualistic businesses whose competition-bred resourcefulness and flexibility are a standing challenge to any attempt at control.

The story of government control in cotton textiles is necessarily complex, but its objective can be simply stated: insuring the production of the needed items and their sale at safe prices. Thus, like many another wartime undertaking, it was a combined operation—*production control* by the WPB and its successor, the CPA, and *price control* by the OPA. Unlike military combined operations, however, there was no unified command. On the contrary, WPB and OPA differed significantly as to approach, type of personnel, and philosophy. WPB filled its key posts with men from industry, who retained the industry point of view and leaned toward a minimization of controls. OPA, in its formative stage at least, was led by men from academic and government circles whose uninhibited zeal and crusading spirit backfired into distrust by Congress and legislative limitations on their freedom of action. In this context, government control became far from combined in operation.

The problem of production control was the maintenance of a balanced flow of cotton textiles to their various end-uses in accordance with their importance. Cotton is a multipurpose fabric whose industrial and agricultural applications are as important as its consumer use in apparel and in the home. Superimposed on these normal demands was the extensive military requirement for cotton in the war.

Reduced to their simplest terms, the mechanics of production control were straightforward. The WPB made up a list of critical fabrics, and ordered manufacturers who had looms turning out those fabrics before the war to continue turning them out. This was known as the "loom freeze," which theoretically took care of the supply of cloth, but which did not insure that the cloth would be made up into the things that were most needed. So the WPB gave priority ratings for the cloth to manufacturers who promised to make it up into the critical items. But these priorities had to compete with military ratings which outranked them, and so for a time critical civilian needs were starved at the expense of the military. To meet this problem the WPB set up a system of allocations whereby certain percentages of the frozen looms' output were set aside for civilian use and certain percentages for military use and for export.

The mechanics of price control were not nearly so straightforward, but the philosophy, as dictated by a wary Congress, was clear. OPA, in attempting to keep prices stable, must do no retouching of the industrial picture, no revolutionizing of its normal patterns. Thus the central concept of price control became one of

freezing prices where they had been before the war. Where it was not practical to put an industry-wide dollar-and-cents ceiling on an item (as was usually the case), OPA either set an industry-wide *profit* ceiling at the prewar level, or tied the individual's selling price for the item to his own past (normal) selling price, just as restaurant prices—for instance—were tied to those on "our menus for the week of April 4–10, 1943." And the choice among these various methods was made according to which most comfortably fitted normal trade practice.

Without the benefit of hindsight, this must have seemed like a fairly logical approach to emergency government control under a capitalist system. Yet it put the administration into this difficult game with two strikes against it: divided command, and the shunning of the profit incentive as an instrument of control. One arm of the administration set prices without regard to how, in an individualistic economy, they would affect the other arm's production plans. And both behaved as if they believed the business man had been hypnotized into living by their incantations instead of by his own profit-and-loss sheet.

The impact of all this on the cotton textile industry, on the administration's program, and on the public was as interesting as it was unexpected. Far from keeping industry in a comfortably normal, prewar pose, it sent it spinning in a series of cataclysmic changes which have amounted to little less than a revolution in the production and distribution of cotton textiles. In this lies the principal explanation of why, in spite of the good intentions and zeal of the government planners, the American housewife insisted that the cost of living had gone scandalously high. And, as we shall see, it was these changes which explain why the stores were full of fancy bedspreads, expensive shower curtains, and cotton-stuffed toys, while the consumer searched in vain for sheets, shirts, and inexpensive clothing.

III

ONE important reason why consumers could not find certain things in retail stores was that the system of controls had caused a widespread dislocation of the normal channels of distribution, with the result that many retailers were cut off from their former sources of goods. Before the war, the structure of the cotton textile industry was notable for the many hands through which the material passed on its way from the cotton fields to the ultimate consumer. It is helpful to visualize this structure as a series of layers, as follows:

1. The *yarn producer*.
2. The *mill*, which weaves the yarn into cloth in the gray or unfinished state. This cloth is termed "gray goods."
3. The *finisher*, who bleaches, dyes, prints, or otherwise finishes the gray goods.
4. The *converter*, who buys the gray goods from the mill, has them finished by the finisher, and sells the finished cloth. He normally does no manufacturing, but assumes the style and credit risks. Cotton fabrics have a ready and stable market "in the gray"; once the cloth is dyed a certain color or printed with a certain design, however, it becomes subject to the shifting preferences of fashion, and the converter who converts staple goods into fashion merchandise normally risks not being able to sell his creations at a profit.
5. The *manufacturer*, who makes the finished cloth into garments, or has them made for him by —
6. The *contractor*, who turns out garments under contract without assuming any of the risk for their sale.
7. The *wholesaler* or *jobber*, who buys from manufacturers and sells to the (smaller) retailers.
8. The *retailer*, who buys from the jobber or (more usually) from the manufacturer and sells to the consumer.

Before the war, most firms in the cotton textile industry were apt to confine their operations to one of these eight levels. The industry was highly competitive, and it was none too easy to make a consistent profit anywhere in it. And so the average firm felt that it was best to concentrate its efforts in its own bailiwick. Occasionally one would venture into an adjacent field in search of greener grass, and come a cropper like any novice in a risky business.

Under wartime conditions, however, the risks pretty well disappeared. Anyone

who had merchandise to sell had no trouble finding a buyer at the ceiling price, and even a novice could make money. Style risk was a thing of the past; the consumer was in no position to be choosy. With the old deterrents gone, a mill which normally sold gray goods to converters began to wonder why it should not set up its own converting outfit and cop the converter's profit. Or a manufacturer who used to sell to a host of different jobbers decided it would be a good idea to organize his own jobbing company and run his entire output through it for another profit.

This process of one firm's spanning several functions (or levels) in an industry is known as *integration*, or more familiarly in the trade, "a vertical setup." The cotton textile industry was not slow to see the wartime opportunity for making money by going vertical. The degree of integration in the cotton textile industry, according to government observers, roughly trebled—from a prewar twenty-five per cent to a present seventy-five per cent.

In the process, the normal channels of distribution went all awry. The independent converters woke up to find that mills who had been their regular sources of supply now did their own finishing and marketed their finished goods themselves. Some of the larger converters were able to save themselves by buying mills, but the smaller ones were left out in the cold. This, in turn, meant that supplies were cut off from the manufacturers who had looked to these smaller converters for their cloth. The larger manufacturers, in the interests of self-preservation, tried to sew up an assured source of supply by buying a mill of their own. Throughout the industry the possession of cloth ("piece goods" to the trade) became the passkey to supply. Retailers began to find that the only sure way to get all the merchandise they needed was to provide the manufacturers with piece goods; thus many large retailers went vertical and bought mills.

On the other hand, integration sometimes was brought about by a process almost exactly the reverse of this. Some enterprising mills went so far as to open their own retail piece goods stores, where the consumer was suddenly able to find all manner of scarce fabrics, to the consternation of the department store next door. By a similar process in the hosiery field, hosiery mills took over the hosiery departments in large stores for a nominal rental and operated them as direct retail outlets of the mill. The stores got so much advertising and good will by having stockings to sell that they accepted the arrangement, and everybody was happy—except the store's competitors who used to buy from the mill. (Incidentally, it was this setup which explained why, if you bought stockings at certain department stores, you were billed for them separately from your other purchases.)

If all this sounds confusing, it was even more so to the small business man trying to keep a footing in these shifting sands of supply. For him it was a time of frustration, of pleading, of conniving—and perhaps, in desperation, of the black market.

THE clue to all these industry-shaking changes lies in the price control setup, which looked like this:

1. At the yarn-producing level, the OPA set dollar-and-cents ceilings on the various types of yarns; that is, it fixed the maximum price at which each type of yarn could be sold, and that price applied to all sellers.

2. At the weaving and finishing level, however, the OPA did not put out an industry-wide ceiling price for each type of cloth. Instead, it only limited the margin of profit that the mill or converter could include in its selling price. The various components of their total cost, some of them subject to price ceilings, were added up and multiplied by a markup (i.e., profit) percentage not to exceed that specified in the OPA order for the fabric in question.

3. At the garment-manufacturing level, the control was also cost plus, but with a slightly different twist. The manufacturer added all his costs and applied a markup limited to his own average historical markup for that price line—i.e., his markup for all similar goods which he had sold in the past at or near that price.

4. Finally, the retailer's ceiling was the highest price at which he had sold the item in March 1942—a so-called "his-

torical freeze." If he had not sold it then, his ceiling was supposed to be borrowed from that of a comparable or similar item.

Thus there was a different type of control at each level. At the primary or yarn level, the control was simple and tight—a specified ceiling price for everybody, for each type of yarn. At the fabric level, the only limit specified was the percentage of profit; the higher a man's costs, the more this uniform profit rate would net him. At the garment level, even the profit rate was left unspecified and tied only to the manufacturer's historical rate by price line—an invitation to concentrate production in the price lines which had the highest profits. And the retailer's prices for each item were theoretically fixed by a historical freeze, but with a broad loophole on new items provided by the words "similar" and "competitive" in the regulation. The picture was one of progressive relaxation at each level from the yarn producers right on down to the retailers.

In justice to the OPA it must be said that it recognized the dollar-and-cents ceiling as the best way to keep a price stable, but felt constrained to avoid outraging established custom in the industry, and therefore applied the dollar-and-cents ceiling only in the yarn field, where the variety of items was small and they were customarily sold at uniform prices throughout the industry. Since in this industry the variety of items and the diversity of their prices normally increase at each successive level, price control, following suit, became looser at each successive level.

At any rate, the incentive to go vertical was there. It was a perfectly legitimate way to raise your ceilings. The industry was not to be blamed for the trebling of the degree of integration.

THE ensuing distortion of the channels of distribution and the cutting off of small business from the flow of supply came to a head after V-J Day. During the war, WPB orders had governed virtually the entire production and distribution pattern of cotton textiles. By October 1945 most of the controls had been removed, and in the ensuing free-for-all, small business felt the full impact of increased integration for the first time.

There was no simple cure, once the condition had been allowed to go so far. To meet this and other problems (to be discussed later) the CPA ultimately had to restore most of the controls that had been prematurely dropped in a burst of optimism when the war was over. The part of this hasty restoration of control that had the closest bearing on the integration problem was the revival of distribution controls, which ordered the mills to set aside specified percentages of their production of key fabrics for certain critical end-uses, and then attempted to help manufacturers who sought to make these critical items get the fabric. This did some good, but it by no means solved the problem.

In the meantime, the OPA, which had not considered integration its baby because it was not regarded as inflationary, woke up to find that an excessive amount of jobbing had developed in the industry. Mills which used to sell direct were now selling through "affiliated" jobbers—and pocketing the jobber's markup. This amounted to adding more middlemen than were normally there. It was inflationary, and no mistake.

So OPA put through an amendment that went to the root of the problem by amputating the profit incentive that had caused it. There was henceforth to be no markup for any jobber entering business after September 1, 1944, nor for any jobber entering business after May 1, 1942, unless he sold the fabric to retailers for over-the-counter sale as piece goods. Finally OPA introduced another amendment on February 26, 1946, making the markup for integrated mill converters three per cent less than that for independent converters.

For the first time the price was set with a view to producing a desired result in the industry. That which the administration considered bad was made less profitable than that which it considered good. Here at last, after years of attempting to control the economy by fiat, the administration was using the profit motive as the lever by which to exert pressure upon the industry. This recognition of the facts of life was a

courageous departure from the principle of uniform pricing, and was adopted after much soul-searching, including a survey which showed that independent converters had suffered acutely from declining volume and profits as a result of the vertical revolution in the industry.

Thus the vertical gold rush, though primarily not an inflation problem, could not be satisfactorily dealt with by production control alone, because it was the price (and profit) structure that had engendered it. And it was not until the OPA adjusted its ceilings to remove the profit incentive toward integration that any effective results were achieved.

IV

But the trend toward integration and the resultant squeeze on small business that disfigured the industry when the controls were taken off was only one of the unforeseen developments. Another was the virtual disappearance of staple, or standard, cotton goods.

In normal times the cotton textile industry, like many another, lives off its run of standard or staple items, which though relatively few in number, account for the bulk of its output. Profit margins on this stuff are apt to be narrow, but that fact is outweighed by the large, steady volume and the relative absence of risk. On top of this volume of staple items comes a smaller, heterogeneous flow of specialty, fancy, or "novelty" items on which the profit has to be higher to make up for the smaller volume and the greater risk.

Given a strong enough sellers' market and a price control philosophy based on the historical freeze, the disappearance of staples was inevitable. Let 'em eat cake, if they'll buy all you make and there's more money in cake. Moreover, the OPA order which allowed a profit factor on all the costs that could be put into a fabric, placed a strong premium on over-finishing. As we have seen, mills went in for finishing their own goods. That was not all. Even the mill that did not acquire its own finisher, reluctant to pass up the profit on finishing, arranged to have its gray goods finished on the outside rather than sell them in the gray.

The result was that gray goods practically disappeared from the market. This had serious repercussions in some agricultural and industrial fields which used cotton fabrics in the gray state. Bagging, a tremendous and vital end-use of cotton, was confronted with such a shortage of gray goods that the farmer found his feed coming in gaily printed bags. And, as his wife appropriated the empty bags for dressmaking, the re-use of bags was curtailed, further aggravating the situation. Cotton used for industrial belting is weakened and rendered less durable by finishing. Yet finished cottons were all that was available, and that at higher prices. The same was true of cambric for electrical uses.

Not only did finishing become almost universal, but finishes tended to get as elaborate (and costly) as possible. It was not a violation of price ceilings to finish all cotton cloth in colors and checks, rather than in plain white—and to sell them at the higher prices these finishes brought. But the inevitable result was a serious scarcity of white shirtings, sheets, and other fabrics which had been the mainstays of the industry.

Thus the OPA regulation, through a serious flaw in reasoning, backfired, and where it intended to freeze the price structure at a historical level, actually stimulated price rises to the consumer through overfinishing and through the abandonment of standard fabrics in favor of more expensive fancy fabrics which were less desirable from the consumer's point of view.

The flaw, of course, was that the historical price had been beaten out on an anvil of seller competition and style risk. Its application under conditions of buyer competition and riskless selling meant that the industry would channel its output to where the ceilings were highest; i.e., where the prewar costs and profits were greatest. The OPA could not be accused of attempting to change "trade practice," but it certainly produced some changes it had not anticipated.

By comparison with farmers and industry, consumers are an inert mass, given to suffering in silence. The loudest complaints, after V-J Day, came from agricul-

ture and industry. By the first of this year, the situation was serious. Farmers could not get seed-bed covers. The rubber industry could not get fabric for tires, overshoes, and mechanical goods. Automobile manufacturers were held up by a lack of headliners used under car tops. The electric motor industry was stymied without its small but vital requirement of varnished cambric, needed in the gray.

The situation called for drastic action and finally got it. OPA cancelled out most of the malignant incentive by eliminating the markup on overfinishing costs; henceforth the markup, generally speaking, was applied to the gray goods cost plus a *limited* finishing cost. The CPA, moreover, restored the loom freeze on a list of needed fabrics, and issued distribution directives ordering that certain percentages had to be sold in the gray. And finally, under the urgency of the situation, CPA and OPA, which were accustomed each to going its own way, got together and adopted a joint program under which, in essence, CPA ordered the needed fabrics made, and OPA provided an incentive price on those fabrics five per cent above the previous ceiling to see that virtue—in addition to being its own reward—paid. At last the planners were talking the business man's language.

But more of this incentive program later.

V

Meanwhile control had been outmaneuvered in still another way: by widespread resorting to the manufacture of new products and the formation of new businesses. One of the great weaknesses of the historical freeze technique—the cornerstone of price control—was the question of what to do about the product that had not been sold in the base period. Had we been willing to standardize on utility models or otherwise limit the variety of items sold, as Great Britain and other countries did, this problem would not have arisen. That, however, would have "changed trade practice," and would have destroyed the traditional freedom of the entrepreneur—a thing we would resort to only if it were absolutely necessary in order to win the war. We elected instead to do things the hard way and keep controls to a minimum.

The freedom to shift from one product to another made price control a problem in definitions. Where the item had not been sold in the base period, its ceiling was to be taken from that of a similar item which had been sold, or failing that, from the ceiling of the most closely competitive seller of the same class. The responsibility, as usual, was the seller's, under the usual threats for non-compliance. However, it is one thing to check a man's costs for overstatement; it is quite another to try to police such a metaphysical concept as similarity.

Thus began the inevitable scramble for the new product with the best possible ceiling. Hence such things as switching from children's clothes to dolls' clothes, from work clothing denims to sportswear denims, from men's white shirts to men's playsuits, from linings to dress fabrics, from light cottons to upholstery fabrics.

Along with these changes in product came a great flood of new firms. Apparel salesmen or foremen went into business for themselves and picked their products and their nearest competitor carefully, with an eye to their ceilings. The OPA in New York received some 4,000 applications from new apparel firms in a field where there had been an estimated total of 3,500 firms at the outset of price control.

The established firms began to complain that the newcomers were getting far better ceilings than they had. The manufacturer with a ceiling of $12 for his product saw his salesman, after organizing a new company, come up with a ceiling of $20 on just about the same product. With the premium on newness, many established firms went out of business and set up new corporations, to try their luck at better ceilings.

OPA, after resisting the notion that this state of affairs could in fact exist, finally admitted it did and attempted to deal with the situation by no longer permitting the newcomer to pick his competition. Instead he was assigned to a price-line based on his own experience in the industry. Thus if a man had been a salesman for a $5 dress house he could no longer say his newly organized firm was going to

make $15 dresses; it had to be $5 dresses. This helped considerably in controlling new businesses, but it did not dispose of the problem of shifting products. That problem has, in fact, remained to plague the planners to this day.

The newcomer problem was a headache not only in price control but in production control as well. When the CPA restored its priority system after the V-J Day holiday, the applications for priorities in the next quarter ran thirty-five per cent from new manufacturers. What is more, of these newcomers, sixty per cent purported to be veterans. The CPA suspected that at least some of these were dummy corporations set up by established businesses in an attempt to corral a larger share of the priority ratings. But the George Act had laid down the law that there was to be no discrimination against new enterprises, and this meant that, unless something were done, CPA had many more mouths to feed with the already inadequate supply.

Something was done. The first step was to require that newcomers applying for ratings must show evidence that they had price ceilings authorized by OPA for the finished garments. That struck gold. Applications slowed down to a walk. Apparently many of the newcomers had had no intention of manufacturing garments, but were simply using the setup as a means of getting valuable piece goods which they proposed to sell to the highest bidder.

It was then found that most of the newcomers who did use the piece goods were having contractors do their manufacturing for them. What had happened was that in the first quarter of 1946 there was almost a third less yardage of fabrics available for apparel than there had been in 1943. This meant curtailed volume for apparel manufacturers generally, but for the smaller contract shops it was catastrophic, because the vertical craze in the fabric field had put the dwindling supplies of piece goods out of their reach. The CPA had reason to believe that many of the contractors were using veteran fronts to help get them piece goods.

The CPA by this time was prepared to get tough with any backing and filling in the industry that might interfere with the program. The order was consequently amended so that any newcomer, to qualify for priority ratings, had to own or lease the manufacturing facilities and meet the payroll on the labor used to manufacture the apparel. Moreover, facilities which operated as contractors for the account of others were not eligible. This last was intended to stop the big retailers from getting more than their share of the supply by using contract shops to make up garments from piece goods they had acquired in a vertical setup. Wheels within wheels. And finally, CPA decided to consider applications from newcomers only if their annual sales volume was to be less than $250,000. The big newcomer was out.

These regulations did not add up to a very hearty welcome for the newcomer. But after all, the CPA had seen its allocations to *established* businesses cut thirty per cent. So now the newcomer, unless he was small and virtuous, had the door slammed in his face.

VI

PERHAPS the most serious of the unplanned problem-children of control in the cotton textile industry, at least from the standpoint of inflation, was the disappearance of low priced goods (or "low-end merchandise," as it is termed by the trade).

For the housewife living on a budget, the Government statistics—delicately recording ever-so-fractional rises in the general level of retail prices—were a hollow mockery. They weighed baskets of kittens with the kittens jumping out. As far as she was concerned, if she had always paid $1.95 for her husband's shirts and now the cheapest shirt she could buy cost $3.50, the cost of keeping a shirt on her husband's back had gone up seventy-five per cent. And the same was true of a great many of the things average-income people buy. The best-selling price for cotton housedresses before the war was $1.95; the lowest priced cotton dresses obtainable in volume in mid-1946 were $2.98. The statistician comparing a $2.98 cotton dress in 1946 with a $2.98 cotton dress in 1940 might see no price rise (the drop in quality was distressing, but not a statistical concept); yet the increase in the cost

of cotton dresses to the customer was as plain as a pikestaff and just as sharp.

The reasons for this insidious but widespread type of inflation are by now pretty obvious and need not be labored. The government would not or could not freeze the production as well as the price of the low cost item. The wartime "utility" product was all right for England, but not for the world's richest country. So we tried to freeze prices and left the producer free to pick his product, with profit as his guide.

At each level in the industry the profit pressure was upward, toward the higher price-lines. The incentive to overfinished and more expensive fabrics has already been described. At the apparel level, the OPA order had a built-in incentive to "trade up," or make only expensive items, since it was only the profit margin that was frozen. The manufacturer could sell all he could make, so he was a dolt not to concentrate on his highest price-lines, which would give him the largest dollar sales per unit of production, and on top of that usually a higher profit margin, because the higher priced items historically carried the higher markups. Finally, at the retail level, stores would any day rather sell two $50 dresses than ten $10 ones—especially as the alternative more likely was *ten* $50 dresses or ten $10 ones. The only curb on the retailer's natural urge to "trade up" was the rule that he might not introduce a price-line higher than he had sold in the base period. But so long as he stocked *one* $50 dress in March 1942, he had the right of way. And even that mild curb was removed in 1944 by an amendment fathered by Congressman Hartley of New Jersey, a then vocal critic of the professors in the OPA.

At first the government's only method of dealing with the problem was, to borrow a term from the diplomats, nonrecognition. By the beginning of 1945 the problem could no longer be ignored, however. In February of that year the WPB announced a "low-end program." Sellers of fabrics were required to set aside a stated portion of their annual sales for manufacturers of low-priced garments on the essential list. Garment manufacturers in turn were assigned priority ratings for these fabrics related to their peacetime output of similar items. In June the OPA followed up with its Maximum Average Price (MAP) order designed to check "trading up" by limiting the garment manufacturer's average price per unit currently sold to his average price in 1943. That one hurt a bit. It meant that if the manufacturer sold more high-priced goods than in 1943, he now had to sell more low-priced goods to offset this and come out with the average unit price he had had in 1943.

The next step was OPA's pre-ticketing order, which attempted to place dollar-and-cents ceilings at retail on the low-end items by requiring the manufacturer to affix a retail price ticket to each garment, showing the retail ceiling based on OPA schedules.

In spite of all these well meant measures, the dent made in the low-end problem was disappointingly small, as evidenced by the fact that when production controls generally came off after V-J Day, they still had to be retained for this program. The priority ratings were assigned and the fabrics were supposed to be beautifully "channeled," but somehow the low-priced merchandise still did not appear in the stores.

Once again a profit incentive was needed to deal with the situation. It came in March 1946, when the CPA and OPA jointly announced an "incentive program," the feature of which was a five per cent rise in the ceiling price of the critical low-end items, as well as other items whose production it was desired to encourage. The response was immediate; at last government and industry understood each other. The low-end problem was too stubborn to lick overnight, but it was apparent then that the solution had been found and the low priced goods would be produced in increasing volume.

VII

THESE, then, were some of the major skirmishes on the battlefield of a government-controlled industry. Their recital tells a lot about the real reasons for the stubborn shortages in many kinds of consumer goods, and helps explain the wor-

ried, uneasy state of mind of consumers and business men alike these days.

Recriminations against both sides in the government-industry tussle have been plentiful, and there is no need to add to them here. The only excuse for this post-mortem is the moral that emerges from it.

The story of control in the cotton textile industry points up two important conclusions about central control in a capitalist society:

1. Control is indivisible. The combined operation must have a unified command. Price control and production control are interlocked.

2. In our profit economy, the chief lever of control must be profits. The only effective way to make industry produce certain items and behave in required ways is to make such production and such behavior more profitable than others.

As we have seen, in each of the four problems that threatened a breakdown of control in the industry, it was not until both OPA and CPA acted together that results began to be achieved. Co-ordination of price control with production control from the start would have been a good investment for the industry as well as for the country as a whole. And it is a tribute to Fred M. Vinson that he recognized this when he issued the so-called Vinson Directive late in 1943. This directive established the principle that it is unfair (a better word would have been useless) for the administration to force a man to do something if price is a deterrent, and commanded the OPA and WPB to work together whenever necessary (!), the OPA adjusting the price if WPB declared it was a deterrent. The right hand must know, and must support, what the left hand is doing.

Also we have seen that the underlying cause of each of the unforeseen and unwanted consequences of control was the existing pattern of profit incentives in the industry. So long as the planners failed to adjust profit incentives to produce the desired results, they simply challenged the considerable ingenuity of the industry into maneuvering to evade the plan. Much of this evasion, as shown above, was entirely legal. But an untold amount of it inevitably took the form of subterfuges and black marketeering. For the inescapable fact is that no amount of policing can overcome the gravitational pull of profits in the American economy.

WHETHER or not the planned economy is a good or an evil thing is not the subject of this inquiry. The fact is that we have had to resort to it in the past, and we may have to resort to it again in some future emergency. The vital thing for Americans is to make certain that, if and when that happens, it shall not, by its breakdown, bring on the end of what we value in our economic system. Our system has the virility and flexibility to stand central planning at such times as the people deem it necessary, in the areas where they want it. But if we do not want to scuttle the system, we must fit the planning to it, by making profits the instrument of control.

While this conclusion seems to emerge logically enough from our recent experience, its implications are fairly startling. It would mean that the business man would have his profit determined, not by the pre-emergency level (an act of God), but by the Administration's judgment as to the need for his product (an act of a bureaucrat). Such a program would doubtless have slim chances of approval by our present Congress. One can imagine its stormy reception by business, and the outcry that it is un-American, dictatorial, socialistic, and what not. For while OPA and CPA have, in the end, used profit incentives to achieve objectives, it has been done haltingly, on a few items, and has involved the raising—never the lowering—of profits on those items. There is no general recognition, even by them, that they have been tampering with profits; all they have done is raise a few prices, a thing neither Congress nor business seems to object to.

Yet, whatever the objections, and whatever the admitted difficulties of administration, central control under a profit system *must* be through profits, if it is to work. This is the only practical way; any other sets off the kind of tug of war already described. And, far from being revolutionary, this approach to the planned economy is the only one that would safeguard the profit motive, and through it our economic system.

THE RAINMAKERS

HOMER CROY

Pictorial Comment by Robert Osborn

To us, in the Corn Belt, it seems as if every known hazard in the world attacks corn—drought, hail, wind, cutworm, the European corn borer. It passes from crisis to crisis, like a growing child, and always the trouble that grips our corn at the moment seems the worst.

Corn must do its growing, ripening, and maturing in a hundred and twenty days—very precious and dramatic days indeed. A thousand things can go wrong; at least, it seems like a thousand. Some seasons, when wet or drought have had their way, there is hardly any corn at all. There may be some "bottom corn," or "hill corn," or it may be "spotted"—depending on the season and the hazards. But corn is really a healthy child; it may look peaked and have dark circles under its eyes and twitch at night, but usually it comes through in good style.

One of the hazards is drought. This was much more true in my early days than it is now—for drought-resisting corn has been developed—but even now there is nothing that quite takes the heart out of a farmer so much as to see his corn "burn up" in the field. There it is, row upon row, acre upon acre, and it lies there in its grayish bed, like a sick child, growing paler and paler, and there is nothing in the world he can do for it. A farmer looks out across his corn field; a wave of flickering, eye-stinging heat goes up. He can gaze into it only a minute, for it makes his eyes water and his heart heavy. This is the killing drought-heat that the corn raiser dreads. He gets up early of a morning and studies the sky and knows there is no hope today; that burning, withering, suffocating, devilish south wind will continue. The corn that had been blackish-green a few days before is now a sickly grayish-white; the leaves curl up, the silk withers and becomes so brittle it falls at a touch. When everything is at its worst, grasshoppers come; they go through the field like Sherman to the sea. The farmer walks out across his field—a lonely, sad figure. When he comes in his wife asks, "How is it?"

"We may get some nubbins."

ONE day when I was just a boy, my father said, "Get ready and we'll go to town and see the rainmaker."

No work! Maybe a candy mouse. Maybe some "lickorish" (as we called it). There were always wonderful things to be had in town.



It was not long before we were in the hack and jogging along the dusty road. There, on each side of us, was the suffering, gasping, dying corn.

It did not seem queer to be going to see the rainmaker; at this time a great many people believed in rainmakers. Of course *some* scoffed, but they were usually the kind who stood outside a church at a revival and told funny stories—at least, that's the way we thought of them. The papers were filled with accounts of the wonders that rainmakers accomplished and lists of "precipitation." I did not know at first that this was just plain rain; it was disappointing that such a fine and impressive word could mean anything so simple as rain.

As we drove along, it was like going to a county fair. Teams were jogging toward town, great clouds of dust arose. The women sat with veils over their mouths to keep from sucking it down. But we boys sat proudly with our faces bared, taking the dust as it came. Sometimes one of the teams would try to pass. I would want Pa to race, but he never would—too conservative. Then I would wish I had a father like Newt Kennedy, who would race anything on the road.

In town, the vitrified brick pavement sent up waves of heat. "It's hotter here than in the country," my father said. He always said that and believed it, too. The rest of us would murmur, "It don't seem as hot to us."

No flags across the street, no bunting, no platforms in the courthouse yard for speakers, no toy balloons, no squawkers to shoot out and tickle a girl in the face. Otherwise it did, indeed, seem like a street fair. Boys on every street corner selling lemonade. Parasols that could be rented for weak ladies.

Everybody studied the sky. At the post office a daily weather bulletin was posted in a little gray metal frame. The bulletin was filled with strange, weird lines called "isotherms." Only Professor Hawkins could understand them. Pa would put on his spectacles and shake his head; "It don't look good." What we wanted to know was if there was any possibility of rain. The rainmaker might creep around and see for himself and thus know how long to hang on.

The corn belt had many rainmakers; everybody knew their names and believed in them or didn't, just as people believe in certain racehorses or don't. Nearly every street corner had an argument going. Some rainmakers made a flat charge of five hundred dollars, let the rain fall where it might; some charged half a cent an acre, some by the number of acres of cultivated land, or by the number of miles from the place where they made the rain attempt. And so it went, no two men agreeing on how or how much the rainmaker should be paid. But there was one



good thing: all rainmakers worked on the basis of "no rain, no pay." The distressed farmer—seeing his crops perishing before his eyes—wanted the rainmaker to try. If the rain came, there would be enough corn to pay him. If there was no rain, he wouldn't have to pay him.

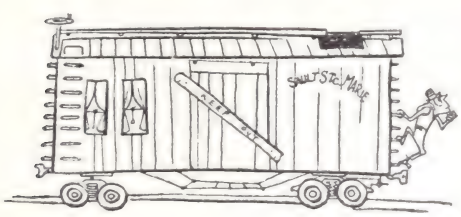
Soon the whole town—yea! the whole county—was on its way to the depot, people on foot, the farmers walking in the street, city people mincing along on the sidewalk. And me running ahead to explore, then coming back to tell Pa and Ma and Phebe. Then darting away again, like a dog off a leash.



As we drew near the depot, the crowd became thicker; thousands upon thousands, it seemed to me. The railroad had set the rainmaker's car on a siding and there it was—the mysterious, wonderful box car that was going to save our crops. I was a little skeptical, but I wanted deeply and earnestly to believe. A rope had been stretched to keep the crowd from getting too near the car, for it was a secret how the man made it rain. Little by little I worked my way near and at last caught a glimpse of the wizard. I was disappointed, for I had expected to see an exceedingly tall man, with long hair and maybe a cape. Instead he was of medium height and had stooped shoulders.

In a moment the disappointment was over; I believed in him. Yes, that little stooped man could perform miracles.

THE railroad had converted a whole box car to his use; windows had been



cut in it. One end was for sleeping and eating, my peeking revealed, and the other was for the chemicals and gases that were going to save our corn. And in the roof, over this end, was a hole. The little stooped man climbed the iron ladder to the roof of the car where he studied the sky—we held our breath.

Down again he went and our hearts too—what if the sky was not right? But he sent out word that the sky was right. Now there was, indeed, a great stirring inside the mysterious car and in a few minutes a grayish gas began coming out the stovepipe hole in the roof. In no time the gas hit our noses—the most evil-smelling stuff we had ever encountered. But if it took that to make it rain, why, all well and good, we could stand it. The theory, as most of us knew by this time, was that this gas went up and drops of moisture coagulated around the particles and down came the rain. It seemed simple and logical to us; and, for that matter, it seemed simple and logical to countless county and state officials.



Up went the gas and up went our eyes and up went our hopes. How long would it take? Stories had come back from other towns and other states; sometimes it took only two or three hours, sometimes it took two or three days.

People visited; neighborhood news was exchanged, corn news. Always corn news. From all parts of the county it was the same—the corn was "burning up," yellow sickly stalks, cutworms taking them—the devils that flourish best in corn-killing weather. People joked a little, but not much; the situation was too desperate for fun. But a man did come among us with a keg of umbrellas. That made us laugh a little, but even with all this some people bought them, mostly city people who were delicate and couldn't stand getting wet. It made us smile, as we saw the city people

picking through the umbrellas, for it always seemed to us that city people were queer and did unaccountable things. They could look down on us because we were poor and didn't have good clothes, but—thank God!—we didn't buy umbrellas when there wasn't a cloud in the sky.



A long wait. Children played, men fed their horses out of the back ends of hacks, the city people went home to dinner, the gas continued to go up, still smelling abominably but—so we said—worth it.

Suddenly there was great excitement; someone shouted, "There's a cloud!" And sure enough there was one, about as big as a horseblanket. And now a great many jokes indeed, for we knew this was the start. It was going to rain. We gazed upon the rainmaker as if he were a god. This wonderful, this splendid man was going to save us!

As suddenly as it had appeared, the horseblanket disappeared. A silence, for this was a calamity, not something to joke about.

The afternoon wore on. People came and went, the evil-smelling gas continued to rise—but not a cloud. And down our hearts went. Smart alecks said, "I tol' you so. He can't make it rain. He's a fake." But the believers stuck by him. I did. My faith never wavered.

But chores are chores and cows must be milked, so when evening drew upon us, Pa and Ma and Phebe and I went home.

WHEN we came to the Croy Farm, Pa's eyes read everything, as they always did, to see if all was right—if the gates were closed, if a horse might be on the barbed wire, if the windmill had raised enough water for the cattle, the thousand and one things those eyes of his could see. "We're late tonight. Homer, I guess you'll have to milk an extra cow." I groaned to myself. Work. Always work. When I got big I'd go to the city and lead a soft life. But I'd have



more sense than to buy an umbrella when there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

We put the lanterns away, after the chores were done, and sat on the porch and looked out across the dying corn and our hearts were heavy. Pa spoke of taxes. There would be trouble, this year, paying them. Movers would be going by—people who had lost their farms. Tramps would be begging for food. If you didn't give it to them they'd open your gates and let the cattle out; they might even set fire to a haystack.

Pa studied the sky. He was the weather prophet of the family. "Well, I dunno." He came back and sat down in the rocking chair. "I . . . just dunno," he repeated. "But it looks a little more on the favorable side."

Bedtime came. The heat filled the rooms like smoke in the smokehouse. Pa took another look. "I'm gettin' to be more hopeful."

The windmill went into gear. "Do you hear that!" said Pa.

Suddenly there was a *sput* on the porch steps—then another and another. The dog came in and curled up.

Our spirits leaped and so did the spirits of the farm. Soft, heart-filling *moos* came from the cows; the mules began to kick up



their heels, the sows grunted contentedly—sweet, lovely music.

We went to bed, the rain spattering on the roof; the rain-barrel began to roar. When we got up the next morning, a thrilling sight greeted our eyes. Water was everywhere; the hens were huddled under the shed, clucking contentedly; the dog had darted in and out, and there on the porch were his footprints. But that was all right; everything in all the world was all right. The drought was broken. And we knew why it had been broken. City people might scoff, but *we* knew. And we were thankful to God for the wonderful man who had come among us.

II

So much for boyhood memories. Recently, wanting to verify and supplement my own recollection of the importance of rainmakers in those days, I have been going among old-timers, poking through newspaper files, and writing the state historians, and I have garnered some surprising bits of information. One has to do with "Melbourne, The Rainmaker." He was said to have come from Australia, but this is not certain. He was one of the earliest and most spectacular, a kind of



cornfield Barnum. He came into our section when people already half-believed in rainmaking, for that was the tradition of the prairies. When the Indians had wanted rain they had set fire to the plains—rain follows battles.

Melbourne usually went to the fair grounds (the Barnum touch) where he erected a building with four windows, one opening to each point of the compass. Into this were wheeled tanks and coils and electrical batteries, all covered with tarpaulin and battened down so no spy could peek. The utmost secrecy prevailed. Melbourne would not even answer questions; ropes were stretched around the building; no one but his own men could enter. In the roof of the building was a flue, from which the mysterious gases were allowed to escape.

He made a flat charge of five hundred dollars; this guaranteed rain to fall for fifty to a hundred miles in all directions. He had three days to produce results and it nearly always rained. Then he would collect his money and move on to another suffering locality. His fame spread; he was the most talked of man in the corn belt. But Melbourne, alas, was human. He liked to go to horse races, even if this meant letting the corn wither and perish; and he lived high, demanding ten dollars a day extra for hotel expenses. The committee would groan, but what could it do?

Sometimes he won and sometimes he didn't. Sometimes it would rain fifty or a hundred miles away; then he would explain that the wind had drifted the gases. But mostly he won. Once it rained so hard that a committee waited on him and demanded that he "shut off" the rain. He calmly sat at the hotel (the race tracks being muddy) and told them he would do nothing about it. And he didn't.

But it wasn't all easy. He had critics and detractors. And at last luck ran against him. A series of cool and windy nights set in and, try as he would, he could not produce rain. His detractors increased. But the people of Goodland, Kansas, where he had established headquarters, believed in him; they'd seen results. A call came from Nebraska. So he sold to a group of citizens in Goodland the right to use his gases and his secret formula for rainmaking, and got on the train and left for that parched and suffering flatland.

So implicitly did the people of Goodland believe that not one but three rainmaking companies were organized. Their names were:

The Inter-State Artificial Rain Company
The Swisher Rain Company of Goodland
The Artificial Rain Company.

Goodland became the rainmaking headquarters of the corn belt. Business boomed. The companies ranged far and wide and money flowed back to the banks.

MEANTIME, working quietly and unspectacularly for the Rock Island Railroad was a train dispatcher named C. B. Jewell. He had been experimenting, but he lacked means. A friendly official of



the road heard of Jewell's work and persuaded his Rock Island colleagues that if they helped the farmers produce the road would get more hauling. So impressed were the officers that they told Jewell he could give up dispatching and go out and make it rain. He trained two other crews, the railroad converted boxcars into rainmaking laboratories, and these went up and down the line, stopping wherever it seemed advisable. Jewell was now, suddenly, as popular as Melbourne had once been; in addition, he wasn't interested in horse races. That was hopeful. So important was he—so sought after—that he went to South Dakota where he had one triumph after another. Everything he



touched turned to rain. He had a telegram from a man in Britton, South Dakota, saying he lived near a river and the waters had risen so high that his calves were in danger of drowning, and would Mr. Jewell please stop the rain? Jewell had to wire back: "Can't stop the rain. The machine is wound up for 90 days." It is not known what happened to the calves.

Jewell returned to Wichita, but when he got there he found his detractors had been busy. He said he would turn Douglas Avenue into a canal. And he just about did, for an exceedingly heavy rain came which sent the rivers and creeks out of their banks. His believers were not at all surprised. Meantime, the Rock Island was flourishing and farmers everywhere were acclaiming it for its fine work.

Sometimes unfortunate incidents occurred. The farmers of Minden, Nebraska, became so stirred up at the failure of a Kansas rainmaker to produce results that they seized the unfortunate man, tied him to a telephone pole and turned the town fire company hose on him and said, "Well, if you can't make it rain, we can." The



man left town, dripping. At Aberdeen, South Dakota, which was desperately parched, two rival local groups (each planning secretly) engaged two rival rainmakers, both of whom began sending up their evil-smelling gases! The people became alarmed; they would be washed out and their crops drowned. One of the rainmakers was "Captain" Hauser. They tried to get him to desist, but he said he had been engaged to make it rain and that if he desisted he couldn't claim the money. He kept grimly on working. The other was known as "Professor" Morris. They asked him to stop, but he wouldn't. There was the money and there was his reputation. But things worked themselves out, as they have a habit of doing, for it didn't rain at all. Finally the two embittered rainmakers moved on to new pastures, taking care this time to go to different ones.

But on the whole the rainmaking busi-

ness prospered for a considerable time. Sometimes the rainmakers hit it; sometimes they didn't. But it rained in adjacent towns and scoffers were put down. Human nature was at work.

III

THE corn belt wasn't the only place where belief in the powers of rainmakers prevailed. In California, a former sewing machine agent became famous as "Rainmaker" Hatfield; some of my older readers may recall him. He was more cautious than the men of the Middle West, for he said, "I only claim that I can induce Nature to release, by way of precipitation, the moisture which the air already has." He was successful. In March 1912 he was offered $4,000 by the ranchers and merchants at Hemet, California, if he would make it rain. He got the money.

In 1916 sunny California was having more sun than it wanted; indeed, it was experiencing what it called "the worst drought in history." Rainmaker Hatfield was sent for and was asked what his terms were. He calmly made three propositions:

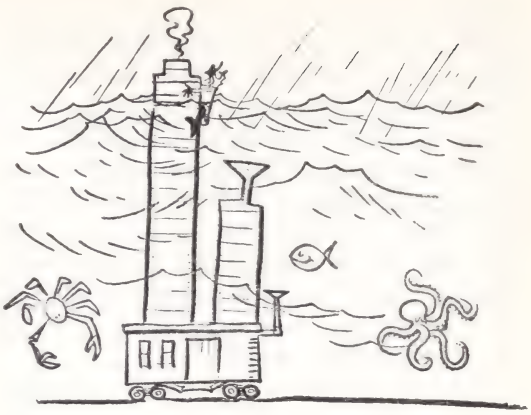
1. He would fill the Morena reservoir (part of the city water system).

2. He would produce thirty inches of rain free of charge, but for all over that he would have to have five hundred dollars an inch.

3. He would deliver forty inches of rain free of charge, but for every inch over that he would have to have one thousand dollars.

The desperate city council passed a resolution accepting his offer, but craftily did not mention which of the three propositions it was agreeing to.

Hatfield journeyed to the Morena dam, built mysterious towers, and sent up his gases. It turned out just as he firmly believed; in no time at all it was raining. But he must have been a little surprised, for 35.91 inches of it came down—in fact, it added up to the worst flood in local history, California never doing things by halves. The city's losses ran into millions. The property owners became irate and threatened to sue the city for having produced such a storm. The harassed city council took it out on poor Hatfield. They said he



had overdone it and that they hadn't ordered so much rain and flatly refused to pay. He said they hadn't set any limit and presented a bill for $10,000.

The city council didn't know what to do about it, but finally agreed to abide by the "written opinion" of the city attorney. The city attorney carefully thought his way through it and announced that the rain was an Act of God and that Hatfield hadn't had anything to do with it. Hatfield said he had and demanded his money. Finally he offered to settle for $4,000; the city attorney said damned if he would.



Hatfield came down to $1,400, but the city attorney, with God on his side, did not budge. At last the suit was dropped and Rainmaker Hatfield, for his outstanding job, did not get a single penny. The property owners stopped talking about their threatened suits and again California was sunny and lovely, and thus ended the most remarkable example of rainmaking in American history. The chief of the reference department of the San Diego Public Library, who gave me this information, told me that inquiries about this rainmaking attempt still arrive and that only recently a lawyer came in and said he believed that Hatfield still had a case and that he might revive it for him. The reference department hopes for the best.

Events, however, were moving against the rainmakers. One was the increased efficiency of the weather bureau; some of the detractors proclaimed that a rainmaker wouldn't undertake a job for a certain day unless he had seen the forecast. Drought, which had held the corn belt so long in its devastating grip, began to give way. Years came when no rainmaker was needed at all. Jewell was back at his old job of train dispatching. Melbourne had disappeared, no one knew where.

But the problem of weather remains, and a vastly important one it is. Rain years and drought years—how much they mean to our farmers! There is now not a farmer in all the corn belt who believes in rainmakers; even during the Dust Bowl days, no one was foolish enough to suggest getting a rainmaker. The idea now is to retain the water that falls, instead of trying to coax it down. There is terrace farming and there are ponds everywhere; even grasses are planted to hold the water. Yet still the weather forecast is the most important single topic that comes over the radio. KMA, in Shenandoah, Iowa, known as the "Farmer's Radio Station," sends out eleven weather broadcasts a day, and the manager of the station told me so vital is its 10:00 P.M. forecast that many farmers remain up for it and pop into bed the moment the broadcast is over. (When you entice a farmer to stay up till ten, you've done all that human ingenuity can accomplish.)

It hardly seems possible today that I once went to town to see a rainmaker save our crops. But I believed it then and so did most people.

Dulce et Decorum

Here is an official U. S. Navy press release sent out several weeks ago to American magazines and newspapers. So far as we know, this is the first time it has been published.

DON'T WAIT FOR YOUR REWARD IN HEAVEN

Thousands have capitalized on these wonderful opportunities which are now yours for the asking.

I'll bet that many times you have asked yourself: Where can I get a steady job with a future and security? Well, young man, that job is right around the corner—your employment worries are over. Why? Because this job offers you steady work, no strikes or seasonal slumps, good "take home" pay, steady advancement and retirement with a pension for life after 20 years' service.

Sounds good, sounds easy to get, doesn't it? Well, young man, it is good and it is easy for you to get—it can be all yours, if you will get on the bandwagon and follow the parade to your nearest U. S. Navy Recruiting Station.

THE VOICE OF THE APPLE

ROBERT LITTELL

As one of the Operation Crossroads correspondents who went seven thousand miles, most of them on the press ship *Appalachian* (or more familiarly, *Apple*), to see something that happened in seven millionths of a second, the experience seemed to me by turns a floating high school, a grim glimpse of the future, a triumph of quantity journalism, a study in frustration, and a delightful South Sea cruise. In any history of the atomic age, or of the American press, this journey to Bikini rates a footnote; in any handbook on public relations, which might be called the art of herding, feeding, watering, and when necessary castrating and dehorning the press, the *Apple* deserves a chapter. What I have to offer is raw material for that chapter.

The *Apple* was slow—15 knots—and a bit tubby, a thinking and talking rather than a fighting ship. Along with a dozen or so sisters, she had been built during the war as an amphibious force flagship, and had carried an admiral and his staff. Therefore, she had ample working and sleeping quarters for a great many correspondents and millions of dollars' worth of electronic equipment for swift and distant and copious communication. Both fore and aft she wore ungainly Siamese twin masts, decorated with mysterious metal objects of esoteric shape—leaning ice cream cones, inverted chamber pots crowned with spiked rays, round bed springs, the more intimate parts of toasters. She could send out, on her several circuits, about 200,000 words a day.

The *Apple* was our hotel, and we her more or less tolerated guests. She led her separate shipshape life of bugle calls, musters, spotlessness, white caps, duck shorts, bosun's whistles, busy paint brushes, exact hours, and discipline. We slept late, dressed like beachcombers, and threw cigarette butts on the deck, which we called the floor.

There were 117 correspondents on board—out of several thousand, I was told, who had applied for the journey. The winnowing resulted in a curious gathering: the competent veterans of the wire services—AP, UP, and INS; a dozen or so science writers learned in the dark lore of nuclear fission; correspondents for various magazines and newspapers who had been on many a bloody beachhead during the war; editors of sober, technical, trade publications; broadcasters; newsreel and still photographers; the owners or publishers of small regional chains of newspapers; city editors, released from their desks for a big story and a change of air; representatives of newspapers in Shreveport (Louisiana), Columbus and Anderson (Georgia), and Passaic (New Jersey); an emissary from a periodical as yet unpublished; the assistant district attorney of King's County, Brooklyn; and

Robert Littell, onetime dramatic critic of the New York Post *and New York* World, *has been since 1937 one of the editors of the* Reader's Digest.

the fiction and feature editor (male) of a woman's magazine called *Charm*.

It was strange, in view of some of the American selections, to discover that the press of the entire rest of the world was represented on the *Apple* by only nine men. This was an American bomb, even if the problem was global.

There was an agreeable but puzzling triple mixture here of the "working press," and the really hard-working press, and those whom their colleagues called the "free riders." One wonders how many of the latter would have shown up if the journey, from San Francisco onward, had not been at government expense.

Though some of us worked from the beginning of the cruise, and at least one was rewriting a novel, we gave the appearance of a holiday crowd. There being no women aboard, we were free to wear what we chose; and a turn about the decks would reveal many forms of individual adaptation to long hours of leisure in the tropic heat—the total Zoroastrian, clad only in trunks; the gradualist sunbather, torso today and legs tomorrow, reading through sunglasses; the sleeper in the shade—sandals, khaki shorts, and blue pajama tops; the faithful diarist—slacks, undershirt, and dark suspenders; the eager beaver below decks, pounding away at his portable by artificial light; and the reader of the classics, his khaki shirt piebald with sweat, wondering at what page this immortal book had sent him to sleep the night before.

It was easy to kill time—or rather to cripple it. We played chess and checkers, bridge and poker—the latter sometimes all night long. We turned several days' neglect of shaving into the deliberate gardening of a beard. We took showers at odd hours. We went from one to another of the ship's scuttlebutts, hoping to find water that was cold. We read and re-read the notices on the bulletin board—a statement by Admiral Blandy; the ship's Plan of The Day (0600, Reveille; 0620, Turn To; 1030, Mess Cooks' inspection; 1500, Exercise at emergency drills; 1840, Sunset); the roster of our fellow passengers; a plaintive word from one of them about a lost briar pipe. We explored the *Apple* —the most interesting parts of which were denied to us because we were so many, and might get fouled up with delicate or perilous machinery. We stood in line at the ship's store, buying cigarettes, face lotion, socks, candy bars, and stationery embossed with the *Apple* in blue profile. We counted our laundry—the like of which surely no ship of the fighting navy had ever seen before. Not many days out, the ship's laundry announced that it would wash no more "sport shirts of the Aloha type"—our prized purchases in Honolulu.

II

With all this leisure it was a surprise to learn, when we were only a few days out of Honolulu, that the *Apple's* correspondents had already filed over sixty thousand words. What in the world was there to write about?

The answer was that the *Apple*, which presented the odd costumes and flowing shirt tails and bull sessions, the movie-going and mad athletics of a campus, was in fact a center of learning—elementary rather than advanced. On the last leg out, from Honolulu to Bikini, we were briefed, instructed, "oriented," poured into; and, since the world was waiting for the biggest news story of the year, many of us began to overflow.

For this floating academy had its faculty, namely, the Joint Task Force One Public Information Officer and his staff. They were not only our teachers, but also our registrars, monitors, and deans. Harassed with paper work, they were a tireless and friendly crew. Some of them had postponed discharge, or even come back into the service, to help shepherd us. Their chief, Captain Fitzhugh Lee, USN, had managed with great success the press end of the Japanese surrender on board the USS *Missouri*. He was handsome, affable, tolerant, and, as an expert on typhoons, was a past master at shortening sail when the press began to blow. And though we blew hard before the voyage was over, sometimes a gale, we could never blow him off his course. For the frustrations on the *Apple* one must blame, not the individual press officers, but the absurdity of locking 117 newshawks up on a ship with nothing to do for days and days but write

their heads off about something most of which was already known, and the rest, Top Secret.

A day after we left Honolulu each of us was given a large brown envelope crammed with background material. There were organization charts of Crossroads, with ourselves in a rectangle, so much neater than life, marked Press Headquarters. There were magazine articles on the bomb; a booklet on the Exploring Polynesians; time conversion charts; homilies on security; plans for our eventual repatriation (one of them was called "Plan Barbara"); a diagram, deliberately but only slightly inaccurate, of the target array; a copy of the solemn pledge we had already signed agreeing not to divulge classified information we might acquire, on pain of ten years' imprisonment; and a list of the books available, which ranged from the Smyth report down to a volume on the *Poisonous Reptiles of the World.*

I must applaud the care with which all this material, already largely familiar, was assembled for our instruction. But what we really craved, after two weeks' confinement with information officers and other correspondents, was news—if not catastrophe, revolution, or scandal, then at least the rind of one little fresh external event, just as the crews of long-voyage sailing vessels used to crave fruit. Toward the end, the symptoms of our mental scurvy became truly distressing.

Once or twice, sometimes three times a day on that last leg, we had lectures. They were held in the wardroom, and got under way to the diminishing clatter of the Negro mess boys clearing away the previous meal. A wardroom—with its ells and columns; its overhead boweled with pipes, ducts, wiring, and conduits; its hidden ventilating fans; its loud speaker over which come bosun's whistles and hoarse requests that Mr. Dewey dial 999—is acoustically a chamber of horrors. So the lecture were delivered through a microphone, and the questions went back at the lecturer through the microphone, too, which added a grotesque third dimension to what was already so secondhand. For the lectures were largely rehashes, sometimes interesting and intelligent rehashes, of material supplied to the public information officers by experts now hundreds or thousands of miles away.

From the sweating officers at the wardroom microphone we learned, though not always for the first time, many arresting facts. That the bomb test would be recorded by 450 cameras taking 50,000 stills and 1,500,000 feet of movie film. That the instruments set up to measure the bomb's effects would include British pot gauges, Hilliar gauges, indentation peak gauges, linear time gauges, ball crusher gauges, aluminum foil meters, and ordinary five gallon gasoline cans, which could represent fairly accurately the damage done to a human chest cavity. That the only form of heating on the Japanese cruiser *Sakawa*, now one of the target ships, was small charcoal braziers like those used in Japanese homes. That among the supplies available in the supporting fleet were $100,000 worth of postage stamps. That on Bikini Atoll the Seabee units had built, for the recreation of the men stationed out there since March, a beer garden, an ice cream parlor, a swimming beach, softball diamonds, courts for horseshoe pitching, volley ball, and paddle tennis. That radioactivity tags water so that one can follow the subtlest and most complicated ocean currents, and that forty-eight days are required to change completely the water in Bikini Lagoon. That the lagoon, and the supporting ships now there, were populated with scientists laying pressure recorders called "turtles" on the bottom of the lagoon, or looking for substantiation of the Darwin-Dana-Davis theory that coral atolls are built up from volcanoes, or finding Bikini's only lizard—a "skink." Or looking for, but not finding, the small long-legged rail, probably extinguished by the Japanese. Or collecting specimens by firing a gun provided with five interchangeable barrels. As we listened, Operation Crossroads took on the aspect of a fantastic, fifty-five ring, technical circus, which we who were to report it were not allowed to glimpse directly even through chinks in the tent.

These lectures were not compulsory. Some of the science writers cut them. Other correspondents rewrote them, and

these rewrites of rewrites appeared in their home papers. One of our colleagues, cynical as well as lazy, filed an entire mimeographed lecture as his own dispatch, without even removing the staple.

The questions, because of the wardroom acoustics, were written, and passed to one of the correspondents, who read them out. This made following any thread impossible, and the questions became more and more miscellaneous and impatient. Many of us didn't want to hear about the radiology, the instrumentation, or the "scientific dividends" of Crossroads; we wanted to know whether the bomb could start a typhoon; whether radioactive fish could reach Australia; whether there might be catastrophic seismic waves; whether the test would be postponed if some crazy fool had elected to hide out on one of the doomed ships; whether the flagship *Mt. McKinley*, with its handful of rival correspondents, would get into the lagoon before us. Many of the questions brushed aside what we had been listening to, and groped desperately for the sensational—in a word, for news. Some of them reminded me of the questions put by children—"Daddy, would the moon make a big, *big* splash if it fell into the ocean?"

As THE mental scurvy increased, we began to feel like victims of a conspiracy to keep us in the dark. Though the sunbathing, the poker, and the rewriting of rewrites continued peacefully, and a large number of our company had no fault to find, there were complaints and urgent requests. Why had not even one free and independent scientist been assigned to the *Apple?* Why couldn't we at least have a Geiger counter aboard? Why had the experts and United Nations observers on the *Panamint*, the Army and Air Corps observers on the *Blue Ridge*, two sister ships of the *Apple*, tantalizingly in sight all the way from San Francisco, been segregated from us? When we got to Bikini couldn't we for God's sake nose about a little on our own? How long would we continue to see things through the periscope of handouts and conferences? I got up a petition, signed by thirty of the correspondents most interested in science, pointing out the foolishness of our traveling these thousands of miles to read releases and attend mob press conferences, and requesting that we be allowed to talk, in small groups or one by one, to some of the learned -ologists and -ographers on the fringes of Bikini.

The answers were discouraging. There wasn't time; we were working on a tight schedule; there wouldn't be enough small boats to taxi us about the lagoon; it wouldn't be fair to arrange interviews not available to all of us—and all of us were simply too large a crowd to do more than a few simple wholesale things. Behind these answers there stalked security. For the bomb's secrets there was safety in numbers, especially in a large crowd tied to a ship. There just could not be the scope for normal journalistic individual initiative. We were told flatly that, as press participation in Crossroads was based on the premise of no censorship, security would have to be assured by limiting time and place. We had freedom of action—on the end of a shrinkable leash.

This was for me a new twist in censorship. Though not very candid, perhaps it was defensible on the grounds of the bomb's super-secrecy. But it had results which were uncalculated, and unfortunate. It left us alone with our own vacuum. In fretful anticipation, we built up in our own minds the spectacle of the bomb's fourth explosion. We remembered the more garish details of the other three, some of which had been exaggerated by eye witnesses, and we magnified them. The phenomenon would be tremendous. It darned well had to be, or why had we come all this way? Meanwhile the accumulated impact of what was being sent home from the *Apple* began to make the public look for a combination of Doomsday and an old-fashioned Fourth of July.

I asked several correspondents what headline they would really like to see over their story about the explosion. "The headline equivalent of 'She's a bitch,'" said one. "Seventy-three Ships Sunk!" cried another. A third, after asking me again if I wanted him to be thoroughly honest, said "Bomb Test Kills 32,000." Then he paused, and added, "No—the best story of all would be if everyone were killed but me."

III

At last we were in Bikini Lagoon. We circled the target ships; tried our best to calculate the distances between them (Top Secret); visited the *Nevada* briefly, with special attention to her caged rats, goats, and pigs; held some press conferences attended by the Brass; looked longingly at the ships loaded with oceanographers and radiologists, with fishers of wahoo and barracuda and amateurs of skink—all interesting people there was obviously no time to sit down and talk to, for the bomb would be dropped July 1 and we had to get out of the lagoon and into one of the safety zones (named mostly after extinct automobiles) of which our sector would be Marmon.

On the last night in the lagoon, before the crews of the target ships had left them, nothing was visible of the great fleet but lights and signals, low on the water like a lovely, winking, electric Venice.

But before we sailed out we had an hour or two on the recreation beach of Bikini—long since swept clean of its docile, hymn-singing natives. We swam in the warm, pellucid water, drank beer and highballs at the officers' club under feather-duster palms; explored the hinterland, with its varnished weedlike trees, its skeet shoot on the windward shore; drank more beer, caught glimpses of General Stilwell, Secretary Forrestal; chased the beer down with whiskey and came on board again even redder in the face, carrying wet bathing trunks and odd shaped little pieces of pink coral, suitable for souvenirs.

Next morning, shortly before the great event, we were on the inner fringe of Marmon, eighteen miles from the target. Even at this distance, some witnesses had said, a warmth as of sudden sunrise might kiss our cheeks. To the west, Bikini was a thin stripe of green. A fleet of light cumulus sailed over the horizon in open formation. Sailors were coming up from below. From time to time Captain Lee's clear voice on the loud speaker told us of the vast, invisible timetable of planes and pilotless drones let loose in the air above us. In a B-29, way above the clouds, was the Bomb, with Rita Hayworth's picture on it. Here below, crowding the starboard boat deck under a lattice of slanting life rafts, were typewriters on tables, and rows of chairs facing the innocent Pacific. In the chairs, alertly relaxed, with goggles at the ready round their necks, were the working, competitive, deadline press, in costumes I shall always associate with atomic energy—shorts, slippers, sandals, boudoir slacks, pajama tops, galluses; Aloha shirts shouting with hibiscus and jacaranda against backgrounds of magenta and baby blue; bodies colored the seven ages of sunburn; heads under baseball caps, golfing hats; figures in tired khaki shirts, undershirts, no shirts; hairy torsos slung with binoculars; a St. Christopher on a chain dangling beneath a two-day beard.

The decks above were crowded, too; in spaces where once had stood anti-aircraft guns or range finders men were already trying on their dark goggles, for Captain Lee's words, inaudible in these high places, were being passed on up to us. "Dave's Dream is making its second run over the target. . . . There is no cloud over the lagoon . . ."

Through the goggles, after a minute or two, one could make out a line that was the horizon, a darker darkness that was the sea. And after a while longer, even the faint ghosts of clouds were visible. I turned to look through the goggles at the sun. It was bright, but not bright enough to make one blink. I turned back, so as not to lose my sense of direction; trying, with fingers and body against the rail, to be exactly at right angles to the ship.

Then came the cry, "Bomb away!" It would take some thirty seconds to fall. I think I counted, much too rapidly, up to five; the rest of the interval was a vacuum in time, blanked out by paralyzing excitement.

Suddenly there winked at me through the goggles a small ball of fire, slightly elliptical, it seemed, and reddish, and just above the horizon. It winked, and went instantly out—or perhaps, during the seconds it took me to tear off the goggles, it flared and spouted and expanded. Now, where the ball had been, there swiftly rose intestinal coils and roils of dirty smoke lit from within by a glow the color

of salmon. (The kind of salmon served cold, with mayonnaise.) Below it, on the water's surface, there raced to either side tortured wispy tempests of smoky cloud, as if a rain squall had been broken up by cops.

The salmon cloud boiled upward, and then suddenly was gone. For just between us and it there was lazily sailing a light, puffy, no-account natural little cumulus of the common or atmospheric variety; an undistinguished, un-atomic, un-radioactive parcel of vapor born on the wrong side of the tracks and going quietly about its business. By hiding the upsurge and flowering of the famous atomic mushroom it spoiled the show, at any rate on our ship. Some minutes later the mushroom's tip cleared the cumulus and gave us a hint of what towering trunk lay between its serene head and its stormy feet. But by the time we could see all of it, the mushroom was shredded, empty, two-dimensional, utterly insignificant.

The noise of the bomb, when it reached us, about a hundred seconds after the flash, has been described as like that of a bowling ball rolling down an alley a block away. A poker player who held a flush, or even a straight, might easily not have noticed it. No breath of the blast's pressure wave touched me, nor did I feel any glow of warmth upon my face.

As a show, it was a flop. "Is that all?" I heard people say. "Nuclear fission!" one correspondent snorted. Most of those I talked to felt badly let down; most of what this ship sent out to the world would reflect the disappointment. "So it's not so bad after all," the public would say; "it's just another weapon." I remember going about the ship buttonholing people with hairy chests where the buttonholes should be and saying "This is a disaster. This is Operation Chloroform, the logical sequel to Operations Build-up and Hand-out. Nothing could live up to the advance notices. Now the public will go back to sleep again."

On returning home I found that the public had indeed been let down, but also confused. For some of the correspondents, whose twelve-cylinder adjectives had been idle so long, let them out with a roar. There were a number of strangely conflicting accounts. One correspondent had felt a sharp pain in his ears; another a wave of heat; a third, a learned fellow whose knowledge of the bomb must have affected his goggles, likened the bomb's burst to the birth and death of a star, which "made its appearance in a flash so dazzling that no human eye could look at it except through dark goggles that turned bright daylight over the Pacific into pitch dark night." Well, I had seen clouds through my goggles. And there were at least four men on the *Apple* who looked at the flash with their naked eyes, and suffered no ill effects.

I am told that one of the navy teletypists, after transmitting reams of Bomb-Day copy, remarked bitterly that he would never believe what he read in the papers again as long as he lived.

IV

My recollection of the rest of that morning is somewhat hazy. Typewriters clattered, sailors rushed copy to the teletypes, groups gazed through binoculars at the trails of oily smoke from the lagoon, below decks television sets danced with dotted lines and brief glimpses of palm trees. Throughout the ship, Captain Lee at the loud speaker brought us bulletins from observers nearer to the target than ourselves. "This is the Voice of the *Apple*. . . . The destroyer *Lamson* is capsized and lying on her beam ends. . . . This is the Voice of the *Apple*. The carrier *Independence* is severely damaged. . . . This is the Voice of the *Apple*. The atomic cloud is now about two miles wide and 20,000 feet high. . . . This is the Voice of the *Apple*. . . ."

That evening, when her voice was still, the *Apple* lay at anchor in the lagoon, at a safe distance from the damaged ships. A slow fire glowed on the flight deck of the *Independence*. While I sat on deck with Yves Farge (the representative of the French press, who on this strange cruise was offered and accepted the post of Minister of Food Supply in his country's cabinet), the Pacific put on the first full dress sunset I had seen. Fingers and towers and pinnacles of alabaster, slow-changing

valleys lit from within, a fairyland of cloud-cotton stirred by half-sleeping winds.

"Nature," said Farge, "seems to be giving man a lesson in modesty."

For the next two days—with interruptions on Bikini Beach, where not a palm tree had fallen and the bar flowed just as before—the voices of the *Apple* inspected damage and were hosts at press conferences. Somewhat like the eighth grade on an educational tour of the waterfront, we were loaded into an LST and whisked about the target fleet, with Captain Lee acting as barker over the loud speaker, which he did extremely well. We clambered onto battered ships, and there were so many of us that not long after all of us were aboard we had to start getting off again. We circled the nightmare *Independence*, her plates molded to her frame by the blast, like a wet bathing suit on a skinny bather. We were awed by the fists which had pounded a deep depression into the *Nevada's* after deck; and from an unscorched shadow made by the bomb's heat on her superstructure, we tried to estimate the height of the explosion. We avoided radioactive turrets, cans of baking soda and foamite, and pinched no metal scrap for souvenirs. We saw a live but listless goat, a dead sheep drooping over his water bucket. We pondered the submarine *Skate*, the top of her ripped open as if a giant thumb had tried to eviscerate a fish. And in the end many of us were deeply impressed by so much wrench and smirch and twist and bend and break and crush. The bomb, after all, was a hell of a weapon. Yet it seemed silly ever to use it in anger above a fleet. Crowded unnaturally together though they were, these ships occupied only two or three per cent of the area whammed by the bomb. What if there had been substituted—for all that unwounded water—streets, houses, people . . .

From this blackened reality, this fresh and bitter fruit, we would then turn to the press conferences. There were many of them, and important and interesting people came aboard to tell us interesting and important things. But there was always an artificiality and remoteness about them. The admirals and generals and their retinue were ceremoniously piped aboard. Then, in their crisp khaki and twinkling insignia, they sat down at a green-clothed, ice-watered table, on the boat deck, facing the correspondents, who looked like things unpinned from the laundry line. Because of the wind, the blowers, the distance to the last row of listeners, and the seaplanes taking off from the lagoon, human speech was once again sifted through the faulty, echoing, squealing microphone, which lay frigidly between us, a sword in the marriage bed of minds.

A number of moments at those conferences stick in my memory. The book left lying by chance in front of one of the admirals—Trotsky's life of Stalin. The statement, by some expert, that this fourth bomb was a "good bomb, a normal bomb of the Nagasaki type"—as if he were an obstetrician describing a new-born child. The phenomenologist—apparently a new kind of scientist invented for the atomic age—who said that his job was "to assemble a complete set of predictions" as to what would happen when one tried to convert energy into "useful damage." The scientist who was sure that the bomb had no effect in silencing the underwater noises made by shrimp. And the revelation that the first name of one of the professional fishermen employed by Crossroads to fish tuna (for the study of pre- and post-bomb tuna ecology) was Christopher, and of the other, Michelangelo.

It would have been pleasant to have gone fishing with Michelangelo, to have talked quietly and long to some of these wise and passionate specialists, so shy and dry of speech before the microphone, but that was not to be. They were soon whisked to the quarterdeck; they saluted the colors, and disappeared down the ladder. And within a few hours the *Apple* and her voices were also whisked out of the lagoon. Lest, I shall always suspect, we find out too much.

LATE one of those last nights, a friend came in to tell me to go below and look at the wonderful pictures in the wardroom. And wonderful they were. There, laid out on the table, were photographs of the secret heart of disaster, taken by robot cameras on Bikini, or by drone planes overhead. From them an

unscrupulous man with a photographic memory and caliper eyes could have reaped a harvest: the distances between the ships, the point of the explosion, the size of the ball of fire. But these photographs were not seen by all the correspondents, for no announcement was made of their exhibition, and they were not exhibited again.

One of them showed a black and beetle-small target fleet engulfed in an apocalyptic globe of fire. Another, probably taken an infinitesimal fraction of a second later, showed clearly the profiles of the ships under a vast, pale dome like a bell jar. The best shot was taken from directly overhead, perhaps at a height of three or four miles. From a small round base of creamy smoke, flat on the lagoon, rose the black trunk, still young, of the atomic cloud; a black trunk spreading out and up into a ball of white. The elm-like shadow of this cloud was cast sharply on the wrinkled waters below, which were sparsely dotted with the spindle shapes of ships. Far out from the center, in a wide and perfect circle, was a strange ring, which seemed almost solid. The cross section of a soap bubble might look like this. The ring was vapor, caused by sudden condensation as temperatures changed sharply with the violent change in pressure. I began to understand the bomb, and to respect it more than I ever had before.

At another table, men crowded about, stood on chairs, half swung from pipes overhead, to look at the color film transparencies which Captain Robert Quackenbush, USN, was showing them. Here at last was the mystic mushroom cloud, gloriously untrue to nature, like most color film, yet breathtaking. Against a sky of deepest blue, it twisted and blossomed and towered—orange below—and on top, now like bleached, ethereal cauliflower; now solider, like purest domes of alpine powder snow.

We looked and we looked and we made the Captain show us the pictures again. For we were looking at what we had been cheated out of seeing by a silly little natural cloud no bigger than a man's typewriter.

Suddenly I was struck by the grotesque unreality of all these hardened correspondents crowding to gaze at pictures, mere pictures, of what they had come so far to see and had not seen. It was an ironical and telling commentary on the *Apple* and her errand; on the whole false, efficient art of Build-up, Hand-out, Press Conference. I was reminded of the tourists who, when their mountain resort is blanketed with fog, pore over the picture postcards of something they cannot see, the pretty picture post cards with their lying, azure skies.

Poets and Penguins

PHILIP MURRAY

Poets and penguins are black and white
And both have defunct wings.
Each, being plantigrade, walks upright;
Each in his own way sings.

Both thrive on sub-zero temperatures;
Bolder the colder it gets;
Both, when in cages, are cynosures;
Neither are practical pets;

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Dr. Marcus Whitman built his mission on the lands of the Cayuse Indians, a few miles out from the site of the pleasant town of Walla Walla, Washington. His buildings stood in a great bowl made by the hills, a little in from the Walla Walla River, whose water he diverted to his fields. Some low hills, perhaps a couple of hundred feet high and a mile and a half long, ringed them in a crescent. Far to the east was the tremendous ridge of the Blue Mountains, across which the earliest wagon trains of Oregon emigrants were to make their way with infinite labor, some of them successfully only because Whitman helped them out. With what relief they reached the valley of the Walla Walla from that great rampart, and with what gratitude to Whitman for his help, no one can appreciate now unless he reads the journals of the more literate among them. And from the mission site, which was called Waiilatpu, the women would look back at the Blues, which shut out the East and home and the families few of them would ever see again.

Whitman was a great man, almost as great a man as the States of Washington and Oregon say he was, and they have composed innumerable books, orations, and resolutions in his honor. I suppose that in all our history no man has worked harder or more constantly; few have served the United States more selflessly at a crucial time and none is owed a greater debt by the modern West, including Washington. He picked Waiilatpu as the site of his mission in part because he could not get along with the other missionary who had been sent to bring religion and education to the Indians who had asked for them, the Nez Perces. But also he picked it because there was certainly (if not clearly) in his mind a realization that it was a key place for the imperial emigration which he knew would surely come. There he labored for his God among the Cayuses, not successfully, and there he ministered to the afflictions of whites and reds and halfbreeds, delivering their babies, curing their diseases, carrying his art across the wilderness as far as a horse or a dugout would take him. Thence he sent out food and horses to the emigrant trains that foundered in the Blues and there he succored exhausted men and women who struggled down to roofs and gardens at last. There he did his part in giving the vast area then called Oregon to the United States. And there the Cayuses killed him.

Waiilatpu is, in short, a site of great importance in the history of the United States and of unsurpassed importance in that part of it which we call Western history. Since only two weeks before I started west I finished a book in which several chapters summarize its story, I traveled toward it with excited anticipation, making a sizable detour from the trail on which my proper business was taking me. On the roadmaps—on all but one of them—it is marked "Whitman National Monument," and I expected to find a place of tactfully contrived beauty, of the dignity and simplicity which I have seen in many national historical monuments maintained by the Parks Service. I was traveling under a greenhorn's misconception. It is not a national monument

but only, as one map admits, a "proposed" one. It is an eyesore. It is a disgrace to the State of Washington, whose citizens, as I traveled across it, were growing beards and making a noisy and profitable hoopla in honor, so they advertised, of THE PIONEERS.

The State has put up practically no road signs to mark the way to Waiilatpu. When you get there by remembering your reading and appraising the contradictory information of local residents, you find part of a park, perhaps a third of an acre of grass and trees. It is not on the site of the mission buildings but leads off from a small shaft reared to William Gray, the least admirable of the missionaries, and a horizontal stone on which are carved the names of Whitman, his wife, and the other victims of the massacre. The place where the buildings stood is marked only by a wooden sign hung from the barbed-wire fence that incloses a cow pasture. I waded through thistles and seepage water for an hour but found nothing more in that pasture. In a commanding place on the hill to the eastward there is a fine shaft marked "Whitman." It does admirably for this man of reticent dignity and for the dedicated souls who worked and died with him. But the hill is hideously barren, a waste of sagebrush and June grass, and the shaft is scrawled over with the names of young people out of Walla Walla on a holiday, and its base is inches deep in broken glass.

Opening on this splendor is a wooden arch such as in the cattle country marks the entrance to a ranch. "Whitman Memorial Park" is painted on it—but not painted so well as to conceal the fact that it once did mark the entrance to a ranch. Obscured but still readable under the legend is the original one: "Mud Creek Ranch. Dacre Bros. Props." There is added the Mud Creek brand, which I make out to have been the Arrow-D. One supporting post carries a sign which says, "Commemorating the Massacre, Nov. 23, 1847, of Marcus Whitman, Narcissa Prentiss Whitman and [words blurred to illegibility] by Cayuse Indians." And in candid pride the other post informs the passerby, "Improvement and Beautification of this park have been provided through the cooperation of The Kiwanis Club and Narcissa Prentiss Chapter of D.A.R. of Walla Walla." While I was copying this ad a skunk strolled through the gate, slowly, with an air of meditating on the service of God and country a hundred years ago and on its inheritors.

Whitman will not mind and the site is no less solemn to a vagrant historian because it is unspeakably ugly. There it is and there the historical fact was precipitated out of the manifold possibilities of the undetermined, and it does not matter in the least whether or not we plant it with grass and set up a simple map in bronze so that an occasional visitor who cares about the American past may orient himself. But the Western States are currently making so loud a noise about their past, and making so much money from that noise, that I wonder. I wonder if it is either judicious or profitable to leave Waiilatpu so squalid, a bare hillside and a weed-choked pasture, a rendezvous for neckers, the monument a mere target for their whiskey bottles. The Kiwanis Club might reflect that cleanliness could increase the annual take of Walla Walla hotels and retail stores. The D.A.R., which could stand a lot more dignity than it has these days, might acquire some by creating a little dignity here. And the Washington State Historical Society might get busy. Not much money would be needed to make a decent place in commemoration of Marcus Whitman. I think the State could raise enough by public subscription in one year by guaranteeing to cut in half the number of orations it mouths to his greatness.

And what happened to the American Pioneer Trails Association last year? It made a gorgeously publicized junket, with the cooperation of chambers of commerce, to mark the trail of Lewis and Clark. Sometimes its markers seem to this pilgrim to have consulted the benefits of the chambers of commerce rather more closely than the actual route which the captains took, but the Association had a fine time, delivered and listened to many orations about The Pioneers, and, I believe, became Blackfoot Indians en masse. But the markers begin to peter out some-

where in the vicinity of Bonneville Dam and the pilgrim is wise to travel by dead reckoning. The Old Oregon Trail is marked all the way to Astoria, which would have startled the emigrant companies who headed for the Willamette Valley. (If Astoria, why not Puget Sound?) And at Astoria there is indeed a signpost telling you which highway to take toward Fort Clatsop, where Lewis and Clark spent their rainy winter. There appears to have been another one where the crucial side road leads off but someone has destroyed it.

No matter: a couple of hours of expert scouting will bring you at last to a privy crumbling away against a fir tree, six cast-iron posts, and a stone which probably had an inscription on it once and like the Whitman monument is deep in broken glass. Farther on, near the foot of the great bluff called Tillamook Head, the Great Northern Railway has set up a decent marker at the place where a squad from the expedition boiled salt on the beach of the ocean they had set out from St. Louis to reach. And a mile away, doubtless as an aid to the resort business, in a spot hideous with taffy-stands, shooting galleries, and women who should be told not to wear shorts, a sign says that this is the site of the farthest west camp of Lewis and Clark by act of the Oregon legislature. However, a just balance is established. Back at Astoria the well-heeled heirs of Mr. Astor, who eventually made a lot of money because of the Lewis and Clark expedition, though he lost out at his first try, have reared a noble column to commemorate his business sense. Lewis and Clark have a gracious mention on it, and again there is no need to mourn.

When I complained about this frowsy ending of the great trail to my friend Phil Parrish, the editor of that fine paper the *Oregonian* and Oregon's leading historian (who would not, I think, write Marcus Whitman quite so high as I do here), he admitted the offense but explained that Oregon is a larger state with many historical sites and has little money. That is true, but Montana is larger and much poorer and Montana does its roadside history exhaustively and well. It marks all the important sites—neatly, in excellent taste. What it says about them is accurate, sufficiently generalized to give the unhistorical tourist the idea but sufficiently full and specific for the expert. And its markers use good prose, lightly written, of a humor and realism that exclude the ancestor-worship of the organized descendants of The Pioneers. They were written by Bob Fletcher, who may be known to you as the author of "Don't Fence Me In." Six years ago I suggested here that the neighboring states would be wise to hire Mr. Fletcher to compose their memorials. The suggestion is still good.

Well, the neighboring states have indeed tried to imitate Mr. Fletcher's summaries and the Montana Highway Commission's architecture. Neither effort has succeeded. The texts of the markers in Oregon and Washington tend to be generalized out of relation to the sites; they are mostly ponderous or stuffy; some are ungrammatical, a few unsound. In Washington the markers are sometimes well off the road and cleverly concealed. Somebody paid for them but who benefits?

Time out for a personal gripe. I wanted to make a careful description of the site of old Fort Vancouver for use in two books I am working on. That site is inside a military reservation, Vancouver Barracks, and though the post is now all but vacant the Army's security regulations still hold. I had left my previously unused credentials at my hotel and so had no way of establishing that I was a potential source of the advertising which public relations officers value. I could not get in: the hell with history, I might have counted the empty storehouses. The PRO at Vancouver Barracks is hereby informed that his guard, on behalf of those storehouses, turned away an accredited representative of *Harper's*, *Life*, *Fortune*, and *Collier's*—and think of all the display space thus forfeited. Better tell the guard that even a battered and dusty Buick of 1941 may have access to newsprint, and instruct him to call at least the corporal of the guard before turning away the next historian who travels forty-five hundred miles to spend a few minutes at Dr. McLaughlin's fort. The next one may be testier than I am.

SINCE I last passed this way Idaho has had a flurry of commemoration. Unhappily the markers its highway commission has put up are hard to read, the texts being carved on wood which is thereafter painted black, and cannot be photographed at all without more equipment than a traveling historian carries. (That last counts: the idea is not that the tourist may want a snapshot of Gertrude at the place where some notable was hanged but that he may want to identify a roll of film devoted to the site of the hanging, which after all resembles a good many other hills or creeks in the West. And for the same reason it would do no harm to clean the bronze occasionally.) The texts are as wooden as the signs and are sometimes unpardonably inaccurate. Idaho has also broken out in a rash of memorials reared by private hands. In general they are naive and sentimental—and mostly they commemorate the great dead less than their erectors. The dead get three lines of bronze and the remaining dozen lines name the co-operating agencies, the Boy Scouts of this town, the American Legion of the next one, a Rotary Club, an association of women's clubs, the Episcopal rector, and the county commissioners elected in 1940. They give local nonentities a chance to perpetuate their names before they are carved on tombstones, but those names mean no more to the passerby than the initials and obscenities carved on the supporting posts. A little more about Chief Joseph with less room for the D.A.R. would improve the Idaho roadside.

THE Utah markers have been bettered since some of them appalled me six years ago. Many of them are now unimpeachable historically if not yet written in good prose, and one is no longer saluted by resounding lies as he travels across the state. But the Mormon sensitiveness or inferiority feeling still throbs and in matters that concern the Church the markers are sometimes screamingly funny or depressingly sad. Thus one on the outskirts of my home town says that Albert Sidney Johnston's army was sent west because of a "mythical rebellion" and the adjective has charm for anyone who has read the admirably blunt prose of Brigham Young. If the Church has not yet developed enough self-confidence to tell the truth about its century in Utah, it would be wise to say nothing at all. The Mormon past can maintain its own dignity without the help of modern misrepresentations.

I suppose it is better to do this job carelessly, inaccurately, or even absurdly than not to do it at all, and even inaccurate markers may testify to a growing feeling for the West's past. But it could be done well with so little effort that one Westerner has had his doubts this summer. Just how deep or just how honest is this growing Western passion for the past? I have traveled from the Dakotas to the Northwest, to California, to Utah, and back to Montana again—through practically continuous crowds of Westerners costumed as faro dealers, cowboys, stage drivers, vigilantes, dance hall girls, and Pioneer mothers. I have seen God knows how many bank clerks staggering in their first high-heeled boots, soda jerkers raising beards in eager obedience to orders from the chamber of commerce. The ether is full of Tin Pan Alley ballads which the natives appear to regard as authentic Western folksongs and of orations and commercials about The Pioneers that would have disgusted The Pioneers as much as they do this observer. It looks, at least it looks to me, phony and preposterous.

Somewhere in this pumped-up saturnalia on behalf of retail sales there must be a few people who know what really happened when The Pioneers were only recent arrivals from the East, who really care about the past for what it was, and who can write acceptable prose.

Why let it appear that they are all in Montana?

THE HOLY MAN AND THE PHOTOGRAPHER

SEYMOUR FREEDGOOD

Should the very St. Patrick emerge from his New York cathedral some bright Sunday morning and walk up Fifth Avenue, he would create far less of a disturbance than did the arrival of Sri Dayananda at Chandrapore. The mere rumor that so holy a man as Sri Dayananda was at the moment domiciled in a house owned by Janki Pershard, a wealthy landowner in Chandrapore City, was sufficient to close half the Hindu stalls in Khanari Bazaar. Even at the American Air Base, four miles out of town, the glad tidings spread swiftly. Indian clerks and mechanics, bicycling out from town for the night shift, passed the word through the shops and the hangars. Work had been at a standstill anyway; for the victory over Japan, coming so abruptly, had left the Indians uncertain about further employment and the Americans restive. Everyone wanted to go home at once, and as that proved impossible, the arrival of the saint in Chandrapore suggested a welcome change of conversation.

My own informant was Sinha, a clerk in the Civilian Personnel Office whom I had once befriended. He was a stout, bespectacled little man whose ordinary costume was a shirt (which hung loosely outside his dhoti), no tie, and sandals. Sinha was sleek and emotional and his eyes behind their black, horn-rimmed glasses had a tendency to shift under scrutiny. His voice had a thin, cracked quality which over the telephone used to frighten my friends. It was early in the evening and I was standing on the guardhouse verandah at the Air Base, talking with the provost sergeant, when I saw Sinha come running across the road. "Oh my God," said the provost sergeant. "Here comes another of your friends."

"Sergeant, sergeant!" Sinha shrieked, flinging himself at my feet in an excess of passion. "He has come! He has come!" He began to kiss my shoes and cry.

"For Christ's sake, Sinha," I said, trying to withdraw my shoes and looking at the provost sergeant in great embarrassment. "I've warned you against these emotional outbursts. Who has come?"

"Sahib, sahib, he has come, he has come," Sinha repeated. "I am so happy." The provost sergeant was looking at me with complete disgust. "Who has come, Sinha?" I asked, trying to lift the poor man to his feet. "He wants to tell you about the spook from Brindaban," explained the provost sergeant. "The one that's staying with Janki Pershard."

"A great and powerful mahatma!" the Indian exclaimed, jumping fiercely to his feet. "All week I have spent in vigil with him. He's completely out of his senses! I have reached a turning point in my life."

"Good," I said. "Excellent. Your wife will be very happy."

"And now Janki Pershard demands that I take you there. You too will be very happy."

"Think of that," said the provost sergeant. "He wants to make us happy."

I looked at the Indian in surprise.

"Janki Pershard sent you to take us there?" The landowner and I had long been friends but never on so intimate a basis. "He wants us to meet the mahatma?"

"We will take the provost sergeant's jeep," the man said passionately. "We will take a camera and the provost sergeant and go to visit the mahatma. This is because Janki Pershard considers you his greatest friend from America."

I must say I was flattered by the offer. I had often been a guest at Pershard's house but the meetings had always been social. There is a barrier of secrecy with which Hindus surround their religious life; through it I had not gained entrance. For the landowner to suggest that we join him during the visit of a prominent holy man meant a definite introduction into the mysteries. I was determined to go. "How about it, Mike?" I asked the provost sergeant. "Care to go?"

"I don't like it," Mike said stubbornly. "Why should Pershard want to bring us there? A mahatma is holy, isn't he? They like to keep those things to themselves."

"You're getting too suspicious," I told him. "This is the opportunity of a lifetime. He wants us to meet a mahatma!" From the corner of my eye I could see Sinha rush into the guardhouse and emerge a second later with some photographic equipment, which he thrust into the jeep. He then jumped in himself and waited expectantly. "How about it, Mike?" I repeated. "Do you want to see the mahatma?"

"Sergeant," Mike told me angrily, "these landowners never gave us anything for nothing. It's against the Hindu religion. Pershard knows you're interested in his religious life and he's leading you on."

"Mike, you're getting crabby. A year and a half ago you'd have jumped at the opportunity." Sinha was jumping up and down in the jeep and banging on the klaxon. "What you need is a change of atmosphere." Half leading, half dragging the man, I pushed him into the jeep. "Let's go and see the saint."

"I'm doing this against my better judgment," the provost sergeant complained, as we drove through the main gate and took the road to town. "They'll probably expect us to bring baksheesh." He became even more distressed when we entered the out-of-bounds section of Chandrapore City. "This whole damn area is out of bounds!" he was protesting as we drove down an ultimate alley and pulled up near Janki Pershard's house. "I keep patrols operating down here twenty-four hours a day to keep you guys out of here and now I get dragged in myself. What kind of an attitude is that?"

"Try to lift your mind out of the police courts," Sinha admonished him as we picked up the camera and prepared to leave the jeep. "It's a mahatma we've come to visit, not the Punjab girls in Khanari Bazaar." My two friends were practically at each other's throats by the time Mr. Pershard came through the gate to welcome us.

II

JANKI PERSHARD'S house in Chandrapore City might be called typical of the Hindu middle class. Really, it was only his town house; his actual residence was twenty miles away in the circle of villages which his family had inherited as a patrimony from the times of the Moghul. The proceeds of this village area, which he proudly referred to as his state, he shared with two brothers, a number of ancient uncles, some sons, and even some of their sons, all of whom I had had occasion to meet. Pershard was in most things their agent; to them went the labor of management, he made their social contacts. Belonging to an older generation of Indians who westernized themselves gladly, he conducted himself with ease among Europeans and neatly wore British clothes. The territory which devolved upon himself and his family from a land grant by the Emperor Akbar he defended with circumspection and a derby hat.

As is the custom among aging Hindus of the trader and landowner class, Pershard at the time I knew him was taking a new interest in the spiritual life. The war had just ended—it was the autumn of 1945—and thereupon he had given up commerce. His sons were now fully accredited members of society, having sons of their own; and although they did not

yet have the formal skill of their progenitor in matters of state, they were coming along well. They were, moreover, not deficient in filial piety. If ever they had occasion to notice that their town house, which once had been the scene of glittering entertainments, was now metamorphosed into a haven for monks and beggars, they affected to approve. Avaricious though they were by nature, they found it appropriate, as I did myself, that their father in his advancing years should become a patron of mendicant saints.

"Sergeants, sergeants!" Pershard called joyfully. It was my impression that he had been waiting for us in the courtyard and had now run out. His big four-story house was stacked alongside even larger tenements in the narrow alley; connected to the street by an arched gateway, its main entrance was across a patio in the rear. "I'm so glad you got my message." After closely inspecting our persons and our vehicle he shook hands with both of us. To Sinha, a low-priced clerk in the service of the Americans, he gave no more than an inquiring glance.

I was at a loss to explain this conduct. It was not the slight to Sinha that disturbed me, but the fact that Pershard had come out at all. Besides, as I looked through the entrance I could see that the courtyard was empty, which itself seemed odd. There was a strict ritual to the landowner's hospitality to which we had always conformed in the past. By tradition, his youngest son should have met us, a shy, dark boy of nineteen with a hatred for foreign uniforms. Standing politely in the crowded gateway we would have waited until he had summoned the old man, who would at once have made his son's life impossible with demands for couches, pillows, rugs, and all the preparations for high tea. In the consequent flurry of bearers, lackeys, grandchildren carrying tea kettles, and older daughters running for cover, Pershard and I would cling together, creatures of the domestic storm. And it would not have been until we were properly seated on the pillows—pots of tea spilling across our shoe tops, Pershard surrounded by the members of his family, an infant grandchild squatted behind my shoulders, in its hands a peacock fan—that I would perform the opening gambit. "Well, Janki, what's new in the spiritual life?"

Yet tonight the courtyard was empty, all life seemingly withdrawn to the upper stories of the house. I felt obliged to observe the old proprieties. "Well, Janki," I said, nodding encouragingly to the provost sergeant, "what's new in the spiritual life?"

Seventeen sets of affectionate eyes would normally have caressed the old man as he recited the hegira of his preceding weeks. On such a day, he would have told me, he had held his breath for seventy-five seconds and in the afternoon had given alms to as many monks. Or he had just returned from the shrines at Rhada Kund where he had devoted himself to worship at the Ram Temple. If I had been sufficiently rude to observe that at Rhada Kund the prevailing deity is Krishna, all other gods at that ritual tank displaying a subservient role, he would have blushed and apologized. Yes, it was true that he had been to Rhada Kund but perhaps it was not a Ram temple he had visited. The Hindu pantheon was complicated. We lived now in Kali Yoga, the age of disaster. Life was confused.

This genial confusion was also customarily apparent in his distribution of alms. Many times I had entered his courtyard to find the place roaring with mendicants. Beneath a Nim tree, three Shivites would be squabbling, naked and hairy. In a corner some ascetic of the Vishnu order would be gobbling chippatis. Pershard would distribute largesse to both, seemingly indifferent to their rival theologies, or perhaps honestly indifferent. It was the fact of pious mendicancy which appealed to him, not its pretensions. If a man, no matter how obscure in origin, had relinquished the world to subsist on the bounty of others, his life spent in prayer, that was to his eternal credit and Janki was for it. Credit increased in ratio to station abandoned. Should the ruling chief of Nepal resign his office at sixty and become a wanderer on the roads, the act was meritorious. But a greater merit would have accrued had he resigned at twenty. What had the aged chief to lose? It was to the younger men, scions of ancient houses

who had voluntarily surrendered their lot, that the landowner's heart went out. And if in addition to youth and noble station the sadhu had once been married, was perhaps the father of a child, and held a degree from an English-speaking college, all of which he had given up, Pershard's largesse was unconfined. When such a personage was brought to the landowner's attention, he had a patron for as long as he stayed.

But tonight's silence in a courtyard which ordinarily was so busy, coupled with our host's impetuousness as he had run through the gate, was a worrisome factor. I decided to forget the proprieties. "Isn't this somewhat unusual, Janki? I understood you were forbidden to invite foreigners to your prayers."

"Quite the contrary," he exclaimed, leading the way through a dark corridor and then holding our arms as we crawled across a pile of refuse and approached his door. Three Brahmany cattle, frightened by our torchlights, tried to scramble up a wall. "We Hindus have no prejudice against foreigners. Particularly our great friends, the Americans." He glanced fiercely at Sinha. "You reminded them to bring their camera?"

"Yes, sahib," the clerk said respectfully. He pointed to the container. "In the black box."

"Good," said Pershard, very much relieved. "We were at a loss how else to get a camera." He patted the camera box affectionately and smiled at us. "A great saint has blessed us with his presence. We have gathered upstairs."

III

TWENTY or twenty-five people were already squatting along the walls of the long, whitewashed room when we entered. "Please don't remove your shoes," Janki said but we insisted, unfastening our GI brogans and then padding on our stockinged feet to meet his friends. "You know my brothers, of course," he said, and two sharp, middle-aged Indians in white pajama suits grinned amicably at us from a rug. "Please seat yourselves on these pillows. The camera you can keep at your side."

Directly behind us was a curtained alcove where the female members of Janki's family had gathered with their servants. They began to chatter softly and giggle when we entered and Mike blushed. "Where's Sinha?" he whispered. Sinha had crawled on his hands and knees to another corner of the carpet where he had joined some clerical friends. "What was he complaining about the Punjab girls in Khanari Bazaar for?"

"Shut up!" I whispered just as angrily. "Just keep your eye on that camera. This is a respectable household. We're among friends."

At the other end of the room a number of large pillows had been placed under a framed picture of Lord Krishna, who in this likeness was given the blue radiance, the poised flute, and the crossed limbs of the immortal cowherd. Two half-naked men sat on antelope skins beside the pillows. One of them was a large, badger-like creature with a neat, well-trimmed beard. His companion was leaner and seemed sullen. "The mahatma's servants," Pershard informed us. "My brothers hired them to protect him against himself." Idle now, the two servants were swaying together to the melodies of a visiting orchestra, the members of which were playing sadly to each other on a harmonium, a drum, and something that looked like a guitar. "Local musicians," explained one of Janki's brothers. "They have come to serenade the Lord."

Mike was shifting nervously on his pillow. "Let's get this show on the road," he muttered. Secretly I kicked his rump. "And the mahatma?" I asked, looking over toward the picture of Lord Krishna and the unoccupied pillows. "He has gone visiting?"

"The mahatma is enjoying a rest," said the other of Pershard's brothers. "He will emerge presently."

The two brothers had been talking about gold prices and now returned to their conversation. For a while we sat in an uncomfortable silence, Pershard amusing himself by beating time to the drum of the visiting orchestra. "It is a hymn to Lord Krishna," he said, as two of the players began to wail in a low voice. "They are singing about the love of Lord

Krishna for the ten thousand milkmaids of Brindaban. It is very gay."

I almost had to laugh at the provost sergeant, he was so miserable. Absorbed in this inexplicable culture I felt nervous myself.

"Raja Sahib," called Sinha to Pershard from across the carpet. He was speaking up for the first time. "Might we not tell our Americans about Sri Dayananda while we are still waiting?"

A chorus of approval came from all parts of the room. "Brighto," said a brisk little fellow who had been preening his mustache near the window. "We jolly well might."

"An incarnation," said the plump old man beside me. He was dressed in a loin cloth and turban and was scratching his back. "A very incarnation."

"He was sent to us by friends at the Old Fort railroad station," confided the younger of Janki's brothers. "He was lying in a trance."

"Oh, the ecstasies of the man!" exclaimed the other brother. "At food, while in conversation, at railroad stations — suddenly the trance."

Pershard felt he was being left out. "A very great Sanskrit scholar," he said earnestly. "He was journeying from Brindaban to the Himalayas when he was seized at the railroad station. Oh those pious seizures!" he exclaimed, clapping his hands mildly. "We have not seen the like! All week he has stayed here against his wishes. His holy wishes," he added, "but the man is like a child. The very sweetness of a child!" he exclaimed, looking to his brothers for confirmation. "We can't bear to let him go."

Other members of the audience were leaning forward with interested expressions. "The presence of Sri Dayananda has brought great dignity to this house," suggested the man who had been preening his mustache. "All week there have been constant visitors."

"He is an advocate!" exclaimed the plump old fellow next to me. "Double M.A. degree from Calcutta University. We learn that he has not seen his wife or parents in Calcutta for almost five years."

There had been some movement in the other room all this while, but no one seemed to notice. Now the mahatma's two servants rose hurriedly from their pillows and left. "Krishna, Ram," the man with the orchestra was saying over and over.

"Your camera?" Pershard demanded eagerly. "You are prepared with your camera? We would love to have a photograph of his eminence."

THE door was violently flung open, and on the arms of the two half-naked servants a very tall young man was being propelled across the room. He had just been shaved, I noted, and the hair on his emaciated skull was well cut. His eyes were closed and he appeared to be unconscious. Dressed in a clean white pajama suit, the yellowish soles of his feet hanging limp from the pajama pants, he was jockeyed across the length of the carpet and deposited under the picture of Lord Krishna on the far wall. One of the servants put a pillow under his head and then reclined beside him, taking his pulse.

"Rhada Krishna," sang the man with the Hindu orchestra. "Krishna, Ram."

"Your camera," Pershard said fiercely. "Be ready with your camera."

"As God is my witness," Mike said loudly, "they must keep him chained to the bed."

Pershard struggled to his feet and approached the unconscious sadhu. "Sri Dayananda," he called urgently, kneeling down and prodding the man. "Your holiness," he said, shaking the emaciated shoulder. The man turned his face to the pillow and groaned.

"Sri Dayananda is tired," Pershard called from across the carpet. His two brothers had resumed their discussion of gold prices. "He has had an exhausting day."

"Seventeen seizures since nine o'clock this morning!" marveled the plump man on the rug beside me. "How can the human frame stand it?"

"Your holiness," said Pershard to the prostrate holy man. "More visitors have come to greet you."

The man lay absolutely still.

"Jai Krishna!" Pershard yelped suddenly, leaning down and shouting the words into the sadhu's ear. He nodded significantly to the orchestra, who immediately took up the refrain. "Jai

Krishna," they repeated, strumming busily on their instruments.

"Krishna?" whispered the prostrate holy man. His eyes were still closed but the lips were visibly moving. He stirred and groped blindly, rising on his elbows. "Krishna?" he muttered. "Jai Krishna?"

"Haro Krishna," chorused everyone approvingly, even Pershard's brothers looking up from their conversation to join in.

"Your eminence," Pershard said to the holy man, in the meantime looking toward us across the carpet and nodding vigorously at the camera. Reluctantly Mike took it out. "Your eminence," he repeated, "two Americans have come to join us. Will you say a few words?"

The man's eyelids flipped back and he gazed vacantly around the chamber. The lips were moving steadily but as yet there was no expression on the face. "Krishna!" he said suddenly, and his face lit up. He began to babble and his head rolled idiotically on his shoulders, a bright smile flashing across his mouth.

Clapping his hands, Pershard scurried across the carpet and plumped down beside us. "Ready?" he hissed. "His eminence has scented the Lord."

"He comes! He comes!" someone was shouting, and behind the crooning of the Hindu orchestra I could hear an inexplicable chattering and whistling from the women's alcove. By the time Mike and I had prepared the flashbulbs, Sri Dayananda was on his feet and leaping about the room. His long thin arms were held in supplication in front of him and on his face was that radiant smile.

Pershard laughed happily. "The games," he said, clapping his hands. "They play the divine games."

"Who?" Mike asked. He had transferred the camera to my lap. "Who's playing games?"

"His holiness and Lord Krishna! See? How they throw the ball!"

I looked and it was true; the sadhu was playing catch with an invisible playmate.

"Oh the balls!" cried the man who had been preening his mustache. "The jolly colored balls!"

"And now the dance!" shrieked Sinha from across the carpet. "The divine dance of the milkmaids at Brindaban!"

"His holiness now thinks himself to be a milkmaid," Pershard interpolated. "He imagines himself to be among the ten thousand milkmaids of Brindaban, whom the Lord Krishna loved. See!" he exclaimed as Sri Dayananda stumbled about the room, his arms waving. "He calls on the Lord Krishna for love."

"Krishna!" screamed the ecstatic, so abruptly that I thought for an instant that he had been stabbed. Struck like St. Sebastian with the arrows, he had turned and faced his host. The long, crazy body seemed poised in midair; there was froth on his mouth, but over the face was the identical radiance of the print on the wall.

"Rhada Krishna!" he shrieked, linking the name of the deity with that of his divine spouse. Rigidly the arms moved up to the flute position and his legs crossed beneath the knee. Sri Dayananda had become one with his Lord.

"CAMERA!" yelped Janki, snatching at my arm. I blew off one bulb.

"Again!" said Janki as the saint vibrated horribly in the middle ground, his arms and legs still maintaining the traditional Krishna stance. Hastily I inserted another bulb. "His throat!" Mike gasped. "Look at his throat!"

More people had been pouring into the room as I fumbled with the dark slide. Shakily I lifted the camera and got a look at the monk's throat. It was vibrating like a struck chord and the adam's apple seemed about to jump through the uplifted chin. "Ahhhh," the man screamed, and somewhere in his person there must have been a tremendous release of energy. As he slumped and stumbled forward his two servants rushed out to grab him and I got my second shot.

"Enough?" I said to Mike, handing him back the camera. The provost sergeant looked at me and began to push his way to the door. "Sergeants, sergeants," Janki Pershard called anxiously, attempting to push his way through the crowd that was thronging up for the next show. "When can I expect my photographs?"

"Tomorrow," Mike told him venomously. "Tomorrow you'll get your photographs." We carried the camera downstairs and drove off in the car.

(*The Photographs of the Holy Man are reproduced in* Personal & Otherwise.)

THE VALLEY

A Story

ELEANOR PERENYI

He was a tall, thin young man with a charming face, and he was dressed in evening clothes. He let himself into the front door of the brownstone, with infinite gentleness. The light was on in the black and white hallway. Further lights led him up and into the sitting room on the second floor. Here, heavy white faille curtains were drawn over the windows. The walls were painted chocolate brown. When they were planning the room in cheerfulness and health, it had seemed a good color. Often, sitting in some empty European room, among someone else's abandoned possessions, he had thought of this closed-in space, so peculiarly their own, so peculiarly New York, luxuriously miniature in the midst of great size. Now, seen late at night, it depressed him. The walls looked sterile, dead. He glanced almost with fright at the closed door that led into the bedroom. The only sound he heard was the terrible beating of his own heart. Then in the silence, he heard her bell-like voice calling him. His face changed. He went to the door, and opened it.

"Hello, darling," he said, and the look of terror was gone.

His wife was in bed. Her quilt was strewn with books, and many sheets of paper covered with her fine, spidery hand. He saw she had been doing what they called her "work," assembling an anthology of modern American poetry. She gave it the loving attention people give to work they know will never be finished. Her hair was spread out in a silvery cloud over the pillow. There was only one light in the room, the lamp beside her bed. It shone on the pretty bibelots she kept around her. The evil hypodermics, the sleeping tablets, were hidden in drawers.

"I couldn't sleep yet," she said, as if she were apologizing. "Come and tell me about the party."

He sat on the edge of her bed, and took her hand. "I'm not going to ask how you are," he said. "If you were to tell me you'd had the pain all evening, I don't think I could stand it. You see, I had quite a nice time."

"But I wanted you to go," she said.

"I know you did."

Their perfect understanding weighed the air between them. He said at last, "Shall I tell you about the party?"

She nodded, reaching for a package of his cigarettes she kept on her bedside table. She handed them to him as he spoke.

"Let me see who was there. Sam Beasley. He gets more absurd. He told us a story about an Italian duchess, naturally a friend of his. Anyway, she was visiting an American canteen in Italy, I don't remember quite why. One of the soldiers said, 'Hi, toots,'—something like that, and the duchess said, 'Oh, do I know you?' I'm not making this very funny. It *was* funny, when he told it, because of course, he thought the duchess was perfectly right."

They smiled sadly at one another. "He

asked after you," he added, and knew it was a mistake. He went on hastily:

"Lily was there."

"Oh, was she? Did she look beautiful?"

He looked down at her wasted face. "Well, Lily's very handsome. Successful, she looks like Hebe, or Diana—no, Hebe I guess. But now she says she's through with George, and she looks miserable, and a little too big to be appealing."

"She came to see me while you were gone. Did I tell you? It was terrible. She cried over me."

His charming face clouded. Without touching her, he leaned over her, as if he would embrace her. "Don't let people pity you," he said.

She looked away from him, and he let his own head drop. From one of her sheets of paper beside him on the bed, the end of a word leaped out meaninglessly at him. She turned her head back, and he looked at her. The calm, comradely love was gone out of her eyes.

"It was much worse tonight," she said, watching him stonily. "Do you think I shall die after all?"

"If you do, you will go to some delightful hell, where I will shortly join you."

"No," she said, "I don't imagine it will be quite like that. It will be like the corridors in the hospital. You wouldn't be there. There'd be visiting hours, when I could see you occasionally, like this."

"Yes," he said slowly. "I always imagined hell would be cold myself. Even Dante thought that."

They exchanged a look so long that his head swam a little. For a moment, he did not know what they had been saying. These times when the threads were broken, when they communicated by a sort of thin effluvium, were the worst of all. He said, very quietly:

"There was a pretty girl there this evening. I talked to her for quite a long time."

It was like jumps in mountain climbing, when he was never sure till the last moment whether he had his footing. Her eyes widened, and she smiled.

"Did you, darling?" she said, in a perfectly natural voice. "I'm so glad."

Suddenly, he put his head down, pressing his face into the lace that covered her breast. "If you just died," he said, "perhaps I could bear it. It's these little preliminary deaths, when you go away, and each time it's a little harder to bring you back. It's as if my love were no use to you. I can only be cruel. Do you see how I might go out and leave you for several hours, to be in all sorts of rooms where you are not? Sometimes, I have to hide."

"Yes," she said, "you were right. Only pity is unbearable."

She put her hand on his hair. He felt it, as light as a leaf. They lay awkwardly, painfully, half turned away from each other, his head still on her breast. The dark house was like a shell around them, humming with emptiness.

NO REST FOR THE WEARY RUSSIANS

JOHN FISCHER

For the past thirty years the Russian people have had a hard life. They are going to keep on having a hard life—by our standards, bitterly hard—for another ten or fifteen years.

That is a great deal to demand of anybody, even a people as durable and patient as the Russians. The handful of men who run the country are no doubt reluctant to ask it; but they feel it can't be helped. For reasons which were suggested in this magazine last month, they are convinced that another world war is almost sure to come. They expect it to be even more savage and exhausting than the last one, and they believe their nation must use all its energy and resources to get ready for it. In their eyes, another fifteen years of strain and sacrifice is the price which the Soviet Union must pay for survival.

Stalin broke the bad news to his people on February 9, when he outlined the postwar course of the USSR in a speech which went almost unnoticed in this country. He told them then, with almost brutal honesty, that they had to set to work immediately on a new series of three or more Five Year Plans, directed primarily at building up a heavy industry (that is, a war industry) equal to any in the world. Until that is accomplished, he warned, the Soviet Union could not feel safe against another attack by its capitalist enemies. To drive the point home, he reminded them that he had been right when he had voiced a similar warning back in 1928 and had launched the country on the first of its famous Five Year Plans. At that time, he pointed out, "the Party knew that a war was looming, that the country could not be defended without heavy industry, that the development of heavy industry must be undertaken as soon as possible, that to be behind in this would mean to lose out."

At the cost of great hardship, the country did create a heavy industry; and it did not lose the war. It came out of the struggle almost exhausted, however, and with many of its painfully-built factories in ruins. Now the Soviet leaders are convinced that the same kind of job—and more—must be tackled all over again.

Just how bad this news was did not dawn on the Russians until March 15, when the government announced in full detail the first of its new Five Year Plans. This document outlined a truly back-breaking task. It called for the restoration of all industries wrecked in the war, plus an increase in output nearly fifty per cent above the prewar level. It sketched the design for a steel industry which eventually will turn out sixty million tons a year, or considerably more than the United States nor-

This is the second of a series of articles by John Fischer of our editorial staff, who, as an UNRRA representative in the Ukraine, had rare opportunities for unobstructed observation.

mally produces in peacetime. As a start, 104 rolling mills and 315 furnaces will have to be erected during the next five years. Within the same period the railroads are to rebuild the 9,000 miles of track and 1,800 bridges destroyed by the Germans and complete 4,338 miles of new line. More than 7,500 locomotives and 472,000 freight cars must be put into service.

More important still, the Plan demands an increase in machine tools—the very heart of a war industry—up to a total of 1,300,000, which is thirty per cent more than all the machine tools America was using in 1940. The other essentials of a great industrial power—coal mines, turbines, refineries, chemical plants—all are to be expanded on a similar grandiose scale.

This blueprint of Russia's future makes no mention of atomic energy. Soviet spokesmen have repeatedly declared, however, that they expect to develop this, too, with all possible speed. Such an undertaking was by no means easy for the United States; for the USSR, with far less technical ability in the chemical and electrical industries, it will be infinitely more difficult. Although Soviet scientists almost certainly have worked out the basic "secret" of atomic fission already, the construction of plants comparable to Oak Ridge and Hanford will absorb the cream of the nation's skilled labor for five to eight years. It also will swallow up a large share of the total output of such items as valves, pumps, high-quality alloys, and electrical apparatus, which are key components for many other industries.

Finally, the Red Army—the largest in the world—is to be re-equipped "with the newest armaments . . . in order to guarantee the country against all surprises." That will mean, to cite only one example, the creation of a virtually new aviation industry, since the Red air force has never had any modern long-range bombers and the best of its fighters now in operation already are obsolete.

All this adds up to one bleak fact: there won't be much left over for the Russian people. It simply is not physically possible for the country to achieve any considerable increase in its output of consumers' goods, on top of its huge program of capital investment. Indeed the Plan itself makes that fact quite plain. The tight belt will continue to be fashionable in Russia for a long time to come.

II

THE Russian people know this, and they don't like it. They are accepting it, with some discreet grumbling, because most of them still have an almost religious faith in the wisdom of their leaders. (Those who don't—and I believe they are relatively few—either keep quiet or get sent off for a stretch of "re-education" in one of the political police's labor camps.) If Stalin says that another gruelling period of sweat and privation is necessary—well, he knows best; but nobody except the professional enthusiasts of the Party pretend to be overjoyed about it. Among the ordinary, sore-backed citizens, enthusiasm for the new Five Year Plan appears to be very tepid indeed.

For these people are tired. Ever since 1914 they have been living under the tension of war, or preparation for war. During the past six years, in particular, they have performed miracles of labor and self-sacrifice. Even now in Western Russia, where I was working, they have to go on performing them simply to survive—entirely aside from the extra burden of the new industrialization program.

FOR example, when I met Maria Tretakova she had just finished building a house. She is sixty-three years old, and she built it with her own hands. Her tools were a spade, an axe, and a trowel. Her materials were clay, dug in her own back yard and mixed with straw into a kind of adobe brick, plus a cartload of lumber which she picked out of the rubble heaps along her street. For the roof, the local secretary of the Communist Party helped her get a few strips of tar paper.

It is a good house, as such things are measured these days in the Ukraine. It stands on the east bank of the Dnieper River, among the ruins of what was once the main industrial suburb of Dnepropetrovsk. When the Germans retreated, they blew up its forty-one factories and burned

all but four hundred of its ten thousand homes. Like most of her neighbors, Maria had to live in a dugout for nearly a year, while she put up new walls on the charred foundations of her old cottage.

The new place has two rooms, each about twelve feet square, and a little storm-porch outside the door. When I was there, this porch also served as a woodshed, tool house, and shelter for the family pig, which was penned into one corner with two planks. The furnishings were a brick stove, built into the partition between the rooms, a home-made wooden chest, a stool, and an iron bed which Maria had dug out of the ashes of the district hospital. A gunny-sack was spread beside the bed. On the walls hung an icon —a bright lithograph of the Virgin and Child, with a gilt frame—and a clock which her son brought back from Germany. Five pegs in the wall held the family's spare clothes.

Vassily, the son who got out of the Red Army about the time the house was finished, told me that he hoped to build a table and perhaps a chair if he could find enough wood. Another bed won't be necessary; he sleeps on the stove, and the present bed is big enough for Maria and her daughter, who recently came home from a war factory beyond the Urals. The other two sons won't be coming home.

Maria had whitewashed the walls, inside and out, and still had enough lime left over for one coat on the privy at the far end of her little garden. She kept the packed clay floor swept clean with a twig broom; her kitchenware—a brass teapot and two large tin cans (relics of lend-lease) —was polished to a high shine. Like most Ukrainian women, she naturally is a tidy housekeeper. Moreover, in the last twenty years she has been taught a good deal about "Soviet culture," which mostly means hygiene.

Keeping the place clean was quite a chore, however, because there was no soap. In theory, Maria was entitled to buy a hundred grams—one small cake—of laundry soap each month, but at the time I visited her the local stores had not been able to meet this ration for the last three months. She boiled her laundry with a little soda, when she could get it, or scrubbed it with a special kind of brown clay from the banks of the Dnieper, which is supposed to have some cleansing properties. It must have, because her clothes—a woolen head-shawl, blue-striped cotton shirt, and worn black serge skirt—were fresh enough. She doesn't have to worry about stockings. In summer she goes barefoot; in the winter she wraps her feet with strips of cloth and shoves them into knee-high felt boots.

In place of bath soap, the Tretakova household used the same brown clay, or a mixture of wood ashes with a little sand. Occasionally American toilet soap turns up in the street corner markets—the merchant seamen touching at Odessa trade it for vodka and souvenirs—but it brings as high as eighty-five roubles a cake, which is nearly as much as Vassily can earn in a week.

From the standpoint of privacy, the Tretakova family was better off than most of the Ukraine's city dwellers. In Kiev, least damaged of the big cities, each person was supposed to have six square meters of living space. That means a strip of floor about ten feet long and six feet wide—somewhat larger than a grave—on which to sleep, cook, eat, and store one's possessions. In Kharkov, which lost thirty per cent of its dwellings in the four separate battles for the city, the official allocation was 4.8 square meters. Even these space allotments could not always be met in full, as the thousands of refugees streamed back to their half-ruined towns.

The result is an overcrowding which the average American can hardly imagine. If you really want to know how a typical Ukrainian family lives, pick the smallest room in your house or apartment and move your wife and children into it. Then pack in the beds, spare clothes, and furniture which you regard as absolutely indispensable. Knock off a few chunks of plaster and most of the paint, to simulate the effect of fifteen years of under-maintenance. Scrap the radiators and cooking range, and substitute for both a brick stove which seldom raises the winter temperature much above freezing. Break off the hot water tap in the bathroom, which you will share with several other fami-

lies. Finally, invite your widowed Cousin Sophie and her four youngsters to move in with you for an indefinite period. If things seem a little cramped, console yourself by reflecting that you are still better off than many Russians. I've known cases of four Ukrainian families sharing a single room. That, as one minor Kiev official expressed it, "doesn't make for friendship, or even for decent living."

Even before the war the housing shortage had been bad enough; one hundred and fifty square feet for each person was the best ever achieved in any Ukrainian city, and the average was considerably lower. Now it is causing more discontent, so far as I could judge, than any other single hardship. The authorities were frankly worried. Nikita Khruschev, the political boss of the Ukraine, kept an assortment of tiles, plywood strips, cinder blocks, and similar building material samples spread out on a table in his office, and he fretted constantly about UNRRA's slow delivery of construction equipment. In the end I came to suspect that lack of homes, together with food shortages, might be one of the main reasons for the Kremlin's reluctance to bring its troops back from the occupied countries.

"When the soldiers come home," explained one of my friends, a Party member in a job of considerable responsibility, "they aren't in any mood to be patient and understanding. They've been sleeping in snow and mud for five years, and they won't even listen to explanations about our construction plans for next year. They just say: 'We saved you from the Nazis—now give us some place to live.' When they have to wait, they get restless and some of them become demoralized."

PRESUMABLY it was one of these demoralized young men whom my interpreter and I met one night while we were strolling through the quiet streets to the south of Kiev's central market. (We went walking nearly every night; and if we ever were followed by NKVD plainclothes men, I was not able to detect it. Nor did anyone ever try to prevent us from talking to people on the streets.) We stopped this boy to ask our way, and he walked with us for a few blocks because, he said, "maybe you can tell me how things are in other countries." Also he obviously was eager to tell somebody how things were with him.

Like many Red Army veterans, he was still wearing his uniform with the shoulder-boards and insignia removed. Both of his boots were split open at the toes and he had no hat. His father, a colonel, had been killed, he said, and he himself had been twice wounded. He was not interested in any of the jobs he could find in Kiev—"they barely pay enough for bread"—and he had no home.

"I sleep where I can," he told us. "One night in the railway station, maybe on the floor of a friend's apartment the next. But there are thousands here who are no better off. I guess I ought to hop a freight train to Odessa. I have relatives there who may be willing to give me a place to live. Anyhow, it's warmer than Kiev."

Such foot-loose, maladjusted veterans probably are largely responsible for the postwar crime wave which has plagued Russia as well as the capitalist countries. A whole division of cavalry had to be called into Moscow last winter to help the police put down an epidemic of robberies; and in Kiev I was awakened two or three times a week by the crack of pistol shots in the streets. How much of this nocturnal gunfire came from the police and how much from trigger-happy soldiers on a spree I was never able to determine. It was never mentioned in the papers, since crime—along with such other trivia as fires, automobile accidents, divorces, and weddings—is not considered news in Russia.

III

HUNGER, too, is causing a good deal of open grumbling in the Ukraine. Nobody was actually starving while I was there; few people even look thin. (Most Ukrainian women, in fact, are downright buxom. And either they are naturally endowed with the world's most impressive façades, or the Soviet brassière industry has a great deal to teach its capitalist competitors.) Nevertheless, their diet is meager, unappetizing, and monotonous, even by prewar Russian standards.

If you were a Soviet housewife, you would start your shopping early, both to be

sure of getting some food before the store sold out and because you wouldn't want to get your pay docked for being late to work. Nearly all Russian women work, of course, since it usually is impossible to raise a family on the husband's pay alone, even though such items as rent and medical care cost little or nothing. (The present wage of industrial workers in the Ukraine, as nearly as I could estimate, averages about 300 to 350 roubles a month—roughly $30 to $35 in terms of American purchasing power. The new Five Year Plan aims to raise the average to 500 roubles by 1950.) Nor do the women always work at the genteel indoor jobs which are favored by the less robust and emancipated females of the capitalist world. Quite likely your job would be bricklaying, or grading roads, or shoveling concrete on a construction project. The first gang of Soviet women I saw at work were clearing four inches of packed ice and snow off the Moscow streets. Though the temperature was well below freezing, they were breaking up the ice with crowbars and tossing the chunks into trucks with their bare hands.

You wouldn't have to bother about shopping around, because you could buy your rations only at the one store where your ration-card was registered, along with that of some two thousand other customers living in the neighborhood. Moreover, you could be confident that your store—in this case, let us say, Grocery No. 69 on Pushkin Street in Kiev—would have almost precisely the same stock as all the rest of the city's three hundred ration stores. Except, of course, those shops reserved for the privileged classes—army officers, scientists, teachers, doctors, pregnant women, and important bureaucrats—which have a somewhat wider selection of goods.

At this particular store, which looks much like all the others, you would find the show window nearly filled with a neat pyramid of American powdered milk cans from a recent UNRRA shipment. On top of the pyramid stands a bottle of Crimean champagne, its label a bit fly-specked and faded since it has been used as a window decoration for many months. It costs as much as you can earn in a couple of weeks, and naturally the turnover in such delicacies is rather slow. A colored portrait of Stalin, edged with ruffled crepe paper, leans against the milk cans. It is surrounded by hams, cheeses, and slabs of bacon, all made out of plaster of Paris; their purpose is purely decorative, since such items have long been out of stock.

As you step through the door, you would find yourself in a small room lined on three sides with shelves. Wooden counters in front of these shelves and a cashier's booth are the only furniture. The store is lighted by a single, unshaded forty-watt bulb, and its walls are decorated with large lithographed portraits of Stalin, Molotov, and Mikoyan, the Minister of Foreign Trade. Its staff consists of the manager—a cheerful, stolid middle-aged woman—and four girl clerks. They are all dressed in headshawls, black leather boots, and white jackets like a doctor's uniform. These jackets are clean, because the regulations demand that they be washed every night, and the shop is tidy and well swept. (The sanitary rules are rigidly enforced.) The brightest of the girls sits in the cashier's booth, equipped with an abacus, the Oriental adding machine, and a money box made out of an old U. S. Army K-ration container.

All the shelves along one wall are filled with square, unwrapped loaves of black rye bread, weighing just over two pounds each and priced at ninety kopecks or about nine cents. There also are a few loaves of whole-wheat bread, which sell for twice as much. The rest of the shelves are almost empty, although a few packages of Caucasian tea and a small assortment of U. S. Army rations and powdered milk cans are spread out to make as brave a show as possible. Aside from the tea, all these items have been supplied by UNRRA, which bought them from American army surpluses. In one corner stands a barrel of sauerkraut, and on the counter is a two-gallon can of peanut butter—also with a U. S. quartermaster label—covered with an old copy of *Pravda* to keep out the flies.

You can buy nearly a loaf and a half of bread for the day—eight hundred grams for yourself, since you are a "heavy

worker" on a railway bridge gang, plus six hundred for your husband who has a "light" job on the large bookkeeping staff of the State Planning Commission. You also are entitled to a weekly ration of about a pound and a half of meat and a pound of butter or lard; but you know the store hasn't had any of these for a long time, so as substitutes you get a can of powdered milk and half of an army Ten-in-One ration instead. Finally you buy a few ounces of peanut butter, wrapped in a scrap of paper, and a quart of sauerkraut ladled into the tin can you brought along for this purpose. All of this goes into the string net shopping bag which Russian women habitually carry.

Your dinner tonight, then, will consist mainly of black bread and sauerkraut soup, just like every other dinner for weeks past. If you are an especially ambitious (or hungry) housewife, however, you will stop by the open-air market on your way home from work in hopes of picking up a little extra to piece out your rations.

The market is simply two long rows of plank tables set up in the middle of a cobble-paved square just off the Khreshchatik, Kiev's main street. Farm women are lined up behind the tables, each of them with a few bits of food spread out on a handkerchief or newspaper in front of her. This is their surplus from the little garden plots, usually about an acre, which are assigned to every family on a collective farm. Whatever the family can raise on its privately-held strip it is free to eat, sell, or barter in good capitalist fashion. After she feeds her own household, a thrifty farm wife usually manages to save up something to bring to market once or twice a week—perhaps four eggs, a six-inch hunk of hard sausage, a crock of cucumber pickles, a raw pig's liver, a vodka bottle full of sour milk, a handful of sunflower seed, or a string of garlic.

Whatever it is will fetch a good price, because there are no price ceilings. Although it is perfectly legal, this bazaar is the economic equivalent of a black market. It sops up surplus purchasing power and provides an outlet for goods which are too scarce for successful rationing. Aside from the relatively small UNRRA shipments, it is the city dweller's only source of meats and fats. (There also are a few Gastronoms, or "commercial stores," where the government itself sells such delicacies as caviar and canned crab meat; but their prices are far beyond the reach of the average citizen.) Since the total supply of all kinds of fats—mostly sunflower and linseed oil—averages less than a pound a month per person and meat is even scarcer, the farm women have no trouble in getting 20 roubles for a tenth of a pound of wurst or 50 roubles for a chicken. Even for a medium-sized carp out of the Dnieper River you would have to pay 35 roubles, or the equivalent of $3.50.

But roubles don't interest the Russians nearly as much as barter. As you shoulder your way through the market, you will find that those American cigarettes in your Ten-in-One ration box, or the hard candies, or the envelope of instant coffee will prove your best currency. The chewing gum—which they call "chewing rubber"—baffles the farm women. It doesn't seem very nourishing, and they can't understand why it should be in a military ration; but somebody may swap an egg for a stick of spearmint, just out of curiosity. The little packet of citric acid crystals is practically worthless—one point on which Russians and the American soldier apparently agree. You can, however, trade off the cardboard ration box, its oiled paper lining, and any empty bottles or tin cans you may have on hand. All these things have a well-established market value in the Ukraine.

What the farm women want most, though, is clothes. Most of them are wearing the patched remnants of the dresses which have seen them clear through the war. Some don't even have a dress left. Many a strapping Cossack girl comes to market in a quilted canvas overcoat, buttoned tight over a threadbare cotton undershirt, and a pair of home-made birch-bark sandals. If you can spare an old sweater or a printed rayon scarf which some soldier relative has sent back from Germany, you can trade it for a whole basketful of food or up to two hundred roubles in cash. That apparently was what one old woman had in mind when she

described this market to me as "the place of miracles."

"I earn three hundred roubles a month," she said, "and it costs me twice that to keep my family alive."

She was miraculously closing the gap—temporarily—by selling off her wardrobe a piece at a time. And she added: "We are tired of these hardships."

It was a phrase I heard many times.

IV

The government hears it, too, through the Party officials who serve as its eyes and ears in every village, office, and factory. The men in the Kremlin are quite aware of the weariness, the discontent, and the universal craving for consumers' goods. They also are aware that this discontent is not politically dangerous—at least not yet. The tone of the grumbling is louder but not much different from that of American consumers who are fed up with food shortages and house-hunting; it is not the kind of noise which foreshadows open rebellion.

It does, however, indicate a lethargy, a flagging morale which could slow up considerably the tremendous undertakings of the new Five Year Plan. If it went unchecked, it might conceivably grow into another spasm of that sullen passive resistance which is the characteristic weapon of Slavic peasant peoples and which so nearly wrecked the Bolsheviks' plans in 1920 and again in 1933.

Here, then, is the government's main internal problem: how to keep the tired horse pulling for another ten years on the thinnest possible feed of oats. Nearly everything that is happening inside Russia grows out of this problem and the Party's efforts to find an answer.

One obvious answer, of course, is to show the horse why he can't have more oats. Another is to persuade him that he is getting quite a lot already, and that a whole bagful is waiting just over the next hill. The Party is trying them both.

The first of these tactics, no doubt, is largely responsible for the increasingly fearsome picture of America which is being painted by the Soviet press. Unless the Russian people can be convinced that war is a real and immediate peril, they can hardly be reconciled to giving up the good things of life in order to build a great defense industry. Consequently, they must be told that the United States—obviously the only nation capable of tackling Russia—is becoming dangerously belligerent. Hence the familiar charges in the Russian newspapers that American "reactionaries" are developing atomic energy "not for the good of mankind but to its detriment as an instrument for oppressing and enslaving other peoples," and that the Good Neighbor policy is an imperialistic scheme for welding a "dangerous . . . military and political bloc" in Latin America.

These frightened noises do not necessarily reflect the real views of the Soviet government. Its fears of the United States are actual enough, but they are long-range rather than immediate. It realizes that, for the present at least, American public opinion would never tolerate the use of the atomic bomb in an aggressive war, and that our shrunken army is no longer a serious striking force. The rude language of the Russian press, therefore, may be taken as a rough measure of the Kremlin's troubles at home. If they grow worse, the whooping about the American bogey-man is likely to get just that much louder. We shouldn't take this name-calling too seriously; it is intended almost entirely for internal consumption.

At the same time, the government is trying hard to make the best possible showing with the thin trickle of consumers' goods which it is able to provide. In spite of some favoritism to the wealthy and privileged classes, the distribution of food and clothing is reasonably fair. It is also efficient. One UNRRA shipment of sardines was on sale in retail stores throughout the Ukraine only twelve days after it had landed in Odessa—fast work in any country, and little short of miraculous in an area where the railroads are still half-crippled.

The importance of these UNRRA goods and of whatever imports the Soviets can wring out of the occupied countries is indicated by the lengths to which the government has gone in order to get them. In the case of UNRRA, it made an un-

precedented concession. It agreed to let a group of foreign inspectors travel freely throughout western Russia to watch the distribution of UNRRA supplies, because it could not get them on any other terms. In the occupied countries it has risked cutting its own political throat by its ruthless seizure of "reparations."

To the Russians, "reparations" apparently mean any enemy goods they can lay hands on, from an ice cream factory to German bicycles, radios, wine glasses, sewing machines, cattle, and goose-feather pillows. All these items, and many more, were flowing into the Ukraine in a considerable stream while I was there. In Odessa even the trolley cars still carried the street signs of some Rumanian city. This process clearly is bad politics, since it must be hard to convince a Rumanian or Austrian family of the glories of communism while Red Army men are hauling its furniture out of the house. But it can hardly be called unjust. Even if the Red Army stripped Germany and its satellites bone-naked, it could never make up for all they stole and destroyed within Russia.

Perhaps most significant of all is the fact that in their zone of Germany the Russians have built up certain industries —notably gasoline, synthetic rubber, and optical goods—to an output considerably above the prewar level. In theory, the USSR is committed to razing Germany's war industry; but for the moment it needs the finished products too urgently to bother about such theories.

THE Soviet propaganda machine is making spectacular efforts to cover up the nation's shortcomings in consumers' goods, to persuade the people that they are well off in comparison with the capitalist world, and to assure them that real abundance is just around the corner. It is not always successful.

For example, I was never able to discover a single item in the Russian press—even with the help of Soviet librarians—which gave any hint that UNRRA was pouring two hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of food, clothing, and equipment into the country. Aside from a few brief items about the comings and goings of UNRRA personnel, the organization was mentioned only in three highly critical articles about its handling of displaced persons and its feeding of "reactionaries" in Greece and Italy. The government obviously is reluctant to admit that it needs outside help to feed its people.

Yet the Ukrainians knew very well where their UNRRA food was coming from, simply because they saw American labels on every can and K-ration box. Moreover, they were obviously grateful. Time after time UNRRA representatives were stopped in the streets by some shopper who asked that her thanks be passed on "to our friends, the American people." Indeed, the United States got more than its fair share of credit for UNRRA supplies, since goods from most other countries—such as Indian tea, West African cocoa, and Australian blankets—were shipped in bulk, and could not readily be identified on the store shelves. Consequently, most Russians thought UNRRA was purely American. (It might be overoptimistic, however, to conclude that the resulting good will has any great practical value. I was unable to find any evidence that the views of the ordinary Soviet citizen had the slightest effect on the Kremlin's foreign policy.)

Similarly, the press insistently assures the Russians that they are the happiest people on earth. As Paul Winterton, one of the most careful students of Soviet life, has expressed it, they have been "deliberately hoodwinked" into believing "that in the wretched bourgeois states all but a privileged few live in miserable conditions of unemployment and poverty." Nearly all news of America, for example, is carefully selected to give an unrelieved picture of strikes, racial persecution, and merciless exploitation of the toiling masses. As a result, one relatively well-informed Communist was franky incredulous when I told him that during the war OPA had been pretty successful in protecting tenants against unlimited rent increases, and another refused to believe that Negroes were permitted to attend American public schools. The few current American books translated into Russian are chosen to back up this impression. John Steinbeck, Sinclair Lewis, Theodore Dreiser, William Faulkner, and Upton Sinclair are al-

most the only modern American writers who are widely known in the USSR, and the reader naturally concludes that the United States is peopled almost entirely by Babbitts and Okies.

Nevertheless, some doubts manage to creep in. Whenever a Russian looks at a Dodge or Studebaker lend-lease truck, he can't help but see that they are better than anything coming out of Soviet factories. Moreover, he looks at them often, since they make up a good half of the road transport; and he may wonder how a "decadent" country manages to build such a lot of undecadent trucks. In addition, a surprising number of Russian soldiers met American troops somewhere along the Elbe or in Czechoslovakia, and found that they did not look quite like downtrodden proletarians.

The worst leakage of all occurred when the Red Army moved into Germany and the Balkans. The troops then discovered that even in fascist countries almost everything from plumbing to women's underwear was more luxurious than anything they had ever seen. The result was a popeyed hankering for the fleshpots which all the efforts of Soviet propaganda have not been able to counteract entirely.

V

All this makes it doubly necessary for the government to convince its people that their own supply of consumers' goods is increasing rapidly, and that if they will only be patient a little longer everybody will have an abundance. Nearly every Soviet newspaper is heavily larded with articles about the rising production of boots, textiles, and furniture, and schemes for still further increases under the Five Year Plan.

Some of these gains are tangible enough. Stalin has promised to end bread rationing some time this year. Such luxuries as buttons, safety pins, lipstick, and costume jewelry stamped out of plastic are becoming less rare. The commercial stores, where goods are sold without ration tickets, cut their prices this summer about forty per cent. A pair of men's shoes can now be bought for $81, for the cheapest grade, or $160 for the best. Silk stockings cost only $12 a pair, men's suits range from $160 to $400, and gingham dresses sell for as little as $30. Moreover, similar items sometimes are available at the ration stores, in limited quantities, at still more reasonable prices.

In one material respect—and, so far as I could discover, only one—the Soviet worker actually is better off than he would be in America. He gets medical care absolutely free any time he needs it. The quality may not be first-class, since Russian doctors get less schooling than their American counterparts, and wherever the Germans penetrated, the supply of drugs and equipment is still sadly short. If you went to the Kremenchug hospital, for instance, you would have to bring your own bedclothes, you would find the X-ray laboratory still in ruins, and your surgeon might have to wait his turn for a pair of rubber gloves. Yet all the doctors I met impressed me as earnest, intelligent, and enthusiastic, and there were plenty of them, even in rural areas. Most villages—in contrast with American small towns—have some kind of hospital or maternity home. As a result, the peasant undoubtedly gets more medical attention than the average American farmer, and he never has to worry about being bankrupted by some unexpected illness. Perhaps it is not altogether accurate, however, to describe medical care strictly as a service for consumers. In the eyes of the government, manpower is primarily an element of military strength, and keeping it healthy is a matter of military priority, much like the maintenance of tanks.

At first glance, the Five Year Plan's targets for consumers' goods look quite impressive. Farm production is to be increased 27 per cent; the number of automobiles in service will be doubled by 1950; 85 million square meters of living space will be built or repaired; and the total volume of retail trade is to rise 28 per cent above the prewar level. Through the rosy lenses of the Soviet press, this looks like an impending avalanche of everything a man could want.

A closer examination of the Plan, however, leads to more somber conclusions. The housing program will provide con-

siderably less than one square yard of additional living space for each Russian citizen—a scant relief for the present overcrowding. A doubling of the number of automobiles will give the USSR a total stock which is only a fraction of Detroit's output in a single year, and virtually all of that must be allocated to the bureaucracy, the trucking services, and the army. Private cars will continue to be almost unknown. Food supplies should be adequate by 1950, at least in starches. But when it comes to such items as meats, fish, sugar, confectionery, wool and cotton fabrics, and footwear, the Plan goes suddenly vague; it merely says that "the marketable stocks . . . shall be greater in 1950 than in 1940." It does promise, though, that "the assortment and finish of fabrics, garments, knitted goods, and footwear must be definitely improved." Even after that 28 per cent increase in retail trade is accomplished, the USSR will have a far smaller flow of commodities than that of any Western country, with the possible exception of Germany and Austria. It will merely raise living standards from the extreme sacrifices of war to a barely tolerable peacetime level.

VI

It is too early to argue that the Kremlin is wrong in imposing another decade or more of hardship and self-denial on the Russian people. If another war does come, these hardships would be a small price to pay for survival. If there is no war, then the heavy industry which is being built at such cost might eventually be turned to producing the good things of life. In that case, the next generation of Russians may enjoy a really substantial rise in living standards.

This policy, however, has two important consequences for the rest of the world.

First of all, it makes impossible the early growth of democracy in the USSR. The Russian people had no real part in making the policy; and neither they nor any other people would tolerate it for a moment if they had a decisive voice in their government. However wise and far sighted it may prove to be, it is a policy which can be maintained only by a dictatorship, armed with an effective political police and propaganda machine.

In the second place, it means that the Soviet people must be kept isolated. If they were allowed to mix with foreigners on any large scale, the contrast between the two standards of living would become impossible to conceal. Once even ten per cent of the Russians learned the truth about the outside world, the government's propaganda would lose its power, and discontent might well get out of hand. Hence only the most trusted Party members can be exposed to the seductive luxuries of the free world, and every American magazine, with its advertisements of electric iceboxes and vacuum cleaners, must be regarded as a subversive influence.

Moreover, if the rest of the world got a good look at Russia, the Communists would lose one of their most useful weapons —the legend that the Soviet Union is The Worker's Paradise. The Kremlin may have the best of reasons for keeping its subjects on short rations, but the example is not likely to make converts abroad. Therefore, newspaper correspondents must be kept immured in the Metropole Hotel; their dispatches must be filtered through the tightest kind of censorship; and visitors can be admitted only under the careful shepherding of Intourist.

This means that the wall between Russia and the rest of the world—with all the mistrust and suspicion which it entails—will stand for a long time. It is not merely a Slavic whim, which can be charmed away by lectures about free speech and the need for mutual understanding. It is an essential part of Soviet policy—an indispensable protection for its new series of Five Year Plans.

We might do well, then, to get over our attitude of hurt surprise and learn to work with Russia as best we can on these terms. It will save a lot of disappointment if we accept the fact that for the next ten years or so, "mutual understanding" between the ordinary Russians and other people is one thing which the Kremlin simply cannot afford.

Soviet politicians and bureaucrats will be discussed in a concluding article by Mr. Fischer next month.

THE VETERANS MAKE THEIR CHOICE

SAM STAVISKY

EVERYBODY has been wondering for years how the veterans of World War II would organize after the war. Now this question is being answered. And the answer is that they are making a conservative choice. The bulk of the GI's who are joining anything at all are *not* going into organizations set up by themselves and reflecting from the outset their own desires and opinions, but into organizations founded by their fathers and grandfathers—the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Out of all the little veterans' groups which have sprung up during the past two or three years specifically for the soldiers and sailors of 1941–45, only two have risen to national prominence. These are the American Veterans of World War II (familiarly known as Amvets) and the American Veterans Committee (AVC for short). They speak with a loud voice and what they say carries weight. But between them they represent, so far, only some 150,000 GI's in and out of the service—while some 2,000,000 have joined the Legion and more than 1,500,000 have enrolled in the even older Veterans of Foreign Wars. The contrast is striking. For every GI who has cast his lot with either Amvets or AVC, *over twenty* have flocked round the banners of one or the other of these senior organizations.

Why? Not because they have been able, as yet, to take control of either the Legion or the VFW. For although already they constitute seventy per cent of the Legion's membership and eighty per cent of VFW's, they are such recent recruits that so far they have gained only a small and indirect influence upon the shaping of policy. The reason for their choice is fairly obvious: as successful going concerns the Legion and the VFW offer services, clubhouses, experience, legislative leadership, and tradition.

Particularly on the grass-roots level, the Legion and the VFW, with more than 21,000 posts between them, are prepared to help the new veterans in their problems of readjustment. The old organizations know how to file for pensions and other claims; they have influence in finding jobs, welfare committees to lend a helping hand to comrades in need, clubhouses for fraternal and social gatherings (including drinks on Sunday), and rituals, uniforms, parades.

The American Legion alone figures its physical assets to be worth around $200,000,000. "We're willing to give that all to the veterans of World War II, together with the benefit of our experience and guidance," said Edward N. Scheiberling, 1945 national commander. Most Legion leaders agree with him.

For nearly a year Mr. Stavisky has been covering veterans' affairs in Washington and elsewhere for the Washington Post. *He was honorably discharged from the Marine Corps in 1945.*

But that does not mean that the new veteran takes over the Legion for free. He has to pay a price, and will continue to have to. In taking the oath of membership in the Legion, or the VFW, the new veteran swears to uphold their traditions. Thus he takes over their wheel-ruts in the past and their guideposts to the future, and gives up his own ideas.

AMVETS and AVC, on the other hand, though they have little or no services to offer, few or no clubhouses, and little or no influence in getting jobs for their members, offer veterans the rich opportunity of striking out for themselves, unfettered by sacred traditions.

The Amvets, an amalgamation of independently formed organizations, has been hewing a middle-of-the-road course, equally cautious about veering right or left. AVC has no such timidity. From the start, it stepped off left of center. It is articulate, outspoken, and often truculent. Still, AVC's ardor and fanfare haven't attracted any more World War II veterans than Amvets' prudence and moderation.

The elder organizations have only recently condescended to recognize Amvets as a little brother in their midst, and have invited it to participate in discussions with the Legion, VFW, and Disabled American Veterans (smallest of the "Big Three"). But no such avuncular arm has been placed around the squirming shoulders of the loud and lusty AVC.

Officially, the high command of the Big Three ignores the existence and activities of the AVC. In fact, it does not accept the AVC as a genuine veterans' organization, arguing that it violates tradition by accepting into its ranks former members of the merchant marine. Unofficially, the Legion and VFW leaders consider the AVC a pain in the neck, but believe that its heretical ideas will have little influence either on the bulk of veterans or on their traditional lobby organizations.

Nevertheless, the Legion and VFW are annoyed when their affirmative chorus on any issue evokes a stentorian "No" from the callow AVC. They were disturbed when AVC made a "veterans' issue" out of OPA and price control, which neither of the older organizations recognized as a "veterans' problem." And they are actually horrified when the AVC seeks to obtain the same job-preference for the former merchant mariner as the Legion and VFW obtained for the armed forces veteran.

II

THERE are some who express the opinion, off the record but nonetheless vehemently, that AVC is Communist-inspired, that it was created as a wedge in the united front of veterans' organization. They cite AVC's opposition to the bonus, to the peacetime draft, to the closed-door immigration policy, and to the House Un-American Activities Committee.

In this they are wrong. AVC is definitely not Commie, nor is it a fellow-traveler. Its goals and purposes are as American as those of President Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie. Its members are veterans who demand a genuine democracy and a decent, abundant life for all citizens rather than benefits and privileges for themselves.

At its recent constitutional convention in Des Moines the American Veterans Committee welded into a liberal, hard-hitting platform the principles which its founders first promulgated more than two years ago. The convention made short shrift of peglerized charges that AVC was run by Communist party-liners. The very preamble to its constitution states that members are pledged to preserve the Constitution of the United States, and "to maintain full production and full employment . . . under a system of private enterprise in which business, labor, agriculture, and government co-operate."

Not only that, but there are planks in AVC's platform which are in direct opposition to the (current) party line. Examples: urging extension of selective service until American military commitments are fulfilled; supporting the Baruch report on the atom bomb and on the veto power in the United Nations Security Council; calling for the expulsion of Argentina from the United Nations; backing the loan to Britain.

There are Commies and fellow-travelers in AVC—just as there are in almost any liberal movement. The convention at Des

Moines, however, demonstrated that they are few in number and weak in influence.

There was surprisingly little opposition by the delegates to accepting former members of the merchant marine into the organization. Some members had asked, "What is to prevent the fellow-traveler elements of the maritime unions from joining en masse and taking over AVC?" But apparently the delegates saw little real danger of any such infiltration.

Reporters who covered the AVC convention agreed that it offered an exemplary demonstration of democracy in action. Through three days and nights, the delegates had their full say on every issue. There were no hand-picked candidates, no steam-rollered resolutions, no parliamentary stratagems to confuse opposition. The delegates ran the convention, not the founders and leaders who had been running the outfit in its developmental stage. For the delegates there was not only unlimited freedom of speech, but unlimited freedom of the press. A mimeographing station was set up in the central convention hotel, and any delegate with a cause or a candidate had free use of its services. More than a half million pieces of literature were thus printed and distributed. And there was no revelry, no horseplay, no drunken brawling.

But there was plenty of argument, particularly over the selection of permanent leaders. Not over the chairmanship, to be sure; with but one dissenting vote, the delegates gave permanent status to their temporary chairman, twenty-six-year-old Charles Bolté, an eloquent speaker and prolific writer, who lost a leg fighting with the British at El Alamein. (There are some old-line veterans' leaders who regard Bolté as a "furriner" because he got into the war and became disabled before the Japs had struck at Pearl Harbor.) But all the other candidates had strong competition, with the delegates breaking up into two factions which for headline purposes were described by reporters as "moderates" and "extremists."

The "moderates" in AVC are actually the founders who conceived AVC and the leaders who carried on during the period of growth and development, such as Bolté, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., and Oren Root, Jr., one-time president of the Associated Willkie Clubs. The "extremists" include the handful of Communists and fellow-travelers, but are chiefly made up of those AVC members who feel that the "moderate" leaders have not acted vigorously enough. There was no dispute over principles or planks—only over their implementation. The delegates elected a National Planning Committee made up of two-thirds "moderates" and one-third "extremists."

BEFORE the AVC delegates left Des Moines, they outlined what they mean by "Citizens First, Veterans Second."

On international issues, this slogan translates itself into strong support for the United Nations and for the development of world government; food rationing in the United States to alleviate world famine; loans to war-damaged nations; and the elimination of cartels.

On domestic issues, the platform calls for the restoration of wartime controls to obtain ample, low-cost housing; the immediate passage of the Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill; a minimum wage of seventy-five cents an hour; support for organized labor and opposition to compulsory arbitration; the creation of more TVA's; the "streamlining" of Congress; and opposition to Jim Crowism.

All the major veterans' organizations avow non-discrimination but AVC practices what it preaches and is willing, if necessary, to lose the entire South in order to implement this principle. (During the convention, delegates quickly formed a picket line in protest when a café refused to serve a Negro delegate. Within fifteen minutes the police arrived—and arrested the café manager for violation of a state anti-discrimination statute.)

The delegates adopted a resolution to make the battle to save OPA and price control its Number One domestic plank. Then they went home to engage in the fight—prepared to initiate a nationwide one-hour work stoppage as a protest against inflation.

NEARLY three years after five veterans, corresponding with each other from

the foxholes of the world battlefields, founded AVC, the American Veterans Committee has now become a functioning organization. Today, AVC has 75,000 members; its goal is 1,000,000 members by next year.

Can it ever become gigantic, like the Legion or the VFW? Today it is made up mainly of liberals from the intellectual or labor fields. Can this nucleus attract to AVC the masses of veterans who will be needed to give the organization strength of numbers?

This is the big question for AVC—and perhaps for the country, too.

It is not likely that AVC will ever grow as large as the Legion (over 3,000,000) or the VFW (1,750,000). Indeed, it is likely to remain a comparatively small outfit of several hundred thousand. But so long as it continues to be loud, and lusty, and forward in its convictions, AVC will serve to stimulate, irritate, and leaven the thinking of the nation and its communities.

III

THE Amvets (American Veterans of World War II), with some 75,000 members, seems more likely than the AVC to become the spokesman for the bulk of the veterans of World War II, because of the cautious, conservative, middle-of-the-road course it follows. Amvets lacks the crusading spirit and hyperthyroid activity of AVC on the national level, though on a local basis it has fought for issues and made itself felt.

It is a different kind of outfit altogether from the AVC, whose founders framed a platform and rallied around it those who shared their views. Amvets is a mutual association of individual veterans' units, composed of men whose common bond was simply that they had served in World War II and wanted nothing to do with the Legion or the VFW. It was natural for these small units to coalesce for protection and strength. But while a general set of principles has been adopted, the direction in which Amvets will go is still to be decided. The leaders feel they ought to organize first, then let the membership decide what course to take.

Amvets traces its history back to the autumn of 1943, when three small Washington (D. C.) veterans' organizations combined to form the American Veterans of World War II. In September of 1944, this group met with eight others at Kansas City to create a national organization. The delegates voted ten to eight to call the amalgamated organization American Veterans of World War II as against American Liberators (a name urged by West Coast delegates); and the short and popular designation, Amvets, was coined by a reporter who covered the meeting.

It was not until the first representative convention was held in the fall of 1945 that Amvets really got going as a national organization and established, for the time being, its general course: strictly down the middle of the road.

As if to prove its moderation, the convention refused to rename as executive secretary Brigadier General H. C. Holdridge, feeling that the unconventional general, who recently received nationwide publicity when he attacked West Point as the seat of anti-democracy in the Army, was too left of center for them. At the same time, the convention turned thumbs down on an anti-union resolution presented by the powerful Texas delegation, despite the Texans' threat to bolt. Amvets just did not want to take any move indicating a turn to the right.

Further, the convention elected as its first national commander a dead-center middle-of-the-roader, forty-year-old Jack Hardy, a Los Angeles attorney and industrial relations adviser.

After his election Hardy held one press conference, said what he had to say, and then dug into the job of building a united organization out of a coalition. But although he is not a pop-off, Hardy has the courage to stick his chin out when the occasion calls for it. Only recently, appearing as a guest of the newly formed Maryland Veterans of World War II, an independent outfit clamoring for a state bonus, Hardy was asked to speak. He did —against the bonus.

"What I am going to say is not in keeping with the spirit of this meeting . . . but I feel I must," Hardy told the bonus seekers. "We have a bigger job to do here

at home than we had overseas. We have a damned sick country. Our job is to make it the kind of a country we thought we were fighting for, and now is no time to be thinking of grabbing while the grabbing is good. . . .

"What we want is jobs for everybody and the chance to earn a living. There are 140,000,000 people in this country. All of them are not veterans. This country has to be run for all the people in it and the only way to do so is for everybody to work."

Amvets has not expressed itself on as many and varied topics as AVC. One reason is its go-slow approach. Another is Commander Hardy's refusal to be baited into taking sides on an issue until he has had time to learn what it's all about. Yet Amvets was as quick as AVC in getting behind the Wyatt housing program, whereas VFW did so only reluctantly and under great pressure, and the Legion dodged the issue altogether. Amvets has also declared itself for the long-range Wagner-Ellender-Taft housing bill, and for extension of OPA controls.

Most AVC members consider Amvets a too slow-moving organization, but it may well be that the old fable of the tortoise and the hare will be re-enacted by these two World War II groups. Like AVC, Amvets wants a better America to live in, but it is not yet sure how that goal can best be attained. Amvets will move forward slowly—but steadily. Its second convention in November will give a better indication of where the outfit is headed.

IV

Among the older organizations, the Disabled American Veterans, formed after the last war, stands in a special classification, for it limits its membership to veterans who have suffered service-connected disabilities. Its influence is felt in legislation affecting the disabled and their dependents. The membership is around 100,000 today, half from the second World War.

DAV sticks fairly closely to strictly veterans' issues, and usually follows the lead of the American Legion. Dow Walker, national commander and a prominent Legionnaire, figures that ninety per cent of the DAV members are also members of the Legion. For the most part, DAV is a service organization for its own members.

The Veterans of Foreign Wars, second largest of the old-line "Big Three," has produced the biggest surprise in the whole current scene by mushrooming phenomenally from a membership of less than 250,000 before Pearl Harbor to 1,750,000 today. This amazing growth has puzzled veterans' leaders generally and VFW leaders specifically. The truth is that the VFW leaders can't figure out what is bringing in the World War II veterans by the hundreds of thousands, when after the first World War they came in only by the hundreds.

Several reasons can be advanced for VFW's tremendous upsurge, though none of them really explains the situation. In the first place, VFW is a distinctive organization in that it is open only to men who served on the high seas or on foreign soil, and also admits no women. In the second place, VFW leaders made deliberate plans to expand after this war, whereas they fumbled around after World War I. Third, VFW kept a well-publicized fight going with the War and Navy departments for a system of stateside furloughs for men overseas, and thus, in some measure, stood out as the champion of the combat GI. And as soon as hostilities were over, VFW came out for a World War II bonus, maximum $5,000, based on length and type of service.

Another more subtle reason for the sensational expansion is that many GI's shied away from the American Legion and felt, rightly or wrongly, that the VFW would give them equal service and a warmer welcome.

Actually, the Veterans of Foreign Wars is grounded in principles that differ only in detail from those of the Legion. On virtually every major issue, the two organizations see eye to eye. For example, both are for universal military training, stringent limitations on immigration, terminal leave pay for enlisted men, more benefits for more veterans. However, the more forward looking VFW leadership and the astuteness of its Washington legislative representative, Omar B. Ketchum,

former mayor of Topeka and AFL organizer, has warded off the anti-union brush with which the Legion has been tarred (although the Legion has more than a hundred labor posts).

Formed as long ago as 1899, by a dissident group of Spanish-American War Veterans, the VFW has prided itself on being a rank and file organization, made up of the little people. This has been largely true; few of its leaders have become national figures, as have those of the Legion. Outstanding among VFW's commanders has been a firebrand orator, Jimmy Van Zandt of Pennsylvania, twice national commander-in-chief and twice elected to Congress before joining up for the second war. It was Van Zandt who revived the VFW by starting the long fight for the bonus, although it took the power and prestige of the Legion to put it over.

The forty-sixth convention of the VFW, held in Chicago in the fall of 1945, failed to elect a World War II member to high national office, not because of any unwillingness to recognize the new members, but because the war had so recently ended that the VFW leaders were caught unprepared. An effort was made by some leaders to get a World War II man elected junior vice-commander, two years away from the commander's post—but there was no safe and sure candidate, and by the time this drive got under way, the regional caucuses had already pledged their votes otherwise.

This was unlucky for the VFW, because the press and radio interpreted the collapse of the boom for a World War II high office holder as a deliberate snub. It wasn't; the old-timer delegates were just confused. As it was, their reluctance to jump with the wind proved correct. Milling, unorganized World War II delegates, meeting in spontaneous "caucuses," soon found themselves backing a "natural leader" who proved to be tied up to various and sundry super-nationalist organizations. The enthusiastic young delegates learned of their candidate's background at the last minute, and dropped him like a live grenade.

Strangely, the VFW did not appear to suffer unduly from the unfavorable publicity. It kept on growing fast. Veterans not only joined, but kept demanding services—a good omen. In fact, more veterans were demanding service of VFW than of any other organization. Red Cross tabulations show that 811,000 GI's passing through separation centers in 1945 turned over their powers of attorney for the handling of claims to various welfare and veterans' organizations; about half of them turned to VFW.

But the VFW leaders are worried about tomorrow. Not knowing for sure why the World War II men flocked in, they can't be sure whether they will stay in. So far at least, the leaders have not shown themselves capable of taking full advantage of the organization's incredible growth.

V

THROUGH weight of numbers and unity of purpose, the American Legion has been a major influence throughout the past quarter of a century, not only in the making of veterans' legislation, but in the shaping of national policy as well. Over three million strong, the Legion today is at the zenith of its power and prestige. There is nothing mysterious about the fact that millions of the young veterans are joining the Legion: it is an institution physically worth $200,000,000; it holds recognized leadership among the veterans' organizations; and it has a "God and country" tradition.

Legion leaders say that the future of the Legion is—or will soon be—in the hands of its new members, but the change is likely to be in terms of faces rather than of ideas. For World War II veterans who think along the same lines as the older members are being selected and seasoned for important posts, locally, on the state level, and nationally. Only a revolution within the ranks can change the course, so straight and deep, that the organization has furrowed. It can be predicted with assurance that the Legion tomorrow will act like the Legion yesterday. This may pain the Legion's critics and detractors, but the Legion's strength emanates from its policies of the past.

As in any organization that becomes an institution, Legion leadership stems from a

small behind-the-scenes group of "kingmakers" and "policy makers," who like Tammany chieftains retain power by pledging and swapping votes and favors. The kingmakers have thus handpicked most of the Legion's commanders, though now and then a candidate not of their choice is elected to the high office on the basis of his individual prestige and personality. In that case, the kingmakers dump their own candidate and jump on the winning bandwagon.

Theoretically, and generally, the Legion high command acts in accordance with the mandates of Legion conventions. But long before the convention meets, the kingmakers have selected the new slates and the policy makers have decided the issues. Such a system is no more undemocratic than the methods of election in a large part of the United States. But while leadership—and guidance—come from the top, the Legion's power derives from its huge membership in 14,000 posts, and the men who run it must therefore be responsive to the feelings and attitudes of those members. The truth is that the Legion's leaders pretty well represent the views of its members.

That is why Commander John Stelle, former governor of Illinois, had to backtrack on his personal attack on General Omar N. Bradley and his operation of the Veterans Administration last winter. The Legion executive committee, which decides policy between conventions, got together at a special meeting and backed up Stelle's charge of VA inefficiency and delay, but added that no one had anything but nice things to say about General Bradley. The Stelle affair, by the way, did not adversely affect Legion membership, and may even have contributed to the Legion's membership boom.

The activities of the Legion are felt in every community of America. Particularly in the small towns, it is intimately tied up with local affairs, covering every age group. The organization keenly believes it is a true cross section of America. Recently a Legion publication declared editorially:

"To question the motives or ideals of the Legion's combined thinking is to question the fundamental principles of America."

And the Legion is ever vigilant and willing to fight for these aims—whether for the perpetuation of the Dies committee or for universal military training. The Legion, further, considers itself the guardian of Americanism. Critics charge that the Legion's Americanism is too narrow; too much bingo and much too jingo. But Legion advocates will tell you that having fought for the country, they have a right to decide what is good for it.

THE Legion holds its origin in a conversation between Teddy Roosevelt, Jr. and a wounded doughboy in France. With the first World War over, the AEF lent a willing hand in the formation of the new organization as an antidote for falling morale among the occupation troops. Organization was completed in the States, and Congress granted a charter to The American Legion in September 1919.

Since then the Legion has fallen heir to the mantle of the Grand Army of the Republic as the chief spokesman for the veteran. It has agitated for, fought for, and obtained most of the veterans' legislation on the statute books today, and rightly considers the so-called GI Bill of Rights its finest handiwork to date. The Legion, together with the other veteran organizations, did a truly great service to the GI's of this war in preparing a readjustment cushion for their return to civilian life—something the veterans of former wars did not have awaiting them.

After the first World War the Legion got a black eye from strike-breaking activities by some of its members, wearing Legion uniforms, in some parts of the country; and after this past war, the Legion got another shiner when an Oregon post dishonored a Nisei hero because of his lineage. But let it not be forgotten that the Legion has done many good works and is justly proud of them. Child welfare, baseball for the young, rehabilitation for veterans, Americanism classes for the foreign born, participation in civic accomplishment are but part of the picture. The national organization this year laid out half a million dollars for rehabilitation work, another half million for child welfare.

Within a year after the first World War,

the Legion ran its membership up to nearly a million. No World War II organization has come anywhere near that mark.

There was quite a fight among the World War I Legionnaires over whether or not to take the World War II veterans in. But once that question was decided, the Legion went all out to make it *the* organization for them. And preparations are now being made for the transition to leadership by the younger men. Last fall, although hardly a peep was heard out of the World War II delegates at the Legion convention, two carefully selected candidates from among the new veterans were elected vice-commanders. This fall a "retread"—veteran of both wars—is slated for election to the commandership. And soon thereafter the top post will go to a World War II man.

Anchored in tradition, well supplied with funds, serving as a springboard to political office, and deeply rooted in the community life of the nation, the Legion is certain to hold a high and influential place in the destiny of the nation for many years to come.

THE voice of the organized veteran is still, today, as it's been in the past, chiefly a demand for benefits, privileges, and special rights. But there are 15,000,000 veterans coming out of World War II, most of whom have not yet joined any veterans' organization. With their families they will represent one-third to one-half of the nation. So that anything which affects them will affect the nation; and anything which affects the nation will affect them.

The AVC understands this thoroughly. Amvets understands it too, but not so clearly. Most World War II veterans, I believe, have at least a vague notion of it. There, in the latent strength of the World War II veteran, whose full voice is yet to be heard, lies the hope of national security and world peace.

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Bernadine Custer

HONOR

A Story

HERMANN KESTEN

MY FATHER was seventeen years old when he left the beautiful town of Düsseldorf and traveled to Odessa. He swam on Sundays in the Black Sea and learned the egg business from Monday until Saturday. The egg business is seasonal, speculative, and fundamentally dependent on the sexual urge of chickens.

Faster than the egg business my father learned the Russian language. All his life he was a bad business man. When he died in a field hospital in Lublin in January 1918, as a corporal in the service of his Emperor, he had forgotten his children altogether—he was through with them, through with my sisters, and I, his only son, his scion and heir, so to speak, who was called upon to continue his civil existence, I too had faded from his memory. I cried a lot when my mother told me; what chiefly made me cry was the fact that my father had completely forgotten me before his death. How could he forget me? I had loved him so infinitely.

My mother told me later: a telegram of the military authorities had called her to my father's bedside when it was already certain that his life could not be saved. At that time, half an hour before death, my father talked to my mother about a book. He had no fever. But time seemed to have vanished from his memory. He was lying in a hospital barracks where a hundred patients wallowed in dirt and among fleas, where men stank and moaned, nurses were gruff and physicians brutal. My father no longer saw this. He had forgotten twenty years of his life. His wife, to him, seemed to be the bride of twenty years back. And suddenly he continued a conversation which they had begun twenty years earlier, as an engaged couple, when they had been reading books together—Heine, Tolstoy, Spinoza, Lessing, and the *Secrets of Paris*.

For eight days my mother had stayed with my dying father, eight days and eight nights in a stinking field hospital in Poland, and my father had forgotten everything, his children, his money, his fatherland, the province of Alsace-Lorraine which in his opinion was indispensable to Germany's existence, and the egg business which the war had largely eliminated. For eight days and eight nights my father talked only of books and, shamelessly, of the memories of his marital nights. This had remained of a human existence: the remembrance of books and cohabitation.

When I heard it at the time, I was shocked amidst my suffering. By now, I myself have discovered that cohabitation is a comfort in many a desperate situation. Of books I am inclined to think less. I am writing books myself now, and I do not believe that I would think of books before my death. Nor, on the other hand, do I believe that I should be as bad a business man as my father was. I think that before death I should think about the egg business rather than about the book busi-

ness. The thought of the egg business strikes me as such a cheerful thought.

But I was going to tell about my father, and about Odessa and about honor.

My father was seventeen years old, did not know any Latin, and thought highly of honor. When he read the words, "Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation," he always started to cry.

On a mild Sunday in May and with the daughter of his boss, my seventeen-year-old father walked through the main street of Odessa. The daughter of his boss was also seventeen years old, wore her hair short, studied at the high school, and was a member of a revolutionary students' organization. She was a Jewess and wore a blue skirt and a red blouse with half-long sleeves. Altogether, my father told me, this had looked very pretty. It was three weeks since they had kissed each other for the first time, on the stairs leading to the attic of the sprawling house in which my father lived with the boss and his family.

One evening, the daughter had come into the store room where my father was standing alone before a box of eggs and holding them up singly to the light of a candle, to see whether they were rotten or spotted. My father, still holding an egg in his hand, had looked up and the daughter had looked at him and said, "Feel how my heart beats!"

And my father dropped the egg to the ground, where it ran out, and felt the daughter's heart. Since then, he and the daughter had been kissing. I can no longer name the young lady, for my father said he had forgotten how she called herself; he only remembered the blue skirt, the red blouse with the half-long sleeves, and his feelings after the first kiss.

It was now Sunday afternoon, in March, and they were walking through the streets of Odessa. The sky was of that cool blue which makes men good and glad. There was the smell of spring and the sea in the air. As they walked side by side, the daughter and my father touched each other's fingers. Around them were milling crowds. The owners of the estates near the city sat in open carriages, riding through the streets in their long frock coats and with their heavy beards; their horses were brown and fat; their wives were black-haired and luscious; their daughters sat next to the swelling mothers and smiled promisingly.

There were Turks and Armenians to be seen in the streets, Jews and Poles, Ukrainians, gentlemen from St. Petersburg, peasants, officers, sailors, and beautiful peasant women from the vicinity.

My father and the daughter of his boss walked, looked, and were happy. Suddenly, fate struck at a corner of the street. Fate always seems to be sudden and to love corners.

A cavalry lieutenant in the company of some young officers swiftly rounded the corner and vehemently ran into my father. The cavalry lieutenant, a man of nearly twenty, with the shoulders of a classical Hercules statue, went red in the face, gulped for fury, could not utter a word, felt that he looked ridiculous, grew embarrassed and accordingly beside himself, and pushed my father, seconds earlier an almost happy youth of seventeen, rudely and finally able to speak, screamed at him: "Are you blind, you water-carrier?"

One has to know that in those days and in that region the benefits of a far-flung water distribution system were still lacking. The times were probably uncivilized—and we all know the uncivilized countries over there! Today, of course, they have canalization and the other cultural advantages over there, too, so that we can hardly enjoy the superiority of our civilization to the full. Today, Negroes no longer believe in God.

But then, in the good old days, there were wells. You went there with buckets, drew water, and pantingly carried it home. Still, even then there was a kind of civilization, if a poor one barely deserving the name. It showed itself in the fact that there were professional water-carriers who at regular hours, in exchange for a few kopecks, carried water into the kitchens. They, of course, were crude and uneducated men, lazy, stubborn, savage—a low and somewhat incomprehensible breed of its own.

My father could have taken the lieutenant's push. That he called him a water-

carrier, however, was so unbearable to my father's adolescent sense of honor that he, the youngest assistant of an egg dealer and a frail young man to boot, hauled off and struck the cavalry lieutenant, a handsome youth, a young Count Troubetzkoy, in the face.

If the daughter had not tearfully thrown herself between them, the young count would have been hampered in his career. For naturally he would have been transferred, certainly into some little provincial village in the Caucasus—because a slap, after all, could not otherwise be answered than by drawing his sword and cutting my father down. Since it was Sunday afternoon on the crowded promenade, a punitive transfer of the count would have been hardly avoidable.

As it was, baffled by the loudly crying girl, the lieutenant hesitated for a minute, and his friends had time to step in and call a policeman, so that everything turned out for the best. For the daughter, in consequence of the swiftly made acquaintance of Lieutenant Alexis Troubetzkoy, entered into closer relations with him, bore a child a year later, was kicked out of her father's house in disgrace, found friends in every street, and subsequently lived in Switzerland and died in 1926 as the widow of the well-known Parisian industrialist, Gaston P.

MY FATHER, however, was taken straight from the Sunday afternoon to jail, where he languished for three days and nights and, except for some kicks and blows, did not suffer great evil. That the walls of the municipal jail were as damp as a foggy forest, that rats ran across his face at night, that for two days one forgot to bring him food— those things, in that jail, were the rule. But then, in the good old days prison hygiene was not yet in full flower, as it is today. The good old days seem to have been brutal days.

When my father was discharged from the prison, the naïve boy had been seized by an immense, certainly quite unjustified terror which prevented him from returning to his boss. Instead, he went from the jail to the seashore, looked after the ships and the clouds, and not until late at night sneaked through the courtyard and an open window into his room, where under a mattress, in a kerchief, he had hidden something over a hundred rubles, his entire fortune. He now took them out and sneaked away again, unseen, over courtyards, fences, and gardens. It was a beautiful night, with stars, a gentle wind, and a lofty sky. He walked through the streets of the city of Odessa, smelled the salty breath of the sea, and thought neither of the daughter nor of the stars but embitteredly only of honor, of honor and the jail. He boarded a train and arrived in Germany. He went to Elberfeld, where an egg dealer, a noble person, gave him a job and then his sister to wife.

Later, when my father read the words, "Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation," he always started to cry.

For almost every evening after dinner my father read to us, from books so wonderful as have since ceased to exist. Later, I read these books myself. They were well and grandly written, but their glamour, the glamour of those days, was lacking.

The conception of honor, for me, no longer has that same juvenile glamour, either. For Alsace-Lorraine was lost and Germany continued to exist; we lost the Emperor and scarcely noticed it; and many a good friend has lost his honor in the meantime, and we love him still. And my father is dead, and I can't raise a penny on his good name.

BEYOND POLITICS

The Shaping of Public Policy

JOSEPH F. SPIGELMAN

Most of the responsible men who served in government during the war have already quit that service or are preparing to do so. Those who remain have, for the most part, made their peace with the Congress, the bureaus, and the special interests they severally serve. The situation is almost back to normal again. As always hitherto between wars, government is once more the province of politicians and bureaucrats, of timeserving careerists and specialized hacks.

What else could we have expected? Even during the war, government wasn't particularly hospitable to those who were more concerned with the further consequences of policy than with immediate special advantage. True, every now and then, when the war seemed to be going badly, or when mismanagement of our mobilization became especially evident, an upsurge of public alarm and indignation would temporarily give the more responsible officials and legislators the ascendancy. There would be Congressional investigations; officials too obviously solicitous for sectional or partisan interests would be rebuked, a few would perhaps be ousted; some agency or other might even be reorganized, and ostensibly better considered policies would be adopted. Thus was the public appeased. Eventually, of course, opportunists would quietly regain the upper hand.

This didn't much matter during the war. The consequences of past irresponsibility were already upon us. What was needed was not foresighted and circumspect men so much as men able to do the fairly obvious thing, able to bull through the problems that immediately confronted them, the kind of men America has always bred in abundance.

But we know that this can no longer suffice. With our present capacity for self-destruction, it is not enough to rise magnificently to crisis. Unless depression and war can be anticipated and averted, they may explode into so much more than we can manage, for all our genius at improvisation, that they will overwhelm our way of life. But this requires that there be continuously in government, in its policy councils, men able to think and act in terms of the consequences of action and not merely in terms of the immediate pressures and apparent urgencies by which policy is generally determined; men capable of responsibility, continuously and consistently, and not merely under the compulsion of crisis, when responsibility may no longer do much good.

But on what basis can such men function effectively in government?

This is the third in a series of three articles by Mr. Spigelman, former political analyst for Fortune *and specialist on reconversion policy for the Planning Division of the War Production Board.*

IF GOVERNMENT is ever to be as responsible as it must become, it will not be because of what the responsible men in government are able to do, nor because of the support they may get from a vague and erratic public opinion. As long as organized interests enjoy access to officials and legislators and are able to influence their political fortunes, so long will government be the creature of these interests.

Occasionally, of course, a well-contrived and shrewdly-placed memorandum may give a provident twist to policy. And in times of acute national peril, the lobbyists may be taken so completely off guard that responsible Congressmen and administrators may be able to manage affairs their own way for a while. But those who survive the process of weeding out those unsuited to American political life are, by and large, little better than automata, unable to resist the most clamorous demands and the most obvious necessities of the moment.

This is characteristic, not only of democracies, but of all governments. No matter how absolute a government may be, there will always be certain groups—industrialists or merchants, farmers or laborers, the army, the church, the aristocracy, the intelligentsia, or sections and combinations of these—on whose sufferance its power depends, and whose bidding it must accordingly do. No matter how government may be organized or what insulation against outside influence it may devise, the test of its viability has always been its ability to satisfy whatever interests may command respect. The most obvious and most immediately satisfying way of meeting their demands is simply to meet them as they are stated. That is the path of least resistance, the course that requires least thought and least courage; and that is accordingly how governments have always tended to act.

It follows that there is only one way to assure responsibility in government—and that is to press for it from the outside, to press for it continuously and therefore in a disciplined way. If responsible men are ever to be effective in government, they must first establish their influence in organizations that are, or might become, capable of exerting such pressure.

II

AMONG the hundreds of thousands of persons who have left government since the end of the war, some have had just this idea: to add their weight to the forces already making for greater responsibility in the various interest groups.

There are already, in every business association and in many of our leading corporations, small but growing minorities whose concern extends beyond higher prices and larger profits to the effects of such prices and profits upon buying power, production, and employment, and upon the confidence of the American people in the "free enterprise system." In every trade union, there are increasing numbers who are interested not only in higher wage rates and in job security, but in the effect of these wage rates and these security measures upon prices, employment, and the public temper. In every farm organization, there are those who are more interested in long-range readjustment programs than in government-guaranteed parity prices for crops for which, they know, supply must in the long run exceed demand. In every veterans' group, there are some who care less for special favors to veterans at the nation's expense than for policies that would afford opportunity, security, and high living standards, not only for veterans, but for all our people.

Occasionally, the influence of such persons makes itself felt. It even seems sometimes that they have actually succeeded in swinging the balance in their organizations toward responsibility. But before long such illusions are dispelled; and responsible men generally find themselves just as ineffective in the interest groups as in government. Despite the "new statesmanship" that has gained a precarious foothold in certain groups, these groups remain the prisoners of the special purposes for which they were organized.

To hold their positions, to continue to exercise whatever influence they may possess, the leaders of such organizations must assiduously promote the immediate interests to which their organizations are dedicated. However strong the leaders' sense of responsibility may be, the test of leadership and influence in private organizations,

as in public, is inexorably pragmatic. Interest groups exist to satisfy needs as, and when, they are actually felt; and for no other reason. Hence their ingrained opportunism, in which they are as much entangled as government is.

Interest groups can escape opportunism only to the extent to which they can be brought under the compelling influence of other groups *specifically concerned with responsibility*. Only such groups, functioning outside the closed circuit of immediate need, resultant pressure, and mechanical response to pressure, in which policies are ordinarily generated, can see beyond these policies to their further consequences. Only through such groups can responsible men free themselves to some degree from the compulsions of both interest and power. Only thus can they work effectively for responsibility.

PROFESSIONAL societies of economists, political scientists, and other social science specialists might be expected to fill this role. To some extent, learned societies in other countries have functioned in somewhat this way. Particularly in England, where membership in such societies is generally limited to those with established professional reputations, and where the societies have long been directly involved in practical affairs, they are sometimes able to wield considerable influence in policy formation.

But in this country, with the exception of a few cloistered groups like the Academy of Arts and Sciences, membership in the social science societies is open to virtually any college graduate who is sufficiently interested to pay his dues. Besides, it has been traditional for such groups, jealous of their reputation for academic detachment, never to intrude in practical affairs except to reaffirm their devotion to such shibboleths as the "lowering of trade barriers."

As a consequence, American learned societies are almost wholly without authority in policy matters, almost wholly without the power or even the will to give their members the support they need in their struggle for influence.

OF MORE practical importance are our innumerable educational societies and political groups: of the left (notably the Marxist brood of parties and coteries), of the right (such as the various Economic Clubs, Taxpayer Leagues, and Committees for Constitutional Government, and the host of proto-fascist sects), and more or less of the center (the National Planning Association, the Committee for Economic Development, the Union for Democratic Action, and so on inexhaustibly); all the groups which make it their business to influence policy in organizations other than their own.

But though members of such influence groups hold leading positions in a great many corporations and business associations, in trade unions, farm organizations, and veterans' groups, as well as in government, the influence they are able to exert even in the organizations they dominate is singularly lacking in real significance.

The trouble is that none of the influence groups has so far found a clear channel between the shoals of a self-defeating opportunism and the sterile rocks of ideology. In seeking to avoid one, they have invariably run aground on the other.

The Committee for Economic Development is a case in point. This is, in many respects, a most praiseworthy organization, perhaps the greatest influence for responsibility in business today. Certainly, the policy studies sponsored by its Research Division are the most sober and constructive ever issued by an American business group. Quite as noteworthy was the recently concluded work of its Field Development Division, which encouraged many industrialists to plan for higher levels of production and employment than they might otherwise have contemplated.

Nevertheless, for all its good intentions and its real accomplishments, the CED's effectiveness as a force for responsibility has been, and will probably continue to be, of very limited importance. Despite the distinguished economists associated with it, it is essentially no more than a business men's organization. As such, it has no real defense against the importunities of business men. Without either high political purpose or a deep-rooted intellectual discipline, it is under constant temptation to succumb completely to opportunism, and to press upon government, though

under the guise of principle, for the immediate, and frequently rash, advantage of those it serves. Certain of its policy pronouncements—particularly those on taxes—have already veered in that direction. There is nothing to prevent it from continuing that way until it becomes indistinguishable from the United States Chamber of Commerce or even the National Association of Manufacturers.

Most influence groups have sought their defense against opportunism in ideology. They have some body of ideas for which they seek public support and which they try to impose upon the organizations in which their members function. But though ideology may guard against opportunism, it precludes effective influence for responsibility.

The stubborn fact is that Americans, perhaps to their great good fortune, are what many Europeans regard as politically undeveloped. That is, they cannot easily be reached by ideas. Where masses of Americans are aroused at all, it is only fitfully and unreliably, in response to immediate grievances and the surface manifestations of bad management, rather than by some idea capable of informing their aspirations and providing the motive force for pressure on government as steady and unrelenting as that exerted by organized interests. That is why the public may penalize those proved guilty of irresponsibility, but can never anticipate their guilt—with the result that its influence for responsibility is at best indirect and adventitious. That is why whatever influence it may have possessed during the war, when issues were relatively large and simple, is now fast petering out, as the public becomes increasingly confused and apathetic. The issues of war or peace, of depression or prosperity, of national disintegration or development, will again primarily be decided by the interest groups and by government's response to their pressures. If ideas are to be effective, it is in the interest group that they must become so.

Interest groups do sometimes appear to accept the ideas of the influence groups by which they are dominated. But this acceptance is more appearance than reality.

Consider the Communist Party, for example. This doctrinaire influence group has been more successful than any other—even when the exaggerations of journalists and politicians are fully discounted—in "capturing" trade unions and various other organizations. Yet hardly ever has this made much difference in the day-by-day management of affairs; still less, of course, has it made the union more responsible, better able to anticipate the consequences of its policies, better able to master these consequences. The Communists may prevail upon the unions they control to march in May Day parades or to support the party line in foreign policy and in other matters not strictly relevant to trade unionism, but all this has only a surface significance. In all that really matters, the CIO Fur Workers Union, for example, operates in very much the same way as the conservatively led but similarly situated AFL's International Ladies Garment Workers Union.

This is not to be marveled at. Trade union objectives—higher wages, more continuous employment, and the rest—can be achieved (short of revolution) only under conditions of capitalist prosperity. But this can hardly be desired by strict Marxists. Most Communists resolve this contradiction by confining their Marxism to talk, while accepting ordinary trade union methods and objectives in practice. Those who do take their Marxism seriously and attempt accordingly to make of their unions instruments of revolutionary activity are either rendered harmless by these unions, or lead them to their ruin, a fate which overtook many of the unions which fell under immature communist tutelage during the 'twenties.

It is not only the extremist groups which have failed to make their ideas count in action. Take, for example, the National Planning Association, one of the most respectable and, to outward appearance at least, one of the most successful of the liberal influence groups. Its committees of industry, labor, and agriculture, which boast some of the most eminent names in these fields, meet to draw up plans and programs on all sorts of important issues. But because these pronouncements are conceived on the high plane of principle

rather than in terms of the concrete circumstances in which members of the committee are compelled to act, their recommendations never quite achieve operational significance. They are duly embalmed in the NPA's Planning Pamphlets and are given the occasional dignity of partial resurrection in official speeches and reports; but that is about all. Because they lack relevance to the actual circumstances of action, they are accepted without real commitment to action by the very men who draft them. Just as soon as these men are confronted with real operational problems, they find it best to forget the principles which their higher reason had prompted them to espouse.

Thus it is, too, in interest groups under conservative or reactionary influence. Most organizations of business men, farmers, and veterans can be persuaded to subscribe to nobly phrased mythologies of free enterprise and constitutional government, and to view with evident alarm the drift to "regimentation," "statism," and "alien economic and social philosophies." But between these devotional interludes they pursue whatever course promises to serve their interests, even if it means coming to terms with the alien philosophies they have condemned.

Ideologies have a wide variety of uses: to win support for one's own side and alienate it from the other, to serve as source for the incantations that inspire or undermine morale, to make an organization and its activities appear more respectable—or more revolutionary—than they actually are, to give a fine philosophic cast to the sordid struggles of our day. But they are useful only to the calculating user, not to those upon whom they are used. To those who take their ideology seriously, it becomes a handle by which they can be manipulated or a means of self-abuse that turns them back upon themselves and wastes their vitality.

VASTLY more sophisticated, and correspondingly more significant, than the American influence groups, have been the attempts abroad to determine policy from outside the confines of pressure politics. The Communist parties of the Soviet Union and of certain other countries, the various Fascist parties, those defunct and those still flourishing, such veterans' organizations as the Stahlhelm and the Croix de Feu, the Catholic Action groups, the Chinese Kuomintang, the "patriotic" societies of Japan, the Turkish People's Party, the revolutionary juntas of Latin America, each in its own way represents a reaction against the irresponsibility of pressure politics.

But where such groups do not just fizzle out in empty talk or suicidal adventures, they simply come to power, which they exercise quite as irresponsibly as the politicians they replace. Being in power makes that inevitable.

Even the Russian Communist Party, probably the most circumspect and certainly the most successful of all these groups, has not been able to avoid the grossest kind of irresponsibility. Under its domination, Russia has repeatedly fallen victim to the blind opportunism and the reckless adventures that seem to be inescapably associated with Marxism. Nothing is more tragically ironic than Communist official explanations—in such works, for example, as the *Textbook of Marxist Philosophy* of the Leningrad Institute of History, Philosophy, and Social Science—of mistakes in Soviet policy. Despite a Marxism-Leninism that is presumed to be able to anticipate these mistakes, the Soviet government was nevertheless guilty of such admitted blunders as the forced collectivization of agriculture, the premature abandonment of cost accounting and "capitalist" incentives, the inept handling of the Chinese revolution, the advent of Nazism, and other foreign crises, the frenzied purges that could not be halted until the purgers were themselves purged, the failure to anticipate the Nazi onslaught.

It seems characteristic of Marxism that while it serves admirably to explain blunders once they have been made, it somehow never serves to guide action yet to be taken. For all the boasted advantages of its dialectic, for all the frank rehearsals of its own unhappy experiences, the Russian Communist Party still gives little evidence of practical ability to anticipate the further consequences of its own policies.

III

THE trouble with all these organizations —both the influence groups at home and the revolutionary movements abroad —lies in thinking that they have the answers to society's problems. They must think so, or at least pretend to, if they are to attract members and followers. But there are no such answers.

All policies and programs, however inspired—whether by high principle or vulgar ambition, by outside pressure or inner need—have unwanted consequences as well as the intended ones. But the proponents of any given policy can see only the good that they hope will come of it. Or, if they see the bad too, they just choose to ignore it, once they become committed to a particular course. Otherwise, they would not become so committed.

Such self-deception would not matter much were it not for its political consequences. In foreign countries, where people can be fired by political ideas in ways that are strange to us, the promulgation of a new doctrinaire program, if it catches hold at all, generally gives rise to a movement for power. Here, where the masses are less readily excited by ideas, political programs, if taken seriously by their sponsors, only tend to shut them off from politics and to reduce their activities to irrelevance and futility. The upshot, in either case, is irresponsibility.

There is only one way to avoid irresponsibility: by developing awareness of what is wrong with particular solutions to problems. Not, however, for the sake of invalidating these solutions and substituting one's own. Even if one's own solution is immeasurably better than any other that may be available, it is still to some extent wrong. And unless the political advantage derived from advancing it suffices to carry its proponents to power, it can only limit their effectiveness. Fixed plans and programs are useful devices for attracting uncritical followers; they may be indispensable (as Hitler insisted) in the struggle for power. But they are, by the same token, bad for the lasting influence of those who remain out of power.

For while people may be uncritical, the objective situation never is. A policy that is very nearly right at one moment, may be all wrong at the next turn of events. Policy initiators necessarily stick their necks out and they must expect to have the ax fall if things work out badly—unless, indeed, they are in a position to silence criticism. Having a policy of one's own in opposition to other policies means entering into competition with the advocates of these policies and being exposed, therefore, to all the risks of competition. If the policy is taken seriously, it means the loss of the suppleness and calm self-possession that are the basis of effective influence. It means being driven either into politics or into a sectarianism that is hopelessly out of touch with it.

The way to effective influence for responsibility is not to have a policy of one's own, but to take over those of the people one seeks to influence; and then to show how whatever course of action these people may themselves decide upon can be better adapted to its purpose, how the errors that initiators of policy cannot help making can be corrected and neutralized. *Only by starting with the needs that people actually feel and with the crude policies prompted by them, and then by showing how these policies can best be shaped to these needs, can the responsible man hope to gain the confidence of those among whom he works.* If the practical services he is able to render them come in time to exceed those rendered by opportunists and theorists, his influence is bound to grow. If not, it does not deserve to.

THAT is the way responsible men have always acted when they have been most influential. That is the way, more particularly, that certain policy officials, especially those below the highest policy making level, have learned to function in their respective organizations, public and private. Because these men lack authority to initiate or decide policy, they have had to make the best of policies as given. They have had to learn how to give a more responsible formulation to policies which, though already decided in the main, are still subject to modification in certain particulars; how to lessen the chances that these policies will backfire. Their work was especially noteworthy —though for the most part quiet and

inconspicuous—in the government's war production agencies, where the situation was, for many reasons, peculiarly favorable to the activities of subordinate policy officials.

But though many of these men were remarkably good, they just weren't good enough, as is in part evidenced by the extent to which they have been replaced, since the end of the war, by careerists of the most obvious sort. They came to grief either because, for reasons of principle, they insisted on policies that were unacceptable, or because, for reasons of expediency, they accepted policies that later went sour. In either case, the basic weakness even of the most competent wartime policy shapers was that they were too close to the problems with which they were dealing. They could not achieve that detachment which is prerequisite to a communicable understanding of what precisely they were doing when they were most successful—the kind of detached influence that is the essence of the professional approach to problems.

BUT where the wartime pioneers failed, their successors must succeed. It is increasingly evident that no corporation or trade association, no labor union, no farm organization, no government bureau or committee of Congress, can afford to rely wholly on the uninformed hunches of its "practical men," the research of its academic hacks, the prognostications of its economic forecasters, the counsel of its lawyers and public relations experts, or the information and advice supplied by such firms as the Research Corporation of America.

For none of these is primarily concerned with policy, but rather with theory, or law, or statistics, or practicality. But to be told what considerations are supposedly relevant to policy determination is by no means to know precisely how they should affect policy. Policy considerations are meaningful only to those who are particularly qualified to select the pertinent facts and to shape given policy in their light.

No mere economist or lawyer or any other of the available specialists is so qualified, not only because their professional training is, in no case, specially designed to develop competence in shaping policy, but because the relevant considerations in policy formation always extend far beyond the ken of their specialties.

What is needed are *specialists of a new type: men specifically concerned with the shaping of policy and not merely with the considerations that should perhaps determine it*; men specially trained in the criteria and techniques of policy shaping and not merely in the study of particular sets of policy considerations.

As policy specialists, these men would have a distinctive approach to problems. First of all, like all practical men and unlike theorists, they would make it their business to satisfy felt needs—rather than those they might like people to feel; and to learn to do so under conditions not of their own choosing. Unlike most "practical men," however, they would look beyond the immediate satisfaction to its effect upon other, and particularly future, satisfactions that may be at least as important.

THEY would resemble the economist in this. But unlike the economist, they would not attach undue importance to the purely economic consequences of policy nor to economic theory and statistics generally. They would know that the political and psychological results of action may be vastly more important than the economic, and that it is primarily in their light that policy must usually be shaped. Thus, the cost of subsidizing agriculture may be a small price to pay for the advantages to the nation of a numerous and contented farm population; the loss of productivity that may result from particular security measures may be quite unimportant as compared to what the worker gains in security and status and to what those who sponsor the measures gain in political strength. They would know, too, that policies are almost always decided under pressure and on the run, and not on the basis of dispassionate consideration of the "facts" adduced by theorists. They would not, therefore, try to tell their clients and employers what their policies should, or should not, be—the vain preoccupation of so many academicians—but only how best to carry them out.

On the other hand, they would not

undertake to prove—after the fashion of most industrial and labor economists—that whatever their clients and employers may do is right.

Instead, while taking the main outlines of policy as given, they would concern themselves with minimizing the harm that might come from the unconsidered pursuit of these policies. In this, they would resemble the lawyer, who also makes it his business to protect and advance his client's interests as the latter himself conceives them, and to prevent his pursuit of them from leading him into trouble. For the lawyer, however, protecting and advancing a person's interests generally means no more than gaining for them the recognition of the state, and keeping him out of trouble means simply keeping him right with the law. But government's protection of one's rights is hardly an unmixed blessing. It often leads to an emasculating dependence on that protection and on the authority that grants it. Nor is trouble with the law always the worst kind of trouble, let alone the only kind, that people need to worry about.

The policy specialist's scope would accordingly be much broader than that of the lawyer. It would be his job to determine all the possible ways in which a given policy can go wrong: economic, political, administrative, psychological, as well as legal; and then, by availing himself of whatever help the specialists in each of these fields may be able to give, to correct the given policy so as to anticipate these dangers. Though himself a specialist, his specialty would be of the "generalist" type, at once the integrator and corrector of those of the old one-sided sort, somewhat like the physician's relationship to the physiologist, the bio-chemist, the medical researcher, and other natural science specialists.

IV

But this new profession cannot mature, still less function with full effectiveness, until certain conditions are met. The first need is to create awareness of what policy shaping should involve. This awareness can develop only among men with practical experience in policy shaping, who are capable today of a more relaxed and deliberate approach to policy problems than they found possible during the war, and who meet together to learn how they might best enhance their effectiveness.

Such groups could begin to tackle the problem of what to do about policies that, while mischievous in their given form, cannot be rejected outright either because of their essential merit or, what matters more, because of the irresistible pressures behind them. They would consider, for example, how to make government subsidies and price guarantees contribute to readjusting their beneficiaries to the market situation, instead of perpetuating their maladjustment and dependency; how to neutralize the tendency of wage increases to deprive some of the recipients of their jobs by pricing their products out of the market; how to promote our economic interests in the Balkans, Manchuria, and other regions more or less in Russia's sphere, without threatening, or appearing to threaten, Russia's security, and therefore without aggravating the suspicions that are today making for war; how, in general, to minimize the unwanted harm and trouble that stem from given policies.*

Discussions of these problems would have a twofold object. First, to enable their participants to distinguish, and to help others to distinguish, between what people want and what they do not want. Second, to sensitize their participants to the fine policy adjustments that make all the difference between accomplishing a given purpose and defeating it. On the nicety of these distinctions and adjustments, the influence that policy shapers are able to exert will largely depend. The smaller the departures people are asked to make from policies that happen to win their approval, the more likely that the policy adjustments urged upon them will be accepted. The more precise the policy shapers' understanding of what needs to be done with a given policy to direct it toward its objectives and away from trouble, the more probable that the adjustments he proposes will prove safer and more satisfying than the policies as initially proposed.

* Other examples and suggestions for treatment were presented in the second article in this series.

But this can only be the first step; others must follow if the first is to have any lasting significance. First of all, informal discussion must evolve into formal course work, either in the universities or in new institutions set up for the purpose. Through such work, the criteria and techniques of policy shaping could be progressively refined and elaborated, and specialized training could be provided in the various fields of policy—labor relations, social insurance, atomic policy, and so on, as the need for particular specialties makes itself felt. Specialized training would produce specialists and eventually, as among lawyers, firms of specialists functioning professionally in each of the main policy fields.

With the unfolding of this process, policy shaping would begin to acquire professional status. But not yet full effectiveness, until other requirements are met. First, professional associations will be needed that, unlike the ordinary learned society, can speak with authority on crucial issues, and give their members the support they need for professional independence and integrity. Then, again like lawyers and economists, policy specialists must gradually permeate the more important functional organizations, interest groups, and government agencies, to give them the kind of help that lawyers and economists cannot give, to exert the kind of influence for responsibility that economists and lawyers cannot exert.

None of these things will happen overnight. But once the need is recognized, it begins to be met—and Americans are beginning to recognize it. Beneath the blatant irresponsibility that makes the present period so closely resemble the aftermath of World War I, we are becoming ever more compellingly aware of our interdependence. We are beginning to appreciate that unless we respect that interdependence and learn to be mindful of the consequences of our actions for others, they may ultimately be calamitous for ourselves.

Out of this awareness, there are arising impulses toward responsibility that—despite outward appearances to the contrary—are becoming increasingly important influences in the formation of policy. It is a rare trade union leader who gives no thought to the effect of the wages he demands upon prices and employment in his industry. It is a rare industrialist who considers only profit in deciding his price schedules and ignores their effect on production and employment in his factories. It is a rare Treasury official who cares only for the revenues that the taxes he proposes will yield, and not at all for its effect on investment, production, and buying power. It is a rare policy maker in any department of government who is concerned only with policy for America and entirely disregards how this will affect the rest of the world. Even in Congress, there are some who are sufficiently detached from the pressures by which they are so mercilessly belabored to be able to consider some of the pernicious consequences of the measures urged upon them. In all branches of the nation's life, most of the young leaders and many an old one are prepared to break the confines of the sectional, partisan, or bureaucratic approach to problems, in quest of the responsibility that alone can solve these problems.

These impulses still lack the importance they should have, because they lack the expert help and guidance needed for their fulfillment. The task, accordingly, is to provide this help and guidance. Only thus can these impulses be kept from frittering away to inconsequence or from being perverted to political movements that will destroy our liberties. Only as policy shaping becomes established as a profession able to cope with this task, can the manifold dangers both of irresponsibility and of impulsive and ill-considered reactions against it be overcome.

MURDER OF A JOURNALIST

JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

DON MELLETT, the young, ambitious, crusading editor of the Canton *Daily News*, got home late from work the night of July 15, 1926. His wife had been apprehensive, but he explained "he had taken an electric fan to a little sick boy." After dinner with their four children, Mellett read in the living room, while Mrs. Mellett did the dishes. She later testified at the trial of one of his murderers, "And I went out on the front porch, to do some sewing, and I told him to come out on the porch and sit with me and he did so . . . our three older children ran and asked us to let them see a parade. We gave them permission." The Melletts decided to go to the anniversary dance of the Molly Stark Club, a club for young couples new to Canton which Mellett had organized. At nine their close friends, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vail, called for them. Vail recalls, "Don always wanted to drive, but he had a big Rickenbacker, easy to spot, and there was a tenseness in the air—he had been warned Sunday night—and for once when I said we'd take our car, he never said a word."

They danced only two dances, left at eleven, and went downstairs to Schlabach's drugstore and had chocolate sodas. They got home at 11:40 and sat on the porch of the large brick house awhile. It was a hot night, and quiet in this residential section; the fireworks at the nearby fairgrounds were over, and a thunderstorm seemed about to break. Vail wanted to go home but Mrs. Mellett went into the house to fix something to eat, and the Vails followed. Mellett went to put his car away. It was then 12:30 A.M. Mrs. Mellett testified, "I was putting this coffee on . . . Mrs. Vail was still insisting that they go home . . . a shot was heard—rather, I should say three shots starting a volley, and . . . I saw the light from the revolvers . . . and I saw my husband in a slouched position against the [garage] door . . . one of the bullets came through the kitchen window about where Mr. Vail was standing and just missed him . . . something went through my hair." Vail testified, "I rushed out and grabbed him. I saw he was shot awful bad." Mellett was dead, shot in the head.

Vail seized the dead man's arms and Mrs. Vail his knees but they couldn't lift him; "I never realized how heavy a dead man is." A burly man in a cap came from the shadows, frightening the Vails, but he was only a neighbor; he and Vail carried Mellett inside. Mrs. Mellett had called the family physician. "I had just hung up and turned around and they were carrying Mr. Mellett in the kitchen and into the living room. I lifted his hips, which were sagging. . . ."

AS PUBLISHER of the Canton *Daily News*, Don Mellett had been crusading for several months against public officials

Mr. Martin has written a number of articles for Harper's *dealing with crime and the social context which produces it. The Mellett murder, though it happened twenty years ago, is still — as the last sentence indicates — alive.*

(notably the Chief of Police) who, he charged, were allied with the criminals of Canton. This crusade got Mellett entangled with an unsavory lot of bootleggers, pimps, prostitutes, narcotics peddlers, gunmen, policemen, and politicians. It aroused the powerful enmity of numerous men, some nominally on the side of law and order, others nominally on the side of lawlessness. Some of these men, jointly attacked by Mellett, jointly conspired to kill him and this night finally did so.

Vail went to get Don Mellett's brother Lloyd, city editor of the *News*. The doctor came but could do nothing. Mrs. Mellett testified, ". . . everyone trying to ask 'Has anyone called the police?' . . . I . . . said, 'What's the use?' . . . Because I didn't feel that the residents of Canton had very much police protection, and I feel that was the big thing that my husband had been fighting for. . ." Three cops came. "I was by my husband . . . I said, 'Why don't you go out and do what you should be doing? Your place isn't here.' . . . They were just standing there . . . lined up, looking at me." One of the cops testified that Lloyd Mellett "called us dirty assassins . . . said we were the ones that did the job. . . . He come at me like a wild man, with his fists in the air." Chief of Police Saranus A. Lengel, testifying later for three of the accused murderers, said he thought it unwise to go out to the house that night. Few Canton officials got any sleep the rest of the night. Many rested uneasily for weeks and months following. One recalls, "The heat was really on. I never want to go through anything like it again."

The murder of Don R. Mellett tore Canton asunder. The unequal struggle, in Canton and in the nation at large, between public conscience and public officials, both corrupted by Prohibition and a cynical materialism after the 1914–18 war, had been reduced to just this: a hired punk gunman who hid in some bushes in the dark and fired a bullet into an editor's brain one sultry night just twenty years ago last July.

II

Donald Ring Mellett was born to a newspaper family September 26, 1891, at Elwood, Indiana, a year before Wendell Willkie. After working on the *Daily Student* at Indiana University he suffered a nervous breakdown; he worked for the Indianapolis *News*, edited a Prohibition newspaper, worked on a paper at Bloomington, and then bought and published the Columbus, Indiana, *Ledger*. This venture failed. He joined the advertising staff of the Scripps-Howard paper in Akron, Ohio, in 1923. In January, 1925, he was hired as business manager of the Canton *Daily News* by its new owner, James M. Cox, three times governor of Ohio and the Democratic candidate for the presidency whom another Ohio publisher, Warren G. Harding, had defeated in 1920.

Mellett was a Kiwanian, a Mason, and a member of the University Club at Canton, but not of the city's leading club—"This was a Republican conservative community, and he came in here snortin' around, crusadin'—I don't know whether he could 'a' made the Canton Club or not." He was active in the Presbyterian Church, especially in Sunday School work. He liked to play bridge and tennis but "he was the poorest loser you ever saw." He paid sixty-five dollars a month rent. In the evenings he and his family visited or entertained friends, and Mellett and his brothers would match voices on "My Wonderful One," "Song of Love" from *Blossom Time*, or "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away." (After he was murdered his brother Lloyd wrote bitterly on the front page: "They said they would make my brother wish he were 'Back Home in Indiana.' Today we are taking him back home. . . .")

"He was very much a family man," Vail recalls. "Sunday afternoons he liked nothing better than to load their four kidders and us and our three into his car and stop for sandwiches somewheres or take some steaks and have a picnic out at Meyers Lake or in one of the groves down in the country." Mellett was stocky, strongly knit, good looking, aggressive. He and his wife, who was small and vivacious, had been Shortridge High School sweethearts in Indianapolis, married in 1913. Mellett "loved to argue—he'd take either side." He worked hard; clubmen do not recall seeing him frequently except at lunch.

After his death, of course, he became a martyr. Suggestions that his motives had been any but the highest were indignantly rejected by the newspapers, for they seemed to realize that his murder put the press itself on trial. Recently Vail recalled a visit to a roadhouse where Mellett saw two girls sick on bootleg liquor, "and Don said 'It's time someone tried to stop this bootlegging here—I'm going to see what I can do.' We always thought that was the start of his campaign." However, a reputable attorney said recently, "He told me, 'Jim Cox sent me in here to get his paper out of the red and I'm going to do it.' " Cox had purchased the *News*, a money-loser, from H. H. Timken, the roller bearing man. Willkie, then an Ohio utilities lawyer, suggested to Mellett that sensational crusading would produce a revulsion among the "best people," and Mellett is said to have replied that he had failed several chances at success and regarded this as his last chance (he was thirty-four).

Newspapermen today say bluntly he was fighting first of all the three-to-two circulation lead held by the rich, conservative old *Repository*. By the time of his death, the *News*' circulation was almost equal to the *Repository's*. An attorney defending one of Mellett's killers said, ". . . the purpose . . . was to increase the circulation of the newspaper . . . and to get control in a measure of the city government of Canton, which he had practically accomplished." Mellett's enemy, Police Chief Lengel, said Mellett "wanted to be a political dictator." Friends did not consider him a political thinker aroused by social injustice. Would it be unreasonable to conclude that Don Mellett came to Canton an intelligent, ambitious, right-thinking newspaperman who had made no conspicuous success, who was not getting any younger, and who found himself arrayed with the forces of righteousness—because that way lay good and that way lay fame and success also? Viewed thus he is neither wholly the knight of the press in shining armor nor wholly the power-seeking publisher-politician; rather, he is a pawn thrust by circumstances into the local center of a nationwide conflict between two powerful social forces of the postwar decade.

What was he fighting? At that time Canton was a city of about 107,000 people. Though an old town it had remained small and backward while other northern Ohio cities became industrialized. True, steel here goes back to the early development of iron ore in the Mahoning Valley; but it was when Cleveland industrialists and others exploited the vast ore beds in the Lake Superior wilderness that Canton and Massillon and Youngstown became (almost overnight) brawling steel boomtowns. Iron ore and coal meet on a line between Cleveland and Pittsburgh that runs through Canton. The first open hearth alloy steel ever made in the United States was made at Canton by a forerunner of today's giant Republic Steel. By 1910 heavy industry had arrived. During the preceding ten years Ohio's iron and steel industry had doubled, and so—roughly—had Canton's population. The war brought the real steel boom. Farmers from Ohio and Pennsylvania, hill people from the South (though fewer in 1914–18 than in 1940–45), central Europeans, Negroes, came to Canton to work for high wages. Most stayed, including women war workers, some of whom inevitably became prostitutes.

And so in the 1920's Canton's old ugly brick and stone buildings squatted smoke-bound inside a saucer-shaped ring of hills, and you had here a raw, booming, workingman's factory city. You had few labor unions, and you had powerful industrialists and bankers who controlled the town. A valuable man on the police force was one who spoke eleven languages, and the cops had an Arabian informer. Canton had tong killings that were hooked up to Chicago and Pittsburgh tong wars, and in the Jungle, southeast of the business district, Black Hand murders were common. Domed minarets of Greek Orthodox churches rose in front of red brick factory walls. And you had in Canton machine politicians. For all this new factory proletariat meant votes. A policeman testified, "[Police Chief] Lengel said that we would have to loosen up on the underworld in order to swing the underworld votes . . . everybody did it at election time."

Was Canton worse than other cities? One man says, tolerantly, "Canton is Canton.

It's not like a little county seat town with no industry. You've got to take conditions as you find 'em." Rumor had it that cops rode the bootleggers' beer trucks to protect them against hijackers. Men with criminal records hung around the old red brick police station, bootleggers like Ben Rudner, a wealthy man's son gone wrong who later figures prominently in the Mellett investigation, as we shall see. Policemen received presents from hoodlums and paid social calls on them. Canton was known as a place where "hot" criminals could hide out safely; gangland murders involving Canton hoodlums were frequent and unsolved. The exclusive gambling privileges in Canton were said to be worth $30,000 a year. Before the war Canton had been wide open to peddlers of liquor, women, and chance; subsequently Prohibition introduced a new factor. It forced liquor underground. An alliance between bootleggers and police resulted, encouraged by leading citizens who drank. As a corollary the police—and the politicians who controlled them—became entangled with gamblers, prostitutes, and inevitably, gunmen as well.

Who cared if Canton was called "Little Chicago"? Business men, lawyers, doctors, exchanged the names of bootleggers at Canton's best clubs. "Canton is enjoying industrially one of the biggest periods in its history, either before or since the boom war days. More money is changing hands; more men are employed; and more Canton-made products are being shipped to the markets of the world than ever before." Who cared if a cop enjoyed a lucrative monopoly on the sale of perfume and cosmetics to Canton's numerous prostitutes?

DON MELLETT cared. However, his campaigns, which later became so bitter, began innocuously enough. In the 1925 election the *News* supported Stanford M. Swarts for mayor, but "without reflection on either Mayor Ball or his assistants. . ." November 8 the *News* launched what appeared to be simply a circulation stunt: it hired the Marvel Man, who could read lips, to go about the city and eavesdrop on conversations. He reported that in a movie on view locally (a silent film, of course), Douglas Fairbanks Jr. was really saying to Billy Dove, "What the hell is the matter with you?" when the subtitle read, "Anyway I love you." But a week later the flag headline on the *News* read "TRAFFIC IN 'DOPE' UNCOVERED": the Marvel Man had overseen an addict and a peddler, and thereafter he concentrated on lawbreakers. And the next day the *News* broke a wholly new campaign: it said members of the staff of Aultman Hospital had been replaced without sanction of the board of trustees. This is considered today Don Mellett's first campaign, and it won for him the unremitting hatred of a number of prominent citizens, who say it proves he would campaign against anything handy to boost circulation.

As 1925 ended, the *News* continued to overplay its local crime news, featuring stories with an "inside the underworld" flavor. It printed a page one feature kidding the cops about having received Thanksgiving turkeys from a criminal; a policeman, George Beresford, wrote the editor, "There are a few honest policemen on the force" and denied receiving a turkey. (Beresford later became Mellett's bodyguard and was used by him for other purposes.) A large raid on an "alleged immoral dance exhibition" was, said the *News*, "the first one in years actively led by Chief of Police Lengel." This was the first time the *News* had struck directly at Lengel, who had supported the unsuccessful candidate for mayor, whom the *News* had opposed. In the lockup the prisoners taken in the raid chanted, "Who's got the turkeys?" and Lengel, annoyed, said, "I wish I had the editor of the Canton *Daily News* here. I'd black his blankety-blank eyes." The *News* hinted that Lengel was forced to make the raid by other cops friendly to the *News*; it reported that Lengel called this an effort to frame him. When Mellett was murdered, no one suggested that the motive had been any other than revenge for his journalistic activities. Yet surely other editors have campaigned more vigorously in their papers. One can only conclude that much of his work was done in secret, by behind-the-scenes maneuvering.

The drama commenced with the new year. Mellett was now publisher. He had been gathering his material, lining up

cops and informers, planning his campaign. And now on New Year's Day, 1926, the man he had backed for mayor took office, and Mellett greeted him, "Start in, Mayor Swarts, by giving those forces which have given Canton a black eye and made Cantonians ashamed, to understand that they are through once and for all." The *News*, demanding "Honest Enforcement of all Laws," said, "The laws have not been enforced—that is, the liquor laws, the gambling laws, the house of prostitution laws. . . . Who is to blame? Primarily the chief of police. . . . Secondly, the people themselves."

Thus open warfare began. The *News* played up bootlegger arrests, gambling and whorehouse raids, and narcotic arrests on page one almost daily. The stories needled the police gently. For instance, a policeman "figured in one of the most perturbing events that has shaken the walls and foundations of the city hall in months when without instructions from Chief Lengel to do so he picked up" a bootlegger. Mild enough; but there was a fix in this case, one that involved a city prosecutor and two men engaged in prostitution and bootlegging, and which may have involved Chief Lengel. Apparently Mellett knew it; but he did not tell the public. He contented himself with letting the guilty ones know that he knew.

Mellett ran a series of articles "on vice conditions in Canton." By now Mellett's office was a hot spot. To it came policemen and underworld characters whom he had attacked, policemen and bootleggers and prostitutes from Cherry Avenue whom he was using as informants, private detectives he had employed, the Mayor, and other city politicians. You would not have known it by reading his newspaper, but he had become the storm center. Before his struggle was ended, nearly everyone in town was drawn into it.

FINALLY Mellett got something on two minor figures—caught them violating the probation they had received after they had been convicted of perjury. (It was one of them who had given the cops turkeys.) These perjurers now looked like a lever Mellett might use; the battle over them was bitter—Mellett charged that Chief Lengel's cops tried to frame the star witness against them and he even attacked the *Repository* for supporting Lengel—but February 19 the two perjurers were sent to the penitentiary, the first to fall before Mellett's onslaught. Four days later Mayor Swarts dismissed Chief Lengel. A patrolman was appointed Acting Chief; the *News* backed him. Mellett had split the police department. A police captain friendly to Lengel arrested a *News* agent without a warrant and studied documents he possessed; the captain was suspended for thirty days, and so were other officers, including Detective Floyd Streitenberger, a gangling, inept man, loyal to Chief Lengel, who was already deeply involved in the Chief's struggle with Mellett and who was to become even more deeply involved.

Lengel fought back. If he could keep his job a few months longer he would be eligible for a retirement pension. Perhaps to him no more was at stake. A white-haired man with a bushy mustache who had been a policeman about nineteen years and was known as a stubborn and vindictive but personally honest man, he was reinstated by the Civil Service Commission, two of the three Commissioners voting for him. And for a month things quieted down. But Mellett was relentless. The two Commissioners had blocked his first attempt to get rid of Lengel; very well, he would go after the Commissioners themselves. If he could get them fired, Mayor Swarts could replace them with men friendly to the *News* who would remove Lengel.

All spring Mellett maneuvered in secret among the police. Streitenberger and four other detectives were reduced to patrolmen, and officers friendly to the *News* were elevated in their places. Then suddenly, early in July, his more formidable maneuvering broke open; Mayor Swarts notified the two Commissioners who had reinstated Lengel that they had been charged with neglect of duty by Policeman George Beresford, one of Mellett's friends on the force. The charges would be heard Wednesday, July 14.

ON SUNDAY night, July 11, Don Mellett and his wife were entertaining his brother Lloyd and the Vails. About nine

Don Mellett was called to the phone. He returned to the front porch and told his brother and Vail that the caller had warned him that three men were prowling around his car; when he asked the caller to identify himself, the man said only, "I am an enemy of your enemies," and hung up. Vail and the two Melletts went to the garage at the rear of the house but found nothing. A little later Don Mellett left abruptly and drove to a filling station, got a gun from one of his private detectives, and came back and told his wife to put the children to bed. The guests tried to persuade the Melletts to take the children to another house, but the Melletts declined, so the guests departed. "Mr. Mellett," his wife testified, "sat in his big chair with the gun in his hand and a flashlight in the other. . . . I brought comforts, laid them by Mr. Mellett's feet, and there is where we spent the night that night."

Nothing happened. The next day Mellett, who had but seventy-two hours to live, got Officer Beresford to guard his home. That same Monday the Civil Service Commissioners began a legal battle to keep their jobs, charging that Chief Lengel and Detective Streitenberger and other officers had been attacked by Mayor Swarts and the *News* simply because of a political feud, and that Mayor Swarts, dominated by Mellett, had fired Chief Lengel because Lengel intended to sue the *News* for libel.

On Wednesday one of Mellett's favorite cops, the head of the booze squad, was suspended by Chief Lengel for drinking. The *News* said he had been threatened and implied he had been framed. The same day Mellett dismissed Officer George Beresford, his guard. Thursday evening Mellett, who rarely discussed his campaign with personal friends, told Vail he had found out who killed Paul Kitzig, slain several years earlier after he had testified against a ring of bootleggers; Mellett said he intended to publish this information. (Some people believe this was the motive for Mellett's murder, as we shall see.) Vail again sought to persuade Mellett, for the sake of his family, to let up on his campaign. "But he was bulldoggish." Mellett did not appear worried, "though he had seemed more on edge all that week." It was at 12:30 that night that he was shot dead.

III

The furor was enormous. Citizens and organizations hastened to the side of righteousness—pastors, the Ku Klux Klan, a VFW post (Mellett "has fought and died for those same principles for which . . . [we] went out to battle"), the Chamber of Commerce, labor unions—and even one of the perjurers whom Mellett had sent to the penitentiary was moved to write to his attorney, "Friend Joe: I was shocked . . ."

All over the United States newspapers thundered for justice. Some demanded that the Governor remove Chief Lengel. Newspapermen—and private detectives attracted by the reward—swarmed all over Canton. Never had the national spotlight beaten so hotly on the city. It was compared with Cicero, Illinois, and many Canton citizens resented this. But the *News* and other papers kept goading public opinion. The *News* was confident. At last public opinion was aroused. A secret Citizens' Committee was being formed; a minister said pointedly, "We who call ourselves respectable citizens are on trial."

But weeks passed, and nothing really happened. The *News* became impatient of the Citizens' Committee's interminable wrangling and finally attacked it openly. After three weeks the Committee made weak compromise recommendations which Mayor Swarts rejected; the Committee folded up. Public officials and public conscience equally corrupted—those are the two threads that run through the whole story. True, one Canton citizen, H. H. Timken, had offered a $5,000 reward at noon the day Mellett was killed. But the bulk of the rewards, which totaled $25,275 a few days after Mellett's death, came mainly from publishers outside Canton, who were convinced the crime could be solved only if the reward offered was large enough to tempt an informer.

The publishers took the investigation away from the police, whom they did not trust. There would seem to be reason for this. To begin with, no cop responded to the alarm for twenty-two minutes. When they got there they fumbled evidence. Not

until a week later did any officer—and then it was the coroner—collect the bullets and take them to a firearms expert. Chief Lengel himself never went to the scene of the crime. He questioned known criminals but their statements were not reduced to writing and they underwent no such grilling as might have been expected. Indeed, some of them continued to hang around headquarters. The morning of the murder, Mayor Swarts testified, Lengel told him and other officials "he thought the murder was a blackhand affair committed by outside people. . . . He admonished us we must all stand together." Lengel testified he made every effort to solve the crime. But at noon the day after it, detectives "confessed they apparently were facing a blank wall. . . ."

THE next day the publishers brought in Ora Slater of the Cal Crim Detective Agency of Cincinnati and thrust him on the Prosecutor. The *News* announced that Slater, a graying, mild-looking man, would be available to reward-seeking informers at the McKinley Hotel. To him next day came a factory worker, and he told Slater about a man he knew named Patrick Eugene McDermott, a red-haired Irish ex-convict from Nanty Glo, Pennsylvania, who a few days before the murder had displayed a loaded revolver, said he had been out till 4 A.M. with "all the 'high mucka da mucks' " of Canton, and created the impression he had come to Canton on a criminal errand and had police protection. At the rooming house where Pat McDermott had stayed, Investigator Slater found a telegram envelope. The telegram had been sent to McDermott under a phony name from Massillon, a neighboring town, about eleven hours after the murder; it said: "TAKE MASSILLON STORE AT ONCE OR REPORT TO HOME OFFICE AT ONCE" and was signed R. L. Strang.

Unable to identify Strang at Massillon, Detective Slater and Prosecutor McClintock started checking on McDermott. They found that he was twenty-eight; that he came of a good family in Nanty Glo; but that he had disliked work and become a poolroom hanger-on. An Army general court martial had convicted him of grand larceny and breaking confinement, and on February 1, 1922, he had been sentenced to Atlanta where he became the barber for the "aristocratic" prisoners—public officials, embezzlers, big-time bootleggers. He had served twenty-seven months and four days.

Nothing was published about the investigation of McDermott, who had vanished. Early on July 23, just a week after the murder, one Steve Kascholk presented himself to some Cleveland attorneys, who took him to Canton, where he told his story. Kascholk, a slender, poised, careful man of thirty who had worked as a dishwasher and steel mill employe and had been convicted of fornication and bastardy and of adultery and bastardy, told the investigators he had known Pat McDermott in Nanty Glo in 1912 or 1914 and had encountered him on a streetcar in Cleveland a week before the murder. Kascholk had taken McDermott to his room and had said he thought they should look for work. McDermott had said he knew where they could get a drink. "I said to Pat: 'I need a job worse than I need a drink.' . . . He says: . . . 'We'll go to Massillon. . . . I've got a friend over there who'll get us both a good job.' " Forthwith they went to Massillon, a steel town eight miles from Canton. McDermott's friend, he told Kascholk, was Ben Rudner.

Now, Ben Rudner was one of the bootleggers who hung around police headquarters in Canton. He was the son of a wealthy Canton junk dealer and real estate man but he had pleaded guilty February 8, 1915, to robbery. On December 6, 1922, he had been sent to Atlanta, an early conspirator against the Volstead Act. Paul Kitzig (the man whose murderer Mellett told Vail he had discovered) had testified against Rudner and his coconspirators and had later been murdered. Since Atlanta, Rudner had been running his father's hardware store in Massillon, but he was no stranger in Canton's Jungle, and he was a lifelong friend of Police Chief Lengel. It was the State's theory that Rudner had met McDermott in Atlanta (though both denied it) and that Rudner had brought McDermott here to beat up Mellett.

At any rate, according to Kascholk, the informer, when he and McDermott arrived in Massillon, McDermott conferred with Rudner and then told Kascholk, "We'll go out and slug a guy." At the hardware store Rudner introduced them to Louis Mazer (whom he called Smitty), a lean, jaunty man born and reared in Canton, who had sold liquor and run a poolroom and at this time was living in a whorehouse with Doll Carey, the fat madame.

According to Kascholk's story, Mazer put Kascholk and Pat McDermott in his yellow Hudson coupé with his big police dog and drove them to Canton. They dropped the dog off at Doll Carey's place, McDermott displayed a revolver, and they drove out to the Junction. While Mazer waited in the car, McDermott and Kascholk walked past the Mellett house, and McDermott said, "We will beat up an editor. . . . This is the place." They went to a drugstore, and Kascholk said he told McDermott, "I don't want to do nothing because of my father and mother and my people. Then I got children." Kascholk had a wife and child in Pennsylvania and a woman and two illegitimate children in Canton. They talked about the gun and about beating up Mellett and ate some ice cream. McDermott called Kascholk yellow. On Saturday the 10th Kascholk went back to Cleveland and dropped out of the conspiracy.

TO SUMMARIZE the State's theory up to this point: Don Mellett, by his newspaper campaign, had made many enemies. Among these was Ben Rudner, bootlegger, rich man's son, hardware dealer at Massillon. Either by chance or at Rudner's call, there had come to Massillon a ne'er-do-well from Nanty Glo named Pat McDermott, looking for any kind of employment and bringing with him a man from his home town, Steve Kascholk. Rudner engaged McDermott and Kascholk to beat up Mellett. A friend of Rudner's whom Don Mellett also had attacked, Louis Mazer, drove the Nanty Glo boys to Canton and showed them Mellett's house. Kascholk backed out and left town for good. McDermott stayed on as Rudner's hired thug and, the State later theorized, Mazer was substituted for the faint-hearted Steve Kascholk.

After Steve Kascholk told his story to Detective Slater and the others, they locked him up for safekeeping and said nothing about him. Indeed, the publishers investigated Mellett's murder as secretly as he had conducted the campaign that got him killed. The *News* printed little real news of the investigation. Less than an hour before Mellett's funeral, NEA photographed unlucky Chief Lengel holding a copy of the *News* and laughing heartily at a joke a friend had just told. Mellett was buried in Indianapolis; his widow and children, bedeviled by curiosity seekers, went there to live.

Tension mounted after the first fruitless week of investigation. National guardsmen guarded the homes of investigators, who had been threatened. Federal postal inspectors arrived to check on threatening letters. Mayor Swarts suspended Chief Lengel for thirty days. The Acting Police Chief ordered a roundup of underworld leaders and prostitutes, threw some hangers-on out of headquarters, busted one of Lengel's detectives to patrolman and elevated Patrolman Beresford to detective. Lengel departed, carrying his uniform under one arm and an umbrella and a pair of gum shoes in the other hand, and saying, "When the wife sees me coming in the house this way she'll say, 'I know, suspended again.'"

SUDDENLY the underworld counter-attacked, circulating scandalous rumors and affidavits about prominent Canton citizens. A carload of men cruised past the prosecutor's home; a national guardsman jumped on the runningboard, was shoved off, shot at the fleeing car. At an investigator's home the lights went off suddenly, bricks were thrown through the windows, and somebody telephoned a death threat. Libel suits were threatened against papers which published the underworld's affidavits. A banker, fed up with innuendo and hullabaloo, bought three columns of the *News* to publish "A Challenge" to "MURDERERS, THIEVES, BOOTLEGGERS, THEIR NEWSPAPER HIRELINGS AND THEIR PROSTITUTES": "If it can be shown . . . that any director, any officer, or any employee

of the First Trust & Savings Bank of Canton has ever purchased one single cent's worth of illicit liquor . . . [he] will be immediately removed. . . ." Louis Mazer (who had driven Pat McDermott to Canton from Massillon) went to the home of his attorney, the assistant city solicitor, and told him, "You've been talking. If you don't shut your mouth and watch your step, you'll be the next fellow to get the same dose Mellett got." The attorney's wife became hysterical, and her baby was born prematurely. The lawyer, frantic, went to Investigator Slater who took him to the U. S. Attorney at Cleveland.

The *News*' circulation hit a new high of 33,812. As the Grand Jury met at Canton, August 16, the U. S. Attorney in Cleveland ordered the arrest of Mazer and a partner of his on liquor charges. Next day Mazer, jaunty in a straw hat, was told, "You are charged with the murder of Don R. Mellett." He wept. Kascholk identified him. Ben Rudner, the bootlegger, was arrested, charged with having hired Pat McDermott and Louis Mazer to kill Mellett. On Mazer's information his attorney was charged with fixing a case for Mazer and thus conspiring to violate the Federal prohibition laws. The lawyer retaliated—told all he knew about the hoodlum Mazer, the murder, and some policemen. Mazer said he'd never seen Steve Kascholk, the faint-hearted informer, and denied the murder. His alibi: he had been at the home of Detective Floyd Streitenberger.

And now Streitenberger, attending the national police convention in Buffalo, gave a reporter a remarkable interview. Streitenberger, a gangling, gap-toothed, incoherent man, not only corroborated Mazer's alibi but felt obliged to detail his own movements the murder night. He said he and his wife had met Mazer by chance on a street corner shortly before midnight. He said he knew Mazer only slightly and hadn't seen him since arresting him three years earlier, but he noticed him this night because he knew Mazer owned a sister of Streitenberger's own police dog, which was sick. He signaled Mazer to stop, asked him to come look at the dog, and Mazer in his own car followed the Streitenbergers to their house, not far from the Mellett home, arriving there about midnight. Mazer examined the dog. They talked about the dog till 12:45 A.M.—the murder occurred at 12:30—and Mazer left.

Mayor Swarts won his legal fight and removed the Civil Service Commissioners and Chief Lengel. On September 3 the Grand Jury indicted Pat McDermott, Ben Rudner, and Louis Mazer for murder. On September 8 Chief Lengel's trial before the reconstituted Civil Service Commission opened. The Commission formally deposed Chief Lengel. Two days later Detective Streitenberger was fired and the acting Chief shook up the police force thoroughly. On October 24 Pat McDermott's relatives surrendered him in Pennsylvania.

IV

McDERMOTT went to trial first, on December 4. It took a week to get a jury. Steve Kascholk, the informer, was the State's star witness. But he could put McDermott no closer to the scene and time of the crime than five days before it. Nor could any other State witness do much better. A *News* employee testified that Pat McDermott came to the *News* office the afternoon before the murder and looked through a window at Mellett. But that was all; the State couldn't even produce the gun.

Since Pat McDermott had been indicted jointly with the bootlegger Rudner and the hoodlum Mazer, some testimony concerned them. A girl testified she had been at Doll Carey's house, where Mazer lived, on the night of the murder; that she had seen Mazer there with Detective Streitenberger; that they had talked privately in the kitchen, then had left together about 6:30 P.M.; that Mazer had come back in a half hour, got a gun, and left; and that she had next seen him at 7 A.M. the next day, this time with Ben Rudner.

Detective Streitenberger and Rudner denied her story. (Since Rudner had been indicted it was not surprising that he should testify; but Streitenberger had not even been arrested, and he was a policeman; yet he testified for a man charged with murder, and so did Chief Lengel. Indeed one of the striking things about

this murder trial was that most of the cops testified for the defendant.) Streitenberger recited his sick dog alibi for Mazer (which also was an alibi for Streitenberger).

Ben Rudner and Louis Mazer both denied that they ever had met either McDermott or the informer Kascholk, and they furnished separate alibis both for the murder night and for the night when Steve Kascholk said they all four met at the hardware store at Massillon and set the plot in motion. Other defense witnesses, some thoroughly respectable, buttressed these alibis. The State did not attempt to disprove them.

McDermott testified in his own defense and made a bad impression. He told a story similar to Kascholk's except that in every instance it was Kascholk who had wanted to "beat up an editor" and McDermott who had indignantly refused. He even testified that he had tried to warn Mellett, but he got the evening and the conversation mixed up. The State had made a thin case against Pat McDermott of Nanty Glo. But the jury, after hearing two weeks' testimony, needed only forty-five minutes on Christmas Eve to convict McDermott of first degree murder, recommending mercy. McDermott said, "Gee, they were fast." He got a life sentence in the penitentiary. The *News* called the verdict just.

Ben Rudner, the flashy bootlegger and hardware dealer, went to trial on February 7 and presented a strong corroborated alibi defense, but a fortnight or so later the jury convicted him of second degree murder and he too was sentenced to life. And on March 3 Detective Streitenberger was indicted. He went to trial May 10—and who was the State's star witness but the jaunty hoodlum, Louis Mazer, still under indictment himself! His former testimony had been perjury, he said; now he would tell the truth "because my conscience troubled me." This was the first time one of the conspirators had talked.

Mazer testified that, at Chief Lengel's civil service trial in March, Detective Streitenberger had told Mazer in the hall, " 'Someone ought to beat that guy Mellett up and run him out of town. He's causing a lot of trouble for the chief.' . . ." Then, said Mazer, Ben Rudner the bootlegger happened to introduce Pat McDermott to him July 8, explaining that McDermott and his pal Kascholk were fugitives and that, incidentally, McDermott "would slug a guy for two hundred dollars" if Mazer could use him. The next day, at headquarters, Mazer told Detective Streitenberger about the two fugitives. "He said, 'Bring them here by all means.' " Mazer picked them up at the hardware store in Massillon and drove them out to survey the Mellett home but he had the wrong house. Kascholk backed out and left town.

At headquarters on the day of the murder Detective Streitenberger gave Mazer the correct address, Mazer continued. After dinner Streitenberger came to Mazer at Doll Carey's house, as the girl there had testified. Streitenberger said he would wait at the fairgrounds for McDermott. " 'Tell him to croak him. . . .' " Mazer got a gun—"There was only one gun"—picked up McDermott, showed him the Mellett house and the fairgrounds, and left him. At 10:30 (Mazer went on to testify) McDermott phoned Mazer and asked him to come out. Mazer picked up Detective Streitenberger and they met McDermott near the Mellett house and he said the Melletts weren't at home. Streitenberger told him to wait. Mazer and Detective Streitenberger drove around. Streitenberger was talking about framing a cop friendly to the *News* when they heard a siren "and Streitenberger said, 'It's happened.' " They picked up McDermott, and he said: " 'The angels are sure talking to him now.' " A motorcycle cop came up behind them and Mazer said "My God," but Streitenberger said, " 'Don't worry about the police.' " The motorcycle vanished. They retrieved the gun and Streitenberger said he would take care of it. They took McDermott home, and Streitenberger said, " 'I could take that kid downtown and kiss him in the Public Square for what he has done.' "

To rebut all this testimony of Mazer's, Streitenberger took the stand in his own defense and presented his sick dog alibi. But friends who had been there testified that Streitenberger was called to the door and left with a stranger, heading toward Mellett's home at the murder hour. The

jury convicted Streitenberger of first degree murder and recommended mercy, and he got life on May 20, 1927.

Then both Streitenberger and Mazer testified before a new Grand Jury, and on June 8 it indicted ex-Chief Lengel for murder. Two days later Mazer received his reward: he pleaded guilty to manslaughter and got five to twenty years. On July 11 ex-Chief Lengel went on trial. And Detective Streitenberger testified against him: that Mazer had told him Chief Lengel wanted Mellett "beat up"; that Lengel seemed to know Pat McDermott from Nanty Glo; that Streitenberger told Lengel his sick dog alibi and Lengel said "stay with it"; that after Streitenberger was indicted Lengel told him to "go on down to the pen and to keep my mouth shut and he would do anything for me"; that Lengel later said he wouldn't have been mixed up in it if he had known it was to be a murder.

On cross-examination Streitenberger was shaken. Lengel denied everything, said he bore Mellett no malice. But July 17, a year and a day after Mellett was murdered, the jury convicted ex-Chief Lengel of first degree murder, recommending mercy, and he got life. However, at a second trial, venued to another county, he was acquitted. This time Streitenberger didn't testify; when the prosecutor suggested he might be out in seven years if he did so, he said he'd be out sooner than that anyway.

He is still in the penitentiary. So are Rudner and McDermott. Lengel is dead. So are others prominent in the case, including the *News* itself—Cox sold it to the Brush-Moore syndicate, which had bought the *Repository*, and they folded the *News*.

Many people who knew Chief Lengel consider him the tragic figure of the case. At neither of his trials was there any evidence that he plotted Mellett's death. The strongest evidence indicated that he had fore-knowledge of a plot to beat up Mellett—and this evidence came from Streitenberger and it was given only at Lengel's first trial. Just as Don Mellett might be considered simply an ambitious young family man who happened to be cast in a role bigger than himself, so the role of villain spearheading an assault on civic decency may have been thrust on Lengel, an honest cop. The whole struggle, which involved so much, must have seemed to him simply an effort to deprive him of his livelihood. To Don Mellett did it seem more than a chance to make a reputation by exposing lawbreakers?

IV

The case is unsatisfactory. Who pulled the trigger? To this day nobody knows, nobody but the triggermen. Some of those involved talked, but none put himself on the scene at the moment of the crime. McDermott and the bootlegger Ben Rudner never talked. McDermott must have been in it somehow; he is inexplicable otherwise, for he was the imported criminal, the one without personal animus. But evidence proved conclusively that at least two guns were fired, despite Mazer's testimony that "there was only one gun," and so it is probable that there were two triggermen. If McDermott was one, who was the other? Rudner had a very good alibi for the murder time; indeed, though he is the only apparent link between Pat McDermott and Canton, he even had an alibi for the night in Massillon when he was supposed to have introduced McDermott to Mazer, setting the plot in motion. It is highly improbable that Rudner was a triggerman, and many people today doubt that he was in it at all. This leaves Streitenberger and Mazer. They came closer to putting themselves on the scene at the time than anyone else.

And who initiated the plot? As for motive, Ben Rudner had not been attacked by the *News*; Chief Lengel and the hoodlum Mazer had; Detective Streitenberger had been attacked only slightly, but he was an intensely loyal man, and Chief Lengel was his friend. One theory is that Mellett was murdered for what he was about to print: he had told Vail that he knew who had killed Paul Kitzig, and this seems to point to Rudner and perhaps to Mazer. Certainly what Mellett already had printed appeared insufficient motive.

Is it possible that someone wholly apart from those convicted was the master mind? Someone in the underworld? Hardly, the

job was botched too badly. An official? One man who may know said recently that the plot was initiated by a cop who belonged to "another faction" and is now dead.

But aside from the crime, what of the larger issues that underlay it? As one by one Don Mellett's enemies went to prison or were replaced in public office by men he supported, it appeared that in death he had triumphed; and when McDermott was convicted, the *News* said, "Canton . . . stand[s] vindicated. . . . Decency and the law will rule here, hereafter. . . ." A year later, having received the Pulitzer gold medal for Mellett's campaign, the *News* published a special edition containing "Favorable Facts about Canton" and a memorial poem on Mellett:

". . . Martyr, Seer—
All not in vain . . ."

Was it in vain? Are public officials and public conscience less corrupt today? Or did Prohibition simply provide an excuse for the natural greed of public officials, the natural lethargy of public conscience? Today down the hill from Public Square the many saloons are jammed on Saturday night. Many bars on little alley-like streets are reminiscent of speakeasy days. Some stay open till 2:30 A.M. A cop in uniform is taking a drink at the bar. Girls are plentiful and on the prowl. The men wear leather jackets and sweat shirts or else they are hatless sharpies with hairline mustaches and greased-down hair; and many are foreigners. An old resident said, "They don't seem to feel they belong here."

Curiously, at eleven o'clock Saturday night a man in a doorway is selling not only the *Repository* but also papers from Cleveland, Pittsburgh, Akron, Detroit, and Columbus. Canton is nothing of itself, neither Eastern nor Midwestern, a steel town on the railroad, a raw town without memory of the past or thought for the future. It looks cheap, dirty; the low buildings are old and grimy or have flashy false fronts.

In the heart of town as well as out by the tracks are signs "Sports Center" or "Sport Results," some within two blocks of the police station; and the gambling is wide open. From the sidewalk you can see the boys marking sport results on the blackboards. Tip book tabs are sold in nearly every cigar store. Pool halls are numerous, and many run card games. One authority said to me, "There wasn't as much commercialized gambling in Don Mellett's time as there is right today." Liquor? "You know who's got the liquor licenses—the old-time bootleggers." Louis Mazer is said to be running a place out by the tracks.

Saloons are closed Sunday, but almost any cab driver or bellhop will offer to take you to a bootleg joint; a cop's brother operates one four blocks from Public Square. Women? "There's a million whorehouses," said the cab driver. "Most of them where they've always been; on the southeast side. Nice lookin' women, too. Oh, the town's not quite as rough as it used to be, maybe. No killings in a while now. But far as bootleg joints and whores goes, it's the same as always. Little Chicago, they call it."

The Mellett case? Respectable citizens don't want to talk about it. They remember it as an event that caused bad publicity, nothing more. Some even resent Mellett's having come here, a stranger, and stirring up trouble. Journalists know Mellett's name but Canton's only memorial to him is the Mellett Building, the old *News* building, renamed by its owner Timken and now occupied by a household appliance agency, dentists' and others' offices. Many of the records of the trials of his killers are missing from the courthouse; to publish this fact might be unwise, said a man who ought to know, adding, "Canton is still Canton."

LITTLE SUPERMAN, WHAT NOW?

WILLIAM S. BARING-GOULD

THE heavy-set young man with the shock of black hair pounded on the table and called for order.

"Five years is a long time between drinks," boomed Sam Moscowitz of Newark, New Jersey. "But now that the boys are back and a still frightened world is trying to set itself straight, it's time for the fellows who knew it all the time—the science fiction fans—to reaffirm their fellowship. That is what we are doing here today."

"Here" was Slovak Sokol Hall on the outskirts of Newark. The day was Sunday, March 6, 1946. Present were 107 eastern science fiction readers, editors, authors, and artists from as far north as Providence, as far south as Philadelphia. The occasion was their first postwar convention.

The editors and authors had grouped themselves on one side of the hall under the stuffed head of a rather dispirited-looking deer. They included Sam Merwin, Jr., detective story author and editor of *Startling Stories* and *Thrilling Wonder Stories*; Robert Arthur, creator of a score of fantasy tales; F. Orlin Tremaine, onetime editor of *Astounding Stories*, now editor of Bart House pocket books; Manly Wade Wellman, recent winner of the $2,000 *Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine* award for 1945's "best short detective story"; and C. A. Brandt, former associate editor of *Amazing Stories* and *Wonder Stories*, now preparing to launch a new s-f (science fiction) magazine.

Around and behind them sat and stood the fans; youngish and verging toward middle age, short and tall, fat and slim; many of them still in uniform. They might have been a seminar in economics at any state university, their one connecting link the reading taste they shared for extrapolated science in fiction.

And science fiction, in the words of more than one of these earnest young men and women, "stood at the crossroads." Never in America had there been such general interest in scientific fantasies—television, radar, atomic power, super microscopes and telescopes, jet- and rocket-propelled planes, helicopters, robot-like electronic calculators—these and dozens of other marvels-turned-realities had all been forecast and their political, economic, and cultural consequences explored with startling fidelity by science fiction writers months and even years before. Suddenly more and more Americans, bewildered by the seven league strides science had taken during World War II, were turning to science fiction for a hint of what the future might have in store.

But science fiction was caught at a disadvantage. Almost overnight its best, seemingly farthest-into-the-future plots had become the common stuff of the daily

Mr. Baring-Gould may inherit some of his interest in fantasy fiction from his grandfather, Sabine Baring-Gould, an English clergyman, who wrote Onward Christian Soldiers *and two books on ghosts and werewolves.*

headlines. Science, it seemed, had finally caught up with science fiction; "Whither?" was the keynote of the convention.

II

IN THE public mind science fiction is often confused with another branch of imaginative writing: the story of natural, unnatural, or supernatural horror. But science fiction falls under the general heading of fantasy, not horror. It seeks to make you pause and wonder, to stimulate your imagination, rather than to make your blood run cold. The result is that most horror addicts cannot abide science fiction, while the great majority of science fiction fans care little or nothing for stories of mental or physical torture, transplanted brains, giant spiders, man-eating orchids, or for the more commonplace yarns of ghosts, vampires, werewolves, and witches.

It is unfortunate that many readers who might enjoy true science fiction have come to accept Buck Rogers and Superman as standard science fiction characters, and the comic strips in which they appear as representative of the field. They are representative (as John W. Campbell, Jr., has pointed out in his preface to *The Best of Science Fiction*) to precisely the same extent that Dick Tracy is representative of detective fiction.

For science fiction deals, not with the *pseudo*-science of the Sunday supplements, but with extrapolations of *known* science into the prehistoric past or the possible future. Science fiction claims writers like Vardis Fisher who look backward to reconstruct the life of the cave people, as well as authors like Aldous Huxley who look satirically forward to a Brave New World. Its practitioners are often men of science themselves: Isaac Asimov is a research chemist; David H. Kellar, a doctor; Robert Heinlein, a plastics research engineer; Norman L. Knight, a chemist; "John Taine" is Eric Temple Bell, professor of mathematics at the California Institute of Technology; and Olaf Stapledon, M.A., Ph.D., lectures at Liverpool University in literature, industrial history, psychology, and philosophy.

Nobody knows who told the first science fiction story, but as early as the second century A.D., the Graeco-Roman satirist Lucian of Samosata was writing of an imaginary trip to the moon and describing the gigantic proportions and the weird ways of the inhabitants to be found there; here in America the interplanetary theme was probably first used in 1813 by George Fowler in his *A Flight to the Moon*. Much of the older work in the field seems dull by present-day standards, and so many of the prophecies of pioneers like Verne have come true within our own times that a good part of their books hardly reads as science fiction at all today.

Nevertheless, the serious collector of science fiction will have some sixty-four volumes by Verne on his shelves—side by side with H. G. Wells' *The Time Machine*, *The War of the Worlds*, *The Shape of Things to Come*, and at least a dozen other titles; Shiel's *The Purple Cloud* and *The Lord of the Sea*; and Doyle's *The Lost World*, *The Maracot Deep*, and *The Poison Belt*, starring Professor Challenger, one of the few three-dimensional characters ever created by a science fiction writer. He will have Bellamy's *Looking Backward* and Jack London's *The Scarlet Plague* and many, many others.

The truly modern science fiction stories which have been published in book form make a slim library indeed. There are *The Pocket Book of Science Fiction* and *The Portable Novels of Science*, both edited by Donald A. Wollheim; Groff Conklin's *The Best of Science Fiction*—and there the list ends. But it is growing and growing fast. Still to come as this is written are Random House's anthology, *Adventures in Time and Space*, and Professor J. O. Bailey's non-fictional discussion of the whole field of science fiction, *Pilgrims Through Space and Time*. Science fiction fans have also founded the Buffalo Book Company to put more science fiction between hard covers, and August Derleth, the prolific author of the Sac Prairie Saga and hundreds of pulp magazine stories, has added several science fiction novels to the list of books to be published in 1946 and 1947 by his Arkham House of Sauk City, Wisconsin.

FOR the bulk of his reading, however, the science fiction fan must depend on the newsstand magazines known as pulps. These science fiction pulps are bought by

well over 250,000 Americans who spend something like $100,000 a month for their favorite reading. But science fiction is not alone an American phenomenon. Translated into Spanish and Portuguese, much American and British fantasy finds its way to Latin American newsstands, and before the war science fiction magazines and books poured from the presses of Germany, France, Italy, Scandinavia, and England. Indeed, despite the continuing paper shortage, Britain today is flooded with cheap paper covered fantasy books, priced at about a shilling apiece, often not dated, frequently printed on three or four different colors of paper—pink, yellow, and green.

Best of all the American science fiction magazines, in the opinion of most fans, is Street & Smith's *Astounding Science Fiction*, whose editor, John W. Campbell, Jr., writes science fiction under the pseudonym of "Don A. Stuart" as well as under his own name.

More than half of the forty stories in *The Best of Science Fiction* came from *Astounding's* pages, including all but one of the stories which appear under the heading "The Atom." (The exception is Frank R. Stockton's "The Great War Syndicate," first published in 1889 in the magazine *Once a Week*, later *Collier's*.) *Astounding's* pre-Hiroshima interest in the atom was so great, in fact, that U. S. Military Intelligence investigated the magazine to discover "who, on the Manhattan Project, had been talking," but was finally persuaded that to suppress the magazine's discussions of atomic energy "would be more of a give-away than to leave them alone." *

No one had been talking, of course—the stories had been based upon principles published in technical papers (and in *Harper's*) in 1940—but consider what an impact on government watchdogs such a story as Anson MacDonald's "Solution Unsatisfactory" must have made when it appeared in *Astounding* in 1941:

> Someone in the United States government had realized the terrific potentialities of uranium 235 quite early, and . . . had rounded up every atomic research man in the country and had sworn them to silence. Atomic power, if ever developed, was planned to be a government monopoly, at least until the war was over. It might turn out to be the most incredibly powerful explosive ever dreamed of, and it might be the source of equally incredible power. . . .
>
> We were searching, there in the laboratory in Maryland, for a way to use U-235 in a controlled explosion. We had a vision of a one-ton bomb that would be a whole air raid in itself, a single explosion that would flatten out an entire industrial center. . . .
>
> We had all the genius in the field that the United States could produce, men from Chicago, Columbia, Cornell, M.I.T., Berkeley, every radiation laboratory in the country, as well as a couple of broad-A boys lent to us by the British. . . . Canada supplied us with all the uranium we asked for—tons of the treacherous stuff—from Great Bear Lake, up near the Yukon. . . .

If it seems to you that fact has blended with fiction in the preceding paragraphs, you have learned something of the fascination of science fiction—and the reader interested in the final outcome is respectfully referred to the first tale in *The Best of Science Fiction*.

Most of the other pulps which make up the science fiction field publish an occasional "classic" (the fans' word for almost any story which meets their somewhat rigid requirements of what a good science fiction story should be) but in many of their stories science is a subsidiary of sex; titillation is their god and Edgar Rice Burroughs is his prophet. These are the magazines whose covers customarily carry a lurid painting of a blonde in a form-fitting space-suit valiantly battling a BEM (Bug-Eyed Monster). At best, these stories are little more than horse operas transferred to an interplanetary setting; the cowboys have been replaced by clear-eyed young lieutenants of the Galaxy Patrol, the Indians by the terrible, six-headed, many-limbed Gliph Men of Saturn or Uranus or Mercury.

But a place at the very bottom of the list, in the opinion of most fans, should be reserved for *Amazing Stories*, the onetime "Aristocrat of Science Fiction," now published by Ziff-Davis under the editorship of Raymond A. Palmer. Mr. Palmer has set out to capture thousands of new readers. Thomas S. Gardner, in an article published recently in *Fantasy Commentator*, a New York fan magazine, has some severe things to say about *Amazing's* new clientele:

> The crackpots, as they are usually called, num-

* *The Best of Science Fiction*, p. 67.

ber at least a million in the United States. They are, in the main, adults, and have educational levels ranging from near zero to those of Ph.D.'s engaged in technical occupations. A great many harbor seriously delusions of ancient civilizations superior to ours, believe in pyramidology and the like. Indeed, there are today in this country several esoteric societies based on Lemuria, Mu, Atlantis, one actually numbering over fifty thousand members. In fact, these groups are in a way semi-religious, since their members have stated that they are not interested in learning anything which would change their beliefs; that they can learn more from their inner consciousness than from without; and some have gone so far as to state that they abhor mathematics and allied modern sciences because they disprove their beliefs. . . .

Nevertheless, these crackpots constitute a large potential buying-power for magazines. . . . To capture these readers it is only necessary to publish issues of *Amazing Stories* containing stories which propitiate these crackpots' views in fictional guise. . . . Palmer has instituted this very trend.

Palmer's most successful bid for new readers has been "that mystery known by the name of the man who started it all, The Shaver Mystery." Briefly, a writer who signs himself Richard S. Shaver has written articles for *Amazing* in which he maintains that beneath New York, London, Paris, Berlin and virtually every other world capital, lies a network of caverns, the home of a race called the *deros* (or *deroes*). Masters of sciences beyond ours, the *deros* are ultimately responsible for all the evil in the world—by communicating it to surface people's minds through dreams, visions, and telepathy. (Mr. Shaver, by the way, receives *his* information from the caves by "telaug ray," operated by the *teros*—a diminutive race held captive by the evil *deros*.)

Palmer seems anxious to give the impression that he himself is firmly convinced of the existence of Shaver's *deros*, for he has made a number of unequivocal statements in his capacity as editor, such as that "*there are caves in Tibet and they are full of* deros *who make life a hell for mankind outside Tibet as well as inside.*" He writes earnestly about the dangers involved in publishing stories about the *deros*, and asserts that he can see "nothing mystic about a ray that melts down typewriter keys in this editorial office. Nor could it have been done by a ghost. Yet such a thing did happen!" He has received "a warning that your editor was the object of a plot to kidnap him, but that exposure of the plot might serve to cause its abandonment, because of the *deros*' absolute need for secrecy."

Palmer has launched several departments in *Amazing Stories* to keep his readers "informed on the developments in the greatest 'hunt' by science fiction fans in history for what may be the most important of truths," and he welcomes contributions.

He gets them, too—even though "many believe they are risking their lives by writing to us." These people, says Palmer, have two things in common: "First, they do not know whether or not they are reincarnated from a previous existence, members of an ancient race . . . sent here in human form, or what. But they do know they are heading for a definite purpose which has to do with whatever is going on [in this *dero* business]. Second, they have spent their lives so far in perfecting themselves in certain trades and professions which do not overlap. . . . And indications are that when all these people are united they will make an organization which not only will have an expert on every subject, trade, and profession, but that their pooled knowledge will be FAR IN ADVANCE OF ANYTHING THAT HAS BEEN DEVELOPED ON EARTH TO THE PRESENT DAY! Thus, we urge every reader who has such convictions . . . to write to your editor, WHO IS ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE!"

THE letter writers on the whole take themselves and *Amazing Stories* very seriously. J. B. of Chicago, whose firm has developed "a very small two-place helicopter that will land in a twenty-five-foot circle on any terrain whatever" proposes "to investigate the caverns [of the *deros*] by air, armed not with a pencil, a notebook, and a scientific attitude, but with a flame thrower, a submachine gun, and a scientific attitude. Believe me," he concludes, "I can secure these weapons—I know some people. I realize that this is strictly illegal, but such things are sometimes necessary."

Writes Ex-Captain A. C.: "(After) my last combat mission on May 26 . . . I and Captain —— left Srinagar and went back to Rudok and then through the Khesa

Pass to the northern foothills of the Kabakoram. We found what we were looking for. We knew what we were searching for. For heaven's sake, drop the whole thing! You are playing with dynamite. My companion and I fought our way out of a cave with submachine guns. I have two nine-inch scars on my left arm that came from wounds given me in the cave when I was fifty feet from a moving object of any kind. . . . My friend had a hole the size of a dime in his right bicep. It was seared inside. How we don't know. But we both believe we know more about the Shaver mystery than any other pair. . . . Don't print our names. We are not cowards, but we are not crazy. . . ." As requested, *Amazing Stories* deleted the names—but printed the letter.

"I have just run across a person who is not from this earth," confides E. J. of San Francisco, "and while I can't get him to admit it, I have found many evidences that point to the fact he came here from a planet that has tropics and a polar ice cap next to each other with no temperate zone and he knows radio perfectly, but earns his living by going to sea as a desk officer, and some day I will trip him up and get him to admit it; up to now I have had very little success."

Not quite all the letters are in this strain, however. One calls the magazine's Shaver Mystery exploit "probably undesirable and even dangerous." To many an honest science fiction fan, whose hobby has suffered so much, this will undoubtedly go down as the year's greatest understatement.

III

In no other field of literary endeavor is there such a rapport as exists among science fiction readers, editors, artists, and authors.

Fans form clubs to discuss their favorite "scientifiction" stories, keep up a voluminous correspondence among themselves, and write hundreds of letters to editors and authors every month commenting on recent performances. Many fans edit regularly issued "fanzines" (as opposed to the professional magazines or "prozines") and they have set up their own Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA).

Like the prozines, the fanzines have their black as well as their white side. H. C. Koenig, a veteran s-f reader and collector, puts it this way in an article in *Fantasy Commentator*: "The spawn of the science fiction magazines? Precocious youngsters whose only desire was to see their names in print. Irresponsible amateur editors who abandoned their magazines without even an excuse or apology to their subscribers; . . . editors who mutilated and distorted articles without advising writers who contributed them; editors who made no effort to safeguard their subscribers from misleading advertising."

Koenig also blasts the "childish arguments between fans who pretend to be grown up. . . . Reams of paper wasted on personal feuds and controversies—feuds in which the magazine readers are not interested, yet for which they pay. . . . Delightfully frank descriptions of fellow fans, such as this one (which appeared in a magazine edited by one of the -ism addicts): '. . . mental perverts, literary whores, and would-be literary prostitutes.' —All in the name of science fiction! Such, then, is one result of the wedlock of science fiction and the well-meaning fan magazines during the past ten years or so. Acting as midwife were the professional magazines with their ridiculous readers' columns and their commercialized sponsoring of clubs and leagues."

In normal years, fans regularly sponsor conventions like the Newark conclave held this March to discuss the future of science fiction. The first "world convention" (known as "Nycon" for New York Convention) took place on July 2, 3, and 4, 1939 at Caravan Hall. About two hundred fans showed up to listen to speeches and see fantastic movies shown. At one point the chairman had to halt the proceedings to throw out a group of six "Futurians," a left-wing outfit who work toward a "scientific socialist world state." Later there was the Denvention (Denver Convention) and this July the first full-scale meeting of s-f fans since 1941 was held in Los Angeles. Besides hearing Author A. E. Van Vogt speak, visitors had the opportunity to meet and talk with such popular writers as Lewis Padgett, Ross

Rocklynne, C. L. Moore, E. Mayne Hull, Cleve Cartmill, and Laurence O'Donnell.

IV

CAN science fiction hold its present readers and add new ones to its already considerable body of fans? Most science fictionists believe that it can.

Theoretical, laboratory science, on which the writer of true science fiction draws so heavily, is normally years ahead of applied science and engineering, they argue. The fact that it is not so today is a result of the war. But the gap will probably widen again unless another global war provides the impetus for a heavily accelerated engineering program. And if it does, science fiction will bridge that gap for the reader who wants to know "What next—where do we go from here?"

Meantime, there are fresh variants to be found on old themes such as life on other planets, undiscovered worlds, space travel, the Fourth Dimension, experiments in time, and the depiction of the prehistoric past and of the civilizations of the future. Furthermore, there are still almost untouched fields; for example, the Rhine experiments on extra-sensory perception at Duke University and similar investigations are stimulating many science fiction writers (like Padgett, for one) to try their hand at new adventures of the mind.

Perhaps even more important, the current crisis in science fiction will almost certainly lead to better-written, better-characterized, more convincing yarns. Fans, editors, and authors are becoming increasingly aware that science fiction, to live, must have an element of stability which will attract readers long after the gadgets in the story have become realities.

Twelve years ago, in his preface to a collection of his *Seven Famous Novels*, H. G. Wells wrote:

> In all this type of story the living interest lies in their non-fantastic elements and not in the invention itself. They are appeals for sympathy quite as much as any "sympathetic" novel, and the fantastic element, the strange property or the strange world, is used only to throw up and intensify our natural reactions of wonder, fear, or perplexity. . . . For the writer of fantastic stories to help the reader play the game . . . he must trick him into an unwary concession to some plausible assumption and get on with his story while the illusion holds. As soon as the magic trick has been done the whole business of the fantasy writer is to keep everything human and real.

To most fans the new invention, "the fantastic element, the strange property or the strange world," is still the thing that attracts them to science fiction rather than to detective or adventure or western fiction. But science fiction writers are trying hard to "keep everything human and real," once the magic trick is done.

Their problem, however, may be more difficult than they realize. Admittedly, reality itself is becoming frighteningly unreal in the world of atom bombs and rocket ships. The chances are that from now on it won't require any very ingenious "magic" to make the reader accept any "scientific" assumption whatsoever. The trick may well be to make the reader believe that in any world where science has outstripped its present powers human life itself is a plausible assumption.

Twenty-Four Years To Go . . .

> COMMERCE is at the bottom of the present gravitation of nations. The tendency is to make a few great nations by the gradual absorption of smaller ones. Within a hundred years the result will be fully worked out, leaving probably but two great nations in Europe, the German and the Russian, and one in America, the United States . . . English Empire is waning. The country is too small to enable it hereafter to make itself prominent in the affairs of the world. France has received a blow from which it will probably never recover."
>
> Lewis Henry Morgan, *European Travel Journal*, October 6, 1870.

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THE ARABS LIVE THERE TOO

KERMIT ROOSEVELT

Two grim facts must be faced by this country in its handling of the explosive problem of Palestine. First, the Zionist cause is, for many Jews, the central faith of their lives, for which they will fight and die; to many still in Europe it offers their only hope. This we are not likely to forget, even if the headlines would permit us. The other fact is less widely recognized in this country—or, for that matter, in any non-Moslem country. It is that the Arabs also have rights in Palestine, that the Zionist program threatens those rights, and that Arabs also will fight and die in their own cause.

Occasionally someone comes back from a flying visit to Jerusalem and reports that Arab hostility towards Zionism is confined to the rich landowners, while the common people are indifferent. The creation of a Jewish state, they say, could be accomplished without serious opposition. That is a comfortable belief; but I cannot read such reports without remembering, with unhappy sharpness, too many scenes and conversations from my own experience in Palestine which lead to wholly different conclusions.

For example: one day in 1944 an Arabic-speaking American and I stopped in a small Arab village on the Sea of Galilee, and were invited to have coffee by the headman of the village. His sun-baked house consisted of one room. The walls were lined with cushions for our reception and in one corner, looking very lonely and out of place, was a single chair. We took off our shoes outside the door, as good manners required, and settled ourselves, cross-legged and self-conscious, upon the cushions. A few minutes later our host entered. Just as we had tried to show ourselves familiar with Arab custom, so he wished to proclaim his knowledge of Occidental habits. He kept on his shoes, which were huge, and highly polished under an irregular coating of dust. Somehow his bony ankles, uninhibited by socks, automatically drew the eye to these great, boatlike shoes, the only ones in a room full of people. I had to force myself to look elsewhere as their owner sat above us, as ill at

Mr. Roosevelt, whose wartime duties took him to the Near East, finds that there is more than one side to the problem of the future of Palestine. We agree—and refer dissident readers to our "Personal and Otherwise" section in the back of the magazine.

ease in the chair as we were upon the floor.

The scene was, in a way, ridiculous. The conversation was not. Once the amenities had been exchanged it was, on the contrary, bitter and steeped in the elements of tragedy. Our host's warm brown eyes grew hot, though his voice remained politely calm, as he questioned us on American policy toward Palestine. Was it true, he asked, that America was helping the Jews to take Palestine away from the Arabs? That our Congress had voted that Palestine should be a Jewish state? By what right did people in one country tell people of another country that they must give up their land to foreigners? He was not a well-educated man, and I have often heard the Arab case put more eloquently and effectively. But he spoke with conviction when he said that, rather than allow the introduction of a foreign majority into their homeland, he and his villagers would fight to the last man.

His village was close to one of the fine Jewish communal farms, and we remarked that we had been much impressed by his neighbors, both as good farmers and as sincere, admirable people. He was frank to admit that his villagers had benefited from their presence. The Jews had taught them better methods of irrigation, loaned them farm machinery, and been helpful in many ways. As individuals, he admired them. But, he added quickly, there were other Jews in Palestine who despised the Arabs and treated them badly. It was no use trying to comfort him with the Zionists' promise that Arabs would be guaranteed equal rights. The issue to him was as simple as this: if the Jews had their way, Palestine would be a Jewish country, not an Arab country.

On the evening of the same day we talked in Jerusalem to a man who had worked on a communal farm during the violent days preceding the recent war. He had been for some years the farm's "liaison officer" with the local Arabs, and we asked how successful he thought Jewish efforts to promote friendly relations with their Arab neighbors had been. He replied that—up to a point—they were being successful. For example, he was confident that in the prewar outbreaks none of the Arabs living near his communal farm had attacked members of that farm. They seemed genuinely grateful for the help and advice they had received. They would even, on occasion, warn the Jews of attacks being planned by Arabs from another locality.

But that was a personal matter, and could not be allowed to interfere with their broader intent—which was to see that Palestine remained an Arab country. To preserve their tender sensibilities while yet doing their national duty (as they saw it), these Arabs would descend upon a distant group of Jews—where there were no personal ties to make them uncomfortable. Our informant had no doubt they would do the same thing all over again. He said that his own Arab friends might mourn him if he fell victim to another Arab's bullet, but only as an American might have mourned a German friend who fell fighting against America.

Since 1939 the terrorism in Palestine has been almost entirely the work of Jewish extremists. But this was not always so, nor can we assume that it will continue so. Although the fighting at the moment is between British and Jew, no one could dare predict when the Arab may feel that he too must take up arms—and then three-cornered war would sweep the Holy Land. The incongruous shoes, the lonely chair, a calm voice pronouncing words of desperation—these typify in my memory the simplicity and implacability of Arab resistance and make it impossible for me to accept the easy theory that the opposition is just on the surface, in the talk of the cities and the self-interest of wealthy landholders. And the sad, courageous eyes of my Jewish friend, the matter-of-fact way in which he discussed problems of neighbor murdering neighbor, underline the acceptance of this fact by well-informed Jews.

II

These were not unusual conversations. Europe is said now to have but two topics of discussion: food, and what the Russians will do. Palestine has only one:

the Arab-Jewish conflict. There are zealots who look forward to, or are happily able to overlook, the expenditure of blood for their cause. But there are few optimists on the spot. One has to be far removed from the scene to predict that the Arabs will submit to the imposition of a Jewish state upon Palestine. It is noteworthy that the report of the Anglo-American Committee of Inquiry specifically states that the Arab leaders truly represent their followers; the tone of the whole report is heavy with forebodings of bloodshed and terror.

In these circumstances it is heart-rending to read how a large percentage of the tormented Jews of Europe wish to go to Palestine. Unless agreement can be reached with the Arabs, it is plain that Palestine offers no solution to their bitter quandary. The Committee of Inquiry's report comments on the natural desire of Central European Jews to "get away somewhere, where there is a chance of building up a new life, of finding some happiness, of living in peace and security." The immigrants' prospects for happiness, peace and security in a country torn by civil war arising from their presence, surrounded on all sides by hostile neighbors, would be small indeed.

Yet there is, I believe, a way in which they could attain such sanctuary as they seek—at a sacrifice. That sacrifice would be renunciation of the idea that Palestine shall ever become a Jewish state and agreement that future immigration (after the admission of a specified number—say one hundred thousand—of refugees) shall be held to a reasonable quota. The sacrifice would be a severe one to many Zionists; but no solution is in sight which does not entail as great or greater sacrifice.

The tragic muddle of Palestine has been clouded by so many conflicting promises that any settlement is bound to be unfair to some who accepted in good faith the promises offered them. Unfortunately, it can be no consolation to the disappointed to know that the promises they accepted were made by men who had no moral or practical right to give what they had promised.

Yet it is a fact which must influence American policy. We can get a clearer understanding of this (since Palestine is so fraught with emotional and religious significance) if we consider a hypothetical parallel case. Let us suppose that the United States, having undertaken to assist the Filipinos to self-government, had then turned to another people suffering under Japanese oppression who had lived in the Philippines many centuries ago but were now wholly foreign to the islands. Suppose that the United States had promised them these islands to form a commonwealth of their own. Even if the second promise were endorsed by Great Britain and other powers, and even though the Filipinos agreed that victims of Japanese oppression should be given every possible aid and comfort, they would not admit the right of the United States to make such a promise. They would resist all efforts to fulfill it. American public opinion would surely support them.

It is difficult to answer the Arabs when they say: "You Americans talk of protecting minority rights. Does that mean a majority is to be trampled on, made a minority against its will in its own home? You speak of self-determination of peoples and regions, of free elections, and democracy. Is Palestine not to have the right of self-determination? Why not let us have a free election on the destiny of our own country? Why should not we be allowed to decide our future in a democratic way? And isn't it strange that, in spite of all your expressions of horror at Nazi persecution of the Jews and all your professions of pity and desire to help—isn't it strange that you, and Canada, and Australia, and South American and other countries with space to spare should not be willing to accept your proper share of these refugees instead of demanding that one small country bear almost the entire burden?"

In connection with this last point, the Committee of Inquiry reported: (1) that "Palestine alone cannot meet the emigration needs of the Jewish victims"; and (2) that "such information as we received about countries other than Palestine gave no hope of substantial assistance in finding homes for Jews." That does not leave a good impression of Occidental justice, not to mention mercy.

The Arabs were not responsible for the persecution which has led to this emigration. They argue that it is not just that they should be compelled to pay for the sins of others by opening their country to hundreds of thousands of sufferers from European anti-Semitism. They would do their share for refugees on a quota basis if other, and bigger, countries did likewise. But to ask them to bear the whole burden is, they protest, a mockery of justice. Sympathy for a wronged people does not justify wronging *another* people. Shameful though it is to abandon a promise, it is no better blindly to enforce an unjust promise. And it is not just to force the majority of the inhabitants of a country to accept a large scale immigration which would leave them outnumbered in their own home. The "ethnic principle" which we are upholding so vigorously against the Jugoslavs and Russians in Trieste would be grossly violated by such action.

III

SO FAR I have touched chiefly upon the rights of the Arabs. That is because those rights have been given little publicity in this country, which has been proceeding almost as if they had no rights. That is not to say, however, that the Jewish case is anything but compelling. The right of the Jews, not to asylum only, but to homes where they can live in peace and dignity, is beyond dispute. It must be satisfied by international action; we are all human, we all share to some extent the blame for their plight. We must all share the responsibility for providing a solution. The question is how large a part can be assigned to Palestine in that solution.

The Balfour Declaration and the League of Nations Mandate made sweeping promises to the Jews concerning Palestine. Even though both exceeded—in the eyes of the Arabs and of many impartial observers—their proper jurisdiction, and even though neither can possibly be regarded as legally binding on the Arabs, that is certainly not the fault of the Jews. The Zionists do have, shall we say, not legal rights but legitimate expectations in Palestine.

At the moment, however, they are trying to press beyond what they were promised, and in so doing they can only endanger their expectations. The Committee report remarks: "It should be noted that the demand for a Jewish state goes beyond the obligations of either the Balfour Declaration or the Mandate, and was expressly disowned by the Chairman of the Jewish Agency as late as 1932." It is that expressed intention, which Arab leaders had long prophesied, that causes the most acute fear and arouses the most intense hatred among the Arab peoples. The abandonment of that ambition—which is the first part of the sacrifice I believe necessary for the sake of Jews both there and in Europe—does not represent any paring down of their legitimate expectations, but rather a return to the original program.

The next step—the acceptance of strict limitations upon future immigration after the emergency quota has been filled—would represent a real retreat from those expectations. In actual practice, however, I do not believe that it would be an important one, for these reasons.

In negotiating a figure for the emergency quota, it seems to me essential (and only humane) that the United States and the British Dominions in particular should agree to receive within their own borders a reasonable proportion of the refugees. Recently, President Truman has expressed his intention of asking Congress to admit additional refugees to this country. Strong public backing will be needed, however, before Congress will approve even the inadequate figure the President is reported to favor. If one hundred thousand has been fixed upon as the desirable figure for Palestine, a densely populated country about the size of Vermont, it would seem reasonable that the United States and the British Dominions could take at least that number—if necessary, twice or three times that. In any case, the final agreement should provide homes for all the Jews who presently wish to emigrate from Europe.

THAT would take care of current requirements. After that, barring a major increase in anti-Semitism in some

place where there is a sizable Jewish population, it is unlikely that there will be any great demand for immigration visas to Palestine. On the contrary, an appreciable number of Jews will (unless they have changed their minds in the last year or two) wish to leave Palestine for South America, their old homes in Europe or, if they can possibly get in, the United States.

The Jewish Agency has often denied that this would be so, but conversations with Palestine Jews and with Americans long resident in Palestine have persuaded me that it is true. In the appendix to its report, the Committee of Inquiry refers to a petition to the Austrian government from Jews now in Palestine requesting that they be allowed to return. There may be many similar petitions in the next few years. After the present emergency, it would seem that a quota of one or two thousand annually would be adequate, perhaps with an additional allowance to replace Jews leaving the country.

In any case, the country's ability to absorb additional population must surely be a limiting factor. If there is peace and if, in spite of the failure to secure a Jewish state, American and British Zionists continue to pour money into the development of Palestine, it may be able to take care of a greatly increased population. The natural increase among the Arabs has been very great and will doubtless continue so. Yet if the bi-national state is successful the decrease of tension which should follow, together with such projects as the proposed "Jordan Valley Authority," might easily make possible a sizable increase in Jewish immigration—if there are still Jews desirous of going there.

I have said that these arrangements must be made by agreement with the Arabs, which would be a radical break with past methods of trying to solve the Palestine problem. Surely that is only practical; it is also the only just way of proceeding. Arab rights must be recognized. But, we must ask, will the Arabs, let alone the Jews, agree to such proposals? I think there is a good chance that they will, as a necessary part of the following program.

IV

IMMEDIATELY upon their agreement, the way should be opened for Palestine to become an independent state, a member of the Arab Federation and of the United Nations. It would have an Arab majority, but the rights of the Jewish minority should be carefully and expressly protected under a UN guarantee, with local self-government where practicable and full participation in the national government assured. Work on a constitution could be started immediately.

Administration of the country ought to be turned over to Arabs and Jews as rapidly as possible. Full independence would be granted as soon as a UN commission (including at least one representative from an Arab state) reported that public order could be maintained. Inevitably there will be last ditch opposition to this—or any other conceivable settlement—from extremist Arabs and Jews alike; dissident elements from either group disturbing public order should be rounded up for deportation, and both communities, with the assistance of a UN-appointed mandatory power, would assist in the performance of this task.

ON THOSE terms most Arabs would, I believe, agree to a generous, *firmly fixed* figure for emergency immigration. They would be getting the two things they most want: independence, and the assurance of retaining a majority in their own country.

The Jews, on the other hand, would be getting substantially what they were promised by the Balfour Declaration and the League mandate, and far more than was recommended in two subsequent British White Papers (which are, incidentally, in spite of the calumny heaped upon them, fair and competent studies). Most Jews would agree, I think, to relinquish the idea of a Jewish state and accept restrictions on immigration in return for homes for their European homeless—*provided* it is clear that American and British public opinion support such a program and no further expansion of earlier promises will be countenanced. Many Jews, particularly in Palestine, have

long been urging action along similar lines. And while there are differences in approach—notably the insistence upon recognition of decisive Arab rights—this program would not be far different in result from that recently advocated by the Committee of Inquiry.

This plan undoubtedly has flaws in it. It will not be wholly acceptable, or even nearly so, to either side. Unfortunately, no plan can be. This particular one is put forward with the conviction that up to now American proposals have given only the scantiest consideration to the Arabs, and in the belief that a compromise of this general sort is not only possible but—in the light of past confusion and present tragedy—is about the best we can do.

And something must be done. Inaction will lead to chaos in the refugee camps of Europe, in Palestine, and subsequently, in all likelihood, throughout the greater part of the Middle East. To support the Zionist program in its present form (as we seem inclined to do) will inevitably lead to a tragedy on the same scale as that the Jews have suffered in Europe during the last decade. Only by taking account of Arab as well as Jewish rights can we reach a solution that will work—and that will be in line with our American traditions of justice and democracy.



Eugene Delacroix

IT'S NOT THAT I'M LAZY

A VETERAN

I WAS discharged from the Army in April of this year and I am still not working. I haven't even tried to get a job. I'm trying to figure out why. I'm worried about it.

The other day my older brother started to run down the ex-GI's who were still lying around drawing their "readjustment allowance." I winced because I was still drawing mine, though he didn't know it. An aunt of mine mentioned a number of men and boys in the neighborhood who, unlike me, had gone back to jobs immediately upon discharge. And friends keep prodding me with questions about my plans. It's getting so bad, in fact, that I am beginning to avoid my friends. I'm not enjoying my "vacation" at government expense—at *your* expense.

Besides, it's pretty hard on my pride to report to the U. S. Employment Service, to stand in line with the motley crowd, to mumble "No" to the interviewer's question, "Did you work last week?" I don't like going to the bank to cash my check, either. There's no mistaking the check. The teller knows what it is. And he wears a discharge button, too.

I react to money like anyone else. I want as much as I can honestly get. Twenty dollars a week isn't much, and I'm not even quite sure that it's honest. Actually, I'm spending much more than twenty dollars a week—I'm using up what I saved in the Army as well. That was the money I'd hoped to get a car with.

What I'm trying to make clear is that I want all the things an ordinary, healthy, and ambitious American wants: the respect of my family and friends, status in the community, an honest and adequate income, and the opportunity to plan for a home and family. But I am doing absolutely nothing to get these things. I read about the troubles other veterans are having, especially in housing and often, too, in finding the right job. I haven't even reached that stage. The outside world hasn't thwarted me yet; I haven't given it a chance.

Before the war I had a reasonably good job—perhaps it was a "position." Employment questionnaires would put it on the "professional" level. Altogether, I had been working five years and I was beginning, in a small way, to build a reputation. Then the Army called.

I was twenty-nine, too old to take it as a lark, even before I went overseas. It didn't help matters any that, from the point of view of Army classification, I belonged to a large and mixed group whose military usefulness was considerably below that of factory hands and farm laborers. Most of us were a little too old and a little too soft to make impressive officer candidate material. And our civilian backgrounds provided no justification for direct commissioning as specialists. We became the "middle-aged" GI's of the Army.

I don't pretend to know what happened to all of these men as a result of three or four years at the bottom of the military hierarchy. I think I know what happened to those of us who, for one reason or another, were particularly sensitive to the loss of freedom and status. At least, I think I know what happened to me.

For one thing, my respect for my civilian occupation was badly shaken. It wasn't a rational change of mind. It was a gradual and unconscious effect of four years of membership in a military society which, if not contemptuous, was at least indifferent to my special abilities as a member of that other society back home. When your whole life depends on the Army, you can't help absorbing some of its values. If you are going to get along in a new group, you've got to accept some of the group's judgments. One of these judgments was that my civilian occupation had no value whatever. When after two years as a GI, I finally got a direct commission in France, I owed it, as much as anything else, to the fact that I acted and thought in a manner as much unlike my civilian self as possible.

That's part of what's troubling me now. I know I'm back home, and I know the values are different again. But internal values don't change that quickly. There's a residue of military judgment in the back of my head that still thinks my civilian occupation is irrelevant, useless, even contemptible.

Sure, I can get my old job back. But it's not as easy as all that. Maybe I was wrong to have done that kind of work in the first place. This may be my last chance to start something new. Starting something new isn't easy, either. And while I'm trying to decide, I draw my twenty dollars a week.

I suggested that I had the normal amount of ambition. That's an understatement. I'm desperately and bitterly ambitious. The intensity of my wish to get ahead and make up for lost time is one of my worst enemies. Ambition is a little bit like alcohol: in small doses it's stimulating; but when you have too much of it, it becomes toxic and paralyzing. I want so much so badly that any compromise would be a bitter defeat. When I think of going back to my old salary, I could almost weep for shame and frustration.

Before I went into the Army I was "a promising young man." I can't offer myself that consolation any more. My hair is thinning; the Army pulled three teeth. This is it. It's now or never—but how?

Another thing: For many of us, after the Army, there is something fearful about any job and especially a job in a large organization. In the Army the bosses were hard, impersonal, even sinister because sooner or later they were going to push you out somewhere where you might get hurt. Not your platoon leader, perhaps, or even your company commander. But somewhere, higher up, you felt that they didn't give a damn and that it was just a matter of time before they would send down an order that would get you into trouble. The fact that you were pretty well taken care of most of the time and that somebody was paying you for being there didn't seem like humanity; it just seemed like smart animal husbandry. You knew you were caught. There just wasn't any question of resigning and looking for something better. You were wholly and absolutely in someone else's power. You were trapped.

A fellow wouldn't want that to happen again if he ever got loose, would he? That's why I'm afraid of jobs now, any job under a boss. In England, in France, in Germany, in Austria I swore I'd never take a job again, never again let myself out for hire. A lot of us swore the same thing, solemnly, profanely, obscenely, over and over again—in fear, in anger, and in desperate hope for the future. We were never going to be trapped by a boss again.

Now that I am back, I can tell myself quietly that we were just letting off steam, "bitching" the way good soldiers were supposed to. And I can tell myself that a civilian job isn't like an Army job. You can quit, you can fight the boss, you can bargain collectively. You can even get promoted and make a decent living. There's no trap and no one's trying to get you killed. You can tell yourself all this, but it's still hard to shake loose from the feeling that "once you're in, you're in," and you'll have to stay in and sweat it out all over again.

To be independent, to be one's own boss —that was the dream then, the sweet GI dream. What about that? Was that something else every good soldier was supposed to do to keep up his morale? Was it just a trick way of balancing the psychological budget in a tight situation, to be discarded when the situation is past? Maybe so. I know I've forgotten most of the details as

to how I was going to be my own boss. Farming was one scheme; writing another —I had lots of ideas. But now that I'm back I just can't seem to settle on any one and work it out. The fellows I used to talk it over with are all scattered, and I can't seem to work up the same courage and inspiration I had when we talked it over together. I know this is a pretty shallow excuse, and I know that I should write the dreams off for what they probably were. But do you know what I'd have to do to write them off? I'd have to tell myself that one of the most powerful forces in my life during the last few years was just a stupid bit of self-deception. Maybe it was, but you'll understand if I don't jump to that conclusion with any great eagerness.

THERE'S something else I may as well admit: I hate the thought of *asking* for a job and being subjected to the test of an interview. I know the intensity of my feeling on this point borders on the pathological, but I'm sure a lot of returned soldiers feel the same way and for the same reasons—though perhaps not so strongly. The Army tested me just about as much I ever want to be tested—and I don't mean just paper tests and interviews, either. I did a lot of "putting out" as the southern boys call it, and what I got back was, by civilian standards, precious little. I got a medal and the satisfaction of having done my duty. That didn't balance what I had put out. There's a kind of emptiness inside me that tells me that I've still got something coming. It's not a pension that I'm looking for. What I paid out wasn't money; it was part of myself. I want to be paid back in kind, in something human. The fact is (though I don't like to say it) I need a little kindness.

Now looking for a job, being sized up and interviewed, being offered less than you think you deserve, or being turned down altogether—this is just about the opposite of kindness, isn't it? You've got to be pretty steady inside to see this sort of thing through. You can't do it if you feel empty and sore. You just hate and fear the thought of it. You hate and fear all those prospective employers even before you see them. And because you know that you feel this way, you know in advance that you'll make a bad impression. So you just wait and hope that you'll feel different—later.

And while you're waiting, you hope that you'll run into some kindly old gentleman somewhere who'll talk things over with you. He'll ask you what you'd like to do, how much you'd like to make, and so on. Then he'll pat you on the shoulder and tell you not to worry, and he'll go over to a phone and call up a bunch of bosses and tell them to come over so you can interview them. They come right away and you offer them cigarettes, tell them that your services are available and outline in a very reasonable way what you can do. You may even show them some references. Then you ask them to make bids, and you either accept the highest bidder or the nicest guy, and that would be that.

All this doesn't sound very American, does it? The resilience and resourcefulness and the clarion call to action are all missing, aren't they? I'm not responding the way I should according to the rehabilitation program, am I? I'm supposed to snap out of it, buck up, straighten out, and buckle down—and get off that twenty dollar payroll. I *know* I'm not what I'm supposed to be. That's why I'm worried, and that's why I'm trying to figure out why.

CAN WE RUN ARGENTINA?

HUBERT HERRING

ADOLF HITLER became chancellor under the Sign of Aquarius; Franklin Roosevelt announced the Good Neighbor Policy under the Sign of Pisces. Pisces, as all students of celestial matters will testify, treads upon the heels of Aquarius. And from March 4, 1933, on, the Good Neighbor Policy in the Americas followed hard upon the triumphs of the man of Munich. No matter whether the stars incline or compel, it is clear that the Good Neighbor—"the neighbor who resolutely respects himself, and, because he does so, respects the rights of others"—marched resolutely after Hitler. In 1933, 1934, and 1935, when Hitler's threat seemed no more than a child's palm against the sky, the Good Neighbor indulged in pious talk, and spent little money. By 1942, when we were at war with Hitler, our American affection for the Latin Americans broke all barriers, and we spent millions on our wooing. The State Department expanded its missions to the south; Nelson Rockefeller's Office of the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs was given millions. A thousand salesmen, architects, police reporters, and college professors crowded acres of offices—all dictating notes to each other on the theme: What can be done with the Latin Americans? A larger army of experts, authentic or synthetic, filled the embassies in Rio, Buenos Aires, Santiago, Mexico City, spilling over from embassy offices into hotels and office buildings bought or leased to house the expeditionary force from State, Rockefeller's office, Agriculture, Treasury, Army, Navy, FBI, and FEA. There has been no more titillating piece of international wooing since Paris made off with Helen of Troy.

Now the money is spent. Hull is done. Welles is in Siberia.* Rockefeller has time to watch the Rockettes. The salesmen are back at their selling. The simple American asks, "What did we get for our money?" The equally simple Latin American asks, "What did *we* get?" The answer is not easy. The score has not yet been tallied. Many excellent things were done, many silly things, some vicious things.

Yes, one item we did get: Juan Domingo Perón. We got an Argentina obstinately out of hand—that is, an Argentina which would not permit us to name her president. That Argentina is rubbing our diplomatic waistline raw. Any consideration of the fate of the Good Neighbor leads directly to Buenos Aires, for there can be no goodneighborliness in our western world without the neighbor which bulks economically and politically as one-half of all South America.**

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* Note for college professors, and other literalists: the address is Oxon Hill, Md. It's a mistake. He should be at the State Department.

** That statement requires documentation. Here are some figures from Alejandro Bunge, prewar, but still more or less accurate: Argentina has 54% of the railway mileage of South America, 50% of the tele-

Author of three books on the subject, Mr. Herring is well qualified to comment on our South American neighbors (good and bad). He is at present director of the Committee on Cultural Relations with Latin America, Inc.

Therefore, we will write of Argentina. It would be delightful to outline the fate of the Good Neighbor in El Salvador and Brazil and Ecuador and Chile, but here we stick to Argentina.

II

Our quarrel with Argentina is simple; she did not do what we told her to do. In September 1939, in Panama, we said to Argentina—and the others—"Let us be neutral." Argentina said, "Yes." In January 1942, at Rio—after Pearl Harbor—we said, "Let us now make war." Argentina said, "No." During the first war months, we had to deal with President Ramón Castillo, and his foreign minister, Ruiz Guiñazú—stupid fellows, corrupt, devoted to Franco, admiring of German ways and power. German agents in Argentina made the most of it. Then, worse, in June 1943 the generals kicked Castillo out, put Ramírez in, together with an unsavory lot of strident nationalists and political gunmen who throttled the press, broke up the labor unions, and harried friends of democracy. Finally, we got the worst in the shape of Perón—the man behind Ramírez, backed by the GOU, commanding the loyalty of 3,300 out of 3,600 army officers.* By November 1943, Perón was running the country. In January 1944, Washington forced Ramírez to break with the Axis, and in February, Perón threw Ramírez out, ruling through Edelmiro Farrell as his personal stooge. In February 1946, to the confounding of Argentine democrats and of Spruille Braden and his American friends, Perón won the presidency in the most honest election ever held in Argentina. The Argentines gave 1,400,000 votes to Perón, 1,200,000 votes to José P. Tamborini, for whom we had expressed our clear preference.

Argentina is out of hand. We had paid millions for radio time, movies, and press releases with which to persuade Argentines of our devotion. For our money, we had Perón. It is now the current fashion, in Washington and Buenos Aires, to blame it all on Spruille Braden or Nelson Rockefeller or Sumner Welles or Cordell Hull—all of which is a touch idiotic. Nothing in Argentina, or in the United States, is quite that simple.

Who, then—or what—elected Juan Domingo Perón?

I offer six explanations—various, confused, each spilling over into the others.

First, the ineptness of the Argentine democratic opposition helped elect Perón. Of course everyone in Argentina was against Perón, everyone who knows his political alphabet. They lost. The communists were anti-Perón, with a few able leaders and perhaps 50,000 convinced followers. The socialists were anti-Perón, with distinguished leaders and about 100,000 votes. The *Radicales*—a party of the middle class, created out of the Spanish and Italian immigration since 1860—were against Perón, but had neither leaders nor clear principles. The rightists of the Concordancia, at the core of which are the great landholders, certainly had no liking for Perón and his leftist-hued demagoguery, but they had no mind to pool their fate with radicals, socialists, and communists. Furthermore, the rich were loath to show their hand too openly for fear of reprisals from Perón. In fact, almost everyone was against Perón except the *descamisados* (the "shirtless ones," as Perón loves to call his boys) or the *clase sudorosa* (the "sweaty ones"); low paid industrial workers; ragged sharecroppers and small farmers who hate the big landlords; the military who would have the army rule; the politicians who find that Perón pays.

The political opposition formed a democratic coalition three months before the election. The Concordancia refused to join. Various factions of the quarrelsome radicals joined socialists and communists. The radicals, largest group, insisted upon naming the candidate; and they had none

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phones, 55% of the motor cars and trucks; mails 60% of the letters, sends 61% of the telegrams, consumes 55% of the newsprint and 50% of the petroleum; accounts for 43% of the foreign trade of all South America. In other words, Argentina is close to being about one-half of South America, even though her area is but one-third that of Brazil's, and her population less than one-sixth that of all South America. Hence, the conclusion that there will be no Inter-Americanism, Pan-Americanism or whatever you would call it unless Argentina sits in on the game.

*The current guess, no more. The GOU is wrapped in mystery, even the name. Perhaps it stands for *gobierno, orden, unidad*—government, order, and unity.

to offer save the tepid José P. Tamborini, an honest man with the popular appeal of a Coolidge or a Truman. The coalition's platform had but one firm plank: Down with Perón. It was not enough.

SECOND, Perón won because he promised bread and cheese. He not only offered a new heaven and a new earth to a lot of ragged, hungry, and angry people; but he actually gave them at least a ten per cent lien on the new premises. On solid grounds, the economist criticizes his financial policy. The ditchdigger, or sharecropper, or peon, or white collar clerk, knows little economics. All he knows is that Perón created in November 1943 a department of labor and social security which actually heard complaints and did something about them—all new in Argentine history. He knows that Perón froze rents, and enforced some price ceilings. He knows that Perón, in 1945, ordered all wages increased from ten to twenty-five per cent; that, in December last, he ordered a Christmas bonus of one month's pay.

The ditchdigger remembers that no old party worked such miracles. The conservatives ruled in seemliness and order from 1862 on, with ineffectual opposition and sporadic defeat, until 1916—there was no silly talk about social legislation. The *Radicales*, opening fire in the 1890's, had complete control from 1916 to 1930—they did little for labor; they were too busy with internal quarrels. The socialists, with a minority representation in Congress, wheedled a few laws for the protection of workers. The communists made speeches. The 1940 exhibit of wages tells the story; a shop clerk was lucky to have $16 a month, a stenographer $25–$30, a bank clerk $45, a postal clerk $45. The railroad workers averaged about $52 a month. Skilled mechanics got thirty cents an hour, a bus operator nineteen cents, a common laborer fourteen cents, a cotton textile worker thirteen cents. The monthly wage of agricultural workers was around $15, plus some housing and food. Peonage was common in the northern cotton fields and sugar plantations. Then came Perón. Wages went up. Prices, of course, kept ahead of wages. Anyway, the *descamisados* have more coins to jingle.

Furthermore, Perón promised land reform. The crying evil of Argentine economy is concentration of land in few hands. "Ill fares the land"—Oliver Goldsmith might have written it of modern Argentina. The big fellows have crowded the little ones out. The result is a numerous army of sharecroppers, underpaid field workers, peons—and distended cities filled with people who would like to farm if they had land.

Perón promised to change this. During the weeks before election, his agents moved among the landless country people, suggesting that they decide what land, how much land, they wanted from the neighboring *estancia*. It was good politics. As an earnest of his promises, in January 1946 Perón expropriated the 421,250-acre estate in Jujuy of Robustiano Patrón Costas and paid him six cents an acre; next he took over the 506,250-acre *estancia* of Señora Hortensia Campero de Figueroa up on the Bolivian border, and paid her fourteen-and-one-half cents an acre. Perón's fame spread.

Perón's promises to labor and the landless have made converts, not only among the unlettered, but also among the intelligent. I cite three. Chief in his economic brain trust is José Figuerola, a Spanish economist whose work on Argentine labor conditions has won him wide respect. Figuerola had worked under Justo, Ortiz, and Castillo. He knew how little the old crowd would do to improve wages, living conditions, and labor standards. Today he heads the Postwar Council and is responsible for Perón's labor policy. Close to Perón in agricultural matters is Molinari, an ex-radical, author of two books on agrarian reform and a disciple of Henry George. Molinari had yelled himself hoarse demanding the attention of the old parties to the inequities of land distribution. He is now an effective lieutenant of Perón.

A third is Alberto Durand of Salta in the far north. A huge landholder, employer of many hundreds of workers, Durand is a lifelong radical who had pleaded with his party for a constructive program of land reform. Then came Perón with promises. Durand is now the *peronista* senator from Salta.

THIRD, Argentina's numerous and strident nationalists played into Perón's hands. The virus of nationalistic bombast is malign among many sons of first families. They are highhanded, occasionally violent, always noisy. They are united by a common hate of England, which—they argue—has imposed a colonial status upon Argentina; and of the United States, which they accuse of flagrant violations of the pledge against intervention by one state in the internal affairs of another. They view our talk about Pan-Americanism as thinly disguised imperialism. Furthermore, they nurse a strong sense of Argentine "manifest destiny"; cite our record of expansion at the expense of Mexico; describe our present pledges of good behavior as the senile promises of the sated; dream robustly of greater days for Argentina—presumably at the expense of Paraguay and Bolivia, perhaps Uruguay and Chile. They are united by voluble allegiance to their Catholic faith. They follow Francisco Franco with reverence. Their religious zeal is generally discounted. The Church, one gathers, is a flag to be waved.

FOURTH, the Church helped elect Perón. In November 1945, the clergy were required to read a pastoral letter from Cardinal Copello. Its terms were explicit: no good Catholic may vote for candidates who advocate separation of Church and State, who deny religious instruction in the schools, or who favor divorce. The letter did not mention Perón, but its meaning was clear. Radicals, socialists, and communists favored all three measures. Perón had followed the Church's will.

The clergy fell into line. There were few dissidents. A few parish priests, notably Father Dunphy of Liniers, read the pastoral letter and added words of dissent. Bishop Miguel de Andrea refused to sign the pastoral, and commented: "It is a tragic error to sell liberty for a few social and economic advantages." It was not his first dissent; in October 1943 he was scheduled to speak in the Colón Opera House on "Liberty before Authority"; denied use of the building by President Ramírez's government, he reached all Argentina with his address in pamphlet form. It was an appeal to the president which concluded: "Your Excellency, may your authority be the guarantee of our liberty." The Church helped. The explanation is simple. The Argentine Church is Spanish in temper, and has stood by Generalissimo Franco.

FIFTH, the English helped Perón. Argentina occupies a special niche within the Empire. England is Argentina's best customer, makes no grimaces at Argentina's good beef, built Argentina's railroads, has a half billion pounds invested in the country. The British wag, addressing us, is quite serious: "You may take Canada from us, but you will never take Argentina."

The British are realists. They are content to leave the role of Sir Galahad to us. They are quick to espouse noble causes at home, but there is delayed action on the export of those noble causes. After all, a girl must live—so must the British. Since 1943 while Cordell Hull and Spruille Braden struggled earnestly to make pure the heart of the Argentine electorate, the British—aside from a temporary withdrawal of their ambassador (a sop to Hull)—have continued to do business as usual. When Hull blocked Argentine funds in New York and stopped American trade with Argentine ports, even the liberal Manchester *Guardian* said: "We like the Argentine brand of fascism as little as does Mr. Cordell Hull, but we also prefer Argentine beef to American pork." The Argentines were quick to draw the conclusion that the British were not joining the Americans. Furthermore, recalling that Britain normally takes about 36 per cent of her exports, and the United States but 11.9 per cent (those were the figures for 1938, the last "normal" year), Britain is clearly three times as important as the United States on the Argentine balance sheet.

There are two English dailies published in Buenos Aires. Far from joining Washington's holy war on Perón, they have been studiously pleasant. In March 1946, when Perón's victory was assured, the *Standard* printed a folksy piece on Perón, quoted an unknown *peronista's* explanation of his vote; ". . . we're not

looking for a New Order but for a New Deal. Perón may not be thinking along the lines others may like him to, but he's certainly modelling his ideas on the Roosevelt idea, and what was good enough for that great statesman should be good enough for us."

Yes, the British helped. It may also be noted that the chief English visitors in Argentina during recent months were not Harold Laski or Ernest Bevin, but Hore-Belisha and Sir Samuel Hoare.

SIXTH, the United States helped elect Perón. In April I spent an evening with four young Argentine nationalists, some of chief families, active *peronistas*. They were eloquent in praise of their chief. Finally, I put a question: "Who elected Perón?" The answer was unanimous: "Braden." The answer is too simple, but there is truth in it. The United States helped.

We have almost never got along with Argentina. During the seventy years before Franklin Roosevelt and the Good Neighbor Policy, we rarely had an Argentine policy. We left that to the British. We sent a string of feeble ministers (possibly two exceptions). We bought as little as possible, sold as much as salesmen could unload. During the fifteen-year period, 1924–1938, we sold Argentina $486,900,000 more than we bought of her—a tidy trade deficit for Argentina, more by 70 millions than her total sales to all nations in the one year 1939. We used our tariff policy to cut still further into our American purchases of Argentine hides, skins, tallow, casein, linseed. We refused to import fresh meat from Argentina on the valid excuse of the threat to our herds from the foot-and-mouth disease endemic in northern Argentina. Further, our desultory orations on the beauties of all-American unity were sourly described as an invitation to accept the hegemony of the United States. Argentine leaders never cared for us, with the conspicuous exception of Domingo Faustino Sarmiento, President 1868–1874, friend of Horace Mann, and devout admirer of the United States.

In 1933 came Roosevelt, Hull, and the Good Neighbor. Instead of having no Argentine policy, we shortly had two policies. In 1933, Sumner Welles became Hull's Assistant Secretary of State in charge of Latin American affairs; in 1937, his Under Secretary. One policy was Hull's, the other Welles'—there were constant clashes—while Mr. Roosevelt served as arbiter and usually sided with Welles. The confusions which brought Perón into the Casa Rosada are partially chargeable to those clashes.

It happened after this fashion. The Good Neighbor, debonairly christened by Roosevelt, was turned over to Mr. Hull for nurture. Mr. Hull knew little of Latin America. Mr. Welles knew much, and took the Good Neighbor over. Mr. Hull, to be fair, conducted himself with wisdom at the Seventh Pan-American Conference in Montevideo in 1933, and won limited success. But the doctrine of the Good Neighbor really came into its own at the conference convened on Roosevelt's initiative in Buenos Aires in 1936. Mr. Roosevelt was there and effectively dramatized the new good intentions of the United States. Mr. Hull was there, but did little more than confirm his biting distaste for Argentina, and especially for Carlos Saavedra Lamas, the foreign minister. Upon Mr. Welles devolved the task of clothing the Doctrine. Under his hand agreement was reached upon the two fundamental tenets of the new Inter-American system. These were: (1) non-intervention —"No state has the right to intervene in the internal or external affairs of another. . . ."—and (2) the juridical equality of states—"The full and equal sovereignty of states is the foundation of the Inter-American system." The terms seemed clear, and the United States accepted them. From then on, El Salvador—as an example—and the United States were free to make their own mistakes, with equal immunity against outside meddlers.

NOW we seemed to have a Latin American and an Argentine policy, but it turned out that we had two. Mr. Hull and Mr. Welles, it soon became clear, did not read the words alike. To Welles, the pledges meant exactly what they said: i.e., that we have quit intervention, quit for good; that the principle of equal sovereignty means that each nation has the right to

whatever government—or misgovernment—falls its way. To Hull, the pledges were subject to the provision that everyone behaves. We won't intervene, Cordell Hull was soon saying in effect, unless someone gets out of hand. In other words, Hull was taking us back to Theodore Roosevelt, who, confronted with Caribbean waywardness, announced that "brutal wrongdoing, or an impotence which results in a general loosening of the ties of civilized society, may finally require intervention by some civilized nation . . ." Or, if you will, the clash was between two kinds of tipplers; the one renounces Demon Rum and swears to have no more truck with it—that was Sumner Welles; the other takes the pledge, subject to the proviso that all bets are off if, and when, temptation becomes too strong—that was Cordell Hull.

The first major test of strength between the two men came in the spring of 1938, when President Lazaro Cárdenas of Mexico expropriated the properties of seventeen British and American oil companies. Hull was minded to intervene diplomatically, to apply economic pressures, perhaps to threaten military intervention. Welles argued: What will intervention get us? Oil? No. Payment for wells? No. The confidence of Latin America? Never. Mr. Welles appealed to Mr. Roosevelt, who stood with Welles. Hull had to comfort himself with a few moral homilies. Mexico had won. So had Welles.

The next test of strength between Hull and Welles came over Argentine policy. Relations between Washington and Buenos Aires were sour during 1940 and 1941. Castillo was in power, and sabotaged the machinery of inter-American relations. His foreign minister, Ruiz Guiñazú, was an ardent *falangista*. The army was filled with officers who believed Germany unbeatable; German agents were busy. Then came Pearl Harbor and the conference in Rio de Janeiro. Argentina joined Chile in the demand for continued neutrality. 1942 and 1943 brought no improvement. The Ramírez-Rawson coup of June 1943 made matters worse. The ascendancy of Perón by 1944 completed the disaster of our diplomacy.

Forthwith the contest between the Hull policy and the Welles policy assumed definite shape. Hull, who had been learning to detest Argentina ever since 1933, favored a policy of stern reprisals, including non-recognition, economic sanctions; perhaps more. Argentina had sinned and must pay. Welles argued for a policy of complete non-intervention. He was against the use of recognition as an instrument of coercion. "Unwise and inexpedient," he called it, ". . . catastrophic in its effect upon Argentine public opinion, . . . [it] has created in other American republics open sympathy for a reactionary and dictatorial regime which had hitherto been regarded with aversion." He was against the use of economic sanctions for the same reason. He argued for continued recognition of whatever government might emerge, for scrupulously correct and forceful diplomacy within the framework of the inter-American system.

In the summer of 1943, Hull won. Roosevelt, needing Hull's support with Southern senators, permitted him to force Welles from office. After Welles went Laurence Duggan and others who shared Welles's convictions. Hull at last had his chance to carry through his Argentine policy. In September, Argentine foreign minister Storni sent a note to Hull, suggesting that as a "gesture of friendship toward the Argentine people" the United States furnish "planes, parts, armaments, and machinery." Hull's reply was a blistering denunciation of the Ramírez regime which harbors "Axis agents in Argentina . . . [who] are engaging in systematic espionage which has cost the United States ships and lives." Argentina, said Hull, will get nothing. The chief effect in Argentina was to force Storni's resignation—perhaps the one man in the cabinet who honestly believed that Argentina had better make its peace with Washington. In January 1944, Hull forced Ramírez's hand and got a break with the Axis; the chief effect of which in Argentina was to permit Perón to rally the army officers and drive Ramírez from the presidency, thereby further strengthening the hold of Perón and the military. During 1944, other lines of Hull's policy appeared: the freezing of Argentine funds in New York; the ban on

American shipping to Argentina; the recall of Ambassador Norman Armour (but without an actual break in relations). In October 1944, Argentina asked the Pan-American Union to call a conference of foreign ministers to consider Argentina's case. The Pan-American Union refused, and called a meeting to meet without Argentina in Mexico in February 1945.

Meanwhile ill health forced the resignation of Hull in December 1944; Mr. Roosevelt named Edward Stettinius to his place, with Nelson Rockefeller as Assistant Secretary in charge of Latin American affairs. Stettinius soon proved his ineptness. Rockefeller, who had done a surprisingly good job as Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs, all obstacles considered, had the considerable confidence of the Latin Americans. But he was unsure of himself, and fell back for support upon men of meager ability from the Co-ordinator's office, and upon the veteran foreign service officer Avra Warren. It was not a strong team. Of one thing Rockefeller was convinced, that a way must be found to bring Argentina into the fold. With this conviction, Rockefeller and Stettinius went to Chapultepec in February 1945, and later to the United Nations Conference in San Francisco. Argentina pledged good behavior, the United States forced the admission of Argentina into the United Nations, and harmony of a sort ruled. In April Roosevelt died. Mr. Truman replaced Stettinius with Byrnes, and a new Argentine policy emerged—or rather the old Hull policy with variations.

Spruille Braden was sent to Buenos Aires in May and stayed six months. He was the most vocal ambassador ever sent to that capital. He won friends among hitherto neglected ranks of Argentine democrats, and his repeated speeches directed at the fascist ways of Perón and associates furnished the most heartening counsel that our friends in Argentina had ever enjoyed. But he said too much, too often. In December he returned to Washington as Assistant Secretary in charge of Latin American affairs. He continued to make speeches, too many. Meanwhile, the Argentine presidential campaign was on. City walls, village school houses and *estancia* fences were placarded: *Perón or Braden!* The election was set for February 24. Rumors were contradictory: there would be no election; there would be an election, but it would be as crooked as Argentine elections always are. On February 12, 1946, the State Department released its Blue Book, an itemized indictment of Castillo, Farrell, Perón and their associates. The Blue Book was printed in full in *La Nación* and *La Prensa;* it was hailed by the *peronistas* as proof of American intervention—a judgment widely shared by Latin Americans. The election took place on schedule, polling was supervised by the army, and so far no responsible Argentine—friend or foe of Perón—has charged fraud. Perón's victory confirmed Sumner Welles's warning; our opposition and intervention served only to unite Argentines behind Perón. The average man in the Buenos Aires streets responded as had Touchstone when his Audrey was attacked; "An ill-favored thing, Sir, but mine own."

The victory of Perón leaves official Washington red in the face. The confusion of policies now yields the most serious debacle which has ever existed between our two countries. And the State Department has not yet shown what new and better policy is to replace the two policies which have been alternately applied during the past thirteen years.

III

The bystander may speculate on the lines of a future United States-Argentine policy.

First, quit moralizing. Accept whatever regime manages to seize the Casa Rosada, whether we like it or not. Accept it as Mr. Roosevelt accepted Frank Hague in Jersey City and Boss Kelly in Chicago. Don't scold. We know now that it will not work; rather, it does work—in reverse. Don't use non-recognition or economic sanctions as instruments of coercion; we also know how they operate. In other words, let us lay down the white man's burden, and let Argentina go to hell in her own fashion. Even better, let us stand by as an interested and friendly neighbor quick to help Argentina find something better. All of which is Sumner Welles pure and simple.

Second, send an ambassador to Buenos Aires who (1) has a sense of humor, (2) has a gift with words, (3) has grace, and (4) has plenty of brains. Turn him loose to make friends and bring the Argentines back into the fold. It could be done; there are two reasons: most Argentines really want to get along with us, and even more Argentines know that finally they *must* get along with us. We have not sent such an ambassador. Some credit George Messersmith with intelligence, but none to my knowledge would classify him under points 1, 2, and 3, above.

Nor is an able ambassador enough. The Department of State must be told in harsh words of the gross inadequacy of many of the men sent as counselors, secretaries, attachés, and experts of various sorts. We have fooled away a lot of precious time in Argentina—and elsewhere—by sending men of meager abilities to represent us. This is said with due respect to a few able men who have done their best in Buneos Aires and other hard posts.

Third, have the economists in Washington settle down to the job of making Argentine-American amity pay in dollars and pesos to both parties to the compact. It could be done, say able men in State and Commerce, if we but had an Argentine policy not subject to a new upheaval each time the elms shed their leaves.

Fourth, and then, for God's sake, let's shut up. The United States will have job enough in the next dozen years getting the boys out of the Quonset huts, getting rid of "the man Bilbo," liquidating the black market. It can hardly take on the cause of ridding the Americas—let alone the world—of all the tyrants now in power, not to mention those likely to poke out their heads with each spring rain. Prudence suggests that we leave some share in their redemption to the people of each misruled area. After all, the well-nigh perfect civilization we now enjoy in New York, California, and way stations was not won for us by the British, Russians, or Iranians.

But we will have an Argentine policy, no matter what shape it may assume. Three considerations will force one upon us. *First*, the British. Their wooing of Argentina is ardent, and our traders will insist on a policy which permits Americans to compete on even terms. *Second*, the Russians are moving into Argentina. From this day, Perón and his successors can and will play Russia over against us. Whether in wisdom or in folly, there will be plenty of people in and out of Washington to insist that we meet Russian competition. *Third*, the United States is far from abandoning hope for all-American team-play. Today, that hope lies on the fond side; it lacks substance. But the Pan American dream is a stout one.

So much for prophecy. Meanwhile Perón has his chance. Our likes or dislikes are not impressive. We will have to live with him, or with others like him, until the Argentines decide otherwise. We can't do it for them.

YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THE OLD FARM NOW

HOMER CROY

Pictorial Comment by Aurelius Battaglia



HALF a mile from the Missouri farmhouse where I was brought up was the Knabb School (don't pronounce the K). During the winter we would have debates, not us scholars, but our parents. How well I remember some of the subjects. One was, "*Resolved*, a college education is more to be desired than a thousand dollars." A thousand dollars! It was a tremendous sum. How smart a person seemed who had been "off" to college. I had never in my life seen anybody who had been to college, and I suppose that hardly anyone else in attendance had. Our fathers didn't know anything about college, but that didn't keep them from debating its merits.

One night the subject was "*Resolved*, the next fifty years will not see as many great inventions as the past fifty years." My father was one of the debaters; he said that about everything useful to man had been invented. And that did, indeed, appear true; for we had a McCormick reaper that could do the work of three men, and a steam thresher which to us seemed the last word in human ingenuity. Rubber tires for buggies had come in, and we had, in our home, a wonderful invention called a "graphophone." It had a tremendous horn, and when we wound the contrivance up and put on a record, it played music and talked! I can still see the title of one record; it was printed in a semicircle around the hole in the middle: *Flogging Scene from Uncle Tom's Cabin with Incidental Music*. For a long time I thought poor Uncle Tom had been flogged to music. My Uncle Will Sewell had a zither; he would put a coiled steel spring on his index finger, push down some felt keys, rake that coiled spring across the strings and make some mighty lovely music.

But this wasn't the end of our wonderful

inventions. In fact, it's only a smattering. So you would think my father would win, for he had only to mention the things we had and include the new double-action pump that was now hooked up to windmills. Logic was on his side, but he lost. He went home, pretty well discouraged; the judges must have been prejudiced.

ALL this I cite as a contrast to the astonishing things we now have. And they are really, truly amazing. I'm sure the next fifty years can't hold a candle to them. I'm like Pa: human ingenuity can't go any further.

First, machinery. When I was a young shaver, a farmer, working by himself, could take care of 80 acres of land. That is, he would exchange work with the neighbors who would come in and help with the haying, hog-ringing, butchering, and mule-breaking. Of course he really had more land, usually a quarter-section. But also he had sons who would go into the field at twelve or fourteen; thus a farmer, with family help, could manage 160 acres. Today, with modern machinery, a farmer can easily handle 200 acres himself, if need be, without sons. This is why the farms are losing population, although production stays up. I used to shell corn with a hand-sheller; there was a little chute on the back; I pushed the corn in with one hand and with the other turned a crank which kept an iron flywheel running. (We used to shell our black walnuts that way, too.) Well, today this section has what is called "custom shelling." A man comes with motor equipment, pulls into the barnyard, sets his machine going, and in no time he has shelled all the corn a farmer has raised. Pretty easy.

Haying was the most exciting event of the year. Our neighbors would come to help; Pa would also get four or five men from town; they were never any good. Twenty men we would have and three or four neighbor women to help cook. (Boys always had to eat last—sometimes I would get pretty weak.) Sometimes, of mornings, there would be dew, and the men would sit on the hayframes and tell funny stories. That was the best part of haying. Then the sun would come out and we'd have to go to work. I tell you it was hell. I had to drive the horse that lifted the hay fork up to the traveling track in the top of the barn; along this overhead track the hay would go like a mammoth umbrella. "Dump!" the man in the mow would shout; the man on the wagon would pull the trip rope, and down the hay would come, spreading out as big as a tent.

That's all gone. Hay is now baled in the field. A machine lopes along, snatches up the hay, compresses it into a bale and blithely drops it into a truck-trailer which goes lumbering off to the barn. And I'll be damned if there isn't a motor there to lift the bales into the mow. I haven't heard in ten years of a boy, during haying time, having to wait till the second table. No neighbor woman ever comes in to help cook. No funny stories in the field. I tell you haying today is pretty tame.

No waiting for the dew to dry. On some farms the hay is brought in damp, and shoved into the barn loose to be dried inside. On the floor of the haymow is a vast system of dryers, which blows through the hay. My father would never have believed it; I blink a little myself.

II

MACHINERY everywhere. The usual owner-tenant contract calls for the tenant to furnish the machinery. Spide Logan, on the Croy Farm, has $2,800 invested in machinery.

In my day a lister cost $20—a great deal of money, indeed. The other day I was looking at a lister Spide had bought; it had discs and gadgets I had never heard of. And it cost $112. My eyes popped. And right here, in that simple thing, is the story of the change in farming from the simple, one-man affair of my father and my boyhood to the tremendously complicated, highly-mechanized matter that farming has become. And right here, as I've pointed out elsewhere, is why the veterans, returning from the war, have so much difficulty getting located on farms and in business for themselves.

In my day corn gathering was—next to manure hauling—the hardest, most back-breaking work on a farm. The cursed thing lasted a month, sometimes two. Farmers would tell whoppers of how many

bushels they could shuck in a day. Some of them pushed it up to a hundred. But I never knew a man in my life who could pick and scoop one hundred bushels of corn in a day. The average was in the neighborhood of fifty. (Me? Well, forty on good days.)

Today a giant mechanical picker goes out at dawn and brings in twelve hundred bushels before dark. Some are four-row affairs, truly behemoths. Of course, not every farmer can afford to own one himself, so there is "custom picking." That is, a man who owns a picker goes from farm to farm husking corn at so much a bushel. In other words, a farmer can hire all his corn shucked in one day. It is incredible. I don't blame you for not believing it.

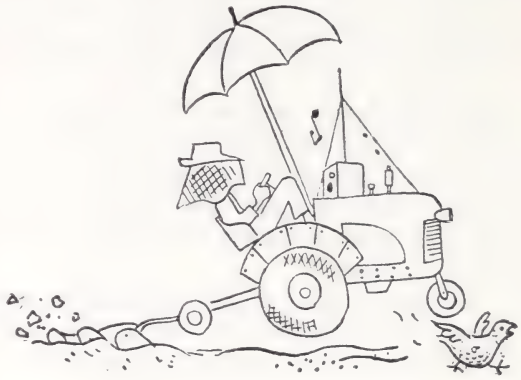
I have mentioned the worst of all farm work—manure hauling. The time I decided I would leave the farm was one day



when I was forking manure from our cattle lot into a wagon. I was wearing gum boots and had a four-tined, square-shouldered manure fork. Well, that's all changed, thank God. The manure in the feed lots is scraped up by a bulldozer and toted away to the field in a spreader. And there, by means of a little traveling track and whirling blades, it is scattered over the ground. If the thing had been managed that way when I was a boy, I might not have left the farm, at least when I did.

PLOWING was almost as bad. Once I plowed out a rattlesnake. I was barefooted. I gave a leap that landed me just abreast of the horses. I loosed a tug and killed the snake, but I was so badly shaken that I unhitched the team and went to the house. I half expected my father would make me go back, but he didn't; and for a moment I had a deep and moving flash of love for him.

Today plowing is a sitting-down job. A plowing tractor is geared at about six miles an hour and dashes across a field at an amazing speed. Some farmers like to plow at night; electric lights are arranged



ahead and are also pointed down to show the furrows. Sometimes there are night bugs; then Spide puts on a kind of beekeeper's mask and plows gaily along. Nor does he get so lonely, either, for he has a radio. I tell you if they'd had that, I'd never have left.

Sunday dinner was a great event. It was always my job to run down a chicken. How I hated picking it. Then the singeing. Do you remember that? Those pinfeathers? And how, when you were holding the chicken over the blaze, you would get nipped by the flame? Now comes the most astonishing item of all. Farmers have chicken pickers run by electricity. A series of rapidly revolving rubber "fingers" snatch off the feathers and shoot them into a bag. I mean it. Mrs. Logan hasn't got one, but there's one in the neighborhood, and when she is going to stow chickens in the cold storage locker, she borrows the picker. Thank God no device has come along to supplant Sunday eating.

Milking! how I hated it. (I'm getting embarrassed at how many kinds of work I hated.) I had a one-legged milk stool which I kept in a crack in the milk lot fence; I would sit down on the stool, edge my right shoulder under the cow and begin squirting. Mud, dust, and filth. Today it's all machinery. A cow's head is stanchioned, harness is thrown over her, suction cups are attached at the proper places, and the farmer sits down and rests. I would have liked that.

Another torture was flies. A cow would lash you with her tail; or in order to get a fly off, she would flinch her skin like a shimmy dancer. Then she might kick. Well, that's over, too, thanks to fly-spray, a great deal of it developed during the war. When a cow goes into her stall, you spray her and she stands there peacefully and contentedly, and never once knocks the daylights out of you.

But this is not all. As I write this, "custom" fly-spraying is coming in. A man with motorized equipment dashes up and sprays the barn or dairy with DDT and then speeds away. At present, the spray will eliminate flies for from thirty to forty days; when they again become bothersome, the farmer telephones the custom fly-sprayer and the man comes dashing around again. It's curious how many outside people mix in with a farmer's work these days. In my day Pa and I did it all.

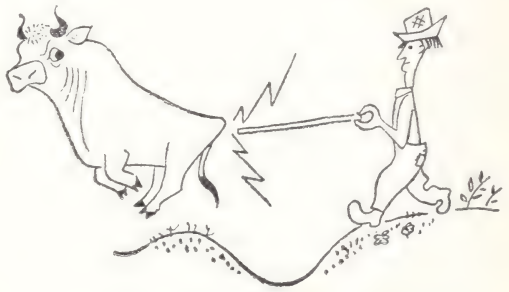
THE most completely amazing bit of machinery is the sow milker. Yes, that's exactly what I mean. It is a device for securing the milk from its natural source and testing it out for pigs. If a litter of pigs is not doing well, the milk is tested and the mother put on a diet. That's right, too—sows are now dieted. The fourth and



fifth weeks are the critical ones in the life of a small pig; if he pulls through them he is pretty well set for hoghood. So, to make sure his nourishment is all right in these dangerous days, the sow milker is used. The thing was invented and developed by the Hormel Foundation, Austin, Minnesota. I'm glad Pa never knew about it.

Before I finish with machinery, I want to tell something else that was the bane of my life. Post-hole digging. It's the hardest work in the world; get out there and dig and dig. Then, just as you think you're finished, your father comes along and says, "It'll have to go a couple of inches deeper." Well, how do you suppose it's done today. By machinery. A giant auger is poised over the place where the hole is to be, a man touches a lever, and before you know it the hole is dug. Why is it that all progress hit the farm after I left?

Oh, yes! One more bit of machinery that made me gape when I came upon it for the first time. The electric prod. In the



old days cattle were driven by means of a whip; horses, too. Today the driver has a prod about as long as your arm and as big around as your wrist; inside is a dry battery and at the grip-end is a switch. The man touches a steer, or a horse, with the prod and pushes on the switch with his thumb—and gets immediate results. It sounds cruel, but it is not as cruel as a whip; it leaves no lash mark and lets the skin recover more quickly. In handling a team, the other horses are not frightened by the whip; only the laggard pays.

III

BUT machinery has its toll. It is always getting out of whack, and this has brought in the Fix It Man who travels around repairing equipment that has begun to act up. He carries everything—seemingly—in his truck; it's a rolling storehouse of parts and replacements. And it's a job that many mechanically trained men took up at the end of the war.

Here's a list of the things the Fix It Man does: wires houses and barns, installs water-softeners, puts in bath tubs and sewage systems, fixes the spring on the screen door, clears out the kitchen drain,

overhauls the tractor, puts new shoes on the spring-tooth harrow, finds out what is wrong with the refrigerator, welds a new point on the plowshare, repairs the radio, and dispenses the neighborhood news. On rainy days the farmer used to try to do these things himself, but now he telephones the Fix It Man. It was vastly different when Pa and I did it. I mean Pa.

A tree trimmer! That's another. In the fall, Pa and I would climb up on a stepladder and saw away at a limb, the stepladder craftily watching for a chance to hurl us to the ground. But it's not done that way any more. The Fix It Man comes with a "hot wire," loops it over a limb, turns on the electricity, and pretty soon the limb is off. Sometimes I wonder what the farmer of today has to do, anyway.

For cutting down trees there is a round, whirling-blade, cruel-looking saw. The device is wheeled up—on rubber tires—and the edge of the saw is placed against the tree. The thing is run by kerosene. You pull a cord, and the blade tears into the tree with a savage, heart-breaking snarl; at least that's the way it sounds to a person who hates to see a tree—even an old one—yield up its life.

CHANGES not connected with machinery are also taking place. One is health insurance. At first the idea was considered revolutionary—but aren't all new ideas? Time after time farmers had suffered from ruinous medical bills; it was a saying that when a man began to "doctor" he was opening a door called Debt. It is appalling to think of the aches and pains and, sometimes, death that farm families have suffered rather than place themselves in the hands of doctors. And so farmers have organized co-operative health associations, each grouped around a community hospital, and now farmers pay monthly assessments for health protection. That, indeed, is revolutionary. I do believe there is nothing more so in all the corn belt.

As a result, farmers now have preventive medical care; yes, and preventive dental care. Snaggle teeth are taken care of, as they never were before. New words are coming to farmers: obstetrician, urologist, pediatrician, orthopedist, gynecologist. They can't pronounce them, but they know what they mean. And they get shots and serums and treatments that once went only to city people.

Why in God's name shouldn't they? No group in this country works so hard as farmers; and what do they get out of it? Very little indeed, compared to the sleek people of the cities. It's easy to say, "Why don't they give up farming?" But it's far more involved than that. They have inherited farms, they have not been able to get much schooling—all they know is farming.

It's not simple to pull away from the land; a thousand ties hold one there, especially the fathers and mothers and old folks. There are always "old folks"—Grandpa and Grandma who live in the L, or in the room behind the kitchen. My heart breaks when I see them—those brown, gnarled hands that have worked so hard and got so little out of life.

The good news is that farm babies are now being born in hospitals. Of all the boys and girls I grew up with, not a single one was born in a hospital. But their children are being born there and are getting service comparable to what the city people get. Farm health has been a disgrace to the country, and I rejoice that it is being bettered.



Now and then my father would have to borrow money to "feed out" the steers. How he dreaded it. Also a kind of shame hung over it. There, on one side of the counter, would be Pa in his Sunday clothes and vici shoes—no tie; on the other side would be Joseph Jackson in his silk vest, his gold watch-chain, and ascot tie. Pa would lean over the counter and say in a guarded voice, "Joe, could I see you privately."

"Yes, Amos, in the back room."

Mr. Jackson would open the door and Pa would follow him into the mysterious "back room."



After a while Pa would come out and get away as fast as he could. Borrowing money was a big—a kind of shameful—occasion.

Today it's done by mail. Des Moines is filled with places that lend money by mail. One of the lines in their advertising says: "The entire transaction is handled without friends or relatives being notified, or contacted." Just fill in a few lines, sign here and there—and the money is yours. No slipping in, leaning over the counter and dropping your voice. Maybe it's a little too easy.

Two other changes have come that I believe the public has heard little about. One is the tremendous increase in popcorn; this is supposed to have got a start during the war when candy was not to be had for the asking. So important has become the sale of popcorn in movie theaters that the Fox Midwest Amusement Corporation, in Kansas City, has about four thousand acres in popcorn; in addition, it has contracts with neighboring farmers. I saw one farm, near Tarkio, Missouri, that had six hundred acres in popcorn. Practically all of this goes on sale in movie theaters. The crunching must be terrific. In addition, popcorn is put in little round bowls in cocktail lounges. The crunching here is of a more refined nature.

The second change is the tremendous growth of waxy-maize corn. This, too, is supposed to have come about as a result of the war. Until the war cut it off, imported tapioca was generally used to make the adhesive on envelope flaps and on postage stamps. Then it was found that waxy-maize corn would do the trick, and since that time the growing of this particular kind of grain has increased amazingly.

An item appearing often in the daily papers just now has to do with farmers taking to the air. Indeed, there is an organization called "The Flying Farmers." A confirmed city man, reading these dispatches, would assume that a new and tremendously important factor has come into farm life. These news stories tell how a farmer hunts lost cattle, looks for down fences, patrols for grasshoppers, and I don't know what all.

But the sum and substance of it is that a farmer seriously using an airplane for farming has been kicked by a mule. No farmer, in the corn section, has a farm so big that he has to hunt for his cattle by going up in the air. It gets down to this: a few rich farmers have planes (they make their money some other way) and have organized clubs, just as people organized automobile clubs in the early days, and they fly around in these planes and tell how useful the plane is. It makes a good story, but alas! there's not a word of truth to it. A plane on the farm, in the foreseeable future, is a fifth wheel.

IV

The biggest swing, at the moment, is to something that a few years ago didn't even have a name. The name had to be made up out of whole cloth, and here it is: chemurgy. Wheeler McMillen, editor of the *Farm Journal*, who is the founder of the idea, tells me that a group put some possible names down on paper and pounced

on this. Some say it is the biggest idea in farming in the Twentieth Century. But I am a little distrustful of "biggest ideas" in the Twentieth Century; I've seen too many go up the flue. Anyway, there are four main purposes in the farm chemistry idea:

1. To develop new non-food uses for farmers' crops—for instance, garment fibers out of casein, which comes from milk.

2. To put crops into industrial uses: soybeans into steering wheels, sweet potatoes into high-grade starch.

3. To make use of farm products that would otherwise go to waste: as an example, cigarette papers from flax straw.

4. To find new profitable crops. Soybeans are fairly new. Ramie is a fiber new to this country. Anguar has been introduced into the United States from India and is now being grown in Arizona. It is used in the making of paper.

Anyway, people who know far more about this than I do say that chemurgy is the biggest thing around the corner. But there is plenty more around the same corner, all bringing a host of changes into farm life. Here are a few:

1. Hybrid corn, which already has put millions in the pockets of the corn farmers.

2. Frozen foods. Nearly every farm has its cold storage locker in the community plant. Some of these plants are not in a town, but out in the country, sometimes at a crossroads.

3. Home demonstration agents. Specially trained women come to farm homes, neighborhood clubs, and rural schoolhouses and show the women the newest in canning and cooking. One home demonstration agent I heard spoke on "How to Fit a Dress Form." She had me popeyed.

4. The amazing number of uses that soybeans can be put to. The number, as I write, is about two hundred. One is to eat them.

5. A drug effective against chiggers. A few drops spread on your ankles will knock chiggers silly.

6. A machine that will clean chicken houses. Ah, me!

7. Truck driver contests. All the states are having them; sometimes they call them "roadeos." The men demonstrate their skill in backing ponderous trucks to platforms and turning in narrow spaces—lots of fun and examples of unbelievable skill.

8. Weed killers. What a godsend they would have been in the 1900's.

9. New grasses, such as crested wheat grass, brome grass, Cossack alfalfa.

10. The fall-off in attendance on Saturday afternoon in town. Farmers, especially during crop season, now go to town when it rains and they can't get into the fields. Revolutionary.

11. The number of farmers going to town by bus. Every filling station on the highway is a bus stop, and every crossroads store. When there is a passenger, a red flag is hung out. Wish to God they'd had it in my time.

12. Seeing-eye dogs on farms. Some are for veterans.

13. The great number of men and women—young and old—who get seasonal work at de-tasseling hybrid seed corn. Machines are used to convey the de-tasselers through the field, to make it easy to reach the top of the stalks.

14. The giant motorized machines being used to fight the European corn borer; they spray a solution of DDT on the stalks.

And now to something a little on the delicate side; artificial insemination. If you don't know what that is, you are not going to find out here. So far it is chiefly practiced on dairy farms, but it will spread to the beef-producing sections and the steak you find on your table will be bigger and juicier because of it. And more milk will be produced and more cheese. So new, so recent is this that the first bull used in Iowa is still living. He doesn't seem to be very happy.



The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Ten thousand, five hundred road miles from Cambridge this historical and geographical expedition has reached its first real pause in the wilderness of the Boise National Forest. I have set up my typewriter at a ranger station which you reach by leaving a highway and driving thirty-nine miles of what those who use it regularly described to me as another road. It is not a road; it is a memento mori. By comparison the Tioga Pass route out of Yosemite Park, which had previously stood out as the most hair-raising drive on my trip, seems as tame as the Worcester Turnpike. I have decided not to go back over those thirty-nine miles of suicide. In Idaho you normally drive north or south to travel east or west but this time I am going to blaze a trail straight east. That the map shows no roads at all that way comforts me; there can be nothing like the Warm Lake Summit.

The editors of *Harper's* have forwarded to me here a large mail from medical researchers and practitioners about my piece on the anti-vivisectionists. There is so much that I cannot possibly answer it. Will the profession please accept my apology for that inability, my thanks for the letters, and my promise to return to the subject the first time the fanatics give me a good opening?

I reached my ten thousandth mile at the town of Buhl, Idaho, where an advertised experiment in the good life sadly collapsed twenty-five years ago or more. I halted for appropriate ceremonies and then went on toward Boise across unbelievably beautiful areas of irrigated farmland and unbelievably depressing stretches of the Snake River desert. Five thousand miles before that, however, I had come to an involuntary halt in my native state which forced me to stay at Salt Lake City longer than I had intended to. While I was there I chanced to see an advertisement by a tire manufacturer which announced forthrightly that his 1946 tires were the safest and toughest ever made. A few pages farther on one of his competitors was saying that his 1946 tires would outwear his prewar products and promising me that I could count on their standing up better than any tires I had ever bought in the days when tires were made of rubber.

The two ads interested me poignantly. I was five thousand miles from home. At the beginning of the trip I had mounted five new tires and specimens by each of these two manufacturers were on my rear wheels. And the reason I was stalled in Salt Lake was that both had departed this life as I came into town. The threads of both looked just fine but the grooves had opened in long slashes clear through to the inner tubes with an effect which I can only describe as like a net stocking. Three thousand miles before that, after just two thousand miles of use, another of the original five had been so crisscrossed with cracks and crevices that I took it off and was saving it as a spare. (I have since thrown it away, adding it to the thousands of seemingly perfect tires I have seen on the roadside, twenty-one dollars' worth of tire which gave me about twenty-one hundred miles.) A thousand miles beyond Salt Lake its successor swelled out in a long blister where the tread had left the

fabric and found a final resting place in the Wyoming sagebrush. The fifth one, which had alternated as a spare, gave me almost six thousand miles of service and then I had to throw it away, too.

I got three new tires in Salt Lake City through the exertions of relatives, and two more were waiting for me at Boise, because in Jackson Hole I met an old Ogden friend who is in the business and who, sympathizing with the urgencies of a traveling historian, outrageously gave me priority over his regular customers. It is an open question whether these five will see me through the remaining three thousand miles between here and Cambridge. On the strength of my own experience and the testimony of many scores of motorists and garagemen I have talked to, it is exceedingly unlikely. That I got six thousand miles from one new tire and five thousand each from two others establishes two things: that as a veteran motorist I give my tires the best care possible and that I have been singularly favored by fortune. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the testimony of the road is that you may drive the first-quality 1946 synthetics with comparative serenity of mind for two thousand miles and that from there on you must be prepared for their going utterly to pieces at any moment. This year's tire production is littering the highways of the United States, proved useless long before the tread is worn, and he was a fortunate tourist who set out on his prewar rubber, however smooth. The tires for which I substituted my new synthetics were only six years old and had traveled only twenty thousand miles. If I had kept them on my wheels I should have had no tire trouble.

A recent government order permits the use of a larger percentage of natural rubber in tires than has been used so far. The direct evidence in support of what I say is that the authorized percentage increases with the size of the tire. The truth is that the synthetic tires are abominably, unendurably bad and if something is not promptly done to improve them the whole passenger car market and such portions of the economic system as depend on it will be in chaos. The synthetics will not stand heat, speed, or hard usage. But let us not rush to accuse tire manufacturers of fraudulent advertising. It may be that their testing machines prove that their synthetics outwear their prewar tires—if the machines are run at a speed equivalent to thirty miles an hour, if the resisting surface is kept smooth, and if the temperature of the testing room is not permitted to rise above that of a spring rain. Under road conditions, however, it simply is not true that these are the safest and toughest tires ever made: even twenty-five years ago we expected and got at least ten thousand miles from tires and that performance was rapidly increased to thirty thousand. And it simply is not true that anyone can depend on them for anything except early and possibly dangerous collapse.

I don't know where the manufacturers of automobiles stand on this. For a year or so they will be able to sell anything they put out and can equip their product with tires of woodpulp or starched muslin in complete security. But when the demand begins to dull a little they will be in for bad trouble. I recommend truth in advertising. Let them inform the customer that, though tires never were as durable as automobiles, he must now take for granted a far greater disparity than there has ever been before and that it is not the fault of automobile manufacturers.

So let's talk about cars. Before starting on this trip I gave my six-year-old Buick Special the works, including a complete job on the engine, at a cost of two hundred and fifty dollars. I have had new-car performance from it, better than 1946 new-car performance according to what I hear along the road, much better than long experience at overland travel led me to expect. But as always when I reach the Missouri River I have had forced on me a realization that the American automobile industry does not make the right kind of car for use in the West.

Draw a north and south line at about the western border of Iowa. West of that line the American passenger car does an efficient job only in towns and their immediate vicinity—and in that vast area there are comparatively few towns. Our automobiles are built for use on the

Merritt Parkway or the Lakeshore Drive or their equivalent. They are built, that is, for short hauls on hard-surfaced roads kept in perfect repair, and the end in view is that on such roads and for such hauls passengers shall ride on luxurious-looking upholstery enjoying the decorative appearance of the interior hardware. But the state of Montana, for instance, has (I judge) fewer miles of paved highway than Delaware or Rhode Island and its citizens make short automobile trips only when they are going to the winter range to see how the yearlings are getting along. The same is true throughout the West. Except in California only a minute percentage of Western roads are hard-surfaced, necessarily so because of the great areas, the thinness of the population, and the comparative poverty of the state treasuries. When Westerners are not driving main highways they have no recourse except, at undue cost and discomfort, to wear out their cars in conditions which those cars were not designed to meet. They must constantly shake them toward the repair shop on third- and fourth- and fifth-class roads because such roads are the ones they have to use—and will have to go on using for a century.

A dirt road is all right. If you don't think so, try traveling straight across lots, as in fact many Westerners have to do some of the time. But it cannot be kept free of dust, chuck holes, washboard, washouts, and outcrops of the underlying rock. The pride of Detroit simply cannot stand such going. Fan belts break. Water pumps shake loose and project themselves with the attached fans through radiators. They also develop interior imbalances that chew them to pieces. Fuel pumps come loose or altogether unseated. Gas lines open at the connections. Everything that is not an integral part of the engine has to be tightened repeatedly. High centers strip off the muffler and may disembowel the car. Generators burn out. Springs break and even spring-shackles, which should last forever, crack across—and at that springs hold up better than the accompanying shock absorbers. Oil filters choke up. Carburetors, which have to adjust to changes of altitude of a mile or more every day, become permanently hypochondriac. The car that is an engineering marvel on the Pulaski Skyway is just a collection of engineering insufficiencies when it tackles its daily job in the West. The Westerner's best recourse (and not a satisfactory one at that) is to buy the heaviest and most expensive car produced, say one of the Cadillac class, and then turn it in for a new one at the end of a year. General Motors knows how few Westerners can afford a Cadillac.

Moreover, the salesman's joy, with its push-button door-openers and monogrammed ashtrays and best-parlor upholstery, does not even try to face the facts of Western weather. It is a fine car for early autumn and later spring days in the Mohawk Valley but try driving it out here. You will suffer in summer and must risk your life in winter. Westerners try to make up for Detroit's omissions by bolting a lot of appliances and gadgets to their cars. They hang awnings over the front windows, which are at least better than the pivoting, interior sunshades that Detroit supplies, and they put deep, adjustable sunshades over the windshields, which are very good indeed but would be better if built into the car. They buy clumsy water tanks with wicks in them which reduce desert temperatures as much as thirty degrees but also reduce the car's efficiency and may give the user claustrophobia. They affix interior panes to the windshield and the front and rear windows, so that an air space is left and some headway can be made against sleet and frost. They also attach various defrosters to help out but the best of them are not very good. They install better heaters than Detroit puts in to begin with but there is no such thing as a good car-heater even for the temperate and short-haul East. There is not even a good windshield-wiper, there never has been, and though it seldom rains out West, when it does so it means business.

THE paradox is preposterous. The West is more automobile-minded and more completely motorized than any other section. Automobiles are an indispensable part of almost every Westerner's daily life. But not only does the West have to pay preference freight rates which raise

the initial cost a hundred dollars and on up—it has to use cars which under Western conditions are incapable of doing their work right, well, or economically.

There should be a Western model. It should have a higher clearance—a couple of inches would probably be enough. It should have specifically designed springs, shock absorbers, and perhaps brakes as well, at least hand-brakes. It should be built to hold the road, and specifically the unimproved road, at the speeds that have to be traveled in the West. It should have devices capable of controlling interior temperatures, of dealing effectively with frost and sleet, and of defending the occupants against the glare and intensity of the Western sun. There is no reason why such a car, if made as a standard model, need have a higher first-cost than any other, but I judge that the West would be willing to pay an additional premium of, say, a hundred dollars for it. Well, considering the repair bills which the West takes as a fixed condition of automobile use, maybe two hundred and fifty dollars.

It is probably not going to get such a car, though Detroit certainly understands that henceforth it has got to manufacture increasingly for selective markets. None of the problems I have mentioned are beyond the immediate solution by any engineering department, but all engineering departments are the bound slaves of advertising agencies. The automobile industry has paid those agencies millions of dollars as a subsidy to a delusion, the delusion that engineering intelligence has to be focused on making a car whose interior looks like a cosmetic table in *Vogue*. I cannot think offhand of any public demand which the advertising business has ever appraised accurately but it is farthest from reality when telling a manufacturer what kind of automobile the public wants. Its hallucination may be summed up as a mobile powder room in which the driver is lying on his back. Detroit has always accepted this idiocy as gospel and will continue to do so. It could make an efficient shock absorber overnight—it makes them for trucks—but it has been convinced that plastics on the cowl are more important.

How does this affect me? Well, my profession makes me a semipro tourist: this summer I have spent two and a half months in an automobile and I have another month to go. I speak for many like me and for such people as sales agents, field inspectors, supervisors, and the like, who have to be on the road most of the time—and not a paved road, either. They and I would like a car such as the West at large would like, one which can be taken off the highway in some comfort, safety, and assurance that it will not shake to pieces, one which Western roads, grades, altitudes, temperatures, and sun will not affect unduly, one which can be used in reasonably hard going without tribute to a garage. I cannot afford a Cadillac once a lifetime, let alone once a year, and it would not answer the specifications if I could. I and the people I am speaking for could afford a premium of two or three hundred dollars for a car in the class of the Buick Special if it would do its job in such conditions as are all but universal in the West. I might increase that to five hundred dollars if I could drive the car to Eastern libraries and cocktail parties without arousing suspicion that I was representing a circus.

But when I think of 1946 tires, the kind that outwear all previous ones up to two thousand miles, I review old attempts to work out schedules that would allow me to do my job by plane. That certainly defines a problem for the automobile industry that is more fundamental than the Western car. The synthetic automobile tire is the best assist the airlines have ever had.

ONE-HORSE AIRLINES

JAMES L. H. PECK

THE infant prodigy of postwar enterprise in the United States is undoubtedly that determined child known as the "non-scheduled air carrier." Its business is flying people and other assorted mammals, ranging from prize cows to chimpanzees, from any place to any place at any time—not to mention juke boxes, sea foods, farm machinery, dresses, orchids, furniture, and fresh strawberries. Even funerals are taking to the airways.

Propelled by the general business boom, many of the world's finest transport aircraft and an even larger number of ex-GI's are now aloft on barnstorming operations which have set the established airlines back on their heels and challenged the authority of the Civil Aeronautics Board. Their wings in the sky have fanned up a controversy which may spectacularly alter the progress of air commerce in the months ahead.

At last count, there were 2,370 non-scheduled air carriers based in forty-seven states. They operate nearly as many planes of airline type as are used by the big scheduled lines. In addition, they are flying at least five thousand twin- and single-engined craft that accommodate from three to eight passengers, and have many more planes on order. With this excellent, though varied, equipment twenty thousand men and women—about ninety-two per cent of them veterans—are carrying a swiftly-growing volume of traffic. To the seventeen scheduled airlines of the industry, now servicing 510 of the larger communities, this unorganized legion of smaller contract carriers looks suspiciously like a dangerous competition.

The non-scheduled carriers, some of which own only one airplane, flew more Miami and Palm Beach passengers per day from La Guardia Field during last winter's resort season than did Eastern Air Lines and National Airlines combined. And this record was made despite the fact that for more than a year the non-scheds have been systematically shunted around at many of the large terminal airports—conspicuously at La Guardia Field and the Miami International Airport. Now, confronted by new CAB restrictions, the small operators view the prominent airlines and the CAB as a species of Axis forged to protect the interests of big business. The boys who once took off in their bombers for Germany and Japan put it this way: "Then we were fighting for our country and lives. Now we're fighting for our bread and butter, which amounts to the same thing." The commercial air is stormy these days with the winds of charge and countercharge. Some of the scheduled airlines are thundering about the "wildcat airlines" which threaten their business and property, predicting that "these bootleg outfits won't last three months." Equally vociferous are the non-scheduled operators' blasts against pressures brought by

Mr. Peck's previous articles in Harper's *on airplanes and the air they fly in have dealt variously with test pilots, the ferrying of bombers to England, and mysterious goings-on in the rarefied levels above the stratosphere.*

the "vested interests" to cause the CAB to "regulate" the contract carriers out of business. "We do not desire," they proclaim, "nor will we permit a reign of terror by any governmental agency under which threats and counter-threats are allowed to cloud the issues at stake!"

The sudden growth of this new business has placed the Civil Aeronautics Board and the big airlines in the position of attempting to lock the hangar door after the planes have flown. How well a powerful government agency can handle the thankless but essential role of umpire in this controversy will be determined by the wisdom of policies now in the making.

II

TO UNDERSTAND how these one-horse airlines sprang into being and how they do business, let us look at a sample case. What follows is a composite of the experience of several—more typical than the story of any single actual outfit.

When Johnny Smith was discharged from the Naval Air Service and came home to Main City in Iowa, he had already made up his mind about a few simple but fundamental things. He wanted to get married, to go into business for himself, and to fly. "I didn't want to set the world on fire," he explained. "I just wanted to be my own boss in a nice little business without too many responsibilities." Johnny and a high school friend, Eddie Miller, began to lay plans and then consulted with some pilots in Des Moines. "A charter business, flying passengers and maybe a little express from the field here in Main City to larger towns nearby, looked like a feasible proposition. So we dragged in a buddy of Eddie's who had been his crew chief in the Eighth Air Force and was working for TWA in Chicago."

This informal strategy was essentially the same as the plans devised by several thousand other veterans in different parts of the country a year or so ago. In obtaining capital, Johnny, Frank, and Eddie were better off than the average. Eddie's uncle in Waterloo and two friends of Johnny's father (who had excellent connections with the Main Street Trust Company) joined with the three veterans in forming the new corporation, "Iowa Central Airlines, Inc."

From the War Assets Administration regional office in Chicago they got veterans' priority certificates, information about surplus aircraft, and—after a wait of nine days—approval of their application and a credit rating. They went next to the WAA depot on Cimarron Field, Oklahoma City, where the nearest airplanes were stored. With Frank's crew chief experience to guide them, they picked out a Douglas C-49A which cost $22,500. Basically it was the same plane as the standard twin-engine DC-3 airliners. In good condition and fitted with removable seats, it was a better buy than the C-47 cargo planes available for some $2,000 less. A down payment of $3,375 closed the deal, and the remainder, plus interest, was to be paid off to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation in twelve monthly installments of $1,670.50. Insurance coverage for the twelve months at three-and-a-half per cent cost $674.62 in cash.

The boys got into the air with their new plane for the first time on the way from Oklahoma City to a Wichita "conversion center," where two more weeks of work and $1,400 went into fitting out the ship in accordance with Civil Air Regulations for commercial flying. Sporting a certificate of airworthiness, they ferried the plane home to the Main City airport. Meanwhile the Main City *Advocate* carried small, carefully worded advertisements to the effect that Iowa Central Airlines was offering a plane "of airline type" for charter trips anywhere, for any reasonable length of time, at a reasonable fare or rental. "We might have got into trouble even before we took off," Johnny said, "because the Civil Aeronautics Board says nonscheds have to watch out for ads resembling those of the big lines."

ICA carried its first payload, consisting of three local business men, their luggage, and four large cartons of hardware, to Keokuk—flying time one hour and fifteen minutes. Johnny and Eddie had to "deadhead" back with an empty airplane burning nearly as much fuel and oil as on the revenue trip down. It took a few more deadheads back to Main City from Dubuque, Council Bluffs, Sioux City, and

Des Moines to teach the boys the truth of the old barnstormer's adage: "You've got to fill up the airplane, leave the air outside to fly on."

Within two months, the C-49 with ICA on its wing was in the air every day, and everybody but the bank on Main Street was certain that the boys had a going concern. Johnny, Eddie, and Frank, on the payroll at $100 a week, had agreed to draw only half that amount for the first three months. The few thousand dollars remaining in the till and a good deal of enthusiasm could not permanently obscure the fact that salaries, payments on the plane, and a few items such as gasoline and oil, a new tire, and a new propeller governor were coming out of the operating capital instead of profits. It was Eddie's uncle who pointed out the necessity of setting up branch offices if ICA was to make money out of the people in other Iowa towns who needed to move themselves or their products in a hurry.

Before Iowa Central was four months old, the line had stretched out across the borders into three neighboring states, with business in Omaha, Chicago, and Milwaukee. A rush order for medical supplies in Rochester brought Minnesota within ICA's flying range. Operating within a three-hundred-mile radius of Main City, the boys were now engaging in interstate commerce and thus heading into some future complications. Along with the increased business, it soon became clear to Johnny and Eddie, and fortunately Eddie's uncle as well, that another plane was necessary. They saw also that if merchants and shippers in the circumference cities could be informed when ICA would be around with the plane, they would practically fill up the cargo space with assorted items for delivery along the way during the return trips. The operators might cut the deadheading from 225 to twenty-five miles—sometimes to nothing. A second plane, leased from the War Assets Administration for $4,000 a year, a pilot named Wesley, and a mechanic named Edgar, joined Iowa Central within a few days of each other.

With this expansion came the inspiration that cleared up the knottiest tangle in the business. "Now we were on the beam," said Johnny. "Why fly anywhere any time—and have to deadhead even ten or twenty miles—when we can keep busy and fly a full cargo by flying *only* between definite points where we can be guaranteed a return load *every* trip?" This was the turning point in ICA's career; and it is the goal which any non-scheduled air carrier, particularly one specializing in air cargo, must reach if it is to succeed. Then the operator can begin to work with set rates that guarantee a profit; and he can manipulate the all-important "load factors" in order to keep above the vital sixty-five per cent figure. (A plane that averages less than sixty-five per cent loaded is unlikely to make money.)

With five more veterans on the staff—four of them working as desk men in Chicago, Milwaukee, and Detroit—Iowa Central was in telephone contact with shippers, trucking firms, and manufacturers throughout one of the liveliest commercial areas of the Midwest. Part of the proceeds of an issue of stock floated by ICA for additional working capital went into the purchase of two C-47's and the leasing of a C-50 and a C-48A. Of this fleet of six ships, ICA used two for passengers only. "There was no more of this business of jerking out seats to haul freight, then putting them back to accommodate passengers, the way we had to in ship number one."

Iowa Central Airlines was in big business in a small way. It had built its success in the conventional grooves which the nonscheds call "straight operations."

III

THERE are a multiplicity of out-of-the-groove non-scheds, as well, whose colorful operators have given the big airlines some more new ideas and the Civil Aeronautics Board a set of worries for which it has not yet found the solution. The idea of flying customers to the recent National Air Races in Cleveland, a natural for the non-scheds, was developed on methods already worked out for operating chartered flights to many other big sporting events all over the country. Resort Airlines, Inc., of Southern Pines, North Carolina, pioneered in this field when it carried parties

from northern cities to Pinehurst. This type of operation went into high during the Kentucky Derby. New York clients, paying $75 a head, which included fare and a general admission or a clubhouse ticket, simply boarded a Century Air Enterprises chartered plane and dreamed of horses all the way down. Century also flew a number of Louis-Conn fans from points west to New York and included in the fare a $30 ticket. The fact that at least two plane loads were grounded in Pennsylvania and stayed so while Joe grounded Billy may be regarded as one of the minor disappointments of that bout.

It was another enterprising non-sched who piloted the first airborne funeral. Nationwide Air Transport Service of Miami Springs, Florida, has chartered several funerals for Florida undertakers in charge of the burials of persons from Minnesota, Ohio, Nebraska, and Illinois. After eight flights of this nature, with the casket in a partitioned forward section and the mourners in rear seats of the plane's cabin, Nationwide decided to rebuild its DC-3 to transform it into a real flying hearse.

FREIGHT carrying by air began to look more like traditional big business when it went to work for the garment industry. Air Cargo Transport, the oldest of the freight lines and one of the largest non-scheds (with fourteen planes and more on order), has practically revolutionized methods of distribution to merchants in the interior of the country. So profitable have been the results of their educational campaign with manufacturers and retailers of clothes that Air Cargo can now afford to welcome American Airlines into the garment distribution business. H. Roy Penzell, ACT's president, who happens to be both a pilot and a business man, has said: "They can do the industry, and indirectly, ourselves, a lot of good with the advertising and promotional appeal which they will give to their efforts."

Air Cargo, whose cordial attitude toward the big lines is hardly typical of the non-scheds in the freight industry, has more than a head start—despite the advantage of government mail subsidies enjoyed by American, TWA, United, Braniff, and other scheduled lines now breaking into cargo carrying on the side. Among ACT's contract clients are Macy, Marshall Field, Myer Siegel, Cataline Knitting Mills, and Best & Company.

The key to Air Cargo's success, according to Penzell, lies in enabling the manufacturer to respond to the taste of the shopper on Main Street and, at the same time, to cut the costs of delivery. The department store buyer from Omaha who comes to New York in October to buy dresses and suits for the spring openings back home used to have to gamble on the selling qualities of the merchandise. But now that the dresses and suits can fly overnight to Omaha, the buyers need order only in small lots. If one line of dresses sells, the buyer can re-order immediately and replenish the racks within twenty-four hours. Those lines which leave the customers cold are not heavily overstocked, to be cleared at a loss.

Moreover, Penzell has explained, "The dresses and suits are delivered on the very same hangers on which they were originally placed back in New York. Hung in bags and carried by truck, plane, and truck again, they reach the store's rack without a wrinkle. Costs of packing and unpacking, pressing, and cleaning are eliminated." This adds up to a saving of from eight to ten cents a garment for medium-priced dresses and considerably more for suits. ACT flies a 6,500-pound shipment of dresses—door-to-door—from New York to Los Angeles for seventeen cents a garment; to Chicago for five cents; or to Dallas for nine cents. Insurance costs also go down with the saving of time. Penzell figures that all of these factors will hold, indeed will count more heavily, when production has overcome present clothing shortages and customers can demand more consideration for their preferences.

How far the non-scheds may go in personalizing delivery service to individual buyers who can pay for it is indicated by the enterprise of a New York designer who furnished and decorated four rooms of a new house in Longview, Texas, last July, bringing in by air a load of Regency furniture. The designer, ex-AAF officer William Pahlmann, with an assistant, climbed into one of the Slick Airways' big Commando transports, kept an eye on

the carefully crated cargo, and personally supervised the installation.

Of all the luxury trades, the flower business has capitalized most successfully on the quick service offered by the non-scheduled carriers. Twenty-four hours is a lifetime to many of the most prized species of flowers. The speed of air transport can often increase the value of the florists' stock as much as seventy-five cents a dozen and iron out the heart-breaking fluctuations in the market. Many non-scheds are now flying flowers from Florida to large Northern and Midwestern cities; from Florida to California (apparently, the more you have, the more you want); from California to the East Coast.

Lobsters and other perishable sea foods come to Midwest and Southwest markets by wing from Maine to Maryland. Out-of-season fruits and vegetables, ripened on Southern trees and vines, can fly to distant cities. With these marketing innovations, new packaging devices, which dispose of heavy rinds, stalks, and leaves, have been invented to increase the payloads of the planes.

Helicopter Air Transport, Inc., of Philadelphia, is the first company to offer helicopter service for chartered and commuting trips. The company has just taken delivery on the first of three Sikorsky S-51 four-place whirligigs, and this craft will be piloted by a veteran operator, Lew Leavitt, who flew the mail in an autogyro from the Philadelphia post office roof to Camden Airport in 1935. HAT is contemplating mail service within the near future and may, therefore, leave the non-scheduled classification.

One of the many women in the non-scheduled business has introduced novelties in her passenger service which have attracted the attention of the larger lines. Terry Air Transport, a one-plane outfit, organized by Mrs. Florence Terry, flew the Florida route last winter and is now operating between New York and New England. Besides murals in the cabin of her Lodestar, Mrs. Terry has experimented with other devices for the diversion of the passengers. The stewardess hands the customers "Terrygrams"—containing notification of the plane's altitude, airspeed, and weather conditions—with a blank space where they can write in their estimates of arrival time at destination. The passenger with the closest guess receives a bottle of champagne at the airport.

But the non-scheds are not indulging in stunts for the fun of it; they are in business to make a living, and they look with suspicion on newcomers in the field who are less dependent than they are on profit. For example, one hundred students and faculty members of the University of Texas are stockholders in a $100,000 non-profit corporation called the University of Texas Air Service, Inc. This organization offers public service but remains within the "fixed-base" category by supplying flight instruction and weather information.

In Cleveland, the Ohio Tool Company has formed the OTCO Air Service at the adjacent municipal airport to offer public charter service with a small Stinson and a Lodestar transport. The latter was used as a company plane during the war, often to fly tools to distant war plants; the peacetime slowdown inspired the idea of putting the plane back to work. It is the subsidiary character of these ventures which disturbs the non-scheds.

"Canada has the right idea," remarked one of the Iowa Central operators. "Their Air Transport Board does not permit institutions or companies to use their aircraft commercially, other than for company affairs. They go even further to protect their non-scheds, taking cognizance of the fact that it was the non-scheds and bush pilots who really founded Canadian aviation. The two scheduled Canadian lines have to have special approval to fly off their routes into areas serviced by non-scheduled outfits."

IV

The non-scheds were hauling a cargo of worries from the outset but it was by no means an over load until, last May, the Civil Aeronautics Board released its *Docket 1501—Investigation of Non-Scheduled Air Services*, a set of proposed government regulations which would limit their operations severely. To many independents the explosion was a "barrage of legal flak aimed at shooting out of the sky every-

body but the big airlines!" If not immediate grounding, for most of them it meant slow death by restriction. The non-scheds are still in the air at this moment only because Docket 1501 and some other regulatory measures, are not yet law. And the fact that CAB will hold new hearings this month is due entirely to the pressure which the non-scheds have been able to direct at the Board.

One of the most throttling features of the CAB's new regulations is a limitation on interstate commerce. Non-scheds have been exempt, by law, from the economic regulations which govern other interstate carriers such as railroads, bus lines, trucking outfits, and scheduled airlines. The CAB's amendment of this exemption would limit the non-scheduled operator to ten round trips per month between any two designated points, such as Des Moines and Chicago, and curtail, almost to the point of prohibition, information to the public concerning the nature and frequency of services.

"We just can't stay afloat on ten trips a month," an Iowa Central operator put in. "We have been making four or five trips a week between Sioux City and Chicago, and they're not scheduled. Sometimes we fly on four or five consecutive days; sometimes every other day; somesometimes only Monday and Saturday. It all depends on the shippers' requirements. Now we'll have to cancel our contracts and draw up more limited ones. Even if this is all right with the shippers, we won't break even."

Like the rest of commercial aviation, non-scheduled carriers have welcomed the new and more stringent safety regulations which became effective August 1. Non-scheds have consistently conformed with such requirements as the licensing of planes, periodic inspections and overhauls, and the commercial licensing of pilots. While there are still a few "wildcatters" and fly-by-nights—as in any other business—most of these have already suffocated. The safety record of the non-scheds in two years of operation is even better than that of the big scheduled lines in the same period, with only three serious accidents to date. And this excellent showing was achieved through their own sense of responsibility, since they operated under little or no CAB or CAA control.

The non-scheds have put up little opposition to another new requirement under which each company must file with the CAB certain information concerning corporate structure, equipment, present and proposed services, traffic figures, and revenue. Indeed, according to some operators, the CAB should have collected and digested this information before they proposed their regulations. Hearings on Docket 1501 were held more than a year ago when few of the non-scheds were yet in business.

In this controversy, the government's position is that the sudden postwar growth of the non-scheduled operations from what amounted to fixed-base barnstorming to near-airline proportions makes necessary a change in regulations. The basic contention of the CAB and of the scheduled lines is that the scheduled carriers should enjoy the same protection against independent operators as they do against other scheduled lines. Present regulations require scheduled lines to obtain CAB approval for duplicate, parallel service over routes already approved for another line.

To this the non-scheds reply that equitable protection is certainly not arguable; but that it ought not to work one-sidedly. They say the non-scheds have no protection against the entry of the big lines into the cargo field. Well heeled with mail subsidies and certain less tangible advantages, the big lines might well come to dominate the service which the non-scheds pioneered.

Bob Prescott, president of National Skyway Freight Corporation (The Flying Tiger Line) reports that the Flying Tigers were denied the right to purchase a four-engined C-54 transport on the ground that it was needed for passenger traffic. "Yet," Prescott adds, "American (Airlines) put thirteen of these C-54's into freight hauling in direct competition with me, while the public is required to wait three to five weeks for passenger reservations!"

The non-scheds have plenty to say about the discrimination practiced against them at the big airports. Last winter their Florida-bound passengers had to reach La Guardia Field by whatever means they

could devise, and they had to carry their own luggage—porters are instructed to carry only the bags of scheduled airline guests. The non-scheds have no ticket office, crews' quarters, or lockers, and would have no place in which to check in passengers but for the benevolence of Shell Oil, which has permitted them joint use of a small waiting room. Nearly all non-scheduled carriers are denied use of the hangars and are compelled to park their craft on the field. They have no access to the public address system to announce flights or to page errant passengers. Pressure to bar them from the big terminal failed mainly because its facilities are public property. Furthermore their landing fees are acceptable coin for the city.

The situation is improving now—partly because most of the non-scheduled carriers have found conditions better in Newark and Teterboro in New Jersey; partly because there is less congestion at La Guardia since these thirty-five operators have departed; and partly because everyone concerned is beginning to appreciate the sincerity and business sense of these veterans. Construction will start soon on a new hangar at La Guardia which is designed to provide space for planes and offices for the joint use of the independent operators.

Forced to get wise even in infancy, the non-scheduled operators have banded together in representative groups all over the country. The largest of these, the Institute of Air Transport, recently sponsored full-page ads in the *New York Times* and Washington *Post* entitled, "Why Throttle Us?" with a sub-head, "Keep 'Em Flying." A coupon was included for readers to sign and mail to the CAB supporting the non-scheduled operators' position on the proposed regulations and urging that three-cent airmail and parcel post be carried by the non-scheds.

This declaration advocated also Six Freedoms for the independent operator: (1) freedom to fly as many trips as traffic will bear between points not regularly served by air transport systems, (2) freedom to solicit general business, (3) freedom to advertise flight information, (4) freedom to disseminate information to the public about services available, (5) freedom to engage in international operations, and (6) freedom to fly a maximum of twenty round trips a month or five hundred hours, whichever is greater, between any two points regularly served now by other air transportation systems as a needed supplementary service.

The non-scheds sometimes have to answer the query of the layman: why not simply get permission to fly certain routes on schedule? The answer is that "permission" involves getting the CAB to issue a certificate of "convenience and necessity." The cost of preparing an exhibit for the required public hearing ranges from $20,000 to $200,000, with no guarantee that the line will get its certificate after the hearing. And action on these applications sometimes takes years. Wichita Falls Air Transport's application is still pending at this writing for routes in the Southwest applied for December 4, 1939.

Yet, with the October hearings on Docket 1501 in prospect, the non-scheds dare to look with hope to the future. They place confidence in the fairness of the new CAB chairman, Dr. James M. Landis, former Dean of the Harvard Law School, and they have had help from Secretary of Commerce Henry A. Wallace, who has filed a statement with the CAB urging reconsideration of the restrictions. "Our strongest point will be our great success," the non-scheds argue. "If the public didn't need us, we wouldn't be doing so well."

V

THE future of the non-scheduled air carrier is probably as unpredictable as was its sudden growth. Even if the CAB decides to open the hangar door, there will be economic factors which will influence the business in ways which the non-scheds themselves do not now recognize. A shaking down is probably inevitable: some weaker operators will sell out to more successful rivals or will pool resources with others in order to keep afloat. Competition and the location of markets may gradually bring some more clearly discernible operating patterns. The heaviest traffic today suggests possible north-and-south orbits east of the Mississippi, similar patterns throughout the Midwest, coast-to-coast

flights, and routes of triangular or other symmetrical pattern in the East, Far West, and Midwest.

More certain is the development of specialization in the carrying of either freight or passengers by any one line; most are flying both today. Many, like Iowa Central Airlines, will drift into the cargo business, almost without realizing it, finding that the difference in operating requirements makes concentration on one type more profitable.

Non-scheduled carriers may do well internationally—again providing that the proposed CAB regulations do not stop them. Air Cargo Transport now operates from Newfoundland to Venezuela; Veterans Air Express has flown clear to Warsaw to deliver UNRRA goods. Other outfits are operating in the Pacific and the Caribbean. But these lines and others will be competing more intensely as time goes by not only with American flag lines which service South America and Europe, but also with well supported foreign lines, such as Air France, Scandinair, the new Liberian International Airways, British Overseas Airways, and the growing number of Latin American flag lines.

In this field, there are already indications of a coming price war between scheduled and non-scheduled lines, with the former on the offensive. Pan American announced in August a forty-five-day, round-trip excursion from New York to San Juan, Puerto Rico, for $150—a significant slash from its regular $234 rate for round trip, $130 for one way. Non-scheds charge Pan American with attempting to stifle competition and using its mail subsidies to cover deficits. The same kind of rate competition is threatened in the cargo carrying business.

The non-scheds naturally look with envy at the mail subsidies now granted to the big airlines, knowing that mail contracts would sustain many independents who might otherwise have to bail out. The Institute of Air Transport's proposal for a three-cent airmail is on the record, but it faces stormy weather. Not only the big lines but also the Post Office will take part in this controversy, for profits from airmail have hitherto covered deficits on handling other classes of mail. A decision will hardly come soon enough to affect the present struggle.

But there is one important field for expansion which may prove to be the salvation of the non-scheduled operators. Smaller cities whose air needs have been neglected by the large lines have developed a loyalty to the non-scheds which will serve the independents well in the months ahead. True, it was by CAB order that the airlines had to limit their schedules to relieve wartime crowding; now CAB orders are putting sixty-five communities back on the U.S. airline map. At this writing, four have been brought back on the certified routes covered by the lines. But there is a mutual cooling of enthusiasm between certain cities and the scheduled lines.

Some cities of such considerable population as Ann Arbor, Binghamton, and New Haven (American Airlines); Springfield, Illinois (Chicago and Southern); Savannah (National Airlines); and San Bernardino (Western Air Lines) are no longer supposed to have adequate airports for scheduled service. Still other communities suffer because of the indifference of the lines to their needs.

The non-scheds, specializing in local service, are now in a position to capitalize on the good will which they have built up with the merchants and travelers of the Middletowns across the continent. If past performance is any barometer, these customers would be outraged at being cut off from air traffic. It was the non-sched—the veteran pilot in the cockpit of his surplus war machine—who provided them speedy delivery when and where they wanted it. As far as the hardware merchant in Main City, Iowa, is concerned, big business can look after its own affairs. The little enterpriser, the non-scheduled carrier who was willing to deadhead back from Keokuk in order to get his business, brought him into the air age. The CAB now finds itself responsible to a much larger public than it recognized a year ago. The non-scheds know that the opposition of the big lines is a measure of their success. But not the only measure. Their satisfied customers—and that uncounted host of air-minded business men who have an eye to the future—may tip the scales.

AN AFGHAN'S A FINE DOG, TOO

A Story

GEORGE FRAZIER

Oggie Fletcher, sixteen, sat alone on a settee at the edge of the dance floor, idly fingering his chin to see if any of the pimples had disappeared. He had just decided that this party was a washout and that he should have gone to 52nd Street to dig Dizzy Gillespie instead of hanging around here listening to this icky bunch play "Chickery Chick." He didn't know many of the people, the girls were drips, the band played too many sambas—all in all, Oggie felt pretty indignant. And then he happened to glance across the dance floor.

Bobbing his crew-cut head from side to side as people danced by and obscured his view, Oggie saw a blonde girl talking to two young men. She had big brown eyes and hair that Oggie liked to think of as taffy-colored. She was by far the prettiest girl he had seen all evening and he decided that he must meet her. Probably be doing her a favor too, thought Oggie. She didn't look any too happy about the guys she was stuck with. There were several ways to go about meeting her and Oggie proceeded to examine them. He could, of course, have one of the ushers introduce him. He thought about that a moment and then discarded it as being too obvious. The best way was always to find out in advance what a girl liked to talk about. Now, if this girl happened to be interested in be-bop music, for example, he could talk about Harry the Hipster and Dizz and maybe sing her the special lyric he himself wrote to "Who Put the Benzedrine in Mrs. Murphy's Ovaltine?" But, on the other hand, if she turned out to be a square, that line would get him nowhere.

It was a tough problem, Oggie realized, taking a handsome gold cigarette case from his pocket. He held the case on his palm and gazed admiringly at the Air Force insignia engraved on the face of it. Oggie's mother had given it to her husband when he was a lieutenant colonel in the Air Force and Oggie was hoping his father wouldn't be looking for it tonight. He slid it back into his pocket. What in God's name could he talk to the blonde girl about, he wondered. He sighed and glanced around the room again. Standing a few feet away studying the dancers was Frosty Ellis, who was two forms ahead of him at Middlesex. Oggie rose and sauntered over to him.

"What's the cry, Frosty?" said Oggie, taking a post beside him.

Frosty turned his head and glanced down at Oggie. "Hiya," he said, and then turned to the dance floor again.

Oggie dug his hands into his coat pockets and rocked back and forth on his heels. "Not much stuff here tonight, eh, fella?"

Frosty shrugged without turning to look at him.

"Tough about Brooks Brothers, don't you think?" said Oggie.

Frosty turned around. "What hap-

pened? One of 'em die or something?"

"More rugged than that, fella. They sold the store."

"Oh." Frosty turned away again.

"Damn good store, fella."

"Uh-huh." Frosty was watching a girl in the middle of the floor.

Oggie pursed his lips and gingerly felt his chin to see if the pimples were still there. "Be a damned shame if they cut out the polo shirt," he said.

"What?" Frosty looked at him again.

"Be a damn shame if the new owners cut out the polo shirt. I've worn nothing else for years."

"Oh," said Frosty. "Oh, sure, it'd be an awful shame." He returned to watching the girl on the floor.

"Say, fella," said Oggie, after a considered pause.

"Yeah?"

"You happen to know that doll over there?" He nodded toward the blonde girl.

"Where?" Frosty stood on tiptoe.

"The blonde one."

"The one talking to the two guys?"

"That's the one."

"I know her," said Frosty, and sank back onto his heels.

"Well, don't be cozy, fella. What's her name?"

"Joanie Wetmore."

Oggie pursed his lips and nodded sagely. "Spence?"

"Is there anyone here who isn't?"

Oggie chuckled knowingly. "Yeah, I guess you're right about that, fella." He paused. "Say, Frosty, what's she like to talk about?"

"I never talked to her," said Frosty, still following the girl on the dance floor with his eyes.

"What I mean is, what's she do? She like to dig the boogie?"

"You got me there," said Frosty.

"What's her family do?"

"Own the Wetmore Kennels."

Oggie grinned smugly. "Thanks, fella," he said, and winked at Frosty. He turned and sauntered casually around the edge of the dance floor until he came to the blonde girl and the two young men. He stopped and began grubbing through his pockets. The three of them stopped talking and looked at him.

Oggie assumed an expression of shyness. "I wonder if any of you has a light?"

One of the young men cocked his head and deliberated. Then he began to go through his pockets looking for a match.

"Hello," said the blonde girl.

The other young man eyed Oggie suspiciously and merely nodded.

Oggie took the cigarette case from his pocket, snapped it open, and offered it to the girl. "Cigarette?"

"Oh, thank you," she said, and gave him a big smile. She leaned forward, took a cigarette, and then noticed the insignia on the case. "That's beautiful," she said, feeling the insignia with her fingertip. "Were you in the Air Force?"

"Wel-ll," said Oggie. "Not exactly the Air Force itself."

"Oh," she said, and nodded as if she understood perfectly. "Oh—" She laughed. "This is Archie Hopkins." She nodded toward one of the young men. "And this is Billy Webster." She nodded toward the other one. "I'm Joan Wetmore."

"I'm Ogden Fletcher," said Oggie, and bowed slightly from the waist. "How do you do?"

"Hi," said Archie Hopkins dryly.

Billy Webster nodded coldly.

"Do you sort of fly?" said Joan Wetmore.

"Wel-ll," said Oggie, aware that Hopkins and Webster were watching him closely. He pursed his lips. "Wel-ll—*sort* of."

Archie Hopkins found the matches he had been searching for and lighted Joan Wetmore's cigarette and then, after a moment's hesitation, Oggie's. Oggie took a deep drag and began to cough.

Joan Wetmore looked at him in alarm. "Are you all right? Don't you want some water or something?"

Oggie tried to say no, but the coughing prevented him from speaking. Finally he managed a wheezy "No, thanks." When he had recovered he tapped his chest. "Gas, you know."

"Gas!" said Archie Hopkins. "What kind of gas?"

Oggie smiled sadly. "I'm afraid I can't tell you that, fella. It's still security.

Wouldn't want Russia to get hold of it, you know."

Joan Wetmore's big brown eyes were glistening. "How perfectly marvelous! You must tell me about it."

Oggie shrugged deprecatingly. "It was nothing. I'd rather talk about your dogs."

"My *dogs!*"

"Sure," said Oggie. "Your dogs."

"Oh," she said, and held her mouth open.

"I'm sort of a dog fancier myself," said Oggie. "I got an old English sheepdog."

"You have?" She did not sound impressed.

"Those the kind that got all that hair over their eyes?" Archie Hopkins asked.

"Why don't people cut that hair away from their eyes?" said Billy Webster.

Oggie regarded him with mingled scorn and pity. "They go blind if that hair's cut away. It protects them from briars."

"Briars?" said Billy Webster. "What briars?"

"Why—why, the briars in the highlands, naturally," said Oggie.

"*What* highlands?"

"The Scottish highlands, fella."

"They're certainly dumb-looking things," said Billy.

"You'd be surprised," said Oggie. "They're pretty smart. This sheepdog of mine, for instance. I say, 'Gimme some skin,' and darned if he doesn't give me his paw."

"I saw a dog once who could count," said Archie Hopkins.

"Is that supposed to be terrific or something?" said Billy Webster. "Once at the RKO in Boston I saw a dog who could write."

Oggie shook his head. "I don't approve of that."

"You don't approve of what?" said Billy.

"Dogs on the stage," said Oggie. "It's cruelty."

"This dog at the RKO in Boston looked pretty happy to me," said Billy.

"You don't know how he felt inside," said Oggie. "They beat those dogs."

Archie Hopkins and Billy Webster looked at him doubtfully.

"It's an absolute fact," said Oggie and glanced at Joan Wetmore for confirmation. She patted her mouth daintily with her palm and yawned. Oggie smiled at this, as if to let her know that he, too, found Webster and Hopkins complete bores. "I'm happy to have my sheepdog just the way he is," he went on. "I don't want him going around wearing a derby and doing tricks."

"This dog at the RKO wasn't wearing a derby," protested Billy Webster.

Oggie ignored this. "My sheepdog's pretty smart," he said.

"I doubt if he's as smart as a springer spaniel," said Archie Hopkins.

Billy Webster's eyebrows went up. "Grow up, for God's sake, Archie," he said. "Anyone knows the smartest dog is a beagle."

"I'm not so sure about that."

"I'm not so sure about it either," said Oggie.

"Oh, you're not?" said Billy. "Well, let me tell you, a beagle's a pretty smart dog."

"Too smelly," said Oggie, flicking the ash from his cigarette.

"*Smelly!*" Billy Webster was indignant. "A beagle's not half as smelly as a sheepdog."

Oggie eyed him loftily. "You ever happen to own a sheepdog, fella?"

"I wouldn't have one of the things in the house. They can't even see where they're going."

"That's what *you* think," said Oggie, and then smiled knowingly at Joan Wetmore. "A sheepdog has a terrific scent."

I KNOW a guy who says a wire-haired fox terrier is the smartest dog there is," said Archie Hopkins.

"Are you out of your mind?" said Billy Webster.

"This guy knew what he was talking about. He raised dogs all his life."

"Oh, come off it, Archie," said Billy.

"A wire-haired fox terrier is a good rat catcher," said Archie.

Oggie smiled. "We don't have any rats at our house," he said. "Listen, fella, I wouldn't take a wire-haired fox terrier if you gave me one for a present."

"Oh, you wouldn't, huh?" said Archie.

"That's right," said Oggie. "They get their hair all over the furniture."

Archie looked shocked. "Listen, what

about your sheepdog, for God's sake?"

"It comes out in clumps," said Oggie.

"What's that mean, it comes out in clumps?"

"You just pick it off the furniture in clumps."

"I used to have a Bedlington once," said Billy Webster.

"A Bedlington's a lap dog," said Oggie. "If you're thinking of buying a dog you ought to look into a St. Bernard."

"I'm not buying a dog," said Billy.

"Well, if you ever are," said Oggie.

"Those the ones who carry brandy around their neck?" said Archie Hopkins.

Oggie nodded gravely. "Great dogs, St. Bernards. One of them saved my life once."

The others looked at him curiously.

"Yup," Oggie went on. "I lost my way in the Alps and this St. Bernard came along with this brandy and it saved my life."

"How'd you find your way back?" said Billy Webster.

"Just followed Fritz."

"Who's Fritz?" said Archie Hopkins.

"That's the name of this St. Bernard. He was a fine dog."

"You drink the brandy?" said Billy Webster.

"Naturally."

"How'd it make you feel?"

"Made me feel fine."

Joan Wetmore drew her head back and looked at Oggie with interest. He smiled at her and began to rock back and forth on his heels.

"You know," said Archie thoughtfully, "I somehow like an Afghan."

Billy Webster nodded. "An Afghan's a fine dog, too."

"An *Afghan!*" said Oggie.

"Yeah. An *Afghan*," said Billy.

Oggie shook his head sadly. "You just don't know your dogs, fella."

"I suppose *you* do?"

Oggie smiled. "I'm not the one to say, but there are those who respect my judgment."

"What have you got against an Afghan then?"

"Nothing personally," said Oggie. "But their brainpan's too narrow."

ARCHIE and Billy glanced at each other. They had never given an Afghan's brainpan much thought up to now. Billy decided to change the subject. "A Welsh terrier's a fine dog," he said.

Oggie shrugged. "If you like a small dog. I'm a big-dog man myself."

Archie Hopkins considered that a moment and then pursed his lips and nodded. "Yeah," he said. "I guess I'm a big-dog man myself."

"Say," said Billy Webster suddenly. "I'm not so sure an Afghan's dumb."

Oggie smiled and nodded toward Joan Wetmore. "If there's any doubt about it, you might ask Miss Wetmore," he said. "She knows a little about dogs."

"Dogs, dogs, dogs!" said Joan Wetmore savagely. "That's all I hear at home. Mummy and Daddy talk about dogs from morning till night. I *hate* dogs!"

"Oh, God!" said Oggie, looking sick.

"You and your sheepdog!" she said, glaring at him. "Why don't you go home now and take him for a walk?" She wheeled and walked briskly away.

The three of them looked after her and then Archie Hopkins turned to the other two and began to scratch his head. "I don't know about a sheepdog," he said. "I don't understand how they can see with all that hair in their eyes."

Oggie looked at him. "Damn sheepdogs!" he said fiercely.

"But you just said—" Archie held out his hands helplessly.

"I don't care what I just said. I never had a dog in my life. I hate the damn things." He turned and headed toward the coat room.

Archie Hopkins and Billy Webster watched him and then glanced at each other.

"Say," said Billy after a moment. "Maybe he was gassed at that."

SECRETS BY THE THOUSANDS

C. LESTER WALKER

SOMEONE wrote to Wright Field recently, saying he understood this country had got together quite a collection of enemy war secrets, that many were now on public sale, and could he, please, be sent everything on German jet engines. The Air Documents Division of the Army Air Forces answered:

"Sorry—but that would be fifty tons."

Moreover, that fifty tons was just a small portion of what is today undoubtedly the biggest collection of captured enemy war secrets ever assembled. If you always thought of war secrets—as who hasn't?—as coming in sixes and sevens, as a few items of information readily handed on to the properly interested authorities, it may interest you to learn that the war secrets in this collection run into the thousands, that the mass of documents is mountainous, and that there has never before been anything quite comparable to it.

The collection is today chiefly in three places: Wright Field (Ohio), the Library of Congress, and the Department of Commerce. Wright Field is working from a documents "mother lode" of fifteen hundred *tons*. In Washington, the Office of Technical Services (which has absorbed the Office of the Publication Board, the government agency originally set up to handle the collection) reports that *tens of thousands* of tons of material are involved. It is estimated that over a million separate items must be handled, and that they, very likely, contain practically all the scientific, industrial, and military secrets of Nazi Germany.

One Washington official has called it "the greatest single source of this type of material in the world, the first orderly exploitation of an entire country's brainpower."

How the collection came to be goes back, for beginnings, to one day in 1944 when the Allied Combined Chiefs of Staff set in motion a colossal search for war secrets in occupied German territory. They created a group of military-civilian teams, termed the Joint Intelligence Objectives Committee, which was to follow the invading armies into Germany and uncover all her military, scientific, and industrial secrets for early use against Japan. These teams worked against time to get the most vital information before it was destroyed, and in getting it performed prodigies of ingenuity and tenacity.

At an optical company at Wetzlav, near Frankfurt, for example, the American colonel investigating felt positive that the high executives were holding out on him. But nothing would shake their story: they had given him everything. He returned next day with a legal document which he asked them all to sign. It declared they had turned over "all scientific and trade data; and if not, would accept the consequences." Two days later they glumly

Harper's *readers are familiar with Mr. Walker's articles on the skilful mechanics of the Allied war. He now gives us a look at some of the disconcertingly effective tricks that were hidden up the enemy sleeve.*

signed the document, then led the colonel to a cache in a warehouse wall. From a safe tumbled out the secret files on optical instruments, microscopy, aiming devices.

One two-man search team found itself completely stymied. Records that they had to find had completely disappeared. A rumor indicated they might have been hidden in a mountain. The two scoured the region in a jeep. Nothing. But keeping at it, they stumbled one day onto a small woods road whose entrance was posted: *Achtung! Minen!* Gingerly, slowly, they inched their jeep in. Nothing happened. But a concrete dugout sunk in the hill revealed another sign: "Opening Will Cause Explosion."

"We tossed a coin," one member of this search team said later, "and the loser hitched the jeep towrope to the dugout door, held his breath and stepped on the gas."

There was no explosion. The door ripped from its hinges. The sought-for secret files were inside.

The German Patent Office put some of its most secret patents down a sixteen-hundred-foot mine shaft at Heringen, then piled liquid oxygen, in cylinders, on top of them. When the American Joint Intelligence Objectives team found them, it was doubtful that they could be saved. They were legible, but in such bad shape that a trip to the surface would make them disintegrate. Photo equipment and a crew were therefore lowered into the shaft and a complete microfilm record made of the patents there.

PERHAPS one of the most exciting searches was also the grimmest. This was the hunt for hidden documents which might reveal that Nazi scientists had frozen human beings to death and then tried to bring them back to life again. Interviewing four Nazi doctors one day in June 1945, at a laboratory of the *Institut für Luftfahrtmedizin*, at Gut Hirschau, Bavaria, an American medical corps major, Leo Alexander, was struck with the dreadful conviction, despite repeated denials, that this had occurred.

His suspicions were aroused by three things. All the small-animal laboratory equipment was carefully preserved; all large-animal equipment destroyed. One of the doctors wanted to dissolve his research institute and dismiss his staff. And none of the scientists could find any data on human beings at all, not even on those rescued from North Sea waters and saved by the new revival techniques. Did this mean that everything of the sort was hidden away with other data which the doctors didn't want to show?

Wishing to leave the four Germans in a frame of mind not to destroy their records, the American concealed his suspicions, and, for the time being, transferred his search elsewhere.

Chance suddenly played into his hands. The Allied radio one night broadcast a grim tale of the Dachau concentration camp. Researches on death, and treatment of shock, from exposure to cold had been performed on prisoners. The broadcast named the leading experimenter, one Dr. Rascher, and called him a member of the medical staff of the SS.

For Alexander this was a lead. He happened just to have learned that the American Seventh Army had recently captured a vast mass of especially secret SS records. He therefore headed for the Seventh Army Documents Center to see what was there.

There was more than he anticipated. Even to the complete and final report—Himmler's personal copy, with his green-penciled annotations all over it—with the names of Rascher and all others involved, and containing all the damning details of the almost unbelievable experiments.

Victims had been immersed naked in ice water until they lost consciousness. All the time elaborate testings were constantly made: rectal, skin, and interior-of-the-stomach temperatures; pulse, blood sugar, blood chlorides, blood count and sedimentation; urine tests; spinal fluid. Appendix 7, Figure 5, showed that seven subjects were chilled to death beyond revival in from fifty-three to one hundred and six minutes.

"This table," Alexander commented in his own report, "is certainly the most laconic confession of seven murders in existence."

It had been with the rest of the documents—in Himmler's private cave in a

mountain at Hallein. Even though the side of the mountain had been dynamited down over the cave mouth, the American searchers had found it.

The earliest Joint Intelligence Objectives search teams were followed by others, which were to dig out industrial and scientific secrets in particular. The Technical Industrial Intelligence Committee was one group of these, composed of three hundred and eighty civilians representing seventeen American industries. Later came the teams of the Office of the Publication Board itself and many more groups direct from private industry. Of the latter—called, in Germany, Field Intelligence Agencies, Technical (FIAT)—there have been over five hundred, of one to ten members each, operating by invitation and under the aegis of the OPB.

Today the search still goes on. The Office of Technical Services has a European staff of four to five hundred. At Hoechst, it has one hundred abstracters who struggle feverishly to keep ahead of the forty OTS document-recording cameras which route to them each month over one hundred thousand feet of microfilm.

II

"WHAT did we find? You'd like some outstanding examples from the war secrets collection?"

The head of the communications unit of Technical Industrial Intelligence Branch opened his desk drawer and took out the tiniest vacuum tube I had ever seen. It was about half thumb-size.

"Notice it is heavy porcelain—not glass—and thus virtually indestructible. It is a thousand watt—one-tenth the size of similar American tubes. Today our manufacturers know the secret of making it. . . . And here's something. . . ."

He pulled some brown, papery-looking ribbon off a spool. It was a quarter-inch wide, with a dull and a shiny side.

"That's Magnetophone tape," he said. "It's plastic, metallized on one side with iron oxide. In Germany that supplanted phonograph recordings. A day's radio program can be magnetized on one reel. You can demagnetize it, wipe it off, and put a new program on at any time. No needle; so absolutely no noise or record wear. An hour-long reel costs fifty cents."

He showed me then what had been two of the most closely-guarded technical secrets of the war: the infra-red device which the Germans invented for seeing at night, and the remarkable diminutive generator which operated it. German cars could drive at any speed in a total blackout, seeing objects clear as day two hundred meters ahead. Tanks with this device could spot targets two miles away. As a sniperscope it enabled German riflemen to pick off a man in total blackness.

There was a sighting tube, and a selenium screen out front. The screen caught the incoming infra-red light, which drove electrons from the selenium along the tube to another screen which was electrically charged and fluorescent. A visible image appeared on this screen. Its clearness and its accuracy for aiming purposes were phenomenal. Inside the tube, distortion of the stream of electrons by the earth's magnetism was even allowed for!

The diminutive generator—five inches across—stepped up current from an ordinary flashlight battery to *15,000* volts. It had a walnut-sized motor which spun a rotor at 10,000 rpm—so fast that originally it had destroyed all lubricants with the great amount of ozone it produced. The Germans had developed a new grease: chlorinated paraffin oil. The generator then ran 3,000 hours!

A canvas bag on the sniper's back housed the device. His rifle had two triggers. He pressed one for a few seconds to operate the generator and the scope. Then the other to kill his man in the dark.

"That captured secret," my guide declared, "we first used at Okinawa—to the bewilderment of the Japs."

We got, in addition, among these prize secrets, the technique and the machine for making the world's most remarkable electric condenser. Millions of condensers are essential to the radio and radar industry. Our condensers were always made of metal foil. This one is made of paper, coated with 1/250,000 of an inch of vaporized zinc. Forty per cent smaller, twenty per cent cheaper than our condensers, it is also self-healing. That is, if a breakdown occurs (like a fuse blowing

out), the zinc film evaporates, the paper immediately insulates, and the condenser is right again. It keeps on working through multiple breakdowns—at fifty per cent higher voltage than our condensers! To most American radio experts this is magic, double-distilled.

MICA was another thing. None is mined in Germany, so during the war our Signal Corps was mystified. Where was Germany getting it?

One day a certain piece of mica was handed to one of our experts in the U.S. Bureau of Mines for analysis and opinion.

"Natural mica," he reported, "and no impurities."

But the mica was synthetic. The Kaiser Wilhelm Institute for Silicate Research had discovered how to make it and—something which had always eluded scientists—in large sheets.

We know now, thanks to FIAT teams, that ingredients of natural mica were melted in crucibles of carbon capable of taking 2,350 degrees of heat, and then—this was the real secret—cooled in a special way. Complete absence of vibration was the first essential. Then two forces directly perpendicular to each other were applied. One, vertically, was a controlled gradient of temperature in the cooling. At right angles to this, horizontally, was introduced a magnetic field. This forced the formation of the crystals in large laminated sheets on that plane.

"You see this . . ." the head of Communications Unit, TIIB, said to me. It was metal, and looked like a complicated doll's house with the roof off. "It is the chassis, or frame, for a radio. To make the same thing, Americans would machine cut, hollow, shape, fit—a dozen different processes. This is done on a press in one operation. It is called the 'cold extrusion' process. *We* do it some with soft, splattery metals. But by this process the Germans do it with cold steel! Thousands of parts now made as castings or drop forgings or from malleable iron can now be made this way. The production speed increase is a little matter of one thousand per cent."

This one war secret alone, many American steel men believe, will revolutionize dozens of our metal fabrication industries.

IN TEXTILES the war secrets collection has produced so many revelations that American textile men are a little dizzy. There is a German rayon-weaving machine, discovered a year ago by the American Knitting Machine Team, which increases production in relation to floor space by one hundred and fifty per cent. Their "Links-Links" loom produces a ladderless, runproof hosiery. New German needle-making machinery, it is thought, will revolutionize that business in both the United Kingdom and the United States. There is a German method for pulling the wool from sheepskins without injury to hide or fiber, by use of an enzyme. Formerly the "puller"—a trade secret—was made from animal pancreas from American packing houses. During the war the Nazis made it from a mold called *aspergil paraciticus*, which they seeded in bran. It results not only in better wool, but in ten per cent greater yield.

Another discovery was a way to put a crimp in viscose rayon fibers which gives them the appearance, warmth, wear resistance, and reaction-to-dyes of wool. The secret here, our investigators found, was the addition to the cellulose of twenty-five per cent fish protein.

But of all the industrial secrets, perhaps the biggest windfall came from the laboratories and plants of the great German cartel, I. G. Farbenindustrie. Never before, it is claimed, was there such a storehouse of secret information. It covers liquid and solid fuels, metallurgy, synthetic rubber, textiles, chemicals, plastics, drugs, dyes. One American dye authority declares:

"It includes the production know-how and the secret formulas for over fifty thousand dyes. Many of them are faster and better than ours. Many are colors we were never able to make. The American dye industry will be advanced at least ten years."

III

IN MATTERS of food, medicine, and branches of the military art the finds of the search teams were no less impressive. And in aeronautics and guided missiles they proved to be downright alarming.

One of the food secrets the Nazis had

discovered was a way to sterilize fruit juices without heat. The juice was filtered, then cooled, then carbonated and stored under eight atmospheres of carbon-dioxide pressure. Later the carbon-dioxide was removed; the juice passed through another filter—which, this time, germ-proofed it—and then was bottled. Something, perhaps, for American canners to think about.

Milk pasteurization by ultra-violet light has always failed in other countries, but the Germans had found how to do it by using light tubes of great length, and simultaneously how to enrich the milk with vitamin D.

At a plant in Kiel, British searchers of the Joint Intelligence Objectives Committee found that cheese was being made —"good quality Hollander and Tilitser" —by a new method at unheard-of speed. "Eighty minutes from the renneting to the hooping of the curd," report the investigators. The cheese industry around the world had never been able to equal that.

Butter (in a creamery near Hamburg) was being produced by something long wished for by American butter makers: a continuous butter making machine. An invention of dairy equipment manufacturers in Stuttgart, it took up less space than American churns and turned out fifteen hundred pounds an hour. The machine was promptly shipped to this country to be tested by the American Butter Institute.

Among other food innovations was a German way of making yeast in almost limitless quantities. The waste sulphite liquor from the beechwood used to manufacture cellulose was treated with an organism known to bacteriologists as *candida arborea* at temperatures higher than ever used in yeast manufacture before. The finished product served as both animal and human food. Its caloric value is four times that of lean meat, and it contains twice as much protein.

The Germans also had developed new methods of preserving food by plastics and new, advanced refrigeration techniques. Refrigeration and air-conditioning on German U-boats had become so efficient that the submarines could travel from Germany to the Pacific, operate there for two months, and then return to Germany without having to take on fresh water for the crew. A secret plastics mixture (among its ingredients were polyvinyl acetate, chalk, and talc) was used to coat bread and cheese. A loaf fresh from the oven was dipped, dried, redipped, then heated half an hour at 285 degrees. It would be unspoiled and good to eat eight months later.

As FOR medical secrets in this collection," one Army surgeon has remarked, "some of them will save American medicine years of research; some of them are revolutionary—like, for instance, the German technique for treatment after prolonged and usually fatal exposure to cold."

This discovery—revealed to us by Major Alexander's search already mentioned —reversed everything medical science thought about the subject. In every one of the dread experiments the subjects were most successfully revived, both temporarily and permanently, by immediate immersion in *hot* water. In two cases of complete standstill of heart and cessation of respiration, a hot bath at 122 degrees brought both subjects back to life. Before our war with Japan ended, this method was adopted as *the* treatment for use by all American Air-Sea Rescue Services, and it is generally accepted by medicine today.

German medical researchers had discovered a way to produce synthetic blood plasma. Called *capain*, it was made on a commercial scale and equaled natural plasma in results. Another discovery was *periston*, a substitute for the blood liquid. An oxidation production of adrenalin (*adrenichrome*) was produced in quantity successfully only by the Nazis and was used with good results in combatting high blood pressure (of which 750,000 persons die annually in the United States). Today we have the secret of manufacture and considerable of the supply.

Likewise of great importance medically were certain researches by Dr. Boris Rojewsky of the Kaiser Wilhelm Institute of Biophysics at Frankfurt. These were on the ionization of air as related to health. Positively ionized air was discovered to have deleterious effects upon human well-being, and to account for the discomfort

and depression felt at times when the barometer is falling. In many persons, it was found, its presence brought on asthma, hay fever, and nervous tension. It raised high blood pressure, sometimes to the danger point. It would bring on the symptoms common in mountain sickness—labored and rapid breathing, dizziness, fatigue, sleepiness.

Negatively ionized air, however, did all the opposite. It was exhilarating, creating a feeling of high spirits and well-being. Mental depression was wiped out by it. In pathological cases it steadied breathing, reduced high blood pressure, was a check on allergies and asthma. The importance of its presence wherever human beings live, work, or recuperate from illness may some day make its production one of the major functions of air conditioning.

IV

BUT of highest significance for the future were the Nazi secrets in aviation and in various types of missiles.

"The V-2 rocket which bombed London," an Army Air Force publication reports, "was just a toy compared to what the Germans had up their sleeve."

When the war ended, we now know, they had 138 types of guided missiles in various stages of production or development, using every known kind of remote control and fuse: radio, radar, wire, continuous wave, acoustics, infra-red, light beams, and magnetics, to name some; and for power, all methods of jet propulsion for either subsonic or supersonic speeds.

Jet propulsion had even been applied to helicopter flight. The fuel was piped to combustion chambers at the rotor blade tips, where it exploded, whirling the blades around like a lawn sprinkler or pinwheel.

As for rocket propulsion, their A-4 rocket, which was just getting into large scale production when the war ended, was forty-six feet long, weighed over 24,000 pounds, and traveled 230 miles. It rose sixty miles above the earth and had a maximum speed of 3,735 miles an hour—three times that of the earth's rotation at the equator. The secret of its supersonic speed, we know today, lay in its rocket motor which used liquid oxygen and alcohol for fuel. It was either radio controlled or self-guided to its target by gyroscopic means. Since its speed was supersonic, it could not be heard before it struck.

Another German rocket which was coming along was the A-9. This was bigger still—29,000 pounds—and had wings which gave it a flying range of 3,000 miles. It was manufactured at the famous Peenemünde army experiment station and achieved the unbelievable speed of 5,870 miles an hour.

A LONG range rocket-motored bomber which, the war documents indicate, was never completed merely because of the war's quick ending, would have been capable of flight from Germany to New York in forty minutes. Pilot-guided from a pressurized cabin, it would have flown at an altitude of 154 miles. Launching was to be by catapult at 500 miles an hour, and the ship would rise to its maximum altitude in as short a time as four minutes. There, fuel exhausted, it would glide through the outer atmosphere, bearing down on its target. With one hundred bombers of this type the Germans hoped to destroy any city on earth in a few days' operations.

Little wonder, then, that today Army Air Force experts declare publicly that in rocket power and guided missiles the Nazis were ahead of us by at least ten years.

The Germans even had devices ready which would take care of pilots forced to leave supersonic planes in flight. Normally a pilot who stuck his head out at such speeds would have it shorn off. His parachute on opening would burst in space. To prevent these calamitous happenings an ejector seat had been invented which flung the pilot clear instantaneously. His chute was already burst, that is, made of latticed ribbons which checked his fall only after the down-drag of his weight began to close its holes.

A Nazi variation of the guided air missile was a torpedo for underwater work which went unerringly to its mark, drawn by the propeller sound of the victim ship from as far away as ten miles. This missile swam thirty feet below the water, at forty miles an hour, and left no wake. When

directly under its target, it exploded.

All such revelations naturally raise the question: was Germany so far advanced in air, rocket, and missile research that, given a little more time, she might have won the war? Her war secrets, as now disclosed, would seem to indicate that possibility. And the Deputy Commanding General of Army Air Forces Intelligence, Air Technical Service Command, has told the Society of Aeronautical Engineers within the past few months:

"The Germans were preparing rocket surprises for the whole world in general and England in particular which would have, it is believed, changed the course of the war if the invasion had been postponed for so short a time as half a year."

V

For the release and dissemination of all these one-time secrets the Office of the Publication Board was established by an order of President Truman within ten days after Japan surrendered. The order directed that not only enemy war secrets should be published, but also (with some exceptions) all American secrets, scientific and technical, of all government war boards. (The Office of Scientific Research and Development, the National Research Council, and other such.) And thereby was created what is being termed now the biggest publishing problem a government agency ever had to handle.

For the war secrets, which conventionally used to be counted in scores, will run to three-quarters of a million separate documentary items (two-thirds of them on aeronautics) and will require several years and several hundreds of people to screen and prepare them for wide public use.

Today translators and abstracters of the Office of Technical Services, successor to the OPB, are processing them at the rate of about a thousand a week. Indexing and cataloguing the part of the collection which will be permanently kept may require more than two millions cards; and at Wright Field the task is so complicated that electric punch-card machines are to be installed. A whole new glossary of German-English terms has had to be compiled —something like forty thousand words on new technical and scientific items.

With so many documents, it has, of course, been impossible because of time and money limitations to reprint or reproduce more than a very few. To tell the public what is available, therefore, the OTS issues a bibliography weekly. This contains the newest war secrets information as released—with titles, prices of copies currently available or to be made up, and an abstract of contents.

The original document, or the microfilm copy, is then generally sent to the Library of Congress, which is now the greatest depository. To make them more easily accessible to the public, the Library sends copies, when enough are available, to about 125 so-called "depository" libraries throughout the United States.

And is the public doing anything with these one-time war secrets? It is—it is eating them up. As many as twenty thousand orders have been filled in a month, and the order rate is now a thousand items a day. Scientists and engineers declare that the information is "cutting years from the time we would devote to problems already scientifically investigated." And American business men . . . ! A run through the Publication Board's letters file shows the following:

The Bendix Company in South Bend, Indiana, writes for a German patent on the record player changer "with records stacked above the turntable." Pillsbury Mills wants to have what is available on German flour and bread production methods. Kendall Manufacturing Company ("Soapine") wants insect repellent compounds. Pioneer Hi-Bred Corn Company, Iowa, asks about "interrogation of research workers at the agricultural high school at Hohenheim." Pacific Mills requests I. G. Farbenindustrie's water-repellent, crease-resistant finish for spun rayon. The Polaroid Company would like something on "the status of exploitation of photography and optics in Germany." (There are, incidentally, ten to twenty thousand German patents yet to be screened.)

The most insatiable customer is Amtorg, the Soviet Union's foreign trade organization. One of its representatives walked into the Publication Board office with the

bibliography in hand and said, "I want copies of everything." The Russians sent one order in May for $5,594.50 worth—two thousand separate war secrets reports. In general, they buy every report issued.

Americans, too, think there is extraordinarily good prospecting in the war secrets lode. Company executives practically park on the OTS's front doorstep, wanting to be first to get hold of a particular report on publication. Some information is so valuable that to get it a single day ahead of a competitor may be worth thousands of dollars. But the OTS takes elaborate precautions to be sure that no report is ever available to anyone before general public release.

After a certain American aircraft company had ordered a particular captured war document, it was queried as to whether the information therein had made it or saved it any money. The cost of the report had been a few dollars. The company answered: "Yes—at least a hundred thousand dollars."

A research head of another business firm took notes for three hours in the OTS offices one day. "Thanks very much," he said, as he stood to go, "the notes from these documents are worth at least half a million dollars to my company."

And after seeing the complete report on the German synthetic fiber industry, one American manufacturer remarked:

"This report would be worth twenty million dollars to my company if it could have it exclusively."

Of course you, and anybody else, can now have it, and lots of other once secret information, for a few dollars. *All* the war secrets, as released, are completely in the public domain.

The Mouse in the Attic

PATRICIA MARTIN

And if I dream a many dream,
I live a many life.
According to the daily scheme,
my role is first: a wife.
To grocers I'm a customer,
to authors I'm a reader,
to lecturers a questioner,
to God a well-known pleader.
To friends I am a sometime thing,
to enemies—I know not;
to brushes I'm a bell to ring;
to Love, a twisted bowknot.

I have more lives than I have time,
more dreams than I have sleep,
and for my day, in sober rhyme,
more tears than I dare weep.

REBELLION IN HOLLYWOOD

A Study in Motion Picture Finance

ERNEST BORNEMAN

MUTINY, as it must to all strong reigns, has come at last to the West Coast colony. Significantly enough, it has not come from the lowly-paid (though there have been some bitter strikes in the studios) nor from the avant-garde cinema crowd, nor even from the brittle pens of the metropolitan critics, but quickly and treasonably from the upmost ranks of the industry's own hierarchy—from the inner circle of top producers, high-priced writers and directors, and the cherished stars. Breaking away from the big companies and the guaranteed salaries, they have ventured, one by one, into the hazardous world of private enterprise and hopeful profit sharing, clutching the banner of artistic freedom in one hand and an income tax blank in the other.

This was rebellion touched off inadvertently by the Treasury Department, but it had aesthetic overtones as well. The artists, dismayed by wartime income tax rates, went into business for themselves as independent producers in order to pay capital gains tax rather than income tax. Challenging the myth that success in Hollywood was inseparably linked to the major companies, the artists decided to stake their reputations and their incomes on their own theories of good entertainment.

Until the revolt came, an actor, a director, or a writer was in the big time only if he had a job with one of the major companies; if he didn't, he was small fry. Many of the creative workers had felt for years that this centralization of the industry, and the fact that most of its capital was invested in theaters and film vaults or "exchanges" rather than in studios and artists' wages, was at the root of what they considered the industry's artistic short-sightedness and cultural inbreeding.

Yet the very fact that this was an industry with an immense investment in real estate and technical equipment, and not an art in which a single artist's paint and canvas and living expenses were the only production costs involved, was, by itself, sufficient to doom all hopes of independent production until such a time as the financial interests of the industry would come to coincide with the ambitions of the creative workers.

It seemed abysmally distant only a few years ago, but by a fluke of economic fate it finally happened in 1945. For several years the Treasury had been reducing the income an actor, director, or producer could derive from four films per fiscal year to about the same figure as that which he had formerly received from a single film. Consequently, he now had nothing to lose by getting tough about the role he would play in that single film. Art

With fifteen years of experience in the motion picture industry to his credit, Mr. Borneman is at present Director of Foreign Distribution of the National Film Board of Canada. During the war he wrote, edited, directed, and produced some thirty documentary films.

suddenly had become a respectable word in the dressing rooms. Independent production, the dream of the aesthetes and the nightmare of the business men, had crystallized into a tough and aggressive reality. The majors, foreseeing themselves reduced to humble purveyors of equipment, technical services, and studio space, could not fail to detect the dire prospect of the sorcerer's apprentice taking control from his master, as he had already once before taken control when Chaplin, Fairbanks, and Pickford had formed United Artists in the wild old days of the silent film.

It took formidable losses of big name personnel to give the majors pause, and the list of their losses was formidable indeed: Producers as familiar as Sam Goldwyn, David Selznick, and Lester Cowan; directors of the caliber of Frank Capra, Alfred Hitchcock, and Fritz Lang; "name" writers such as John Steinbeck, Niven Busch, and Ben Hecht; and actors as brilliant as any in the galaxy—Ingrid Bergman, Burgess Meredith, Hedy Lamarr, James Stewart. These are a few of the swimming pool rebels who are setting the new pattern in the California sun. It is a pattern of economics as well as of art. Like all other aspects of the motion picture industry, it throws a dual shadow of divided loyalties.

II

Movie money, like movie behavior, has a set of rules and values all its own. The tail, as it should in make-believeland, wags the dog.

If you want to make cheese or furniture or mousetraps, you begin by making cheese or building furniture or manufacturing mousetraps, and then you sell them. But if you want to make movies, you do not begin with production; you begin with distribution.

There used to be a saying that you could walk into anyone's office in Hollywood and get a million dollars' worth of production capital without security. All you needed was a simple statement from one of the major distributors offering you guaranteed circulation in a minimum number of first-run theaters. How much would that kind of distribution agreement cost you? Well, you probably wouldn't get it for less than twenty years' experience in the industry.

Those were the olden days. The English producer, J. Arthur Rank and the U. S. Corporate Excess Profits Tax have slightly changed the situation since then. Mr. Rank, who has just shaken a few traditions with "Henry V," had somewhat less than twenty years' experience in the industry, but he found that he could get American distribution for his films by buying up theaters all around the globe and throwing them open to those American companies which would open their theaters to his films. The U. S. Corporate Excess Profits Tax, on the other hand, had a good deal more than twenty years' experience in the industry, but even so it got itself at least temporarily outsmarted by the astute excise and revenue specialists of the West Coast colony. The excess profits tax, on top of the regular corporate tax, had a way of chopping off as much as eighty per cent of a company's accumulated earnings. It seemed pretty foolproof until the single picture corporation idea struck like a bright bolt from the blue Pacific.

The idea was to form a corporation for the purpose of producing a single picture, and to let the actors, producers, and directors take a stock interest in the corporation. After the picture was made and was ready for distribution they would sell their stock to their underwriters, their distributors, or anyone else who would buy it, and instead of paying personal income taxes (running up to 90%) they merely would pay a capital gains tax of 25%. Lester Cowan, producer of "Tomorrow the World" and "The Story of GI Joe," thus sold his stock for $1,000,000, paid 25% capital gains tax, and kept a flat $750,000 instead of the shabby $100,000 he would have had left after deduction of income tax on the same million. Gary Cooper, on the other hand, after forming Cinema Artists Corporation to make "Along Came Jones," dissolved the company and sold the stock at a flat profit of half a million dollars—at least $300,000 more than he could have made after paying income tax on the salary he could have earned at that time as actor-producer.

But it still takes money to get into the

picture business, even the single picture business. In the unprecedented boom market of the past five years, it has no longer been necessary to make pre-production deals with a major distributor in order to get production capital. Nor do banks furnish the only source of money. Motion picture finance corporations have arisen in Hollywood, New York, and Chicago, which will put up all the necessary production capital, pay all salaries, including that of the producer-promoter himself, and take one half of the net proceeds for their pains.

CAN these finance corporations be approached, and are their names known? They can be approached by walking in at the front door, and if you are interested in their names, you will find them in the "Personal and Otherwise" section of this magazine. Here is one example of how such a corporation came into being: Domestic Industries, Inc., of Chicago, which financed Lester Cowan's "Tomorrow the World" and "The Story of GI Joe," Bing Crosby's "The Great John L.," and Benedict Bogeaus's "Diary of a Chambermaid," was incorporated in Delaware on March 3, 1919, as Merchants & Manufacturers Security Co. On September 1, 1943, it merged with its subsidiary, Domestic Finance Corp., and adopted the title Domestic Industries, Inc., with Arthur Greene as president, L. E. Mickle as vice-president and treasurer, W. L. Nunemaker and E. S. Steinmetz as vice-presidents, and Robert L. Huttner as secretary. The corporation does a varied loan and investment business, of which film finance forms a comparatively minor part. It will advance money for acquisition of story properties as well as for complete productions, and it will purchase equities in completed productions so as to enable the producer to take out his profits in cash without waiting for complete box office returns. When a single-film corporation wants to dissolve itself and cash its profits, Domestic Industries, as underwriters, may thus buy out the assets and obtain their own profit by speculating on what they expect the picture to earn above and beyond the face value of the assets they have purchased.

How do companies such as this operate? What is their security, and what is their cut? To answer that, we'll have to go back to the story of the tail and the dog. Who wags what? You'd expect that your main problem in accumulating production money would be the main body of your capital—the first eighty or ninety per cent—and not the last tail-end of ten to twenty per cent. But that's not the way it works. The tail again wags the dog, and you begin with what we call "end money"—the last $100,000 or $200,000 on a $1,000,000 production. Since this is the last money to be paid off from the picture's box office proceeds, the investor who advances it takes the greatest risk and gets the highest rate of interest—usually fifteen to twenty-five per cent of the gross profits. Thus, when a producer has found his "end money," he can as a rule get the rest of his capital without very much of an effort. He may get it from a bank or an insurance company, or he may get it from the motion picture finance corporation itself, but if he takes it all from the latter, it may cost him up to ten times as much as it would if he took it all from the former.

Then why go to a motion picture finance corporation instead of going to a bank? Because your bank wouldn't start to talk business with you unless you were Sam Goldwyn or Dave Selznick. Your bank knows that its comparatively low rate of interest is good business only where it deals with a sure thing. If your film flops, you are responsible to the bank, and the bank is responsible to its investors. If a motion picture finance corporation, on the other hand, underwrites your production, you've sloughed off a large part of the possibility of personal loss; if your film should flop, the finance corporation's own stockholders will take the dive. And they will charge you interest in keeping with this risk.

The Revenue Act of 1945, applicable during the current year, has only slightly changed this situation. During the past two years, Federal Surtax rates called for payment of $69,000 on every $100,000 of earned income. During the present year, surtax has been lowered from $69,000 to $63,000 on $100,000 earnings, but the bite is still getting increasingly acute with

every added dollar; it's $145,000 on $200,000 and $230,000 on $300,000. The repeal of the corporate excess profits tax, on the other hand, has made it possible for producers to accumulate their earnings on a number of films instead of taking out profits after completion of every single picture. As a result, half a dozen new forms of motion picture finance have made their appearance on the Hollywood horizon.

III

First of all, as in the past fiscal year, there is the single picture corporation formed by a minimum of six stockholders, five of whom may be strawmen. After borrowing 50 to 60% of their production capital from a bank and 80 to 90% of the balance from a finance corporation, the stockholders themselves need furnish no more than 10% of their first picture's total production costs out of their own resources. When the picture is distributed and box office returns begin to exceed the combined sum of borrowed capital and interest upon it, the shareholders, instead of pocketing the profits and declaring them as personal income, can withhold all payments of such profits until such time as income tax rates may ease. All they have to pay to the Treasury during that time is the regular corporation tax of 38% on profits of $50,000 or over.

Recently, however, the long shadow of Mr. Joseph Nunan, chief of the Internal Revenue Bureau, has begun to darken many a happy Hollywood home, and although Mr. Nunan took no action until July 24, the mere presence of the chief in the wider Los Angeles region had the miraculous effect of closing up all sorts of budding single picture corporations and capital gains companies. As a result there was a return to the traditional type of "release deal" initiated by United Artists in the silent days and copied since then by all the majors except M-G-M.

This sort of release deal is an arrangement between a major distributor and an independent producer by which the former undertakes to release and distribute the latter's film as part of his own seasonal distribution program. For this service, the distributor generally charges the producer a certain fixed percentage of the rentals received from the theaters that have shown the film. The percentage charged by United Artists in the old days used to be 25% or less, out of which the distributor would pay all or part of the advertising costs. Today, with increasingly large numbers of independent producers competing for distribution, the distributors have begun to charge increasingly higher percentages for their services. Though some of the top producers whose contracts have come up for renewal are paying as little as 27½%, some of the new men are being charged as much as 35%. David O. Selznick, Eddie Small, Hunt Stromberg, and James Cagney still pay 25% for the first $800,000 gross and 10% after that. This means about 14% on a $3,000,000 income and is just about the best deal you can get in Hollywood at present.

Only old-timers of the caliber of Sam Goldwyn still have as favorable terms as his 17% flat deal at RKO. Here the producer pays for his own advertising and the distributor gets no sliding scale of revenue. Bing Crosby and Leo McCarey, in their release deal for the phenomenally successful "Bells of St. Mary's," didn't make out quite so well. At a budget of $1,200,000 RKO offered studio facilities and provided distribution on a sliding percentage scale rising to 35% of the gross. More recently, such distributors as RKO have offered end money to certain trusted producers in addition to participation in the rentals. What this means for all practical purposes is that the distributor is taking the place of a bank or finance corporation in underwriting the independent production and purchasing an equity in it. In this way the distributor gets rid of all production problems and receives a grade-A picture at a minimum investment, while the producer gets rid of all worries about finance and distribution. Both of them, however, are surrendering part of their autonomy in the process.

This arrangement is well represented by Bill Pine and Bill Thomas, the "Dollar Bills" of the Nassour Studio, who have an agreement with Paramount by which it supplies them with production capital and pays them 25% of all profits over 170% of

production costs. With average Pine-Thomas production costs at $125,000 and average grosses at $600,000 per picture, they made a comfortable $700,000 in 1945. How? By cutting overhead from 40% to 4%; by shooting a nine-reel film in twelve twelve-hour days; by renting studio space; by paying actors by the hour; by shooting location scenes with doubles; by cutting their staff down to eleven people between productions.

As motion picture practice goes, this is quite a drastic routine; but the most drastic financial innovation on this year's motion picture horizon did not come from Hollywood but from Switzerland via New York. Lazare Wechsler, phenomenally successful Swiss producer of "Marie Louise" and "The Last Chance," recently came to America to set up his own production company by floating a public stock issue. Obvious as this may seem, it had rarely been done by an independent producer on the West Coast. And what is still more extraordinary, the entire stock issue was subscribed on the day it was floated. To heap wonder upon wonder and make the old-timers blanch in their penthouses, no attempt was made to arrange any pre-production release deal. In borrowing production capital from banks or finance corporations, a definite distribution agreement would have been prerequisite; in floating a public stock issue, the producers, on the other hand, were enabled to complete their picture and then offer it for distribution to the highest bidder.

A precedent had been set. A few months later, more than half a dozen other producers were busily shooting without any immediate distribution agreement in mind —among them Robert Riskin with "Magic City," W. R. Frank with "Enemy of Woman," James Nasser and Henry Kesler with "Personal Column," Walter Wanger with "The Ballad and the Source," Herman Millakowsky with "Kreutzer Sonata," Sam Jaffe with "Glittering Hill," and Advanced Pictures with "Heaven Only Knows." A new era had begun.

IV

More than a hundred independent units are at present registered on the West Coast, most of them eagerly waiting for studio space to start shooting. How much money do they need to start production? You can work it out for yourself. Count hire of studio and equipment and salaries of technical staff and you arrive at a rock-bottom minimum of $10 per foot of release negative. A feature film has from seven to nine reels on an average, which gives you a minimum of $70,000 to $90,000 for your technical expenses. Add to this the salaries of your actors and the cost of your script, and you can total up your final figures.

Let's start with actors' salaries. If you want national distribution in first-run houses, you'll probably require "marquee names," i.e., stars. How much do stars really earn? Let's forget about the astronomical figures of the stargazers in the fan magazines for the time being and let's bring the stars down to earth. Owing to the standardization of wages which came about as a result of the furious competitive bidding among the single-picture corporations and independent producers, a pretty clear salary structure has been established. A good male lead like Franchot Tone, or a fine character actor like Walter Brennan will cost you $75,000. But the best average for top-bracket leads, male or female, and top-notch character actors, runs at a flat $150,000. This price will get you Charles Boyer, Fred MacMurray, or Joseph Cotten; Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Fontaine, Irene Dunne, Myrna Loy, Claudette Colbert, Teresa Wright, or Joan Crawford. A few free lance exceptions who will ask you for another $25,000 or $50,000 per picture are Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, or Gary Cooper. Most of these salaries run for the average production length of fourteen weeks, but in several recent instances the contracts have provided for a twelve-week maximum, with two weeks to be contributed salary free so that each additional week beyond fourteen can be charged as a precise twelfth of the total salary, i.e., $12,500 a week. This, then, is your average price of marquee appeal.

You will, of course, need a script. Of the 649 members of the Screen Writers' Guild, six earned more than $100,000 during the past fiscal year, eleven earned between $100,000 and $75,000, thirty-seven be-

tween $75,000 and $50,000, twenty-eight between $50,000 and $40,000, thirty-two between $40,000 and $30,000, twenty-two between $30,000 and $20,000, sixty-one between $20,000 and $15,000, sixty-six between $15,000 and $10,000, and one hundred and one between $10,000 and $5,000.

How does this work out per picture? Erich Maria Remarque got $200,000 down, plus a percentage of the film's eventual net earnings, for the script of *Arch of Triumph*. Daphne du Maurier has asked $200,000 down, plus ten cents per copy on all book sales during the first year of publication of *The King's General*, with a ceiling of $300,000 and an additional $50,000 for the eventual remake rights. Frederic Wakeman got $300,000 for *The Hucksters*. Thus for top prices of novels. Now what about plays?

Variety thinks that Howard Lindsay, Russel Crouse, and Leland Hayward may stand to make up to $1,000,000 from the movie rights of "State of the Union". The deal, as it stands, is a 50–50 proposition between Paramount on one side and the authors with their producer on the other. Paramount, in order to be sure of the movie rights, financed the play by paying a flat $100,000 each to the authors and the producer. In exchange, Paramount will get 35% of the gross as its share for handling the distribution of the film; assuming production costs to run at about $1,000,000 and adding to it Paramount's initial investment of $300,000 in the play plus $700,000 for distribution prints and publicity costs, you arrive at an expenditure of $2,000,000. In order to pay its way, the film will have to gross about $5,000,000. With the Dramatists Guild rules specifying the split between writers and producers at 60% of the film take to the former, and 40% of the film take to the latter, Lindsay and Crouse would get $540,000 each and Hayward $720,000 minus commissions.

Thus, the new scheme of acquiring screen rights of Broadway plays by financing their production rather than by bidding for them after they have been staged has proved extremely costly in some cases. But it has proved extraordinarily economical in others. In the case of Elmer Rice's "Dream Girl," which was also financed by Paramount, the company acquired the screen rights practically free of charge by supporting the Broadway production to the tune of $72,000 and getting its money back within twenty-five weeks. In the case of Jacques Deval's "Oh Brother," on the other hand, Paramount took a serious dive by investing $80,000 in the production instead of acquiring the screen rights for the $10,000 or $12,000 they would have cost after the play had proved a failure.

What does it all prove? Nothing at all, for the time being, except that the story market is in an unprecedented state of flux and that producers as well as writers are looking for new methods to replace the direct sale of screen rights at a single lump sum.

New production firms like Hal Horne's Story Productions, Inc., formed a few months ago with the explicit purpose of "starring stories instead of stars and glamorizing authors instead of actors," have from the start dispensed with the idea of story purchase and have replaced it with the practice of cutting authors in on profits with a percentage sliced from the first dollar. Screen writers, at the same time, have formed organizations on the pattern of New York's Playwrights Company to produce their own works, while members of the Screen Writers' Guild have advocated a licensing plan for screen stories and a rating fund along lines of the one used by ASCAP so as to prevent producers from making large profits from reissues or remakes of a story without cutting the writer in on the proceeds. The plan would call for writers to assign their picture rights to the Guild, which would handle the licensing "for the use of the story as a basis for one picture."

This, perhaps, is the most ingenious and the most advantageous solution from both the writer's and producer's point of view. It would permit the producer to dispense with advance payments of large lump sums, and it would permit the authors to establish a union fund, obtained from a check-off on all pictures for the benefit of all Guild members. And best of all, with that fine co-ordination of the useful and the pleasant which is Hollywood's greatest

achievement, it would permit both of them to save payments of income tax. For if licensing is stretched out over more than a single fiscal year, the author moves into a lower tax-bracket while the producer's tax-reducing expenditure remains the same over the years.

V

When the Bureau of Internal Revenue pricked the single picture bubble, the independent production movement did not collapse as the major studios almost certainly hoped it would. New independent units have been set up since Mr. Nunan's visit. It may be a year or more before the Internal Revenue Bureau's claims are argued out and established or rejected by a high court. Meanwhile the major producers, behaving more hurt than angry, bemoan the fact that actors whom they have worked hard to build into stars should be "capital gains happy" and wasting their talents, indeed jeopardizing their reputations, on "a lot of product that they'll regret in a few years."

But, if you talk to actors and directors and writers, you hear a new lilt in their conversation. They are machiavellian idealists who have discovered that they are finally edging over into the driver's seat. They talk about a new era in which the artists will turn managers. But it remains to be seen whether the artists will produce better pictures on their own than they did when they were being coached by the financiers. So far there isn't much evidence that they will. Orson Welles, who went off on his own some time ago and produced "Citizen Kane," certainly flashed occasionally with a brilliance not frequently seen in Hollywood, and recently Burgess Meredith — with Benedict Bogeaus — has fetched up some new, if not entirely satisfactory, ideas in "Diary of a Chambermaid." But the evidence is not yet convincing.

So far there is only one conclusion that can be drawn: motion picture finance is in a process of drastic transformation. The rigid structure of eight major companies and a handful of minors has given way to a highly flexible relationship between all parts of the industry. The New York District Court's recent decision in the government's anti-trust suit against the eight major film companies has once again loosened the all too cohesive bond between producers, distributors, and exhibitors.

Money in the movies, far from hardening into a rigid monopoly structure, has once again opened the way to enterprise and ingenuity. More than a third of all films in production are now being shot by independent units. A new deal for the men of independent mind is in the offing.

ROCK OF AGES

A Story

JOHN D. WEAVER

It took three strapping men to get Mark Quill to the county poor farm.

"I seen 'em go by," Maud Loeffler told her husband that night, "and he fit 'em ever inch of the way."

Saul Loeffler said it was a wonder she didn't follow them right on down to the poor farm, so she wouldn't miss anything. Maud huffed up. "No law 'gainst lookin'," she said.

Mark Quill ran away twice the first day, once the second. Tall Tompkins had to send a couple of hands out to fetch him back. "Mark Quill's give me more trouble in two days," Tall said, "than all the resta my people give me in twenty years. The county might's well give me an eel to hold."

Maud Loeffler was cleaning a roasting hen when Saul came home that evening. He sat on the porch steps, smoking his pipe, watching her thin brown fingers picking irritably at the pinfeathers. "I know what *I'd* do," she said. Saul didn't ask her what she'd do. "I'd chain 'im," she said. Saul shook his head. "They ain't made the chains could hold Mark Quill."

Mark Quill ran off again on Sunday, and they didn't find him till Tuesday night. Nevil Kearns found him up in Laurel Hollow, lying in a wild plum grove. Nevil thought the old stonemason was dead at first, but as soon as he touched him, Mark Quill set to kicking and hollering.

"I knowed then he warn't daid," Nevil said.

When Nevil brought Mark back to the poor farm, Tall Tompkins called the old man into the little office room off from his parlor.

"Mark," Tall Tompkins said, "I'm a-runnin' this place and the county's put you here for me to look after. Less'n you take a oath to stay put I'm gonna lock you in your room, and you won't git out of it till they carry you out."

Mark didn't say anything for a long time, just stood there, a tall, white-headed man, with big hands as rough as the hill rocks he'd worked with all his life. Even at seventy-five or eighty (nobody, not even Mark himself, knew exactly how old he was), he was straight and hard as a rifle barrel.

"Tall Tompkins," Mark finally said, "I give you my oath on it."

Then Mark turned around and marched out of the house. Nobody saw him till dinner time; he came back quietly, ate his dinner without saying a word, and left again. After supper he went to bed. Most of the other old people at the poor farm were afraid of Mark, he had a name for being mean, especially when he was drinking. Once he'd killed a man with a rock. At least people said he had; nobody'd ever proved it.

"I seen Mark Quill today," Maud Loeffler said one evening when she came home from berry-picking. "He walked

clean to Limeton and back, said he wanted to see the stone wall he built for old Mr. Carlton."

"Mark's got a right to be proud of that wall," Saul Loeffler said.

"Hit's a long way to walk."

"Hit's a mighty fine wall."

NEXT day Mark didn't come down to his breakfast. Tall Tompkins thought he'd run off again, but Mark hadn't run off, he was sitting in his room staring out the window when Tall Tompkins went up to look for him.

"I can't eat county meat and county greens," Mark said.

"Hit's good eatin'," Tall Tompkins said, "as good as you've ever et and you know it."

"Hit's good," Mark said, "but I ain't a-gonna tech it. I've allus made my own way, paid in cash or trade for everything I ever got. I ain't a-gonna start in now livin' off other people's bounty."

Tall Tompkins drew up a chair, sat down and offered Mark a sack of tobacco and a pack of cigarette papers. Mark shook his head. Tall Tompkins shrugged, rolled himself a smoke.

"Mark," he said, "you've did your work. There ain't hardly a farm in this county don't have some of your stone work on it, a wall or a well or a fireplace. And hit was good work, Mark. Hit's time now you set back and took it easy."

"I never took charity," Mark said. "I ain't takin' it now."

"Some are glad to git it."

"I ain't."

Mark didn't come down to dinner either, and that afternoon he disappeared again. When he came back he had berry stains on his fingers. He looked tired. He didn't say anything to anybody, just went upstairs and lay down on the bed.

"He'll break," Maud Loeffler said when she heard about it. Saul Loeffler shook his head. "He won't break," Saul said. "He'll maybe starve hissef, but he won't break."

Saul came home early next morning, he was supposed to be cutting weeds, but he came home about ten o'clock and Mark Quill was with him.

"Mark's gonna hep fix the 'tainin' wall," Saul said.

"Wall don't need fixin'," Maud said.

"There's a hole in it big enough for a cow to walk through," Saul said, and when Maud went out to look at it, sure enough there was a hole.

"I'd of swore it warn't there last night," Maud said. "I d'clare I . . ."

"Git the trowel," Saul said, and while Mark sized up the hole, Saul went for the cement.

"A good two days' work," Mark said when he finished studying the break in the retaining wall.

"Can you handle it by yoursef?" Saul asked.

"I built it," Mark said. "I reckon I can plug it."

Mark took Saul up back of the springhouse and pointed out the rocks he wanted, then Saul hitched up his horse and dragged them down to the wall. Saul helped lift the heavy rocks, but when it came to fitting them in place, Mark wouldn't let him help. Saul watched the rocks go together, snug and tight, with only thin ragged lines between them, like the pieces of a broken china dish. Mark worked all morning, and when it came dinner time, he and Saul went up to the house together, washed their hands at the pump, scraped the mud off their shoes, then went in the kitchen to eat.

"How you reckon the wall come to give way like that?" Maud said.

"You hep Mark to more of them snap beans," Saul said, and Maud didn't ask about the wall again.

Mark Quill ate enough for four men. He ate ham and fried eggs and sweet potatoes and green beans, he ate roasting ears and fresh peas and stewed tomatoes, and all the time he kept slapping apple butter on thick slices of bakery bread. Then he ate three pieces of apple pie and drank his fourth cup of coffee. Maud Loeffler was sure he'd bust wide open like a sack of feed.

"Tastes good," Mark said, wiping the back of his hand across his mouth.

"Hit'll maybe hold us till supper," Saul said.

AFTER they left, Maud sat down and ate what was left. She was cleaning up the kitchen when she heard Saul out at the

pump getting a drink of water.

"Saul Loeffler," she said, "that man's gonna eat us clean out of house'n home."

"He's working on my place," Saul said, "and I'm gonna see to it he gits fed."

"Who's gonna feed *us* when *we* git hongry?"

"We ain't never gone hongry yet."

"We ain't never tried to feed the county paupers before."

"A man that works on my place, he's gonna git his meals here."

"We pay our taxes," Maud said, "and our taxes feed the paupers."

Saul's hand choked the yellow gourd he was drinking from.

"You git back to the kitchen," Saul said. Maud got.

Saul paid Mark Quill six dollars for the two days' work. Mark kept one dollar out, gave the rest to Tall Tompkins.

"I reckon this'll pay my keep for a week," Mark said, and all that week he came to the table every day, ate with the others. But Monday morning he didn't show up for breakfast. He told Tall Tompkins he was going out and look for work. Tall didn't try to argue with him.

"A fine lotta good the cash money did him," Maud Loeffler said that night when Saul came in for supper. "He's been up at Old Man Henry's store all day drinkin' whisky and singin' his fool head off. When I went to git my bluin' he called me names and almost fell off'n the counter, he was that drunk."

"I'm ready for my supper," Saul said.

"The old goat," Maud said, "he's allus been no-count, he's allus been a drinker and a hell-raiser, never set foot in a church, never even come to the tent-meetin's."

Saul sat down to the table, and Maud brought him his supper. "Nobody's ever been able to do a thing with him and nobody ever will," Maud said.

That was the last Saul heard of Mark Quill for nearly a week. Then one afternoon Saul was standing by the pump, getting himself a drink of water, when Maud came home from the post office. The minute Saul saw her face, he knew she'd heard something.

"Lor'," Maud said, "you know what he's up to *now?* He's buildin' a wall down at the poor farm."

"He's been buildin' 'em for sixty years," Saul said.

"Not like this un," Maud said. "This here's just a wall set out in the middle of a field. Hit don't go nowhere, don't mark nothing. Hit just sets."

Saul went on drinking. Maud looked at him, frowned. "You hear me?" she said. "Hit just sets."

"I hear you," Saul said, and later that afternoon, when Maud wasn't watching him, he headed down the road toward the poor farm. He wanted to take a look at that wall.

WHEN he passed the Gurley house, old Mrs. Gurley called to him from her rocker, a gray, crow-faced woman, smoking a yellow pipe. "Want'r see somepun?" she said, rocking and cackling, pointing at the parched field down below. "Man's crazy as a coot."

Saul wriggled through the rail fence, cut across the field, without looking back at Mrs. Gurley. He could see Mark grubbing in a wide scattering of rocks, rolling them over, picking and choosing until he found the one he wanted, then adding it to the twelve-foot length of dry wall which started from nowhere, like a hill creek in the spring.

"Evenin', Mark," Saul said, and the old man nodded, kicking at a loose pile of rocks, then working them over with the toe of his shoe, until he had them laid out where he could study them.

Saul sat down under the black walnut tree and lit his pipe, watching the wall take shape from the rocks scattered at Mark Quill's feet. The base of the wall was broad and firm, the lines straight as a taut string, the sides tapering in gradually, so the wall would settle slowly and solidly with the years.

"Nice wall, Mark," Saul said. "Good lines to it."

"I seen worse," Mark said.

A dry wall was nothing strange or new in the county. Saul had seen dozens of Mark's walls, but there was something about this one that held Saul the way a snake can hold a bird. It came time for him to go home, he had things to do before supper, but he didn't stir, just sat there, watching.

SUNDAY morning, after services, Tall Tompkins drew Saul off to one side. "Poor Mark," Tall said, "looks like he's give way for sure now. Bad enough to build a wall that don't mark nor keep out, but yesterday evenin' I found 'im tearin' out the whole middle part of it, and now this mornin' he's down there puttin' it back together."

"Maybe he didn't git it right the first time," Saul said.

Tall Tompkins laughed. "A wall thas no good to nobody, what's it matter whether it's put up right or wrong?"

"I reckon it matters to Mark," Saul said.

Mark was closing the ragged edges of the gap, when Saul came up behind him, sat down quietly, the old man grunting, going on with his work. He smoothed off the top and sides, then stopped, drawing back from the wall, squinting at it. He turned to Saul. "How's it look from the road?"

"Looks good," Saul said, and Mark nodded, pleased.

"People goin' by," Mark said, "I want 'em to see it, want 'em to say to theirselves, 'There's the last wall old Mark put up.' "

"Looks good from the road," Saul said.

Mark sat down in the thin shade of the walnut, pushed his hat back on his head, smearing the sweat off his forehead with a slow swipe of his hand. He picked up a big gray egg of a rock, cupping it in his hand. "These rocks was scattered all over hell'n gone," Mark said, "and they'd be there yet, iffen I hadn't went after 'em, drug 'em down here, and put 'em together. Rocks in the ground, they're common as pig tracks, but when they're all of a piece, well, thas somepun for a man to stop'n look at, and the man that found 'em and fitted 'em, he's got a right to take some pride in what he done."

"Hit's a good wall, Mark," Saul said. "Hit'll hold."

"A hundred years from now," Mark said, "hit'll still be standin' here. And you know what people'll say? They'll say, 'A man named Mark Quill put up that wall.' And some'll say, 'He must of been crazy, makin' a wall in the middle of nothin'.' But they'll never forget this wall, nor the man that made it."

Saul finished his pipe, then got up and started for home, walking slowly, his shoes stirring little clouds of gray dust along the side of the county road. He came up to his house by way of his cornfield, stopping at the springhouse for a drink of water. He was proud of that springhouse, he'd put it up with his own hands. The calico cat crept up to him timidly, followed by her four kittens. Saul picked up the smallest of the litter, the mother cat eyeing him suspiciously. He walked up the footpath, stroking the back of the kitten's neck.

"Supper's ready," Maud called from the back door, and Saul nodded. He put the kitten down, smiling as it bounced away like a rubber ball, then he started toward the kitchen. It had been a long time since he'd wondered what would happen to the farm after he died. Sold for taxes, he reckoned. Whoever got it would be lucky, he'd put a lot of work into the place, forty years, and nothing much to show for it, no children to hand it on to.

"Where you been?" Maud asked, when Saul sat down at the table. He told her. "Well," she said, "it does seem to me you could find somepun better to do than set all day watchin' a crazy man build a crazy wall."

"Maud," Saul said, "a hundred years from now, if anybody remembered us, what'd it be for?"

She looked at him as though he'd tracked dirt into the house. "Hmph," Maud snorted. "Ideas."



Occupation: The Winter Scene

EDWARD WEISMILLER

I

In the black glass of heaven, look! a star
Reflects the sleep of this white world.
Ice draws on the water. The winds are curled
Loose in the caves of darkness.
Where are
The unsure murderers, mechanical boys
Pushed out of school with guns to light their way
Across the waste where clumsy toys
Played with tomorrow?
It is not that day,
The living not returned. Where are they—
Where in deep
And white and drifting terror do they sleep?

II

The toys are shelved. If the far soldiers dream
It is not now of death's choked plain
They inched toward in fever, while the brain
Exploded orders.
They rest, perhaps; seem
At peace in snow and what they know of love
Who were not taught and are not made to teach.
But the eyes trouble them: above
Their beds, shadows, and then the arms they reach
Are inflamed shadows.
Occupying each
A country, they start
Numbly to learn none occupies the heart.

III

Their nightmare is not ours. We wish them warm,
Austere, well-fed, not to love ill,
Not to be lonely. And all our letters will
Not teach them how to read the literal form
Of peace: persistent love.
Night is not gone.
We sleep, to shape the dream of trees that burned
But will design a greener dawn—
So peace, in season.
All are not returned,
The unfinished boys. But alone, they have learned
The star, deep
In rifted space; and from this know how all shall sleep.

RUSSIA'S RULING CLASS

JOHN FISCHER

THE Communist Party of Russia is probably the most efficient machine ever devised for the governing of men. It also is a tiny, privileged ruling class, marked off from the great herd it governs as sharply as any ruling class in history. It is a kind of Civil Service which operates far more effectively than our own. It is a conspiracy, ruthlessly disciplined and masked by secrecy. At the same time, it is a Gallup Poll, recording the whispers of public opinion with four million pairs of ears. It is, as Brooks Atkinson has noted, "a machine for generating power." Above all, it is a blood brotherhood capable of inspiring the fiercest loyalties. But it is *not* a party.

That word, as the Russians use it, means something utterly different from the normal definition—just as they use the term "democracy" in a sense strange to the rest of the world—and much of our misunderstanding of the Communists grows out of our natural mistake of thinking that their organization bears some resemblance to the GOP or the Democratic Party. It would be much more useful to think of it as a priesthood.

For today the Soviet regime resembles nothing quite so much as it does the government of medieval Spain. The Party, like the ancient religious orders, places its dedicated men in most (though not all) public offices. It alone purveys the True Faith, and its Inquisition, the secret police of the NKVD, mercilessly ferrets out all heretics. It sees its mission as the salvation of all mankind, and any tolerance for the heathen abroad can be nothing less than sin. Its missionaries carry the gospel to benighted lands at the risk of prison, hardship, and sometimes of life itself. And occasionally, like Cortez, they find the sword a great help in making converts.

The rich iconography, always so precious to devout Russians, has not disappeared; it has simply changed a little. Lenin is now the Father, Stalin the Son, and Marx the Holy Ghost; and their pictures are enshrined in almost every home. (Though Marx, appropriately for a Ghost, is not so frequently embodied on the posters and lithographs nowadays. I saw his picture only five times all the while I was in Russia. The Thirteen Apostles of the Politburo have become much more popular.) Soviet artists today are employed almost exclusively in celebrating these religious figures, together with the saints and martyrs of the Faith; and the conventions of their art are just as rigidly prescribed as those which the Church once laid down for the artists of the Middle Ages.

The holy relics are preserved in the Lenin Museum on the Red Square in Moscow, and replicas have been provided for branch museums in every major city. Before they view them, the faithful

As a member of an UNRRA mission in the Ukraine, Mr. Fischer worked closely with the bureaucrats of the Soviet Union. They are the subject of this article, the third of a series based on his stay in Russia.

remove their hats, and they stare with hushed reverence at Lenin's desk, his schoolboy report card, and the wig he wore while hiding from the Kerenski police. The most sacred relic of all, naturally, is Lenin's body, displayed in its black marble tomb like the incorruptible bodies of the saints in the Lavra catacombs; every day long lines of worshippers file past the bier, their faces rapt and grave.

The catechism has been preserved, with minor changes. In kindergartens I have heard the teachers ask: "To whom do you owe your happy childhood?" and the four-year-olds lisped: "To Comrade Stalin, hurrah!" In the best religious tradition, the Party claims a monopoly of education; and its rather puritanical moral code governs the conduct of the people in every detail from marriage to the reading of books which blaspheme the revealed doctrine. Moreover, its prelates open nearly every public meeting with a eulogy of The Leader which is no different, in spirit, from prayer.

AMERICANS think of a political party as a loose sort of organization, open to anyone who bothers to register and exacting no duty more arduous than the occasional marking of a ballot. Becoming a Communist, however, is as difficult as joining the Jesuit order. To anyone who can demonstrate the necessary ability, devotion, and vigor, the door is open; but the screening is so rigorous that only two or three per cent of the Soviet people have ever been able to gain the coveted membership cards.

When a young Russian aspires to membership in the Party, he renounces the worldly life and dedicates himself to what the Webbs have called "the vocation of leadership." He puts aside all other faiths, including Christianity, and learns to shun such abstruse heresies as "rotten liberalism" and "rightist deviation." After a long apprenticeship in good works and study of the sacred books, his name is put forward by three old members; and if his record, character, and knowledge of the Marxian scriptures can pass the examination of the hierarchy, he finally is sworn into the order.

From that day forward, his life belongs to the Kremlin. He may be ordered, without notice, to report for duty in Vienna or the Arctic Circle, to fight an epidemic in Kazakistan, instruct a band of Manchurian guerrillas, or filch atomic secrets in Ottawa. He has no private life, for his behavior, papers, and thoughts are under constant scrutiny; he feels the watchful presence of the NKVD far more oppressively than does the ordinary Soviet citizen. He may be unfrocked for drunkenness, sexual scandal, laziness, or the slightest wavering from the party line. If his indiscretion is serious enough, he may be condemned to a labor camp or shot out of hand, as thousands of Communists were during the bloody months of 1937. For minor transgressions, however, a few months' penance in a lonely or unpleasant assignment usually is the only punishment. On holy days, such as May Day and the November 7 anniversary of the revolution, the pious Communist makes his pilgrimage to the Red Square or at least to the celebration at the local shrine. He even keeps his chin clean-shaven, as the monks shaved their crowns; a beardless face is one of the caste marks which few modern Communists aside from Lenin and the late, revered Papa Kalinin have ever cared to ignore.

II

SUCH a tightly disciplined organization obviously has elements of great strength. It can move as swiftly and secretly as a well-trained army, without wasting time in debate or bogging down in compromise. It attracts the ablest and most ambitious men, because it is the only ladder to power and to all the dignities and perquisites that go with it. Moreover, the Party's internal administration—directed by Stalin himself and by his bright, tough young man, Georgi Malenkov—so far has been extraordinarily competent. Men of capacity have risen swiftly to responsible jobs, and the deadwood has been pruned away without compassion.

Inevitably the Party also attracts some opportunists and sly scoundrels, as this summer's purge of grafting factory managers revealed; but these, I believe, are

rather rare exceptions. During the course of my work in the Soviet Union I found no trace of the pervading corruption, the sadism and moral deformity which were so evident among the ruling elite of Nazi Germany. Most of the Party members with whom I worked impressed me as sincere and honest men—idealists, many of them, who are convinced that they are serving a sacred cause.

Such a man is Vassily Vladimirovich Khomyak (pronounced hom-yahk), my closest acquaintance among the Ukrainians. He was in charge of the special agency set up by the Ukrainian government to handle the distribution of UNRRA supplies, and my duties threw me with him nearly every day and often far into the night. I have never known a more conscientious public servant, or a pleasanter drinking companion.

Vassily is a wiry little man with a tired, wizened face and instinctively gentle manners. His expression ordinarily was one of harassed patience; I never once saw him lose his temper, in spite of maddening and innumerable provocations. When they became unendurable, he would merely sigh, run his fingers through his rumpled tussock of graying hair, and grit his stainless steel teeth. (That's the usual material for bridgework in the USSR, because of the shortage of dental porcelain; about half of Vassily's bicuspids and incisors had been replaced with nice, shiny dentures.) Since he was a relatively high level bureaucrat, reporting directly to the Council of Ministers, Khomyak could afford to dress nattily. Ordinarily he wore a sober gray or tan suit, gray kidskin oxfords, and a bright blue rayon polo shirt; his hat was blue velour, with a lush nap.

On special occasions, however, he wore the blue-and-khaki dress uniform and the five medals—each as big as a fried egg—which he had earned as a colonel of Partisans fighting behind the German lines. His band of some eighteen hundred men had led a life of grinding hardship, sleeping in the snow, going hungry for days on end, marching to the very edge of exhaustion to massacre some unsuspecting Reichswehr outpost and then to escape the pursuing column. (Once Vassily timed a raid to catch a Nazi major on the day of his marriage to a renegade Ukrainian girl. He thought it a great joke that his tommy gunners had mowed down the major, bride, and wedding guests while the ceremony was in full swing.) Four years of such strain had left Khomyak prematurely aged and broken in health; he suffered almost continual pain from asthma and a tired heart, and he made no secret of his belief that his time was fast running out.

Yet he worked man-killing hours. Vassily reached his office at about ten in the morning, left around five for lunch and a few minutes' rest, and then came back to his desk to stay until long after midnight. Such hours are part of the Bolshevik tradition; ever since Lenin, the Communist leaders have made a habit of working far into the night, and pouches under the eyes have become almost a badge of Party membership. In Vassily's case, there were additional reasons. He had a huge and intricate task, a new and not yet entirely dependable staff, and—perhaps worst of all—a group of American investigators who constantly needled him for detailed reports on what was happening to UNRRA's supplies and to the Ukraine's home-grown food. Once, when we were particularly insistent on getting certain figures about the local production of meats and fats, he labored all night to compile the statistics himself, apparently because there was no one to whom he could delegate the job with complete confidence that our deadline would be met.

For his agency suffered from a weakness which seems to afflict almost every administrative organization in Russia—a desperate shortage of trained personnel on the lower levels. Vassily's two or three top assistants were fairly competent operators; but below them he had a straggling collection of clerks and bookkeepers who were, in many cases, only a few years away from peasantry.

This particular weakness was not the fault of any individual, or the Party, or even of the Soviet economic system. It is simply one of the unavoidable difficulties

of a nation which is trying within a single generation to change itself from a drove of sluggish, ignorant peasants into a modern industrial state. Much the same thing happened in England during the early stages of its Industrial Revolution; although there the transformation was slower, and the thick-fingered yeomanry could be housebroken at a much more leisurely pace.

(In many other aspects of Russian life, it seems to me, things which are commonly praised or blamed as the fruits of Communism are, in fact, nothing of the kind. They are merely the fruits of a belated Industrial Revolution. It is largely coincidence that in Russia this revolution in technology took place at the same time as a revolution in politics. But it is only human nature that the Communists should claim credit for the more spectacular results—the huge increase in farm machinery, for example, and the rapid growth of military strength. After all, the nineteenth century British Liberals garnered credit for similar blessings of the machine, which happened to coincide with the ascendancy of their pet theory of capitalism. And it is also natural that the enemies of Communism should blame it for the dreary byproducts of industrialization—the overcrowded cities, the factory worker's loss of personal independence, the countless wrenching social adjustments—just as Karl Marx once blamed these same evils on "capitalism.")

Because the Germans had destroyed many of Kiev's public buildings, Khomyak had housed his eighty-odd employees in a shabby, hastily repaired, three-story apartment on Pushkin Street. It smelled of damp plaster, and until late spring it was so cold that every breath showed as a frosty plume. The girls wore their overcoats all day, and their stiff, chilblained fingers didn't make for speedy typing. Khomyak's own office on the top floor was as cold and sparsely furnished as the rest. It contained only his wooden desk, a long conference table covered with blue cloth, a battered brown safe with an eight-inch key, two water carafes, and a dozen straight-backed chairs. The walls, however, had been freshly painted with elaborate floral designs stenciled to simulate wallpaper, and they were hung with the usual oversized portraits of Stalin, Molotov, Khrustchev, and Shevchenko, the local Bobby Burns. The only personal touch in the room was Vassily's pencil-holder, a little plaster mug decorated with a carving of a hound dog with a rabbit in his mouth.

The staff worked at a relaxed and desultory pace, interrupted by frequent tea-drinking and long, rambling conversations. (The methodical organization of his own time is a knack which the average Russian has not yet acquired.) It was also handicapped by a shortage of all kinds of office equipment. The whole agency had only five typewriters, for example—valued at $1,500 each—and the secretaries had never seen a typewriter eraser. When we loaned them a few, together with such other unheard-of gadgets as a stapling machine and a roll of Scotch tape, they were as pleased as children with a new toy. Telephones, too, were both scarce and temperamental; no Soviet executive tries to transact much business by phone, aside from the making of appointments, and even that is likely to fray his vocal cords.

It was a little unexpected, therefore, to find that the organization somehow got its work done with considerable efficiency. Every month it routed some twenty-five thousand tons of relief supplies from the Odessa wharves to hundreds of cities and villages—and, on the whole, the right things got to the right places on time. Moreover, losses from pilferage and careless handling were notably small, and swiftly punished. If there was any black-marketing or graft in UNRRA goods, we were never able to discover it.

From our earliest dealings with the Ukrainian government, it was apparent that its inner wheels moved much like those of any other bureaucracy—not according to the formal organization chart, that is, but along a delicate network of personal relationships.

In theory, Khomyak got his orders from Nikita Khrustchev, governor of the republic, and his entire Council of Ministers. (These cabinet officers originally were called People's Commissars—a term

gleefully adopted by Lenin, because "it smells terribly of revolution." The more respectable title of Minister was adopted this spring—presumably because years of anti-Soviet propaganda have given "commissar" such a hair-raising connotation. A Goebbels could give an audience the shivers when he asked: "How would you like to have your daughter raped by a drunken commissar?" But substitute the word "minister" and the question sounds downright ridiculous.) In practice, however, Khomyak preferred to take his troubles to his guardian angel among the heavy brass—a handsome young man named I. S. Senin, vice-chairman of the Council and one of Boss Khrustchev's fair-haired boys.

Senin, who was built like a football player and might easily be mistaken for a junior vice-president of the National City Bank, studied chemical engineering at Columbia in 1931 and still enjoyed talking English. He wore impeccably-cut blue pin-stripe suits—the best I saw in all Russia—smoked Lucky Strikes, and talked with crisp, good-humored confidence. Since his job is the running of all industry in the Ukraine, it was hardly surprising that he suffered from stomach ulcers, the occupational disease of top government executives in all countries. When he was away for treatment at a sanatorium in the Caucasus mountains, Khomyak had a good deal of difficulty in getting quick decisions out of the rest of the Council—"they just shove my memos under their desk blotters"—but when Senin got back to town, the memos were pulled out again and things began to happen fast.

From their subordinates the Ministers got a degree of deference which would have embarrassed most American bureaucrats. When Khomyak went with us to a conference with Senin or The Boss, for example, he always stopped in the anteroom to comb his hair, straighten his tie, and take a couple of quick licks at his shoes with the brush which was kept on a little shoe-shine stand provided for the convenience of visitors. Once inside the conference room, he shrank into the least conspicuous chair, listened with alert nervousness, and spoke only when someone asked him a question.

A visit to one of the Ministers, incidentally, was a matter of considerable ceremony. As our car pulled up before the eleven-story building which houses the Council, we were always met by a uniformed NKVD officer, who escorted us past the heavily-armed sentries at the entrance and the guards, with rifle and bayonet, stationed at intervals in the corridors. Certain doors swung open before us, and closed silently as soon as we had passed through. (I never found out how that trick was worked; spooks, maybe.) The inner office of every big-shot had two doors with a two-foot air space between them. As a further discouragement to eavesdroppers, these doors were heavily padded with imitation leather, and little plates covered the keyholes.

Within the Council there seemed to be a healthy amount of bureaucratic rivalry over such questions as the splitting up of a 127-ton shipment of UNRRA sole leather. The Minister of Trade wanted most of it for shoes, the Minister of Health insisted on at least 45 tons for the manufacture of artificial limbs, while another of their colleagues schemed to get all he could for industrial belting. A similar argument dragged on for weeks over whether UNRRA vitamins should be classed as a medicine, charged against the Health Ministry's allocation, or a food which would be chargeable to the Ministry of Trade.

This kind of politicking went on all the way down the line. The mayor of Poltava, for instance, took off a whole day to show us the urgent needs of his ruined city. When he finally put us on the train at two o'clock one morning, well-banqueted and primed with vodka, he remarked that he had complete confidence in the Council's fairness in distributing relief supplies among the many war-ravaged cities. But when we got back to Kiev, would we please put in a good word with The Boss about the altogether unique case of Poltava?

In the end, all such questions were refereed by Khrustchev, one of the fourteen most powerful men in Russia by virtue of his seat on the Communist Party Politburo. At fifty-two he looks at least a decade older—rather like a beard-

less, blue-eyed Santa Claus on the morning after a hard Christmas—because, his friends say, he almost worked himself to death during the war. The son of a Kursk miner, he worked in the mines himself until he joined the Party in 1918. From then on he rose fast, handling one tough job after another with a marked flair for organization. During the Great Purge, Stalin sent him in to boss the stiff-necked Ukrainians, whose native political leaders had got themselves liquidated for treason. Now, although they never forget that he is an outsider, many Ukrainians speak of him with what appears to be genuine affection and respect.

III

THE day-to-day performance of the men who run the Ukraine seemed to me about as good as any I've ever seen in the last fifteen years, during which my chief business has been reporting on the behavior of bureaucrats. They would measure up pretty well, for example, beside such smooth-running outfits as the U. S. Forest Service or the Republican machine in Westchester County. Nearly all of them have that quiet pride in their jobs which is one of the universal earmarks of a competent organization. (The typical Ukraine mayor radiates an enthusiasm for his city which would shame a California Chamber of Commerce secretary; I kept feeling that each of them was about to sell me a lot.) Allowing for the many handicaps under which it operates, the Ukrainian government must, I think, be credited with reasonable honesty, vigor, and effectiveness.

The men who run it also argue, with all sincerity, that it is a democratic government. To them, democracy means government *for* the people; and they unquestionably are working for what they believe to be the long run good of all Soviet citizens. Or, anyhow, what the Politburo has decided is good for them.

There is no pretense, of course, of government *by* the people, nor any real understanding of what it means. The Communist regards "the non-party masses" as a herd of lazy, slow-witted, bear-like creatures, benumbed by centuries of serfdom, who have to be coaxed and chivvied along the road to The Perfect Society by the Party shepherds. The common man cannot be trusted to decide what is good for him, because he would almost surely want nothing more than a full belly, warm clothes, and a long nap on top of the brick stove. Certainly he is not far-sighted enough to choose the bone-cracking labor and endless self-denial which is demanded by the new series of Five Year Plans.

Public policy, therefore, must be left in the hands of the elite, who are especially trained to deal with such matters. The people may be permitted to vote, because voting is one of the traditional trimmings of "democracy." But there is no need, so far as the Communist can see, to confuse them by putting more than one name on the ballot. Indeed, the very idea of admitting a second party to an election would strike him as wicked. After all, he knows that the Communist Party is infallibly right, by what amounts to divine revelation. All other parties, therefore, must be wrong, and nothing but evil could come of permitting them to spread their disturbing heresies.

These views seem to have the approval —or, at least, the acquiescence—of the great majority of Russians. They have never had a taste of democratic self-government in all their history. They don't know what it is, and (so far as I could tell) they don't especially want it. In all their experience, ruling has been the business of professional rulers, whether Khan, Czar, or Commissar. For centuries these rulers were harsh, arbitrary, and incompetent. Now they are harsh, a little less arbitrary, and far more competent. Nearly everybody is grateful for the obvious improvement.

MOREOVER, the present government is closer to the people than any they have ever known. Each local Communist leader keeps in touch with his flock like a parish priest. If he hopes for a brilliant future, he also looks after them with the zeal of a Tammany district leader. He attends their weddings and village dances —perhaps obliging with a few well-chosen words about The Leader—and he's the man to see if somebody needs an extra

load of firewood or a travel permit to visit Aunt Tanya in Odessa.

More important still, he listens sympathetically to their complaints—or, at any rate, to any complaints about the way in which The Plan is being carried out. (Nobody is fool enough to complain about The Plan itself.) If the beef sounds reasonable, he tries to fix things up, carrying the fight if necessary clear up to the Party headquarters in Kiev. When such criticisms become loud and numerous enough, there may even be a change in local administrators or in the application of policy; for the Party has a strong sense of what the traffic will bear.

One result of all this is that the ward heelers of Dnepropetrovsk and Darnitza have come to look and behave very much like the ward heelers in Pittsburgh or Memphis—hearty extroverts with the ever-ready smile, the big hello, the manly handshake, the surefire memory for first names. Once I visited a kindergarten in Kharkov with a local politician named Peter Petrovich Sachko. He patted all the kids on the head and ended up with a little speech in which he mentioned his own name, with some emphasis, ten times in as many minutes. You would have thought that the next election was heavy on his mind; and perhaps it was. True enough, his constituents would have to vote for the lone candidate whom the Party put on the ballot; but the Party does not often re-nominate officials who prove unpopular.

Public disgruntlement is, in fact, sometimes deliberately channeled against some luckless functionary, when it is necessary to deflect criticism from the Party. Actually, of course, the Party and the government are as inseparable as the two sides of a rouble note, but the press often makes a sharp distinction between them. Whatever goes wrong is blamed on "the bureaucrats" and "office rats"; but when there is praise to be ladled out, it goes to the Party dignitaries who led the enterprise to its glorious conclusion.

Thus, the *Ukrainian Pravda* turned loose a shattering blast, in its issue of April 17, against certain bureaucrats of Zaporozhe under the headline: "Why Did Buttons and Steel Knives Become a Problem?"

The article deplored "the inability of buying anywhere in the city a button, a table knife, a fork, shoe polish, and other 'trifles' needed daily," and added: "The Regional Office of Local Industry—of which Comrade Bronnikov is the chief—was supposed to give the market seventeen kinds of manufactured goods last year, among them buttons, spoons, and knives. But it issued only six, and among them one does not find goods of which there is a great shortage in the region. . . .

"The Regional Co-operative—Chairman, Comrade Marinchenko—had a quota of fifteen hundred pails, but manufactured only two; instead of one thousand cane chairs, only eighty-four. Many leaders of local industry ignore the plans . . . with impunity. All this occurs only because of the fact that Zaporozhe when making its plans does not take care of the main condition necessary for their execution, i.e. daily control, and they are unable to develop initiative and ingenuity."

Nowhere in this item—which is a fairly typical example of the famed "socialist self-criticism"—was there any mention of the Communist Party. Nor was there any hint that the great bulk of Zaporozhe's manpower and materials was being poured at that moment into the reconstruction of the city's great steel mill, in accordance with the Five Year Plan, instead of into the making of those urgently-needed consumers' goods.

Incidentally, nobody could tell me what happened to Comrades Bronnikov and Marinchenko; but it probably is a safe bet that they've taken up some other line of work.

IV

The very characteristics which give the Soviet political system much of its strength—stern discipline and tight central control—also are responsible for certain critical weaknesses.

The most obvious of these is the reluctance of nearly all minor bureaucrats to shoulder responsibility. The penalties for a mistake are so drastic that no sensible man is eager to make an important decision on his own. If he guesses wrong—no matter how honestly—his mistake may

not be accepted as mere bad judgment. Quite possibly he may face criminal charges of sabotage and treason, followed by the grim punishments reserved for "enemies of the people."

Consequently, he is careful to get plenty of counter-signatures on every document, to clear every step with his superiors and the local Party authorities, and to build a shield of detailed paper records. The result is endless conferences, red tape, and delay. My first contact with Russian officialdom was in Berlin, where a thoroughly obliging Soviet trade representative named Lebensohn pleaded with his colleagues by phone for nearly two hours to get a document authorizing our party to board a plane for Moscow. In the end he got it only by agreeing to add his own signature—that is, by putting his neck on the line, too. True enough, the Soviet red tape was no worse than that of the American Army in Berlin; but in the USSR nearly every transaction has to be handled "through channels" with all the frustrations which, in most other countries, are limited to the military establishments.

Even if a Russian official were foolhardy enough to try to act on his own in the interests of getting the job done fast, he would never be permitted to exercise full responsibility. For in every organization authority is split three ways—among the nominal management, the Party, and the NKVD. A hospital director whom I knew dared not make any important move without consulting one of his subordinates, who happened to be secretary of the hospital's Party cell. A similar Communist organization exists among the employees of every factory, bureau, and collective farm; and one of its main functions is to spot any sign of bungling or "sabotage" by the manager. Moreover, both the management and the members of the Party cell work under the suspicious eye of the NKVD, which has its secret agents planted within every organization of consequence. These police spies have keys to all safes and filing cabinets, and no visitor or phone call is likely to escape their attention.

The same system of multiple watchdogs apparently operates in Soviet establishments abroad. The report of the Canadian Royal Commission investigating Russian espionage, for example, noted that Comrade Goussarov, a second secretary in the Ottawa embassy, wielded authority "on the level of the ambassador" for Goussarov was organizer of the Party's central committee within the embassy. Another second secretary, Comrade Pavlov, ran the NKVD; and his spies sometimes tripped over another espionage network directed by Colonel Zabotin, the military attaché.

In Washington the Party's head man is generally believed to be an obscure official of the Soviet Purchasing Commission named Serov. Victor Kravchenko, a backsliding Communist who ran away from that Commission, in his recent book described Serov as "the most potent agent of the Soviet state in America," whose "word was law for everyone from the most menial Soviet employee to the most important . . ."

THE basic reason for all this divided responsibility and mistrust is, of course, that pervading fear—the dominant characteristic of the Soviet hierarchy—which was discussed in an earlier article. So long as the men in the Kremlin feel threatened by crowding dangers, both within their borders and from abroad, they cannot bring themselves to place full trust in any subordinate.

Another reason lies in the history of the Party. It was founded as an underground conspiracy, fighting for its life against the spies and hangmen of the Czarist police. It could survive only by developing its own system of counter-espionage and secrecy, backed by merciless punishments. As a result, the organization grew into a mold which it could never break, even after it had swept into power. Men who have spent their youth as conspirators—listening constantly for a step on the stairs, never for a moment quite free of anxiety—are seldom able to shake off the old habits entirely. Even today, therefore, and even within Russia itself, the Party still operates on a semi-conspiratorial basis. Nobody talks freely about its affairs, and its inner workings are never mentioned in the press. The members themselves rarely know what goes on outside their im-

mediate circle, and they are held as strictly accountable for every word and action as if they were still part of an underground.

This harsh conspiratorial tradition has some amusing results. One of them is eager-beaverism, a disease especially prevalent among Soviet representatives abroad. These sorely-tried patriots know that they are under a doubly suspicious surveillance all the while they are exposed to the temptations of the capitalist world. They also know that they have to get results, or else. Consequently, when a Russian is sent on a foreign mission he often makes almost hysterical efforts to prove his loyalty and build a shining record. In Washington, for example, the Soviet Purchasing Commission quite evidently had orders to get all the UNRRA supplies it could and to pile them on shipboard fast—and the Kremlin wasn't interested in excuses about food shortages or the needs of other countries.

The Russian representatives thereupon made themselves the world's champion needlers. They followed every requisition, minute by minute, on its tortuous course through the bureaucratic labyrinth, prodding at every step. Clouds of excited, arm-waving Slavs besieged the offices of UNRRA and the Treasury and Agriculture Department procurement agencies, demanding to know why that tractor contract hadn't been filled or protesting a ten-minute delay in the signing of a purchase order for two tons of clover seed.

The result, of course, was precisely the opposite of what was intended. American officials came to dread the sound of a Russian voice, and out of sheer harassment they sometimes got stubborn and refused to be hustled. In the end their blowtorch tactics probably did the Soviet agents more harm than good.

THE same kind of eager-beaverism sometimes backfires on the Russian government at home. The widespread falsification of production figures which was uncovered during the purge of industrial officials this summer was partly caused, no doubt, by an ordinary human hankering for juicier bonuses. But a more important reason, I suspect, was the unrelenting pressure on every factory manager to hang up bigger and bigger output records. When he can't meet the schedule, because of shortages of material, skilled labor, or equipment, the plant executive is subject to almost overwhelming temptation to cook his figures. He risks trouble, naturally, if the forgery is discovered; but he is *sure* of trouble if his records fail to show "fulfillment of the plan."

The secrecy which goes along with the Communists' conspiratorial habits also has some unfortunate byproducts. One of them is a surprising ignorance of what, in any other country, would be public affairs. Khomyak, for example, was supposedly the best informed man in the Ukraine about UNRRA activities. Yet he was astonished to learn—from Americans—that several Soviet citizens were employed by UNRRA both in its Washington and London headquarters and in responsible field positions. Moreover, he had only the vaguest notions about the work of the Soviet Purchasing Commission or the movements of Russian ships carrying UNRRA goods.

Such unfamiliarity with their own government, plus an all but complete ignorance of the outside world, may account for much of Russia's difficulty in recruiting competent men for foreign service from the lower ranks of its bureaucracy. I had to deal with one official—a specialist in foreign trade—who was firmly convinced that Philadelphia was on the west coast of America and who had made up his shipping schedules accordingly.

V

BUT these are minor flaws in comparison with the two really serious weaknesses of the Soviet political machine. One of them is an over-centralization of decisions; the other is a blind inflexibility in official thinking.

During the war all of us heard a lot of talk about the enviable ability of the dictatorships to make decisions rapidly. This is undoubtedly true of the big decisions—those which may switch a whole nation on the track from peace to war. It can be argued, however, that these are the very decisions which ought *not* to be made quickly, which should be reached

only after long and searching public debate. For if one of them turns out wrong, the results—as Hitler and Mussolini learned—may be fatal, and not for the dictator alone.

It is equally true, though less generally recognized, that a highly centralized government is utterly incapable of making little decisions promptly. The reluctance of small-fry bureaucrats to take on responsibility, which we have already noted, means that thousands of petty, day-to-day problems—whether to pave a twenty-mile stretch of road or when to hire an extra clerk—pile up on the desks of Higher Authority. There it is physically impossible to handle them with dispatch, as anyone who ever had to deal with wartime Washington well knows.

Yet if this kind of decision is not made swiftly and on the spot, the whole machinery of government clogs up. When a Soviet purchasing agent found, for instance, that one brand of machine tool was not immediately available in America, he could not switch his contract to another of almost identical make; for weeks he had to await authority from Moscow, while some Russian factory stood idle. A Soviet consul cannot even grant a visa without cabling for permission; and when I was ready to leave Moscow it took me three days to get an exit permit, even with the help of several rank-laden officials. The cumulative effect of such trifling but innumerable stoppages is a dragging tempo, a hidden waste of manpower, which may turn out to be a permanent handicap in the Soviet Union's race to overtake the western nations.

For this is not the sort of trouble which can be cured by efficiency experts or shrewder management. It is inherent, I believe, in the very nature of large, centralized organizations. It can be discerned, on a smaller scale, in some of our mammoth corporations, where it provides one of the strongest arguments for the trustbusters. Our American habit of dispersing both economic and political decisions among thousands of independent units—state legislatures, trade unions, school districts, small businesses, TVA, farm co-operatives, port authorities, public power districts, and countless others—sometimes looks hopelessly disorderly. But it may conceal a peculiar strength which we have not yet fully appreciated.

A STILL more fundamental handicap for the Russians is the mental rigidity which seems to afflict nearly everyone who has been schooled in Marxist doctrine. The trained Communist tends to think in formulas, which he has been assured will provide the infallible answer to every question. If a fact doesn't quite fit, he would never dream of revising the formula, for that would be heresy; he simply rejects the fact.

A classic example is the Communist policy for the American Negro. Stalin, who earned his early reputation as Lenin's expert on racial problems, had devised a scheme which worked pretty well in Russia. It called for an "autonomous" republic for each separate nationality, thus permitting the Uzbeks, Tatars, Kazaks, and other peoples of the USSR to preserve some remnants of their individual cultures. Inevitably the Communists in this country adopted the same formula, letter for letter, as their solution for America's racial problem. They proposed to carve an autonomous Negro republic out of the heart of the Southern states.

Unfortunately for them, this simple recipe did not take into account two glaring facts: (1) many Negroes didn't want to stay in the South; (2) almost none of them wanted a Jim Crow republic, which might well freeze forever the discrimination that is their real grievance. As a result, the Negroes—who might otherwise have been the Party's easiest converts—have never flocked in any paying number to buy its patent medicine. To this day, however, the Communists have not changed their formula. They merely deplore the stubborn refusal of the Negroes to swallow Old Doctor Stalin's Wonderful Remedy. (Some of the Central Asiatic tribesmen gagged a little, too, in the beginning; but the Red Army finally poured it down their throats.)

Because they are drilled to think in such stereotyped patterns—all dictated by a few men who are profoundly ignorant of the outside world—the Communists may run into increasing difficulties as they

attempt to expand their operations beyond the Russian borders. The effective opposition of Europe's Catholic parties has been demonstrated in every recent election; but in addition, the going may prove unexpectedly tough in the Protestant countries, such as England and the United States.

For the appeal of Communism, it seems to me, is essentially religious. It purports to offer not merely a political program but a road to salvation for all the world. Although its ritual is couched in materialistic terms, it demands a mystic devotion, surpassing all other loyalties. Moreover—and this is the central point—it preaches an authoritarian theology. The Kremlin—a sort of Red Vatican—is the sole fountainhead of the faith, claiming authority beyond challenge on all questions of doctrine.

This kind of theology may not go down very easily among peoples who have been accustomed for centuries to interpreting religious dogma for themselves. The Protestant tradition still has a good deal of strength, even among many Americans who are no longer church-goers; at least they are slow to acknowledge that any authority can be superior to their own consciences. Moreover, they have an ingrained habit of tolerance for many sects; a belief that righteousness lies in a man's personal behavior rather than in meek obedience to a hierarchy; and a feeling that it is old-fashioned and somehow barbarous to burn non-conformists at the stake. Such people, then, will not readily accept the Communists' violent suppression of heretics, nor the doctrine that every action—including lying, treason, and murder—is morally correct if performed in the service of The Cause.

It would be foolish not to recognize that the Communists have hit upon a formidable system of organization, which has worked with considerable effectiveness in Russia. But it would be equally naïve to assume that the same kind of political priesthood can operate successfully in the very different context of the western world.

These High-Pressure Days

THE world is too big and too fast. There is too much doing—too many wars, crimes, casualties, excitements, and marvels. . . . Try as you will, you get behind the race in spite of yourself. It is an incessant strain to keep pace, and still you lose ground. Science empties its discoveries upon you so fast that you stagger beneath them in hopeless bewilderment; the political world gets up new scenes so fast that you are out of breath trying to keep run of them; there are so many new great books which not to know is heresy; so many new great people, whom not to see is benighted darkness; so many new productions of art, new plays, new actors, new discoveries, new sciences, new improvements, new quarrels, new South Sea Bubbles, new gossip; so many shouting at the world with all their might to get the world's attention—that your head whirls like a whip-top. . . . Everything is high-pressure. . . .

Human nature cannot endure so much. . . . As things are now, something must be done to bring the capacity of the brain up to the required level. Photography is our only hope. When the whole contents of the morning paper or the last novel can, by some mesmeric process, be instantly photographed upon the brain, there will be some possibility of keeping up with the intelligence of the age.

—From *Mrs. Stephens' New Monthly* for March 1857, in a discussion of the expected inauguration of the Transatlantic Cable.

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

MR. DEVOTO recently suggested that I assume his responsibility for the cosmos while he wrote about the West. And in an item which appeared in "Personal and Otherwise" a while back, one of the editors of this magazine, shamelessly making free with private correspondence, quoted me as saying that America, "having won world leadership by default, has a renaissance by the tail and doesn't know it," and said he'd like to see me develop the idea. (I'd like to see *him* do it.) Thus doubly goaded, I find myself compelled to give thought. What follows may not be exactly cosmic, but at least it isn't about the West.

Well, it does seem to me that we Americans have won world leadership more or less by default. Being a peace-loving nation composed of men of good will, we have no designs on Korea, no designs on Japan, no designs on Germany or half a hundred other places where our MP's now tread the streets and sound the curfews. We armed our enemies and we armed our friends and finally armed ourselves—at every stage we did the forthright thing our credulous folkways dictated—and now look at us: custodian of all the bankrupt empires in the world and completely befuddled by our own enormous success. If this isn't winning world leadership by default, I'm an Aztec.

Have we a renaissance by the tail? I can only say that, if we haven't, it will be the first time in the history of the world that the type of movement we are now in has not been marked by a flowering of the arts, sciences, and culture of all sorts. This tremendous explosion of our own energy, the movement itself, is the significant thing, the very phenomenon we are least conscious of. I hardly think you need go beyond awareness of the magnitude of the energy-action to convince yourself that what has happened before is happening to us, for man is a very conservative animal. He doesn't change his pattern overnight.

These historic outpourings of energy are never premeditated and never very well understood by the people involved in them. What goes into them? Who knows? But we do know that, from time to time, natural resources, human drive, political vicissitude, and a hundred other factors (not the least of which seems to be ineluctable luck) seem to combine in an expansive expression—and you have the story of Britain, of Persia, of Portugal, of Egypt, of Spain, of Rome, of Greece.

It may be a long story; the Roman energy took something like nine hundred years to accumulate its power, reach its climax, and taper off. Or it may be a short, extravagant story, like the energy story of Spain, which achieved domination quickly and went to pieces quickly. The outpouring may be only a flicker; we are still profoundly affected by a seventy-seven-year flicker in Italy (1453–1530) if you pin down the time-span to the impact itself. It is very clear that we are now in one of these historic actions and very far from the climax, and it is also clear that the Russians, with a somewhat slower start, are also in such an action. Today the Russians seem to be crossing the threshold we crossed about 1800–1850, but they are

moving at a faster pace than we did in the nineteenth century.

As to some of the details, it seems to me that misleading emphasis is placed on the function of the patron in these energy movements. It was not the Elizabethan patron, nor the Medicean patron, nor the Periclean patron who basically accounted for the cultural flood. This is the same sort of error that argues that capitalism creates jobs. Could capitalism create jobs in a vacuum? Rather should we look to the resources of matter and mind, to the highly charged potential which, under favorable conditions, enables both the patron and the artist to interact, or capital and labor to interact. *Hamlet* was a product of the same potential that expanded British sea power. The tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides came from the same potential that fought two Persian wars. Through the devious workings of the potential that produces our motor cars, oil, rubber, or whatnot, I can turn a dial and listen to the Metropolitan Opera, the Philharmonic, or folk songs of my forebears which even my father didn't know.

Characteristic of these movements, almost a sure sign, is moral resistance to accomplishment. The Parent-Teacher Association objects to the nude statue and so did the ancient Greeks. Lycurgus and Plato blue-penciled Homer with a corn-belt vengeance. Heraclitus argued that Homer deserved to be expelled and beaten. In our time we note moral resistance to our most spectacular achievements, motion pictures, radio—somebody always wants to censor the press, and the pressure is very notable in science—moral resistance to the use of experimental animals or the development of atomic energy.

Moral resistance to learning more about our natural environment causes us to bandy about such words as *materialism*. The fugitives from the beauties of reality say that our times are mechanistic. They would be happier in a spiritual climate. So they go back to the cloister, and what cloister is it? Not that of primitive Christianity, for that would be too dangerous; a true Christian would be lynched today for the same reasons Christ was lynched. No, they go back to the rich, magnificent, sensual church that leaped from the Italian renaissance, glorifying nature, glorifying life on earth in protest against heaven and hell. The religious fugitive from 1946 materialism simply prefers an earlier variety of the same thing and his actual spirituality diminishes as his nostalgic sentimentality increases.

Our only hope, if we want a truly spiritual life, is to go further, without compromise or evasion, on the nature-searching course we are taking. Call it materialistic, mechanistic, or what you will, beauty and prophecy will come in obliquely. We're pretty tough, and whatever it was that enabled us to fight our way up from the primordial sea slimes a few million years ago will see us through if we don't break with the process. Philosophical deviation from nature-searching in quest of some escapist spiritual compensation is the greatest danger of all. It was this very deviation from materialism that accounted for the frightful Nazi folly. Knowing all that they did, perhaps more than any other people, about the biological and anthropological nature of man, they deliberately denied all that they knew in favor of a specious spiritual hysteria that undid the world. This, indeed, is the greatest danger of all our fascist-communist-ideological adventures, the effort to accelerate the coming of some universal mental complacence at the expense of our limited abilities to cope with our environment and with one another.

Sometimes, when I've been talking to some unhappy theorist of our times—some side-tracked bureaucrat, renegade communist, or medieval churchman about-to-be—I've asked him what he does with his hands; has he physical interests or hobbies? Does he have a tool outfit in his basement, enjoy fooling with a microscope, studying birds, or gardening? Ten to one he doesn't know a hack-saw from a paramoecium and isn't interested in either. If it's our souls we are concerned with, if we want poetry, art, the good life of the mind, we'll all do better by ourselves if we all try to know the atom as well as the old Hebrew prophets knew their skinning knives. Legend has it that Jesus Christ was a first-rate carpenter.

As for hints of the American renaissance in contemporary letters, I can only cringe back on the left-handed argument that the only conceivable direction left to take is up. There's no down worth figuring. True, the sideways possibility is depressing. Quite likely, in view of expanding literacy, the novel may crawfish sideways indefinitely in the sludges of dullness and smut, and poetry may succeed only in contriving some handsome new cat's-cradles to play with. But the silver lining, it seems to me, shines from the cloud that's causing most of the trouble. Radio and the printed page are now competitive. All women read books with the radio going full blast and some men do. All children study their lessons this way. The deserving recognition we give an illuminating novel like *Brideshead Revisited* is soundly based on its ability to compete simultaneously with "Lum 'n' Abner" and, in the novel's nobler passages, even with "One Man's Family."

I have a faint hope that the radio may one day undo some of the damage done to poetry by the invention of printing and consequently set higher standards for all literature to pull up to. We have to talk about poetic energy since it controls all literary forms and most of the other art forms. The earliest poetry may have been spoken only, but when it came to be written, it was written only to be spoken. Creation of epic poetry, previously the most powerful emotional force in the world, tapered off as printing developed. If the book became the treasury, it also became the tomb. The only dynamic poetry, as a world force, which survived printing, required the instrument of the theater to perpetuate the spoken impact. The Elizabethan theater was one of those fortunate anachronisms for which we must be forever grateful. (In passing, it's interesting to recall Victor Hugo's argument that printing also destroyed religion and ecclesiastical architecture.)

At any rate, radio, which now gives us magnificent music (and bad music nobody has to listen to) may easily restore the whole spoken poetic complex which printing interrupted. This rechanneling of poetic energy back to the spoken word has, at the outset, assumed alarming dynamics. There are something like eighteen figures of speech in our metaphorical system and Hitler, Mussolini, Roosevelt, and Churchill have used them all, resulting in devastating dislocations. A poetic figure like "iron curtain" is more dangerous than slow neutrons.

Whatever the miscarriages of poetic energy by radio to date, the possibility that poetic energy may be rechanneled back into poetry itself cannot be dismissed. Nor need we look too much toward the conscious effort to write poetry for the radio as undertaken by Archibald MacLeish or Norman Corwin. Rather should we look to avarice and the profit motive. The thrifty merchant who goes in for radio is out to get his money's worth. Hundreds of young writers are now being trained to pack the largest meaning into the fewest words without sacrificing communication. This is what the poet tries to do. The current fad of trying to versify the "commercials" is only a symptom, but I do feel that more and more vivid writing under ever-tightening competitive pressure, employing cadence, rhythm, and passionate concreteness, is certainly indicated. New forms may be developing and, if so, like people in other renaissances, we won't know what they are until somebody tells us after we are dead.

My renaissance should, of course, be rooted in peace but, if it is, it will run counter to the others. We can only hope that two world wars in our own century may have supplied enough growing pains. We seem to be in for some fender bumping with Russia, but in my gloomier moods I conjecture that America and Russia are headed for about a hundred years of peace and when I feel cheerful I stretch it out.

I remember lying by a cottonwood fire with Tom Wolfe beside the Highline Ditch south of Denver and hearing him chant on and on toward sunrise, as only Tom could, about his faith. At one point he said it just about as he says it in *You Can't Go Home Again:*

> *I think the true discovery of America is before us. I think the true fulfillment of our spirit, of our people, of our mighty and immortal land is yet to come.*

THE TELEGRAPH TRAIL

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

IN THE summer of 1942, when Hitler's armies stood at the farthest point they would ever reach in Russia, the United States Army Air Forces had begun dispatching fighter planes and A-20 attack bombers across the roof of the planet to the Eastern front. These planes spanned British Columbia's lofty uplands, refueled at wilderness airfields along the headwaters of the Yukon River, and continued on over Alaska and the Bering Strait into Siberia. Thus they came to the back door of a battleline which the Wehrmacht generals felt sure was closed, thinking that as long as U-boats were able to sink Liberty ships off Murmansk there could be no early arrival of American air power.

But neither submarine nor anti-aircraft battery could harass this Northwest Passage of the air. It was beyond the range of the German arsenal. In an hour when the Nazis believed they had blocked all effective means of immediate rescue, planes less than a week out of factories on the Great Lakes and Puget Sound were attacking Nazi positions on the Volga.

Where had this adroit circumvention of Hitler's barricade originated? Once put to use, it seemed the inevitable route between the Eastern front and American war plants, but was this critical moment in history the first time it had ever been projected? Leaders in the two countries flew it, too—Willkie, Wallace, Molotov, Gromyko—and at least one of them, Wallace, said, "This is the great air and land route of the future, from the New World to the Old, from Buenos Aires to Moscow."

While both brass and politicians in Washington sought credit for a master stroke, a little bald-headed brigadier general of Army Engineers named Patsy O'Connor sat in a tent in the foothills of the eighteen-thousand-foot St. Elias Range and studied a map. The map was old and faded. Lakes and mountains bore forgotten names. Alaska had still been Russian America when the map was made. Cartographers in caribou parkas had worked on it two years before Seward's purchase in 1867. Indeed, the map had lain on Seward's desk the day the purchase was completed. Even longitude and latitude ran through the wrong valleys. But the map told O'Connor what he wanted to know—the route men would follow to link Asia and North America via the Arctic gables of the planet.

O'Connor's mission was the building of the famous Alcan Highway, the road that would connect, supply, and make possible the enlargement of the airfields by which American combat planes might be hurried to Russia in time to halt the Germans. The man who directed the making of the map, Colonel Charles S. Bulkley, also had been in the Corps of Engineers—when Lincoln was commander-in-chief of the U. S. Army. Bulkley's mission had been to construct a telegraph line joining the United States and Russia, in an era when men thought that a cable under the Atlantic Ocean was highly improbable. The line would unite the vast continents at the Bering Strait.

The Telegraph Trail was an obscure episode in the tale of human conquest of

Mr. Neuberger became familiar with the route of the Alcan Highway during the war, when he served as an aide to General O'Connor. He is at present a free-lance writer and a candidate for the Oregon State Senate.

the globe. It failed, and who remembers failures? The *Great Eastern* finally laid the cable, so why should wire be strung through the immeasurable wilderness of the North? Let spruce and pine close up the gaps severed in the forests. Stumble away, leaving for native campfires the poles cut and trimmed in temperatures that froze whiskey in the bottle. Carry copper wire and heavy insulators back across those brutal miles? Better for the Indians to keep them for trinkets. Stuff reports and journals in tattered knapsacks and be thankful to depart with feet and hands. Were men intended to survive at seventy-five below? And who knows?—someone might even read the reports on a distant day.

Explorers die, the process of regrowth fills the corridor hacked in the solitudes; the wire decorates a Nootka chieftain's throat and is buried with him. But the idea remains.

II

THE idea belonged to Perry McDonough Collins. In 1856 he traveled from St. Petersburg across Siberia as a commercial agent appointed by President Franklin Pierce. When Collins stood on East Cape and glimpsed the low shores of Russian America looming out of the haze of Bering Strait, he felt "a great stirring of destiny." Fifty-five miles of ocean between the Old World and the New! Only fifty-five miles of water actually separated New York and Paris; the rest of the distance, however immense it might be, was solid ground on which men could build railroads, ride horses, and string wires.

The notion of stringing wires sent Collins back to the United States, where he called on Hiram Sibley, the founder of the Western Union Telegraph Company. Many attempts to lay a cable to Europe had failed. Long sections of wire lay twisted and broken at the bottom of the North Atlantic. Now Collins unfolded his charts and showed Sibley how Europe and the United States could be linked by telegraph with a mere fifty-five miles of open sea to span.

At first Sibley was skeptical. The cost of erecting thirteen thousand miles of wire through stunted Arctic forests and across the Siberian tundra was staggering. But the head of Western Union was tempted by the prospect of a thousand messages a day at a minimum rate of twenty-five dollars a message. In addition, Collins was a natural promoter. He painted a word picture of communication dominance of the earth. Although only forty-four years old when he strode into Sibley's office, the commercial agent already had prospected for gold in California and formed a wobbly banking firm with the father-in-law of Ulysses S. Grant as his junior partner. An acquaintance along the gold creeks had said that Collins was "perfectly capable of selling a toupee to an African bushman."

Collins sold Hiram Sibley on a telegraph system to Europe by land. One hundred thousand shares of gilt-edged stock were issued by Western Union in the Collins Overland Extension Line. The shares were to sell at one hundred dollars each, and Collins hailed the securities with the prophecy, "We shall enter Europe by the rear gate." Collins himself got from Sibley a check for $100,000 plus $1,000,000 worth of the stock. But the stock was of no value until all the governments involved gave their approval, for the overland line would be on the soil of three nations.

COLLINS returned to Russia, where Alexander II proved highly susceptible to the craft of this supersalesman. First, the Czar granted Collins a right of way for the line through Russian America and Siberia. Then he agreed that Russia would thrust a 7,000-mile telegraph system across Siberia to Nikolaevsk at the mouth of the Amur River, where it would be spliced with the American line. Finally, he promised to delegate Major Serge Abasa, a distinguished nobleman, as head of the American line in Siberia.

Collins left St. Petersburg elated. The Russians had actually undertaken most of the system. Their 7,000-mile stretch was more than half the job. In fact, so eager were they for the enterprise that they had felled the first poles and strung the first wire eastward before he was on his way to London. With so many pledges from Alexander in his portmanteau, it was easy for the glib Collins to wrest a grant of land

from Victoria's government for a right of way through British Columbia.

Only one government was difficult to persuade—the American. Collins had to lobby on Capitol Hill for two years before Congress would sanction the undertaking or authorize the use of naval vessels for supply ships. Most important of all, President Lincoln loaned to the Western Union Company, as engineer-in-chief of the Overland Extension, Colonel Charles S. Bulkley, who had built the military telegraph to the Southwest through Apache country.

Bulkley subdivided the American phase of the effort into six sections:

San Francisco to Portland	750 miles
Portland to International Boundary	300
Through British Columbia	1,150
Through Russian America	1,600
Cable across Bering Strait	55
East Cape to mouth of Amur River	2,400
TOTAL	6,255

Strangely enough, Congress seemed interested in the clasp but not the chain. It appropriated $50,000 for the Bering Strait link and nothing for the rest of the job. But approximately $3,000,000 worth of stock had been sold to the public, so finances were available. By the time of Lee's surrender at Appomattox, the telegraph poles had reached the Canadian line. The Collins Overland Extension was now ready to breach an unexplored wilderness.

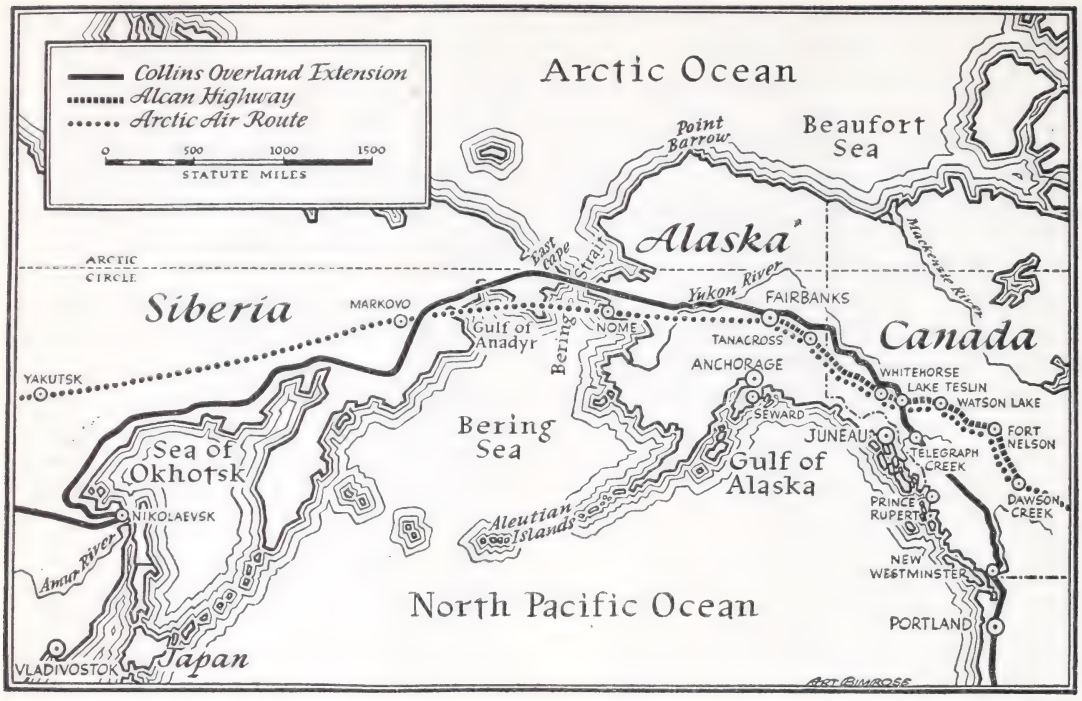
All over the United States there was great excitement. Veterans of Antietam and Gettysburg rushed out to San Francisco, where Bulkley had his headquarters, to sign enlistments for this fabulous attempt to string wires around the roof of the world. A fleet of twenty-two ships waited inside the Golden Gate to carry supplies; queen of the flotilla was the clipper *Nightingale*, named for Jenny Lind. Lithographs of the proud vessel appeared in every magazine. So did imaginative stories on the cruel hardships the wire-stringers would soon endure.

The *Oregonian*, with a proprietary interest in the subheadquarters at Portland, called the enterprise "the most momentous exploration since Lewis and Clark." A prescient correspondent for the *New York Times*, who could know nothing of the airplane, wondered if Bulkley's men were not about "to blaze an historic new trail which will be a route of future generations between the hemispheres." Papers with a more sensational approach predicted that the expedition would disappear into the wastes of Russian America and never be heard from again.

This was not the exaggeration it seems today. Little was known about Russian America, still less about Siberia. Geographers argued over whether the Yukon, one of the great rivers of the world, flowed to the Arctic Ocean or the Pacific. The boundary between Russian America and Canada had not been surveyed. A leading Russian authority calculated it at "the divide of the range which commands the seacoast" and let it go at that. The Sierras were considered the continent's loftiest mountains, and no one knew the height of the peak which would one day be named McKinley. Not even British Columbia had been mapped, and when Governor Frederick Seymour of that Province appeared in a sloop to help lay the cable under the Fraser River at New Westminster, he told Bulkley that "your trek will help me to learn my own domain."

Bulkley was aware of the hazards ahead, and he insisted on all parties being under military discipline. Many of the leaders were men who had fought in the Civil War and they retained their army ranks. Recruits signed papers which bound them to serve at least one year. Bulkley had read the journals of Lewis and Clark and had come to the conclusion that no expedition through trackless solitudes could succeed unless, like that one, its members were subject to superior orders. "Our very lives will be at stake," the Colonel warned.

Only one man violated the military, daredevil complexion of the personnel. This was a frail naturalist named Robert Kennicott. At twenty-two he had organized the Museum of Natural History at Northwestern University, and the Smithsonian had recommended him to Collins as an outstanding explorer. Kennicott agreed to go only on the conditions that he could take along several fellow scientists



and that, in his case at least, study of the *fauna* and *flora* would be of equal importance with picking a route for the telegraph line.

Before the *Nightingale* lifted sail in San Francisco Bay, Kennicott suffered a crippling heart attack, but he staggered from bed and aboard ship. "This is my opportunity to delineate half the world," he told his protesting physician.

III

HONORED COLONEL, I am encountering a special difficulty here. The *Ispravnik* himself, vice-governor of the Peninsula of Kamchatka, has made application to enter the Overland Company's service. He is a very good business man and I have heard no complaint about his administration. He is willing to resign his present position if he can get a compensation exceeding the salary he gets from the government. His salary amounts to 2,000 rubles and he should like to get 3,000. Another applicant for a post is the Deputy *Ispravnik*. You can see that it is within my power to deprive the Kamchatka of its authorities. Please advise if I should choose to plunge the country into such an abnormal state."

Thus Serge Abasa to Colonel Bulkley from Port Petropavlovski late in 1865.

But if Russians wanted employment from the Collins Overland Extension, many Americans did not. From Unalakleet, on the eastern shore of the Bering Sea, Captain Dan Libby was writing Bulkley that his men were ready to mutiny:

"Supplies have not come. The Navy has failed to keep its rendezvous. It is not uncommon to see the temperature down to seventy degrees below zero. We cannot dig holes in the ground, which is frozen as hard as iron. The ration is not enough for this awful climate. We must eat seal and walrus, and they are not white men's food. Nor is our clothing warm enough. We shiver constantly. Foreman M. L. Slavan was sick with rheumatism when the ship left last fall. He never got much better but stood it all winter and died in June. He was twenty-eight years old and had been in the war."

Never before had Americans experienced such cold. Thermometers carried by Major Bush's party on the Gulf of Anadyr registered eighty below and then the mercury hardened and descended no farther. A clerk with diarrhea nearly froze to death on his way to and from the privy. The men shoveled hip-deep in snow until the temperature fell to sixty. Half a dozen

pole holes were a full day's work for a company in winter. It was like chipping concrete to pierce the flinty ground. Men perished because they perspired in weather which froze the perspiration on their limbs.

The army officers on the expedition developed a ferocious hatred for the Navy, which delivered only a few token cargoes of supplies. Most of the fleet that had stood within the Golden Gate seemed to have melted away. Food was so skimpy that many of the men spent half their time hunting moose, caribou, and reindeer. From the steamer *George S. Wright* off Dixon Entrance, Bulkley wrote angrily to Collins in Hyde Park, New York, of "the delay, expense, and hardship occasioned by the unwilling disposition of the Navy Department to favor us."

Yet poles were erected and wires strung. By midsummer of 1866 more than 850 miles of line had been completed in British Columbia. The gleaming wire was strung up the exact center of a fifty-foot swath cleared through the virgin forests of spruce and fir. This was the first traversing of the long trench-like valley between the Continental Divide and the mountains back of Juneau and Petersburg. When the line reached the boundary of Russian America Colonel Bulkley ordered the firing of a thirty-three-gun salute, one for each State then in the Union, and hundreds of Indian onlookers fled in terror. Eventually poles stood at Nulato, where the Yukon bends southwestward for its rush to the Bering Sea.

In Siberia progress had been more rapid. The Russian line from St. Petersburg had reached Nikolaevsk on the Pacific. Furthermore, Abasa's section of the American undertaking had built fifty relay stations between the mouth of the Amur and East Cape. Men with beards as stiff as the telegraph wire they strung had cut thirty-five thousand poles and fitted them with crossbars and insulators. On the treeless steppes these men used dog teams to drag logs hundreds of miles. Many times their only fuel was reindeer dung they got from wandering tribes of savage Koraks. Abasa reported to Bulkley that within six more months the poles would be in the air, and the capital of Russia would be "all but linked by telegraph with Russian America."

Kennicott, picking a route between British Columbia and the Bering Sea, was not to witness the tragic denouement of all this effort. The naturalist was in his glory. He had established to his satisfaction that the Yukon's waters joined those of the Pacific rather than the Arctic Ocean. He was filling voluminous notebooks with material on the timber, soil, minerals, fish, animals, and other resources of Russian America. He also completed the first map showing the true source of the Yukon.

One afternoon the great river claimed Kennicott's life. He leaped into its glacial current to save a drowning companion and his heart stopped.

Despite death, blizzards, and starvation the Collins Overland Extension *would* have tied together the hemispheres had it not been for an event on the other side of the planet. The steamship *Great Eastern* slipped out of an Irish port trailing a wire covered with gutta-percha. When it stood at anchor in Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, the Atlantic cable at last had been successfully laid. The voyage of the *Great Eastern* ended the need for the Collins Overland Extension. Hiram Sibley sent word to Bulkley to halt the project at once.

Ironically, most of the men working on the scheme to send messages across the world instantaneously did not receive the message that the undertaking had been abandoned until nearly a year later. Parties toiled on in Siberia and Russian America for eleven months after the cable had been laid. A Korak behind a reindeer team handed Abasa the heartbreaking summons from Bulkley. The Russian bowed his head in his arms and wept.

The companies staggered off numbly, leaving behind all except personal belongings. A smattering of Collins' salesmanship survived the crushing blow. He took charge of persuading the natives that insulators might be useful as drinking cups and that the telegraph wire would make superlative salmon nets. A few furs were collected in this fashion, although most of the $3,000,000 was a total loss

which Sibley and Western Union made good to the general public.

The Koraks burned the poles as firewood. Evidently the strange white men had left them neatly stacked for this purpose. An occasional Eskimo can still be found drinking reindeer milk out of a green glass insulator, or a Thlingit tribesman dipping in the Stikine with a fish net made of sturdy copper wire. Some of the wire was bent into bracelets and bands, and particularly long sections were used for suspension bridges over deep gorges. Jean Louis Coudert, Catholic bishop of the Yukon and Prince Rupert, says he still reaches Indian villages in the British Columbia mountains on catwalks braided from wire abandoned by the Collins Overland Extension.

The end of the Overland Telegraph was the end of Collins as a national figure. He passed from sight and died in 1900 in a New York rooming house at the age of eighty-seven. The papers gave him only a few lines of agate type in the obituary column.

The men of action have fared somewhat better in history than the man with the idea. A town and a vast glacier in the North bear Kennicott's name; one of the great rivers of British Columbia is the Bulkley; passengers on the Canadian National look down on the broken rock walls of Bulkley Gate as trains climb the range out of Prince Rupert. In a farewell address to his gaunt men in San Francisco, the Colonel of Engineers said:

"Over one quarter of the circumference of the globe, in frozen wilds, among savage tribes, and in unknown regions, you have steadily pursued your way, and although the great telegraph line is unfinished the world will recognize and applaud the knowledge you have added to its stores, and the daring spirits who have accomplished so much."

The wish was probably father to the thought in Bulkley's mind, for the world had given scant attention to the project abandoned by the miserable men in the Arctic. Even in the United States the *Great Eastern's* feat had made all except those who invested the $3,000,000 forget the Collins Overland Extension. But William H. Seward, in his temporary office at 14th and S Streets in Washington, read Kennicott's notebooks and studied the maps which Hiram Sibley took to him. The notebooks were full of pressed wildflowers and evergreen sprigs, of fish bones and grains of rock.

A few months later, with the memorabilia of the Overland Telegraph expedition on his desk, the Secretary of State began negotiations for the purchase of Russian America. Within a short time *Alakh-Skhak*—the Great Country—passed into the possession of the United States for a price of less than two cents an acre.

IV

The idea remains. In the spring of 1942, engineer units stationed in the United States went through libraries and historical societies looking for material on the Collins Overland Extension. Regimental commanders, even then deploying their bulldozer companies through the muskeg swamps and forests of the North, could use any information on the effort of three-quarters of a century before to reach Asia by land. In the Portland, Oregon, Public Library a lieutenant of the 29th Engineers found a sheaf of letters from Bulkley to Abasa, Kennicott, and other leaders of parties scattered along the 13,000 miles of the Collins Overland Extension. They were photostated and sent to General O'Connor at Whitehorse, where the Yukon flattens into Lake Lebarge, named for Mike Lebarge of Kennicott's crew. Photostats also reached the bedside tables of President Roosevelt and Mackenzie King, for Canadian soil was even more heavily involved in the task at hand than that of the United States.

In that grave period of the war, with the Russians yielding ground and the Japs squatting on Kiska and Attu at the outer tip of the Aleutians, the American people received many untruths about the wilderness highway to Alaska. They were given the impression that great truck convoys were rolling into Fairbanks loaded with military supplies. Advertisements featured color paintings of two-and-a-half-tonners highballing through the Arctic with "Fairbanks Freight" emblazoned on the radiators. Yet the road, despite the

smoothly-graveled highway with steel suspension bridges that it turned out to be, was never intended for such a purpose.

To the best knowledge of engineer officers and Public Roads Administration surveyors who served in the North during the entire construction of the Alcan Highway, *not a single pound of through freight was ever delivered from the railhead at Dawson Creek to road's end at Fairbanks!*

At the most unusual hearing in the Truman Committee's experience—in a portable barracks nestled in a spruce grove at Whitehorse—General O'Connor told Senator Harley M. Kilgore of West Virginia the reason for construction of the Alcan Highway. "The primary purpose of the road," he said, "was the supplying and servicing of the airfields on the route to Russia."

THE first intention of the Army was to build the road north from Telegraph Creek, British Columbia, into Whitehorse and then bend northwesterly toward Fairbanks. This would have put the celebrated highway directly on the route of the Collins Overland Extension, for Telegraph Creek was Bulkley's main base in British Columbia. But the Air Forces ruled that the highway had to approach Whitehorse from the inland side of the Rockies, because the weather was better for flying in that direction. Fog and overcast meant nothing to men with spruce poles and reels of wire, but they could mean death against a granite mountainside for men in P-39's and C-54's.

Yet many of the techniques and devices of the Collins Overland Extension were put to use by military units invading the same solitudes more than seven decades later. Bulkley had diverted his meagre quota of ships to boat supplies from the sea up the swift Stikine to Telegraph Creek and Dease Lake. The Royal Canadian Air Force adopted this identical route to get bulldozers and Letourneaus into the remote airport site at Watson Lake before the Alcan Highway, bursting through the fastness, provided an easier access. O'Connor underscored the comments of Abasa and Bush on permafrost in the Siberian ground and sent them to the Signal Corps companies putting up the world's longest open-circuit telephone line from Edmonton to Fairbanks. These modern pole setters, noting the observation of the Russian nobleman that ice went down to twenty-three feet, made no attempt to shovel and employed jackhammers and TNT immediately.

Without the highway there would have been no Arctic air route to Russia. The fields between the United States and Alaska were ragged clearings before the road was built. Pilots called a pocket back of Whitehorse "Million Dollar Valley" because of the planes which missed the tiny original field and piled up there. But over the twenty-six-foot gravel surface of the Alcan were hauled thousands of tons of concrete for runways and girders for hangars—cargo consigned not to the end of the road but to Fort Nelson, for example, where an airport which would suffice for a city the size of Cleveland sprawls in the heart of British Columbia's northern forests. The upper part of the Alcan parallels the Telegraph Trail. On Lake Teslin, where one of Bulkley's forlorn companies shivered through the brutal winter of 1865–'66, American soldiers in 1942–'43 found it was just as cold building culverts and fills as trimming poles and fastening wire.

BESIDES the immeasurable difference in methods of transportation, there was an even more significant variation between this attempt to join America and Asia at the Bering Strait and that of long ago. For better or for worse, the political climate had shifted, too.

Despite alliance in a great war, Americans were now not wanted on Siberian soil. Airplanes changed hands at Fairbanks, Galena, and Nome. Soviet aviators were at the controls of every ship which put Alaska behind and winged out over the narrow gap of the fifty-five-mile strait. Perhaps apocryphal but nevertheless widely believed was the tale of the American air force colonel who had asked the Russian officer at Fairbanks why skilled American mechanics were not allowed to accompany the lend-lease planes on their flight across Siberia to the Eastern front.

"Yes, it might be more efficient, Colo-

nel," the Russian admitted, "but after all you must remember that the location of our air bases on the Gulf of Anadyr and the Kamchatka are a military secret."

"Yes, yes, I know," the impatient American replied, "but do not forget that we are your allies."

"Ah, Colonel, but where should we of the Soviet Union have been if we had shown the Germans our military installations when *they* were our allies?"

If this suspicion extended to the men who flew the planes and serviced the engines, it was not apparent in Fairbanks where the Russians had an air mission of more than one thousand. American and Soviet pilots traded Bourbon and Vodka, "Clementine" and "Dark Eyes." The Russians praised the B-25 and the A-20, and the Americans said that the girl mechanics whom the Russians brought with them looked all right, too.

"Canada, Alaska, and Siberia form the short Arctic route to the Russian fighting front," Robert P. Patterson, then Undersecretary of War, was telling a Senate Committee in Washington. "A great number of planes have been delivered to the Russians along this route, and are still being delivered in undiminishing numbers. A road was necessary to connect and supply the airfields along this route. The location of the route was approved unanimously by the Secretaries of War, Navy, and Interior."

But a year before the birth of Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson, Perry McDonough Collins had promoted "the short Arctic route," and Bulkley and his men had explored it. And so the planes were delivered; in the month that Stalingrad could be seen through Nazi binoculars, the drone of fighters and bombers mingled constantly with the murmur of a few open patches of water where Bulkley's hungry recruits had fished to supplement dwindling rations. At night the propellers of the war planes caught an occasional faint flash from the glittering aurora. Finally the Germans were stopped and then began their long retreat, and the hard-drinking aviators at Fairbanks downed American and Russian toasts to the back door flying route they believed had done the job.

And despite the poles and wires abandoned—despite even the $3,000,000 refunded to the investors—perhaps Collins might have been satisfied had he heard a haggard President of the United States, standing on the deck of a destroyer for the last speech he would ever deliver on his feet, tell the people:

"Today, the Alcan Highway is practically completed, and this air route to Fairbanks enables us to deliver thousands of planes to our ally, Russia, by way of Alaska, the Bering Strait, and Siberia. These planes are an important factor in the brilliant and brave advance of the Russians on their way to Berlin."

Youth

JULIA McGRANE

I who protested love of all real things,
Even pain, even grief,
Had set a value on the mask of youth
Beyond belief,

Had loved it so that when it served me ill
And this I saw
I thrust it toward the child I bore and said,
"Search this for flaw."

And trembling turned away, but knew she held
It to her face
And felt it shine again with all its old
Immortal grace.

WEST COAST BASEBALL: TOO BIG FOR ITS BRITCHES

DAN ENDSLEY

THE baseball industry, which is about the tightest little feudal system surviving anywhere in American business, is enjoying the most profitable boom in all its history. It also is simmering with its first large-scale rebellion—a well-heeled revolt, which may, within the next few years, succeed in changing the whole organization of America's top sport.

Professional baseball is now organized into a hierarchy as rigid as Virginia Society. At the top, of course, are the two major leagues, each made up of eight ball clubs. These sixteen teams are all located in the northeast corner of the country; they represent the Big Money, and they are the goal which all players strive to reach.

Below them stand the minor leagues, marshaled in carefully ordered ranks ranging from Class AAA to Class D. Nearly all of them also are organized on the traditional eight-team basis. This means that during a season's play, each club will meet every other one about twenty-odd times, playing half the games on its home field. In theory, every visiting team will appear often enough to satisfy the fans, but not often enough to bore them.

The minor leagues are the sweaty retainers of the baseball feudal system. They are governed by an iron-bound set of rules, traditions, and agreements, mostly dictated by the major ball clubs. By means of these regulations, the big boys at the top can—and do—prevent any of the smaller circuits from rising to major league status. They can buy and sell players through a contract system which isn't much different from chattel slavery. They can also buy minor league teams and operate them as farms for new talent, sometimes to the detriment of the other small-fry clubs. What is most irritating of all, they can draft promising performers away from the minor leagues at an arbitrary price—and there is nothing whatever that the player or his original owner can do about it.

Such rules cannot, of course, be enforced in the courts. They rest on custom, not law. There has, indeed, been some angry muttering to the effect that much of the code is actually illegal and would be held to be in violation of the anti-trust laws if anyone dared to bring a test case. So far nobody has, because defiance of the game's ancient traditions would be punished—ruthlessly and immediately—by throwing the offender out of the organization. A player who tried to buck the rules would never get another job in professional baseball; a defiant club owner would never be able to arrange another game for his team.

STRAINS and pressures have been building up within this feudal structure for

Mr. Endsley claims to have watched sports chiefly from the benches of the University of California (Los Angeles) and Jacksonville Navy ('42). Since leaving the Navy, he has been a student at Stanford.

years, but they never threatened to burst the seams until the present boom got well under way. Now one seam has already popped, and at least two more are stretched to the breaking point.

The first successful rebels were the Brothers Pasquel, five smart and ambitious Mexicans who command resources totaling more than thirty million dollars. Mexico's interest in baseball has been growing for a long time. The big league ball clubs had watched this development with indulgent interest; they were willing that American teams should play an occasional exhibition game below the Border, and from time to time they hired a few of the better Mexican players. But they definitely were not interested in Mexico's building up a major league of its own.

The Pasquels are determined to create such a league, however, and they apparently are willing to gamble important money to prove that Mexico will support it. In order to get top-flight players, they adopted the simple (but spectacular) expedient of luring American stars into the Mexican League by offering them more money. This raiding is a flagrant violation of baseball protocol, and it has caused a good deal of consternation among the major league operators. They have no legal means of stopping it, however. All they can do is to threaten—rather ineffectually—to shut any player who deserts to the Mexicans out of American ball parks for five years; and to sit back and hope that the Pasquels run out of money before they get their loop on a paying basis.

Another rebellion, not yet entirely successful, is being run by Robert Murphy, the organizer of the American Baseball Guild. He has gained considerable initial support for his trade union, because the professional baseball player has always been plagued by insecurity. When he signs his first contract, he loses all control of his baseball future, unless he is "released unconditionally"—in other words, fired. He becomes the exclusive property of the team that originally signs him up. Until he is sold—or released—he cannot play for any other team, even after his contract has expired. If he refuses to play with his team, no other club will hire him.

Some such rule is undoubtedly necessary. Otherwise, all the best players would gravitate to the three or four richest clubs, and there would be no competition. But the player has no protection; while he is unable to terminate his contract, the club can release him at any moment, with ten days' notice. Moreover, even if he is sold to another club for $100,000, he gets little or no part of the selling price.

The legality of such contracts recently has been brought under question. The only court case so far is that of Al Niemic, who sued the Seattle ball club to get his job back, under the GI Bill of Rights, when he was released after a trial period of only thirty days. Federal Judge Lloyd L. Black ruled for Niemic, setting a precedent which may have far-reaching ramifications for the baseball industry. In his decision he described the standard baseball contract as "one-sided" and strongly "reminiscent of chattels." In theory, of course, the boys always have the right to quit; but if they do, they are through with baseball, because no other team will hire them.

Because this situation obviously is unfair, the Guild has not been unanimously opposed by the club owners. Many of them feel that it would be healthy for the players to have better representation and more security. They all realize, however, that baseball could not survive a wave of strikes. More than any other industry, it depends on the good will of the customers who pay the money. Every league must make out a schedule before the season starts and then stick to it, if it wants people to keep flocking to the box office. Consequently, all labor arguments must be settled before the season's opening, and the agreements must be binding on both parties; this is one place where ordinary rough-and-tumble union tactics won't work.

II

A THIRD insurrection—in the long run perhaps more important than that of either the Pasquels or the players—is threatened by the minor league teams. The strongest of them want to become major leaguers themselves, for the most impelling of financial reasons. So far they

have been polite about it; they have merely pleaded, hat in hand, for the big boys to move over and make room at the top for newcomers. If this doesn't work—and there are no signs that it will—they may eventually decide to break away from the system and set up an organization of their own, just as the Pasquels did.

The most notable example is the Pacific Coast League, which has been chafing for a long time under the domination of the big Eastern ball clubs. The Coasters feel they are ready for major league status; but the consensus in the East is that they are merely getting too big for their britches. The most painful grievance is the draft. After a player has been with a Coast League team for four years, he becomes draftable. This means that at the end of the season any major league club can claim his services for a sale price of only $10,000. If the owner wants a better price, he has to sell off his stars a good deal earlier—usually in their first or second seasons—because the longer he holds out, the weaker his position becomes; if he waits too long, he is sure of losing them in the draft. The result has been a steady drain of the best players—that is, the best box office draws—away from the Coast to the big Eastern clubs.

Another source of complaint is the farm system, although it has affected the Pacific Coast League less than any other of the minors. It is, indeed, the only one of the Class AAA leagues which has not become a complete dependency of the majors. The other two in this classification, the International and American Association, are controlled lock, stock, and barrel by the big clubs, through ownership plus indirect influence. Each of these circuits includes three or more farm teams, and additional clubs have working agreements with their major league patrons. The same thing is true of the two Class A loops, the Texas League and the Southern Association; at the moment there is no Class AA league, or the majors doubtless would dominate it, too.

The result of such domination often is a slow but inexorable freezing out of the little independent ball club owners. A notable example was the Texas League, after most of its teams became major league farms. The loop had a rule that no club could carry a total payroll of more than $5,500 a month. Since the farm clubs constituted a majority, however, they managed to push through another rule, providing that only the first $250 of a player's salary should count in computing the payroll limit, if he happened to be under option from a big league team; additional money could then be paid him by the parent club. Consequently, top-flight players who weren't needed at the moment by their major league owners could be salted away safely, down on the Texas farm, at salaries higher than Class A level. The few remaining independent operators, on the other hand, were prevented by the $5,500 rule from competing for equally high-priced players. That meant that they were automatically doomed to the second division; their towns wouldn't support a losing team; and in the long run such owners faced a hopeless financial situation.

The minor league discontent came to a head last year, when the Pacific Coast circuit formally asked to be reclassified as a third major league. Most of the big Eastern operators refused to take the request seriously, and many Eastern sports writers greeted the proposal as a hilarious joke. The big leaguers had, of course, good money reasons for turning down the application. They were afraid that the Coasters would try to horn in on the World Series, thus splitting the handsome take three ways instead of two. They also were reluctant to lose one of their most lucrative fields for recruiting new players—at that $10,000 bargain price—and they didn't want to risk losing their own surplus players to the Pacific Coast under the traditional waiver arrangement governing the transfer of players between the major leagues.

Charles H. Graham, president of the San Francisco Seals, presumably voices the opinion of his fellow Pacific Coast ball club operators when he tries to soothe away some of these fears. The main object of the proposal, he told me, was to provide better baseball for the nation's fastest-growing region. Participation in the

World Series, while desirable, would not be strictly necessary. As for snatching additional players from the Eastern teams, that wouldn't be necessary either if the Pacific Coast were allowed to keep those it develops locally; for the area has long been one of the country's finest sources of young players.

The Coast operators also had their answers ready for other objections which have been raised against their ambition to climb up a step in the baseball hierarchy. The most common objections are: (1) that the Coasters could never pay big league salaries; (2) that only two of the Western cities—San Francisco and Los Angeles—are large enough to support major league teams; (3) that the Pacific Coast teams aren't financially strong enough to withstand a depression; and (4) that the Western ball parks are too small.

On the salary question, the answer is that the fancy pay checks received by the Williamses and DiMaggios are the exception, not the rule. The average big league player gets much less than $15,000 a year; the highest paid man on the St. Louis Cardinals last year got only $13,000. In fact, Sam Breadon, the Cards' president, told me that his entire payroll last year was only $193,000. Such a figure doesn't seem at all out of the reach of the Pacific Coast clubs. Graham pointed out at the beginning of this season that "with a fifty per cent increase in attendance we could double or triple our salaries. Operating expenses remain relatively constant, regardless of attendance; after our set costs are covered, we don't have to worry." This year's attendance is running almost exactly fifty per cent over that of last year, so if he is correct there doesn't seem to be much of a salary problem.

This conclusion is reinforced by some statistics which James J. Long, publicity director of the Pittsburgh Pirates, gave me on his team's financial operations. He said that fifty-five to sixty per cent of its gross income goes for salaries. The Seals' payroll now runs a little over thirty per cent of its gross. The higher salaries the Seals would pay as a major team probably would bring its percentage outlay fairly close to that of the Pirates.

CAN the West support major league baseball? Well, only one of the cities in the Pacific Coast circuit—Sacramento—is now smaller than Cleveland was at the time it got its American league team. Yet, although California's capital city has only slightly more than one hundred thousand people, its team drew more than a quarter of a million fans through the turnstiles last year. (So did the National League's Cincinnati team; the only difference is that Cincinnati is five times as large—and its ball club operated at a loss for the year.) The other towns in the loop all have more than four hundred thousand people, and are still growing. The population of the Pacific Slope has increased thirty per cent since 1940.

This season the Sacramento Solons are well ahead of the box office record they made last year, although at this writing they are mired deep in the second division. The team has not always enjoyed such prosperity, however. A few years ago, the St. Louis Cardinals bought it to serve as a farm club, and the fans became alienated. They believed that the Cards were sending all their best farm hands to Columbus and other subsidiaries close to home, leaving only second-raters in Sacramento. Consequently, the fans stayed away from the ball park in droves; the club lost money; and the Cardinals decided to dispose of it, announcing that a very attractive offer had been received for transfer of the franchise to Tacoma. The Sacramento fans went wild at the thought of losing their team, and started an immediate drive for money to bring it back into local ownership. A sizable group of business men finally scraped together enough cash to buy the club; and the fans responded so well to the repatriation that the new owners split up $100,000 worth of profits last year.

As for the league's ability to withstand a depression, that will have to remain a matter of conjecture. At present the Coasters are stronger financially than they have ever been. The club owners are all substantial men, with considerable resources outside of baseball. There is a growing fund in the league treasury, which already has passed $250,000. There are two huge metropolitan areas, equaling

any cities in the American and National leagues aside from New York and Chicago. (I'm ignoring Philadelphia because of its extremely poor record for supporting either of its teams before this year.) The clubs in the San Francisco and Los Angeles metropolitan areas are counted upon to help out the others during hard times.

That's not a new idea, of course. During the last depression several of the major league teams got help from their brothers. Indeed, the St. Louis Browns got everything but a shot of adrenalin to keep them from folding up. The Yankees, for example, practically gave them Walter Judnich, a fine outfielder, so that games with the Browns would not become farcically one-sided. Such aid to the ailing is not mere altruism, of course. The entire national baseball setup is based upon a league with eight members; and if one or more of the clubs were to fade out, it would affect the fortunes of all the others.

The point about the size of the ball parks is well taken. The Los Angeles and San Francisco fields, largest in the league, hold less than 25,000 customers. Oakland is next with 16,000 and the others range down to Sacramento's 12,000-seat park. Such small capacity is a heavy handicap, since the important money comes from the big crowds on Sundays and holidays. Those few days often spell the difference between profit or loss for the season, and if a club isn't equipped to handle the peak attendance its finances just aren't sound.

For that reason, all the Coast League teams are enlarging their facilities. Portland plans an entirely new park, as does San Diego. In view of the shortage of building materials, these improvements will have to be completed piecemeal, along the lines followed by the Chicago Cubs some twenty years ago. Its single-deck grandstand proved too small for the boomtime crowds, so the club struggled along for two years on half of its seating capacity in order to rebuild first one side of the stand and then the other. When the job was done, the Cubs had a beautiful double-deck stadium that would hold 38,000.

Meanwhile, the Coasters are doing pretty well even with their small parks. Most teams play four or five games a week at night, with crowds ranging from three to seven thousand, on the average. On Sundays the parks are overflowing. (The Coast clubs have experimented with such crowd-catching devices as brass bands to play between innings, for the sake of wives who hate baseball but won't trust their husbands to go alone.) Last year three million people handed in their money at the box offices, and this year's attendance is expected to approach five million. That is as good as the National League average over the past several years. On the basis of each resident of a league city seeing one game a year, Coast League attendance is nearly ninety per cent—while the major leagues both averaged well below fifty per cent, at least until this year.

III

Such figures are an indication of how seriously the Western fans take their baseball. They are just as convinced as the club owners that they deserve a major league brand of performance—and they and the local sports writers are getting bitter about the opposition of the moguls in the East. They accuse the major league operators of provincialism, monopoly, and a smug conviction that all organized baseball west of the Mississippi and south of the Mason-Dixon line exists mainly to swell the profits of the Eastern satraps.

Even such a kindly, moderate soul as Bill Leiser, sports editor of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, recently was moved to comment that the term "world series" is a misnomer. "Only that part of the world between the Mississippi and the Atlantic seaboard is involved," he said. "Not even the Pacific Coast is considered as being part of the world, in the closed corporation of the National League and the American League. You protest against the caste system in India? Get a load of the high-handed methods practiced in the sport presumed to be typical of this forty-eight state democracy!" And another San Francisco sports writer, Jack McDonald of the *Call-Bulletin*, has protested against "the prejudice and intolerance with which the Coast's battle for recogni-

tion is received nearly everywhere in the East."

That such charges may have some basis was indicated by an incident on a transcontinental train which happened to be carrying Larry MacPhail, boss of the New York Yankees, Graham of the San Francisco Seals, and Clarence "Pants" Rowland, president of the Pacific Coast League. The latter two—both leaders in the Coasters' crusade—inveigled MacPhail into their compartment in hopes of selling him their idea. They were closeted together for three hours. For the first two and a half hours, Loud Larry talked steadily, explaining in detail why the Westerners' ambition was sheer fantasy. His closing note was: "Why, you would never sign another player. Why should they sign with you when they can sign with *me?*"

At that point Graham turned a nice eggplant purple and exploded.

"Now wait a minute," he said. "I've been doing all right so far. You have two or three scouts in my territory all the time, and I don't even have one on full-time duty. You've got all the advantages of a rich, famous club behind you, and you pay big bonuses. The largest bonus I've ever paid a kid for signing a contract is $500—but I keep signing them right under your nose. How about Earl Averill? Dominic DiMaggio? And it seems to me I signed Joe DiMaggio, Crosetti, and Gomez, and sold them to your own club for a lot of money. I've been signing my share of players right along, and I'll keep right on doing it!"

He might have added that both major leagues' teams are full of stars from the West. Outfielders? Ted Williams, Augie Galan, Sam Chapman, in addition to the DiMaggio brothers. Infielders? Joe Gordon, Vern Stephens, Bobby Doerr, Stan Hack, Babe Dahlgren, Johnny Pesky. Catchers? Ernie Lombardi—and Mickey Owen, until he jumped to the Mexican League. Pitchers? Walters, Bonham, Newsom. That list is a mere beginning on the players now active, and it doesn't include the famous stars of yesterday.

The Coast Leaguers aren't demanding a chance to buy these players back. All they want is a chance to hang on to their promising rookies until they are developed. In that way they're sure they can build a league equal in strength to either of the two older loops.

Similar strong, new major leagues undoubtedly could be built up in time in other sections of the continent. Kansas City deserves a major league team and would support it; the same is true of Montreal, Rochester, Baltimore, Minneapolis, and others. The United States and Canada certainly could support four first-class circuits; and if the Mexican League could develop the quality of its playing a little further and settle its differences with the American baseball moguls, then the game would have a really international flavor. An elimination tournament among the leaders of these five loops would undoubtedly create an interest far surpassing that of the present. And for the first time, the World Series would begin to live up to its name.

THE BOMB IN THE BRIEF CASE

A Conspiracy That Failed

WALTER THEIMER

At 12:30 on the afternoon of July 20, 1944, Count Claus von Stauffenberg walked into the steel and concrete conference bunker at Hitler's headquarters in the forest near the little East Prussian town of Rastenburg. In his one hand—he had lost the other, together with one eye, in the North African fighting—the Count carried a large brief case. It contained an explosive charge of the kind used by the army to blow up bridges.

Field Marshal Keitel and a number of other staff officers were already present. Hitler arrived a few minutes later and took his position at a large table covered with maps and documents. Count von Stauffenberg, standing just opposite the Fuehrer, began to deliver a report about the affairs of the Nazi Home Army. He set down his brief case against a leg of the table, about two yards to Hitler's right.

After talking for about five minutes, the Count said he needed some papers which he had left in the luggage in his car, and asked permission to go get them. As he turned to leave, the toe of his boot touched a pin concealed in the side of the brief case. Smoking a cigarette and without any sign of excitement, he walked out of the bunker. The time was 12:55 P.M. In precisely one hundred seconds the bomb was timed to explode, and Operation Valkyr would get under way.

This operation was the final fruit of more than six years of plotting by a group of German army leaders and anti-Nazi civilians. As far back as 1938, General Beck—then Chief of Staff—and General Halder had organized a conspiracy to arrest Hitler if he plunged his country into a two-front war. The Munich Agreement frustrated this scheme, and similar plans had to be abandoned in 1939 and 1940 because certain key generals refused to take part.

After the Nazi offensive in Russia bogged down in the spring of 1942, however, the conspirators made a fresh start. Beck, who had long since been dismissed from the army, brought into the plot a number of important civilians, including Dr. Karl Goerdeler, the conservative ex-mayor of Leipzig; Jacob Kaiser, a former leader of the Catholic trade unions; W. Leuschner, a former Socialist leader; and a varied group of anti-Nazi politicians, Catholic priests, Protestant pastors, and Foreign Office officials. Among the latter were Count von der Schulenburg, former ambassador to Russia, and Adam von Trott zu Solz, a former Rhodes scholar with friends in England. Two high Berlin police officers, Count Helldorf and an SS leader named Nebe, helped to screen the plot.

Gradually a network of secret trade

This account of the German rebellion against the Nazis is the result of a six-month investigation by Mr. Theimer, a London writer, who has pieced together hundreds of bits of evidence gathered from many of the surviving conspirators.

union cells, with a membership which eventually reached about one hundred thousand, was built up all over Germany and a political program began to take shape.

The conspirators had hopes for a negotiated peace, once Hitler was out of the way, and through their agents in neutral countries they repeatedly made contact with the Allies. They could get no commitment for political or other help, however, and after the Allies announced their unconditional surrender policy all further attempts to alter that policy proved fruitless.

The Stalingrad disaster was the signal for the first attempt on Hitler's life. One of the plotting generals, Henning von Tresckow, enlisted the help of his cousin, Lieutenant Fabian von Schlabrendorf, who was then serving with the army in Russia. During one of Hitler's visits to the Ukraine front, this young officer approached a member of the Fuehrer's staff with a request that he carry a gift back to one of the generals of the High Command. The "gift" was a time bomb, wrapped to resemble two bottles of cognac; and with this package aboard, the plane carrying Hitler and his staff took off for headquarters.

Because of a defective fuse, however, the bomb did not explode during the two-and-a-half-hour flight. When von Schlabrendorf learned of the plane's safe arrival, he flew to headquarters and managed to retrieve his "gift" before it was delivered, substituting for it two real bottles of cognac. This feat—one of the most daring of the war—prevented an investigation which probably would have uncovered the entire conspiracy.

A second attempt came to nothing late in 1943 when Hitler failed to show up at a drill field where he was to be killed by an explosion while inspecting some new equipment. The conspirators then worked out precise plans for their third effort—a scheme to wipe out both Hitler and Himmler, his SS chief, at the same time, and to seize control of the whole military machine. Orders and decrees were prepared, duties were assigned to the key men, and the plot was given the Wagnerian code name "Operation Valkyr."

II

THE plan was supposed to work like this: directly after the assassination of Hitler and Himmler, detachments of the Home Army called in from surrounding garrisons were to occupy Berlin. Similar action was to be taken in the German provinces and in the occupied countries. The SS was to be disarmed, its leaders were to be arrested, and the Nazi Party was to be dissolved. The people were to be told that Hitler had fallen victim to a plot and that the army had assumed power to maintain order.

In the execution of the plan nothing was to be based upon the political mood of the troops; that mood was rather doubtful, in spite of the presence of many individual anti-Nazis. The plotters relied exclusively on military discipline, on the soldier's habit of obeying the orders of his superiors. They envisaged no political appeal to the troops, but simply military orders issued through the usual channels. Any attempt at previous propaganda among the troops or the civilian population was bound to be nipped in the bud by the countless Nazi spies and fanatics. The generals' plan was the only practical one in the circumstances.

The Commander-in-Chief of the Home Army was General Fritz Fromm. His deputy, General Friedrich Olbricht, was one of the chief conspirators, but he urged his superior in vain for many months to join in. Fromm hedged and said neither yes nor no. The conspirators eventually decided to confront the wavering commander with an accomplished fact, and it was hoped he would make no further difficulties. It was considered essential that the orders which were to go out should be signed by him.

After a few days of military government, a civilian government was to take over in order to liquidate the war. The military government was to be headed by General Beck, while Field Marshal von Witzleben was to be Commander-in-Chief of the Army and General Hoeppner Commander of the Home Army. The latter had been expelled from the army by Hitler because of an alleged or real mistake during the Battle of Moscow in 1941 and had become one of the most zealous conspirators. After a week General Beck was to be appointed

provisional President of the Republic, while Dr. Goerdeler was to be Reich Chancellor and Leuschner, the socialist, Vice-Chancellor. Leuschner's network of labor cells in all parts of Germany was to take over administration in the provinces.

For action in the West it was essential to win the commanders in France and Belgium. General von Falkenhausen, who was in command in Belgium and had himself once sent an aide-de-camp to Portugal to contact the Allies, was in the plot, but was removed by the Nazis before it matured. Field Marshal von Rundstedt, Supreme Commander for the western front, refused to take part. He liked abusing Hitler in private, but had accepted a substantial gift of money from him and kept aloof from plotting. Before the revolt Rundstedt was succeeded by Field Marshal Günther von Kluge, who sympathized with the plot but was very hesitant.

Two important generals in the West, however, took an active part in the conspiracy: Rommel and Stülpnagel. General von Stülpnagel was military commander of France and an old enemy of the Nazis. Rommel, the once-popular hero of the North African War, had been retired to the post of inspector-general of the Western Front. The two generals met on May 15, 1944, at a country house near Paris to plan the West European part of the rebellion; reliable officers of their entourage stood on guard. Back home, Admiral Canaris, head of the German Army Counter-Intelligence, had come into the plot and had helped in various ways. The Nazis were unaware of the conspiracy; although Gestapo agents had stumbled on some of its elements, they had no idea of its nation-wide character.

Even after the last detail of Operation Valkyr had been worked out, the date for action was postponed time and again. Hitler and Himmler failed to show up at headquarters together at the right moment; or some important general refused to co-operate, holding out prospects that he might be won over at a later date. When Allied troops swarmed onto the Normandy beachheads on June 6, 1944, however, the conspirators realized that they couldn't delay much longer.

Count von Stauffenberg, who had recently been appointed adjutant to General Fromm, appeared to be the logical man to carry out the assassination, since he frequently had to report to Hitler on the affairs of the Home Army; and he volunteered to take a bomb into headquarters on one of these occasions. His first attempt was scheduled for July 15, but Himmler was not present, and the Count took his bomb home again. Another conference was called for July 20, and this time von Stauffenberg was instructed to act even if Himmler should again be absent.

When the moment finally came for the Count to touch the firing pin, all the machinery for Operation Valkyr was geared up to start rolling immediately.

III

Von Stauffenberg had not yet reached his car when he heard a heavy explosion in the bunker. He took one quick glance at the flames and smoke pouring out the door and windows, jumped into the automobile, and drove away from headquarters. Assuming that Hitler surely had been killed by the blast, he put in a phone call from the nearest airfield to his fellow conspirators in Berlin, and informed them by certain code words that the moment had come to start taking over the government. Then he boarded his plane and set off for Berlin.

Although von Stauffenberg did not know it, the plot had failed in its central point: Hitler was still alive. The explosion had hurled men and furniture against the walls of the bunker. General Jodl was sent flying through the window like a rocket, and landed on the ground in front of the bunker; he had burns and bruises but no serious injuries. An admiral dragged himself out of the concrete hut with major wounds. Field Marshal Keitel emerged unhurt, although his uniform was torn and his face blackened. Wounded men were crying, and from somewhere there were shouts of "Treason!"

Two SS officers, who had run toward the bunker at the sound of the explosion, finally helped the Fuehrer out of the smoke-filled room, one supporting him on each side. He was pale and suffering from

shock, and the left half of his trousers was gone, but he did not seem seriously injured. He was led to his own bunker, where he was examined by his doctor. Then he rested awhile and changed his uniform. After some time he drove to the station to meet Mussolini, who was due to visit the Rastenburg headquarters.

Why the bomb failed to kill Hitler will probably remain a mystery forever. The charge was strong enough, or else it would not have hit thirteen men in the room, killing two at once and smashing the leg of a third who died afterwards. Perhaps the table screened Hitler from the blast, or perhaps he had stepped aside when the Count walked out, and thus shifted into a comparatively shielded angle. At any rate, Hitler had new reason for his belief that a special Providence was protecting him. (This was the second accident which played a decisive part in the fateful course of Operation Valkyr; for three days earlier Rommel had been attacked by British aircraft while driving in his car in France, and had been severely injured. He was hospitalized and out of the action.)

Meanwhile, Mussolini, Himmler, and Goering arrived at Hitler's headquarters. An investigation began. The culprit was first looked for among the engineers who were building antitank defenses in the area. Later, however, a telephone sergeant remembered having overheard a suspicious call by von Stauffenberg to Berlin after the explosion. By that time, the Count had reached Berlin.

When he arrived at the War Ministry in the Bendlerstrasse, von Stauffenberg reported to the leaders of the conspiracy. The machinery of the uprising had been set in motion at 3:30; it was now 3:50. Beck, von Witzleben, and Hoeppner had appeared at the ministry to take charge of the action. Stauffenberg reported truthfully that he had not been able to satisfy himself that Hitler was dead, but that the probability was high. The conspirators were startled, but operations had begun and there was no retreat. General Fellgiebel, the chief of communications, was in the plot and had put the whole communications system of the ministry at its service. The orders prepared for the day began to flow over the wires. Fromm, the Commander-in-Chief, still wavered; the rebels decided to place him under confinement in his office. The orders went out over his signature—or rather over his name, which was sufficient for the moment. He made no attempt to prevent it.

In the ministry building the news was given out that the Fuehrer had been assassinated and that the army was taking steps to maintain order. The officers working at the ministry and in the general staff obeyed their superiors without hesitancy. General Olbricht ordered guards, equipped for action, to be posted in the corridors; these were no handpicked anti-Nazis, but just the detachments that happened to be on duty in the building.

Fifty teleprinters and eight hundred telephone lines were ticking and humming in the great underground signal hall below the Ministry. From here direct lines went to German commands all over Europe. The men working the apparatus read the unusual orders with some surprise, but obediently passed them on.

Everything seemed to run smoothly. The military district commanders and the German commanders in occupied countries were informed of Hitler's death and instructed to occupy certain points and buildings in their respective areas. A provisional government had taken over, they were told, and as a revolt of the SS was threatening, they were instructed to arrest the SS leaders and higher party bosses. There was no politics in the orders. There were no ringing phrases such as "Long live Liberty!" or "A new Germany begun!"—nothing was asked for but mechanical obedience. The question who had actually killed Hitler was left open; regret over the sudden decease of the Fuehrer was hinted, and in some cases it was indicated that the SS itself had committed the evil deed in order to establish its own dictatorship.

Outwardly the day was quiet at the War Ministry. Nothing except the armed guards on the staircase pointed to unusual events. The civilian population knew nothing at all. Life in Berlin was normal. General Fellgiebel, Count Stauffenberg, and Colonel Merz von Quirnheim, another of the conspirators, were sitting

beside their telephones to receive the confirmations of orders which were beginning to come in from the provinces.

These orders were meanwhile beginning to show their effects. From all sides troops equipped for battle were driving and marching on Berlin. All garrisons and battle schools in the metropolitan district had been mobilized. Yet, with the exception of a few initiated commanders who knew what was behind the password "Valkyr," nobody had any idea what it was all about. The commanders had orders to occupy certain districts and government buildings, and to eliminate the SS. A tank battalion was dispatched to Fehrbellin Square to attack the SS headquarters without warning and smash it. The battalion commander, Major Wolff, was in the plot. Another tank force was sent to seize the radio.

The troops were scheduled to reach the city about 4:30. At 4 o'clock General Olbricht telephoned General von Haase, the city commander and one of the principal conspirators, to act according to plan. Von Haase summoned the commander of the Berlin Guard Battalion, which was normally in charge of guarding the government district. The general informed the battalion commander, Major Remer, that Hitler had been assassinated and that security measures against the SS had been ordered. The Guard Battalion was the one that happened to be on duty, as everywhere; it had not been thought necessary nor possible to make sure that politically reliable officers and men were on duty at key posts on the lower levels. Major Remer was not a real Nazi, but just a young, non-political, regular officer, who had won high decorations on the battlefield. Normally he did not bother about the deeper meaning of the orders he received. But this time he did.

His orders were to divide the battalion into thirty detachments, to occupy the Chancellery and the Propaganda Ministry, and to arrest a number of Nazi leaders. Remer hesitated. He summoned his company commanders and informed them of the order, expressing his doubts and asking the opinion of the officers. For the first time on this day, the principle of mechanical obedience broke down. There was, among the officers, a Nazi political commissar known as an NSFO, a *Nationalsozialistischer Führungs-offizier*; such commissars had been attached to all units. This commissar happened to be an ex-official of the Propaganda Ministry. He offered to phone Goebbels, his old boss, and ask him what was happening. Remer accepted the suggestion, and this subaltern commissar was allowed to make world history. Once again chance had intervened against the conspirators.

IV

When Goebbels heard of the order for the arrest of the Nazi SS men, he asked Major Remer to visit him at once. The Minister of Propaganda knew already of the events at Hitler's headquarters, but he was completely ignorant of the origin of the conspiracy and the military goings-on in and around Berlin. Now he felt he held the threads of the plot in his hands. Goebbels made his preparations while the major was on the way to him. The first task was to keep Remer from executing his order, which could hardly be countermanded by a civilian. Only one person could be sure to stop him: Hitler himself. His order would override that of a simple general.

Goebbels, with his sharp wits, began to see through the plot: the rebel generals had issued their orders on the assumption that Hitler was dead. But he, Goebbels, knew that Hitler was alive. With lightning speed the counter-plan formed in his brain. When the young officer had said his say, Goebbels replied coolly that the *Herr Major* seemed to have fallen victim to a bogus order coming from enemies of the state; the Fuehrer was alive and he would get proof of it at once, because headquarters was being rung up on the direct line and Hitler would be asked to appear at the telephone in person.

The major waited with conflicting feelings. Then Hitler addressed the officer like an old acquaintance, "Do you recognize my voice?"

"Yes, my Fuehrer!" Remer was now all devotion and duty. Hitler empowered him to take all steps which he might deem necessary for quelling the revolt; the

major's word was to be above that of all generals for this day. Small wonder the young officer felt enormously important and eager to satisfy his chief.

His first concern was to stop the marching troops. He took a car and patrolled the roads leading to the city, bidding the approaching columns to stand still. "Orders from the Fuehrer!" he shouted at commanders. The commanders were surprised to see a mere major attempting to repeal the orders of their commanding generals. There were heated arguments. Moreover, the soldiers became restive, and shots were fired in some places. Some commanders had already entered the outskirts of Berlin, others marched on, while still others decided to stop in the highroad and wait. A spanner had been thrown into the machinery of the uprising, which had so far worked with clock-like precision.

Goebbels meanwhile succeeded in getting the help of General Guderian, the popular chief of the tank corps, who had himself been privy to the plot but now decided to save his neck. Goebbels persuaded him to use his influence with the tank troops to stop their advance. Guderian drove out to the tank columns and addressed the men. When he came to Fehrbellin Square, he found Major Wolff's tank battalion arrayed for battle opposite SS headquarters and just training its guns upon the building. The general shouted at the major:

"You are mad! The Fuehrer is alive, the attempt has failed, everything has been betrayed. I can only advise you to go home. You can save nothing here, you can only lose your head!"

It was plain from these words that Guderian had been in sympathy with the plot but had changed sides on the news of Hitler's survival—which was the attitude of most German generals on that day. Major Wolff obeyed and led his tank battalion, which would have enjoyed smashing the SS center, back to its barracks at Crampnitz near Berlin. But the SS had been quicker; alarmed by Goebbels, it had sent a motorized force out to Crampnitz, had set fire to the barracks, and had massacred every soldier found on the spot.

At the War Ministry the rebels carried on. More confirmations arrived; at Vienna, Breslau, and Munich the troops were already on the march. But Hitler and Goebbels went on acting swiftly. At 6:30 P.M. the official radio station Deutschlandsender issued a communiqué saying that an attempt had been made on the Fuehrer's life, but that he was unhurt, while some of his collaborators had been injured.

The conspirators at the ministry went pale. First, Hitler was alive; second, the radio was obviously not in the hands of the rebels. It is not yet clear how it happened that they did not seize the radio, or what had stopped the tank force assigned to take it. The famous wireless telegraph station at Nauen had been occupied according to plan, along with some small military stations, and a number of the rebels' orders and decrees went on the air; but somehow the great public transmitters had remained in Nazi hands.

When the news of Hitler's survival spread at the ministry, unrest broke out in the building. General Beck said steadfastly: "For us, that man is dead, anyhow, and operations continue." But the other officers, except the conspirators themselves, took sides with Hitler. During the day these officers had accepted the orders of the rebels without question. Nobody had shown any mourning over Hitler's death. Now, one after another expressed his misgivings, assured all and sundry emphatically that he had always been loyal to the Fuehrer, and all over the place murmurs could be heard: "We have sworn loyalty to him." The rebel leaders tried to calm the officers; perhaps Goebbels' radio message was a trick and Hitler was really dead? There were arguments, and the safety catches of pistols clicked. The guards stood like statues.

The behavior of the officers at the ministry was typical of the majority of German officers. The provincial commanders had also decided to wait and see; most of them had not been in a great hurry to carry out the orders of the rebels although they readily confirmed them, just in case. The German Army, as a whole, was by no means ready to take action against Hitler. By cunning it could

be tricked into revolution unwittingly, but that was all.

The first man to give up was Field Marshal von Witzleben. He declared the day lost with the failure to seize the radio, took to his car, and drove home to wait for his inevitable arrest. The others carried on desperately. General Olbricht, the very soul of the action and, according to all who knew him, a truly noble character, still collected order confirmations, together with Stauffenberg and Merz. As a fresh task, they had to answer a spate of questions now pouring in from all sides after Goebbels' announcement. General von Haase, the city commander, appeared at the ministry about 7:00 P.M. to find out what the position was. He sent a detachment chosen from his own troops to occupy the radio; it never arrived at its destination. The general finally went to the Propaganda Ministry to try to impress his authority upon Major Remer; this attempt ended in the general's arrest.

Meanwhile, Field Marshal Keitel had also been sitting at the telephone out at Hitler's headquarters in East Prussia and calling all commanders in Europe. He told them that only orders signed by Hitler, Himmler, or Keitel himself were valid; all others were to be disregarded. SS forces were mobilized all over Germany. The conspirators at the Ministry soon found themselves isolated. Too late Beck and Olbricht tried to apply political persuasion over the telephone. Their call to arms against the living tyrant met with no response. Stauffenberg and Merz went on working at the telephone; order confirmations still came in until 11:00 P.M. Where were the troops from outside Berlin? None came. Remer had sent them home long ago.

Shortly after midnight Hitler's voice sounded on the wireless:

"German compatriots! I do not know how many times an attempt against me has been planned, and now it has been carried out. If I talk to you today, it is for two reasons: first, to let you know that I am unhurt and safe and sound and to let you hear my voice; further, to let you know the facts of a crime which has no equal in German history. A tiny clique of ambitious, unscrupulous, and simultaneously unreasonable, criminally stupid officers has plotted to eliminate me and to exterminate, with me, the staff—practically the leadership of the German armed forces. The bomb which was placed by Colonel Count Stauffenberg exploded two yards on my right. It has severely injured a whole number of collaborators dear to me. One has died. I myself am entirely unhurt, only quite small bruises, concussions, and burns. I take this as a confirmation of the mission given to me by Providence . . ."

No doubt, that was genuine. A voice may be imitated, but not that diction. Hitler was alive. Now the staff officers at the War Ministry in Berlin stampeded to safety. Before the mere voice of the despot they cringed like dogs who know they deserve a thrashing. They rushed on the conspirators, falling over each other in their zeal to show their loyalty. General Fromm, the almost forgotten commander of the building, emerged from his arrest, roaring "Treason!" and ordered the arrest of Beck, Olbricht, von Stauffenberg, and the other conspirators. The guards—still the same who had guarded the corridors for the rebels during the day—now obeyed Fromm as they had obeyed Olbricht before.

General Beck fired three shots at himself before he could be taken away; he did not die at once, and Fromm finished him off personally with a fourth shot. Fromm showed strange haste in removing some of the conspirators. He ordered Olbricht, von Stauffenberg, Merz, and one of their aides, Lieutenant von Haeften, to be shot immediately. The guards obeyed, and the execution took place without delay in the dimmed-out courtyard. Stauffenberg died exclaiming, "Long live Free Germany!" It was obvious that Fromm wished to eliminate those who knew most about his wavering attitude before. His zeal aroused the suspicion of the Nazis, and he was arrested the following day, never to be seen again.

The center of the rebellion was smashed; the liquidation of the uprising in the provinces was simple. Orders from Berlin were sufficient to secure the release of arrested Nazi leaders in the few cities

where the local commanders had taken action. In Paris, General von Stülpnagel had, in vain, tried to induce the Commander-in-Chief, von Kluge, to join the rebels; von Kluge decided to wait and see. Stülpnagel ordered the arrest of the whole SS on his own responsibility. This went smoothly, but after midnight counter-orders came from Berlin and next morning the SS was released. Stülpnagel was relieved of his command and ordered to report to Berlin. On his way he left his car on the battlefield of Verdun and shot himself. Von Kluge first tried to save his neck by a declaration of loyalty, but when an investigation was ordered against him, he too committed suicide. Field Marshal Rommel, still lying wounded in a hospital, was poisoned by order of Himmler.

V

THE Nazis' revenge was swift and terrible. Hitler and Himmler used the opportunity to make a clean sweep of everyone suspected of disaffection. In addition to those directly involved in the plot, tens of thousands of men and women were arrested and put in concentration camps solely because they were known to be non-Nazis or to have been affiliated with democratic parties in the past.

The leaders of the conspiracy were expelled from the army and tried by the "People's Court," which was, in fact, a Nazi Party court. About the trial, there are only colored Nazi reports, which represent the conspirators as ambitious careerists who had acted only from personal motives and were now broken and repentant. Nothing but the death sentence could be expected. On August 8 von Haase, von Witzleben, Hoeppner, and several other officers were hanged; the orders were to apply slow strangulation.

The civilian leaders of the plot were arrested a few weeks later when the Gestapo at last began to unravel the conspiracy, and Goerdeler, Leuschner, Leber, von Trott zu Solz, and Count Helldorf were among those hanged. Thousands of others, involved or not, were shot without trial, among them Count von der Schulenburg and Admiral Canaris. The total number of victims has not yet been established. The lowest estimate is 12,000 dead, while the figure most widely cited in Germany is 20,000. Thousands were murdered in concentration camps many months after the plot. Nebe, the helpful police chief, was caught and killed in December. Pastor Dietrich Bonhoeffer, who had served as one of the rebels' agents in negotiations with the British in Sweden, was murdered in a concentration camp as late as April 1945. Many anti-Nazis who had been in prison before the revolt also were executed.

The German people remained passive. Millions went on to fight fanatically for the Fuehrer whose doom was already sealed. The men who had tried to save Germany were vilified and labeled traitors. The echo on the Allied side was not much better. An officially inspired press chorus described the men of the conspiracy as militarists who had thought of nothing but preparing for another war.

OPERATION VALKYR went wrong—primarily because of the purely accidental failure of the bomb to kill Hitler—but its authors to some extent saved Germany's honor. Their plot is the only asset on the moral balance sheet of the German people in World War II. It proved that there was, after all, a sizable resistance movement against Hitler in Germany itself, and if it had succeeded, the world might have been spared ten more months of slaughter and destruction. It can also be argued that the Allies blundered in their refusal to give political encouragement to the conspirators similar to the help they gave the resistance movements in the occupied countries.

But except for the conspirators—who, in spite of much hesitation, did their best in difficult circumstances—the German Army stands condemned. Even after Hitler emerged alive from the smoking bunker, the army might still have liberated its country and the world from the Nazi plague; but it failed because of the pitiable opportunism of the overwhelming majority of its officers.

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THE WAY TO INDUSTRIAL PEACE

I. Why Men Strike

PETER F. DRUCKER

Public attention and policy during the past decade have centered themselves primarily on the visible effects of the conflict between labor and management. And, while we tinkered with symptoms, the conflict itself has grown more intense and more bitter all the time, until today both labor and management seem to be engaged in an armament race for bigger and better industrial warfare. Punitive legislation against the "excesses of labor"—now hawked about as the panacea—will improve matters just as little as the punitive laws against the excesses of management in which the New Deal put its faith. The point is fast approaching when the conviction—still that of a minority today in this country—that labor strife is inevitable and inherent in industrial society will become generally accepted. From this conviction it is but a short step to complete government regimentation of industry and labor. No society can allow itself to be disrupted by incessant civil warfare between such powerful groups as labor and management. And a free society is possible only if the worker does not merely accept the industrial order but supports it actively and loyally.

The most urgent need of domestic policy today, in this and in all other industrial countries, is to work at the *causes* of labor conflict, their diagnosis and control. We cannot even escape any longer into the complacent belief of an earlier generation that a radical change in the legal structure

This is the first of three articles by Mr. Drucker, who teaches at Bennington College, contributes frequently to Harper's, *and has written several books ranging from* The End of Economic Man *to* Concept of the Corporation.

of the economy such as the "elimination of the capitalist" will abolish or even significantly mitigate labor conflict. It is no accident that we no longer talk of the conflict between capital and labor but of that between management and labor. For we know—from first-hand reports of Western engineers working in Russia under lend-lease, as well as from official Russian publications themselves—that the industrial manager in the Soviet Union, although he does not have to worry about union trouble, faces pretty much the same labor relations problems as his colleagues in capitalist countries. And the first and biggest problem which has been confronting European socialism in nationalizing industries, in Britain as well as in France and Czechoslovakia, has been the conflict between the government as manager and the workers. This conflict is obviously rooted in conditions, relations, and policies general to modern industry and technology rather than specific to this or that "system." What we need is not an ideology but a science—a new science of industrial peace.

THE new science—or art—of industrial peace (like politics, it is both) is still in its infancy. Our ignorance still covers a much larger area than our knowledge. Also, we have concentrated our attention on manufacturing industries and have rather neglected industrial relations in the numerically more important distributing and service trades. But—largely unnoticed by the general public—lawmakers, managers, and union leaders alike, we have amassed during the past quarter century a very considerable amount of knowledge and experience about the nature of human relations in industry; and we have acquired at least an elementary understanding of the proper policies to make the worker not only contented but eventually an active partner and citizen in the industrial community. Not that we have found any panacea or "quickie" cures—and we shall never find any—but we have reached definite and concrete conclusions, both about the nature of the industrial disease and about its cure. These conclusions are all based on actual clinical work on labor relations done at the spot where labor trouble is caused, that is, in the plant.

The first conclusion is that *the causes of labor conflict and labor unrest are almost always to be found in concrete policies and in objective conditions*, not in somebody's villainy. This is in sharp contrast to the popular belief that labor conflict and labor peace are primarily a matter of personalities, of the "good boss" and the "bad boss," the "good American worker" and the "bad" and presumably un-American worker. This popular belief, which explains why so many managements still select labor relations men according to the criteria for a good scoutmaster, also explains why such an amazingly large number of people are willing to accept the *Daily Worker's* thesis that labor conflict is caused intentionally by the "bloated capitalist" in morning coat and striped pants who breakfasts on unemployed proletarians; or its counterpart, the thesis that all trouble is caused by the "alien labor agitator" who, in broken English, poisons the minds of perfectly happy and contented American workers.

Undoubtedly there are still a good many employers who try to exploit their workers and who abuse their power over them; and they have their counterpart on the labor side. But compared to the disastrous effects of wrong policies, those of wickedness or bad faith are truly negligible. While it would be foolish to deny that a labor relations man must have political flair and a genuine interest in people, the most ideal "leader" will fail if he employs the wrong policies and fails to remove the objective causes of labor trouble in his plant.

The second general conclusion also runs counter to prevailing beliefs. This conclusion is that *wage rates are rarely an important cause of labor trouble in American industry*, except in a few areas of substandard wages, such as in the Southern cotton textile industry before the war. Of course wage disputes are genuine disputes in which the interests of the employer and worker are in opposition—though even this opposition is more a result of bad policies than inherent in the subject. But wage disputes are most unlikely to become conflicts or to lead to industrial warfare unless there is bitterness and mutual distrust in the plant for some other and more profound reason. Wage conflicts are effects and symptoms

rather than causes, releases for tension and resentments built up in human rather than in financial relations. This explains why workers are willing to stay out on strike, as for instance last year at General Motors, even though the most complete victory could not make good the income they lose because of the strike.

The third general conclusion from our work in industrial relations is that *there is no one cause of labor conflict*. The tendency to over-emphasize one cause—a tendency from which very few people in the field are themselves entirely free—is actually in itself a major cause of trouble. Almost every conflict is the result of a whole complex of causes. And the situation behind each conflict has to be diagnosed individually and prescribed for individually.

But there are a few important causes one or more of which—though in greatly varying proportions and in constantly shifting weight—can usually be found at the bottom of industrial conflict and labor unrest. These main sources of trouble, listed in purely arbitrary order, are:

(1) Managerial unfairness (or the appearance of managerial unfairness) in the handling of contractual relations: especially in the treatment of grievances, in the establishment of wage differentials between different jobs, in making plant rules and in changing them, and in promoting and firing workers.

(2) The physiological and psychological effects of certain types of assembly line work.

(3) The tendency throughout industry to organize work and pay scales in such a way as to set the individual worker against his fellow workers or to isolate him from them.

(4) The economic insecurity of the worker.

While these causes are by no means always predominant or even always present where there is labor trouble, they are so general and are responsible for so much of the conflict, bitterness, and resentment that any industry that should succeed in eliminating them, or at least succeed in reaching the point where management and labor can work together on their elimination, would have built a firm basis for normally good industrial relations. And every one of these causes can be tackled successfully and has been tackled successfully, at least in part.

These conclusions rest on work that has been carried out since the first World War by a great many different men and organizations working largely independently of each other. Among the important workers in the new field—to name but a few—have been large corporations, such as Standard Oil, Procter and Gamble, the Bell Telephone Companies, and the Pacific Coast pulp and paper industry; small business, such as Hormel, the Carrier Corporation, the American Cast Iron Pipe Company in Birmingham, Alabama, Johnson and Johnson in New Brunswick, New Jersey; some unions and union leaders, notably the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Clinton Golden and Harold Ruttenberg of the Steel Workers', and the anonymous editorial writers of the American Federation of Labor's *American Federationist;* and some labor arbiters, notably Harry Shulman, professor at the Yale Law School, who has been the impartial umpire at Ford's for the last five years.

The most important single contribution has been made by Elton Mayo—for the past twenty years professor of industrial research at the Harvard Business School—and his associates and disciples. Not only did Mayo initiate the systematic study of industrial relations as early as 1923, but he has, single handed, given us the principles and methods of industrial diagnosis. His recent little book, *The Social Problems of an Industrial Society*, which summarizes his entire work, should be required reading for all employers and all union leaders.

The diversity of men and organizations working in the field, the great difference in their starting points and approaches, and their independence from each other, give special weight to the impressive unanimity of their conclusions. At the same time, the lack of co-ordination between these men is also largely responsible for the public neglect of their findings. How can the public realize that there is a new systematic discipline of industrial peace as

long as most of the men working in it do not themselves see more than their own little corner, and often barely know that there are other people elsewhere working on related problems? A systematic survey of all the work done, a systematic integration of all our experience—a job so big that it would probably keep a tri-partite group of business men, labor leaders, and university men busy for several years—would seem to be the most important step toward labor peace that could be made today. As it is, the necessarily sketchy and over-simplified report in the series of articles of which this is the first, is, to my knowledge, the only attempt so far made to present the field as a whole.

II

Of the four prevailing causes of labor conflict, the most general one and the one about which the workers themselves are the most vocal, is the resentment against unfairness (real or fancied) on the part of management in the day-to-day handling of its contractual relations with the worker: working rules and their changes, firing and layoffs, promotions, the establishment of wage differentials, and the settlement of grievances. These matters take up the bulk of practically every union contract. With respect to every single one of these points the unions have gained almost all their specific demands. Occasionally, as in the establishment of the unqualified seniority basis for promotions, they have gained more than is compatible with the best national interest. Yet on the whole, the resentment against managerial unfairness in handling these matters is today as great as it has ever been.

The fault is very largely management's—and it is a fault of elementary political intelligence. Management, especially the subordinate local managers of plants and divisions, have chosen this area as the basis for guerrilla warfare against the unions. They tend to turn every single question of contract interpretation into a test of strength. Actually nothing is less likely to weaken the union or to strengthen management's authority than this policy of pinpricks, for every single such case is of direct and vital importance to an individual worker. Management's prevailing attitude can only confirm the employee in his belief that the union alone protects him from managerial unfairness and tyranny; and it also puts a premium on union pugnacity and irresponsibility.

The solution is to take the whole complex out of the area of conflict. This can be done only by admitting the workers to full and equal partnership and responsibility in all decisions that come up under the union contract or under the rules of the plant. This, for instance, is the solution worked out by the Pacific Coast pulp and paper industry. Joint responsibility for all contract matters is the central plank on which this industry has built a structure of exceptionally good industrial relations—particularly impressive in view of the acute state of conflict in so many Pacific Coast industries, especially in the neighboring logging industry.

In the Pacific Coast pulp and paper industry there are joint committees to handle rules, firing, grievances, and promotions. These committees are composed equally of elected worker members and management representatives. With the exception of promotions, on which management has the final say, every decision has to be made by a majority of the representatives of either side. There is a system of immediate appeals all the way up to an industry-wide joint committee and finally to arbitration by a federal judge (whose services have never, however, been invoked so far). Wage differentials are worked out by a joint management-union job analysis board for the whole industry.

This does not differ too much from other union contracts. What makes it stand out is the spirit rather than the letter of the law. And this spirit finds expression in several distinctly unusual provisions.

First, the joint management-worker committees in many of the plants meet regularly whether there is something to decide or not. This makes it possible to iron out many difficulties before they ever become grievances, and to discuss changes in working rules well in advance of a decision. It also makes the normal contact between management and workers' repre-

sentatives a friendly one—in sharp contrast to that in most companies, where management and workers' representatives never meet except to fight something out.

Another important point is that grievances must be settled immediately. If not disposed of within five days they go automatically to appeal; and the five-day rule applies to the appeals boards as well. This provision forces managements to take grievances as seriously as the worker does. Normally a manager will tend to forget that a detail such as a two weeks' suspension of a man somewhere down the line is not a minor but a very major matter for the man himself, and will tend to delay dealing with it until his desk is cleared of more important things. Nothing causes as much resentment as such delay, which, to the worker, looks like deliberate stalling. (This may seem an unimportant detail; but so few managers understand the importance of grievances that one labor relations expert in a big company considered himself singularly successful in having convinced his plant manager *after five years of insistent work* that grievances must be attended to right away.)

Another special feature of the Pacific Coast pulp and paper industry plan is its handling of layoffs. The workers in the individual plants are normally asked to decide themselves whether a cut in the working force should be carried through by laying off workers according to seniority or through a share-the-work plan.

Finally, all labor negotiations are conducted in what the industry calls "the goldfish bowl." The actual talks are in the hands of two teams of about ten men each, but surrounding them in the room sit some sixty employer representatives from individual plants and a hundred and fifty delegates from the local unions. As a result, the local men on both sides are thoroughly familiar with the provisions of the contract, with the interpretation agreed upon by their representatives, and with the reasons behind them.

Other companies which have worked out similar ways of handling contractual relations—notably Standard Oil and the American Cast Iron Pipe Company—have had the same good results. In every case the key to a successful solution is recognition on the part of management that these decisions are of such overwhelming importance to the individual worker, and to the workers as a whole, that they can be taken only with the joint participation and responsibility of the workers' representatives.

III

If the worker's resentment of managerial unfairness in the handling of contract matters is his most vocal grievance, his deep resentment against the prevailing type of assembly-line work is as a rule hidden even from himself. But this situation is rapidly changing, perhaps because the original "immigrant" generation of assembly line operators—and the "hillbillies" were as much immigrants as the "Bohunks" and the "Canucks"—is being replaced by Detroit- and Cleveland-born workers. Today it is particularly the returning veterans who begin to rebel against the psychological and physiological damage of the traditional assembly line; with amazing unanimity veterans' vocational advisers hold this feeling primarily responsible for the aversion of these men to assembly-line work.

In traditional mass production—as in the Ford assembly line—there are three things that cause severe disturbances. First, the worker is confined to one motion: a fact which results in fatigue, in physiological and neurological damage (tics, headaches, deafness, neuritis), and finally in a numb resentment. Second, the worker is chained to the speed and rhythm of the slowest man on the line and is not allowed to work at his own speed and rhythm; the result is again fatigue and irritability, nervousness, and jerkiness. Finally, the worker never does a whole job, never makes anything that he can identify as his own personal product; this leads to lack of interest and to a deep sense of frustration.

These dissatisfactions are not inevitable results of following the principles of mass production. They result, not from its basic concepts, but from the unthinking use of the human being as if he were a machine tool designed for one purpose only. It is on this assumption that the time-motion studies of Taylor and speed-up systems such as that of Bedaux are based. But,

needless to say, this is a gross abuse, or misuse, of that wonderful, multi-purpose tool, the human being; and like all abuse of tools, it results in low productive efficiency and in shoddy work. The traditional assembly line is simply a piece of poor engineering judged by the standards of human relations, as well as by those of productive efficiency and output.

During the war we learned—by necessity, not by design—not only that the orthodox assembly line is not indispensable, but that is very often a highly inefficient way to apply mass production principles. We were forced to mass-produce a great many products, such as bombsights, which for technical reasons could not be handled on the orthodox assembly line. In other cases, the available labor supply made it impossible to use the orthodox methods. Thus engineers were forced to think about the fundamentals of mass production, rather than to copy traditional methods blindly; and the results of this first critical analysis were amazing.

Mass production rests on three principles: the breaking up of a complex, skilled operation into its component elementary and unskilled motions; the synchronization of the flow of materials with human operation; and the interchangeability of parts. Of these only the first matters here. In the traditional assembly line each of the elementary motions is performed by a separate worker; the intellectual process of analysis is laid out *in space* with each separate analytical step represented by a separate worker. This would have been the right—in fact, the only right—method if the work were done by single-purpose machine tools, such as a reamer or a trip hammer. But it makes no sense if we use people to do the work.

The right method, as we found in literally hundreds of instances during the war, is to lay out the assembly in *concept* rather than in space. This means that we still go through the breakdown of the operation into elementary motions. But instead of having each motion performed separately by one worker, a whole sequence of motions is performed one after the other by one worker.

At Cadillac in Detroit, for instance, completely unskilled and industrially inexperienced Negro women made a high precision aluminum part for aircraft engines; each one turning out a finished product. Every girl worked by a chart which showed in three parallel columns what to do next; what to look for before doing it; speed, temperature, etc.; and what the step accomplished. The worker still did nothing but unskilled motions which were easy to learn; in fact, it took no longer to train these women than it would have taken to train them for orthodox assembly line work. But every girl did a whole operation which brought into play one muscle after the other, thus giving the whole body a chance to rest and a chance to develop a working rhythm. Also each girl could work at her own speed and could vary the speed, in itself one of the best means of combating fatigue. And each worker produced an entire product with all the satisfaction that goes with it. As a result, there was not only a highly satisfied and happy laboring force; there was also an extremely efficient one which produced more than could have been produced on the orthodox assembly line.

It is not likely that the lessons learned during the war will soon be applied wholesale to peacetime production. In the first place managers, very understandably, went straight back during reconversion to the old methods which they knew and understood, instead of experimenting with new ideas. Also, there are certainly some operations—the final automobile assembly line would be one—where the new methods could be applied only with great difficulty, if at all. The main obstacle to the large-scale application of the new method is, however, that we still lack a sufficient theoretical understanding of its principles. It is clear that Taylor did only the first half of the job when he analyzed individual motions. But the second half—the integration of the individual motions into a work pattern—has still to be done. On the other hand, many engineers have learned that the new method pays in terms of productive efficiency, and are therefore likely to try to work out, for peacetime use, methods similar to those that produced such good results during the war. If they succeed, they will have

done much to combat a major cause of dissatisfaction and resentment among workers.

IV

If the traditional assembly line method creates emotional and physiological disturbances because it violates the simple truth that man is a being rather than a machine tool, the even more general tendency to organize the worker's work in such a way as to put him apart from, or in opposition to, his fellow workers violates the equally basic truth that man is a political being. No one finding in the whole field of industrial relations is as well-documented as the one that men spontaneously, and by their nature, work in groups and that any policy or organization that disturbs or tears apart the team is bound to cause severe trouble.

Elton Mayo has made this his particular field of study. His first experiment in a Philadelphia cotton mill in 1923 (just after he had come to this country from his native Australia), his now classic studies at the Western Electric plant at Hawthorne, Illinois, in the late twenties, and his latest work in West Coast aircraft plants during the war, all bring out the profound importance of teamwork for human satisfaction, emotional and physical balance, and productivity. Yet of all the major causes of labor trouble, this is the one that managements pay the least attention to—probably because the workers themselves are so rarely vocal about it.

In the fall of 1943 I visited two tank engine plants in two neighboring Midwestern cities (let us call them Indianapolis and Dayton, though those aren't the real names). Both plants were run by the same company and they produced identical goods, prepared and laid out by the same engineering department. Yet they differed markedly in their performance. The Dayton plant—an old ramshackle building hastily converted to war use—did a superb job, regularly exceeded its production quota, had a very low labor turnover in an area with a rapidly shifting working population, and had a low absenteeism rate, a low accident rate, and generally satisfactory labor relations. The Indianapolis plant—brand new and specially built for this war job—worked rather poorly with a productivity one-sixth less than Dayton, plenty of labor turnover, too many accidents, and pretty badly strained labor relations. What baffled the engineers most was that every single manipulation was done faster in Indianapolis—yet the end result was less output.

There was but one difference between the two plants. In the new plant in Indianapolis all details of the worker's job had been worked out in advance by an ultra-progressive management; all he had to do was to follow instructions. In Dayton there had been no time to do that. Management had done the over-all engineering and had worked out the general layout of each operation; but it had had to leave the actual details to be worked out by each group of men among themselves and with their foremen. Management—by necessity, not by choice—did not interfere as long as the production quota set by its engineers was reached and surpassed. The superintendent who showed me around in Dayton apologized all the time for what he called the lack of neatness; for no two aisles did the job quite the same way or at quite the same speed. In one group the same man would always hold the cylinder block while the cylinder heads were put on by four others; in the next group the men would rotate, etc. In Indianapolis, on the other hand, everybody did the same job in the same way at the same speed.

But Dayton was a "happy plant"; Indianapolis was miserable. In Dayton every single group of men insisted on showing our party how they did the job. There was a friendly rivalry between the aisles, the atmosphere was unhurried and easy-going, and the men talked to one another while they worked. In Indianapolis everybody was far too busy to look up from his work when we passed by. They hardly talked to one another for fear of falling behind. In the middle of our tour the manager was called away—trouble had flared up in one department, there had been a fight, and the men had walked out in a "quickie strike," the second in four days.

It took the bosses some time to find out

that it was precisely the "lack of neatness" —supposedly so deplorable—that was responsible for the good showing of the Dayton plant. And it took even longer to introduce the Dayton methods in Indianapolis; both the local managers and the workers resisted it at first. But a year later when I visited there again both plants were working on a system under which every aisle was working as a team; and both plants were equally efficient and enjoyed equally good labor relations.

One conclusion from these experiences is that management should consciously try to encourage the workers' natural tendency to work as a team. And the team should have joint responsibility for such matters as the actual division of work, the arrangement of rest periods and "days off," etc. Also, much more care must be taken in the selection as well as in the training of the foremen. Another, perhaps even more important, conclusion is that if management attempts to set the individual worker against the group, this is certain to cause trouble. Above all, it is likely that incentive wage plans that offer bonuses to individual workers do more harm than good, a suspicion supported by our experience with such plans. Group incentive plans—there are several successful ones in use, one, for instance, in relation to apprentice training at the Infant Sock Company in Reading, Pennsylvania—in which the bonus is based on the work of the whole team, including the foreman, and in which all members of the team share in the rewards for increased productivity, are much more likely to promote both greater productivity and greater satisfaction on the part of the workers.

V

EVERYBODY realizes today that a sense of economic insecurity is a major source of unhappiness and opposition among workers. Indeed, we are in danger of overemphasizing this feature in the labor picture to the neglect of other equally important ones. Much has been done, too, to improve conditions in this respect. In three ways the worker now has a great deal more security than he had even a decade ago: first, through the spread of insurance protection against the results of old age, illness, accident, and death (the pioneering job here was done by Standard Oil of New Jersey); second, through seniority protection in his job; and third, through the almost general replacement of arbitrary firing by a negotiated code of rules and joint union-management grievance procedure.

But the real problem lies much deeper than is generally realized and has to do with fundamentals rather than with techniques. People often ask why the worker should enjoy any more economic security than the doctor, the lawyer, the farmer, or the cigar-store owner. This question so completely misses the point as to illuminate it.

In the first place, there is the basic difference that the worker by his own efforts cannot do anything at all to counteract the effect of economic fluctuations on his own economic position. No amount of ingenuity or inventiveness, no amount of skill can help him if he has no job; for without access to tools—that is, to the machines in the plant—the worker cannot produce anything at all and is condemned to social ineffectiveness. In the second place, the whole tendency of industrial thought and action—and in this respect there is not the slightest difference between capitalism and socialism—has been to conserve machinery and materials rather than to conserve the workers. Machinery is regarded as "capital equipment" which must be maintained in at least reasonably good condition even when it is not in use, and must be serviced on a long-term basis. Labor, on the other hand, is treated as if it were a raw material—to be bought or not bought, as business conditions may warrant.

In an extreme form this attitude showed itself in the depression when panic-stricken managements fired even the literally irreplaceable corps of foremen and skilled workers. This was a principal cause of the present deep discontent among foremen and of the success of the drive to unionize them. A plant manager once complained to me that the front office, while always willing to allot money for a scheme that would lead to a more balanced utilization of warehouse space, never spent a cent to

achieve a more balanced utilization of manpower. And there is certainly some truth in the statement of one of the nation's leading labor relations experts—the vice-president of a big corporation—that one important cause of trouble in such industries as the automobile industry is the tendency of management to have many more men than are needed on the payrolls, and to employ them only half the time, rather than try to find ways of employing a smaller number of men all the time. The way in which union people usually formulate this same thought—that management does not take into account the investment that each worker represents to society—is a thoroughly misleading one. But the thought behind it is sound.

It is this idea that makes the annual wage so important, and explains why it is likely to become labor's most serious demand in the next few years. For the annual wage forces the employer to look upon labor as a "capital asset" rather than as a raw material. And for this reason it is imperative that the annual-wage idea shall not be killed in its infancy by mismanagement or by demagogic stupidity. The annual wage cannot possibly be a guarantee of full employment; it can only guarantee a minimum income.

It is even more to the interest of the worker than to that of the employer that this minimum be kept so low that there is no danger that the plan will collapse when the worker will need the protection most, that is, in slack times. If the steel workers' union is really going to ask for an annual wage based on a fifty weeks' guarantee, as has recently been reported, it will kill the whole idea outright, even if the demand be put forth only as a bargaining move. In an industry as volatile as steel no plan should guarantee more than thirty or at the most thirty-five weeks of pay, payable in fifty-two equal installments, with any additional time worked paid for at standard rates every three months or so. And for the bulk of American industry the standard plan—assuming the normal forty-hour work week—should probably not guarantee more than fifty-two weekly payments at the rate of thirty hours a week to workers with a minimum seniority, again with the difference between the guaranteed minimum and the actual hours worked to be paid every quarter. (This is more or less the way the successful annual wage plan in the Hormel Packing Company works, though its guarantee is somewhat higher; and Hormel should also be copied in its provision for a joint labor-management committee to appoint and supervise the outside firm of accountants who make the often very complicated quarterly wage adjustments.) Needless to say, any annual wage contract will also have to contain escape clauses against such contingencies as fire, a strike, or a shutdown brought about by a strike at a supplier.

The greatest danger to a successful realization of the idea is, however, that the annual wage may be mistakenly looked upon as a protection against depression unemployment. If the worker really wants the annual wage—and there is no doubt that he both wants and needs it—he will have to insist on a clause providing that the plan shall be suspended if orders over a period of months fall below the levels of a "normally bad" year. Otherwise the economic landscape will be cluttered with the wrecks of annual wage plans in the first major setback, and the whole idea will be discredited for a long time to come.

Yet without some definite guarantee against depression unemployment we cannot hope to eliminate the worker's basic feeling of economic insecurity and the effects of this feeling on his attitude toward society in general and his employer in particular. Even in England today, where all signs point to a long-time shortage of workers rather than to a shortage of jobs, the memory of the depression haunts the worker and determines very largely his actions and thoughts. That only a positive employment-creating policy can give the necessary protection against the depression threat to the worker's security has become a commonplace even though it was clearly formulated for the first time only a few years ago in the Beveridge plan.

But with this statement the student of industrial relations parts company with Beveridge and with all the full employ-

ment economists whether of the right, the left, or the middle. Not that he quarrels with their economics; it is their ideas about their human relations that are all wrong and contrary to everything we have learned. The economists are all out to guarantee jobs; but what the worker needs is not a guarantee of sixty million jobs but of one particular job, his own, and the jobs of his fellow workers in the plant, and of his fellow townsmen. Where the economists deal with the over-all economy, twenty-five years of industrial relations work have taught us conclusively that we must always tackle every single industrial relations job in the individual plant. What is needed for industrial peace is not one big full employment plan, but many little ones. (Incidentally, nothing makes one as skeptical of the value of over-all planning as three months' practical work in labor relations).

We should be able to make some headway with these many little plans even on the strictest Keynesian principles. The core of all full employment plans is the proposal to distribute capital goods investment evenly over the business cycle. But there is no good reason why this should be done by the government rather than by individual corporations. Plans such as Alvin Hansen's—which served as the original basis of the subsequently emasculated Full Employment Bill—propose to put government finance on a cyclical instead of an annual basis. It should actually be easier *to put business finance on a cyclical basis*, thus accomplishing the same end.

The first step in such a policy would be to put corporation payments on a cyclical basis, something not much more difficult than the shift to the "pay-as-you-go" system of individual income tax payments. Each company would make an annual tax return as it does now, but it would pay taxes only on its estimated average cyclical profit. All profit over and above this figure should be exempt from taxation, *provided it be put into a long-term capital investment fund.* Whatever sums in this fund are not used for employment-creating capital investments after ten or fifteen years would automatically become subject to tax; and if they should remain unused, even though there should be a depression and unemployment, the tax should be confiscatory. But the tax would be permanently waived if the fund actually were used in depression years for employment-creating investments.

A few years of moderately good business would provide us with a fund more than adequate to maintain the necessary investment in capital goods even in the worst depression years. Assuming total corporate profits (before taxes) of twelve billions a year—a very low estimate—we could expect annual reserves (over and above depletion) and average profit to come to about three billions. In five years of moderate business we would thus have an employment fund of fifteen billions, which is more than the total amount that, if spent on capital investments in 1932, would have converted a period of intense suffering and unemployment into one of high business volume and full employment. Actually it can be shown that the fund would be sufficient to maintain employment at the level of the minimum guaranteed in the annual wage if only the present corporation taxes—rather than the profits taxes—were put into that reserve.

To gain the proper effect on labor relations these employment-creating funds must be tied up directly with the worker's job. Hence it should be made compulsory for all businesses accumulating such tax-exempt funds to work out, during the good years, specific employment-creating capital projects for the bad years to come—such things as modernizing their equipment, improving their plants, expanding their scope, working on new products, etc. These projects should be as definite as possible, and should contain some forecast of labor-hours needed, of the type of work involved, etc. And it would be only the most elementary common sense to bring the workers' representatives into the preparation of these projects. For while it is neither necessary nor possible to give the individual worker a binding promise of minimum employment, the plant community as a whole should know in detail what it can expect when orders fall off.

This is but a vague outline of an approach rather than a finished plan; and

many very important problems obviously would still have to be worked out. It is offered here only to show that even the most dreaded economic insecurity, the insecurity of a depression, can be tackled in a way that promises greatly to relieve industrial tension—a way, incidentally, which, like all the other policies discussed here, would be as beneficial to management as it would be to the workers.

There is a tendency today among labor relations men to believe that all they need to do is to eliminate the present causes of industrial conflict. But such a view can only lead to a new type of paternalism, none the better for using Freudian rather than Sunday School terminology. The elimination of the causes of labor conflict in our present industrial system is only the first step toward good industrial relations, and is no more identical with industrial harmony than an armed truce is identical with peace. Actually, in taking this first step, we have to be looking ahead to the second, because the proper handling of such matters as grievances or layoffs, or the organization of workers as a team, or the annual wage, requires active participation by the workers and puts considerable responsibility on their shoulders. But this only touches the outer fringe of the field of industrial citizenship, a field which is as new as it is exciting and promising.

(*In his second article, next month, Mr. Drucker will explore this field of industrial citizenship.*—The Editors.

Diplomatic Jabberwocky

JOHN O'DONNELL'S *column "Capital Stuff," in the July 9 issue of the New York* Daily News, *carried some verses which were described as being "passed about at our diplomatic parties here in the capital." Mr. O'Donnell did not reveal the author's name, and the same verses were printed the following month in the* Christian Science Monitor, *attributed to "an anonymous wit."*

To satisfy the curiosity of the readers of the Daily News *and* Christian Science Monitor, *not to mention members of the Department of State, who are pretty busy these days (or should be) and ought not to be worrying about who penned these lines,* Harper's Magazine *admits that the author is Eric Larrabee, one of its own editors, who wrote it to amuse himself and a friend, not to make the diplomats uneasy. It is here printed, for the first time accurately; and for the first time, with the author's knowledge and permission.*

'Twas greenwich and the gromyko
Did byrnes and trygve in the lie.
All evatt was the vandenberg,
And the thomas connally.

"Beware the Molotov, my son;
Avoid its clauses if you can.
Beware the yalta bird, and shun
The red azerbaijan."

He took his trieste sword in hand.
Long time the mukden foe he sought;
Then rested he by the nuclear tree,
And fissioned there in thought.

And, as in fulton thought he stood,
The Molotov, with ears aflame,
Came brettoning through the plenary wood,
And vetoed as it came.

"Offside! No score!" And more and more
His iran blade went snicker-snack.
He cast his vote and sent a note,
Requesting an answer back.

"And hast thou dunn the Molotov?
Come to my arms, my bullitt boy.
Oh atherton! Oh culbertson!"
He murphied in his joy.

'Twas greenwich and the gromyko
Did byrnes and trygve in the lie.
All evatt was the vandenberg
And the thomas connally.

WORLD GOVERNMENT NOW?

N. A. PELCOVITS

Ever since the events at Hiroshima and Nagasaki convinced the intellectual multitude that the political ways of modern man are obsolete, a frantic search for the formula of perpetual peace has possessed campus and platform. Time is short and the danger to civilization, indeed to human survival itself, so immediate that it is small wonder that the thirsty thousands mistake the mirage of world government for the oasis of perpetual peace.

Plans proposed by the high-minded people who are currently engaged in drafting blueprints for global peace are morally so unassailable and logically so irrefutable that converts to the new political theology can be forgiven for exhibiting righteous intolerance toward the skeptic. The truth, after all, is so inescapable when it arrives with the blinding flash of revelation. War, they say, is caused by anarchy or the "absence of government" in the relations between nations. Clashing sovereignties, which know neither law nor restraint, can be curbed only by the creation of a world government enforcing world law. It is an all or nothing proposition. The primary political task of the atomic age, therefore, is the drafting of a world constitution acceptable to the peoples of the earth.

Although such classics as Emery Reves's *Anatomy of Peace* and Mortimer J. Adler's *How to Think About War and Peace* antedate Hiroshima, the movement for a world republic achieved political status as a result of the dramatic opening of the atomic age. Norman Cousins' *Modern Man Is Obsolete* served as the manifesto, while the meeting of scientists, jurists, and literati at Dublin, New Hampshire, in October 1945, under the leadership of Justice Owen Roberts, launched World Government Now on its career as an inspired but respectable political movement. Not long afterwards, Americans United for World Organization changed its name to Americans United for World Government and enlisted the powerful voice of Raymond Swing. It is now the most popular organization in the field with the announced purpose of working "for the development of the United Nations Charter into a world agency adequate in delegated sovereignty to enforce the peace." By December 1945, Thomas K. Finletter, distinguished lawyer and expert on foreign affairs, was telling an enthusiastic audience at the *Nation* Associates' Forum that there existed "no middle ground" between world government and international anarchy. World government, he quietly emphasized, provides "the only course which holds any prospect either for a decent way of life or the avoidance of atomic war." Meanwhile, more academic enthusiasts were flocking around the neo-Aristotelians at the University of Chicago who had founded the "Committee to Frame a World Constitu-

As a veteran of over three years' service in the Army Air Force, Mr. Pelcovits wrote a piece for us last February called "Veterans Want to be Citizens." Before the war, he taught political science at the College of the City of New York.

tion" with the blessing of Chancellor Robert Hutchins and outstanding members of the faculty. The Committee has been meeting periodically to draft "a morally credible and logically articulated blueprint of global peace."

DESPITE minor variations and some tendency toward splintering, all of these groups pursue an essentially identical line of argument. While admitting that the step they advocate is radical, enthusiasts disregard the revolutionary implications of the move and reduce complexity to a simple problem in deductive reasoning. Thus, the "Appeal to the Peoples of the World" issued by the Rollins College Conference last March was presented in the ordered form of a statement of principle and a syllogistic argument. The principle: "There can be no absolute guarantee that peace will be maintained so long as any nation has the sovereign right to decide questions of war and peace for itself," because peace "is not merely the absence of war but the presence of justice, law, order—in short, government." The argument then noted that the United Nations, as a league of sovereign states, could not prevent conflict or establish justice until it had been transformed into world government. The immediate political task, therefore, was the calling of a General Conference under Article 109 of the Charter to draft a world constitution.

The sheer simplicity of the argument is so appealing, the solution offered so economical, the cause in which it is advocated so noble, that it is no wonder that men of good will are signing up in wholesale numbers. Nor is it surprising that opponents shrink from challenging the faith. To do so labels one as a blind reactionary bogged down in the outworn concepts of ichthyosaurian politics and unwilling to face the facts of atomic life. But the time has come for skeptics to inject a few doubts. For the fallacy of World Government Now is so overwhelming that its adherents must soon realize that they are being led a merry chase down a blind alley.

THEY might begin by inquiring how it is that the house of world government has so many mansions that it can harbor well-meaning people of every shade of political and social belief. Everybody who is against sin joins in shouting hallelujah. Socialists, free-enterprisers, and undefined liberals; conservative judges, radical labor-leaders, and middle-class intellectuals; atheist scientists and fundamentalist clerics, the Thomists on Lake Michigan and the pragmatists on Washington Square—all join together in subscribing to the new party line. So apocalyptic is the approach that James B. Carey, Secretary-Treasurer of the CIO, joins hands with Robert M. Gaylord, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the NAM, to embrace the common doctrine of peace through world government. There is no political party in the country (except, perhaps, the Communist if Moscow continues to follows an isolationist line) which cannot safely include support of world federation in its platform. Only the practicing politicians and political scientists appear to be reserving their enthusiasm.

The World Government Now craze might thus be dismissed as politically innocuous were it not also possessed of the dangerous doctrine that World Government Now means World Government First. Immediate, hard issues of international life can postpone solution until the "primary" task of establishing a world federation has been accomplished. True believers express prophetic impatience with skeptics in the State Department who continue to haggle over the lesser issues of power politics.

Typical is the sentiment expressed by the Right Reverend Alexander Turner in a letter to the *New York Times* admonishing the politicians at the Paris Conference to stop bickering over Trieste and Albania and to take up the serious business of designing world government. "Peace cannot be established until war is made impossible," he warns. "That means the merger of national sovereignties in a world government. Why is our country not setting about this essential business instead of joining in the general fuss over secondary issues?" And the time is now. "No plans are going to save us unless they are enforced, and force is a function of government. That means world government, and if we are to forestall another war it means

world government now—not in twenty years. Every other problem can wait. This one cannot."

Two centuries ago Rousseau hinted at the difficulty in swallowing such simple solutions when he remarked of the Abbé de Saint-Pierre, who fathered a similar "project for perpetual peace," that "he would have been a very wise man had he not been so absurdly reasonable." A simple conclusion is not necessarily valid. Simplicity in an argument may be a concomitant not of lucidity but of immaturity. No solution is more simple than the classic suggestion of the Sad Sack of the Pacific Theater that "we capture all the atoms in the world and store them at Fort Knox and let the Marines guard them."

Peace cannot be achieved by a syllogism which is based on fantastic premises, discredited by elementary political science years ago. The prophets of World Government Now have been getting away with their sleight-of-hand by effectively concealing three Grand Errors. The first of these is the error commonly made by neophyte students of political science: that you can pass a law to stop almost everything, including sin. This view stems from a topsy-turvy misconception of the way governments are made. Reduced to its barest elements, the chain of distortion takes the following path: Constitutions establish governments. Governments, in turn, pass laws to stop people from fighting each other and to persuade them to settle their differences in friendly fashion. Resultant law and order encourage people to co-operate and live as one big, universal, happy family. Nothing could be more absurd. Except for short periods under dictatorship the process is exactly reverse. Through common living and common loyalties a community forms, establishing common habits and rules of behavior. It is out of this *social* order that political authority and government arise. Constitution-making is the last step.

Error number two may be labeled the devil theory of sovereignty. This assumes that if you do away with the right of sovereign states to wage war, by delegating that right to a "higher sovereignty," you do away with war. The shadow of sovereignty is mistaken for the reality of power. For, as the history of civil strife demonstrates, the sovereign right to make war is hardly a prerequisite of battle.

Closely related is the third major error, that war is a lawsuit fought with bombs instead of briefs. World government, it is argued, will establish effective tribunals for the settlement of "disputes" which lead to war. But war is rarely so much a dispute over justice as a conflict of interests. War, like politics, is an attempt to determine by pressure who gets what, where, when; it is an attempt to change the status quo.

II

Before scrutinizing these Grand Errors more closely it is pertinent to note that, contrary to the impression dropped by its propagandists, the prescription of world government for a warring earth is not an invention of the atomic age. Too typical is the attitude of Professor Adler, who claims that he was forced to make the great discovery himself. "I was given no understanding of war and peace, at any point in my education," he sadly remarks, and "until very recently . . . I had no understanding of the basic simple truths which make peace on earth an intelligible ideal." That Dr. Adler, who specializes in political classics, should "until recently" have escaped contact with the constitutional formula for perpetual peace is beyond belief. It is grossly unfair to his teachers at Columbia University. Even lesser students could hardly have remained ignorant of the central teaching in the history of international ideas: that for at least the past four hundred years every major war has produced its pet project for perpetual peace. Most of these projects were identical with the specific being offered today in a modern cellophane wrapper.

Discount, if one will, Dante's proposal (in 1313) for ending European strife through the establishment of a universal empire as a maneuver in the struggle against the Papacy. No one can deny, however, that it contains the central argument that world peace and order depend on the creation of a super-state. More apposite is the series of peace projects

which followed the religious and dynastic wars of the seventeeth century. In 1623 there was published in Paris a semi-anonymous volume entitled *Le Nouveau Cynée* (The New Cyneas), attributed to an obscure cleric, Emeric Crucé, which appears to have been the inspiration for later peace schemes. Arguing the need for a central world authority to enforce peace, Crucé envisaged the establishment of a permanent international assembly at Venice to exercise compulsory jurisdiction over all types of disputes, "and the better to authorize it, all the princes will swear to hold as inviolable law what would be ordained by the majority of votes in the said assembly, and to pursue with arms those who would wish to oppose it." Crucé's idea was carried a step further in the Duc de Sully's "Grand Design of Henry IV" which planned a "Christian republic" for Europe operating through the central authority of a grand council which could make and enforce decrees.

Influenced by these ideas and touched by the misery resulting from the wars launched by Louis XIV in 1688, William Penn, English Quaker and founder of the American colony, urged the immediate organization of a European parliament to legislate "rules of justice for sovereign princes" as the only means of ensuring peace. An even more grandiose plan was advanced in the Abbé de Saint-Pierre's *Projet de Paix Perpetuelle*, published in 1713 and containing an elaborate draft for a world constitution which the Abbé hoped would interest the peace-makers at Utrecht. The central argument employed by both Penn and Saint-Pierre was repeated by the philosopher, Immanuel Kant, in his proposal for a federation of states. Just as individuals had renounced their "lawless freedom" to escape anarchy, Kant reasoned, so must states "subject themselves to compulsory public laws, thus forming an international state which would . . . include all the peoples of the world."

The scope and universality of these projects, to which little was added by the peace movement of the nineteenth century, amply demonstrate that current proposals for world government are not modern discoveries, born of the stresses of the atomic age. Similar proposals were advanced during the League of Nations debate of the first World War, notably the Lepert plan for a world confederation, presented to the French League for a Society of Nations, and the Belgian suggestion for a democratic peoples' world parliament urged by Paul Otlet. This history is recalled not to dismiss world government as an old-fashioned idea but to advise caution before swallowing similar prescriptions without analyzing the contents of the package. Are conditions ripe for the adoption of World Government Now?

III

THEY are not. The Greeks had a word for the type of thought-process employed by World Government Firsters to convince us that only a suitable constitutional formula is required to ensure global law and order. They called it *hysteron-proteron*, which Webster defines as "the fallacy of explaining a thing by that which presupposes it and so inverting the natural order of reason." This fallacy is implicit in the three Grand Errors noted above, which now require fuller analysis.

1 *Men make a government by drawing up a set of rules called a constitution which serves as the foundation of law and order.*

Only in the looking-glass world of make-believe can this feat be accomplished. Constitution-making is always the end of a process, never the beginning. Political science is based on the truism that society precedes the state. In laymen's terms this simply means that men must live together, form common habits, and co-operate on the functional level before government can be instituted among them. Through co-operative living plus common habits and loyalties men come to feel and act as though they belong together. This community, as the sociologists call it, may codify its standards of behavior, refine its administration, and set down in a constitution what it will recognize as political authority. Constitution-making is the final step in establishing a regime of law and order. Only where basic law and order already function can men sit down to draft a constitution with any chance of success.

If this is true then the primary question of world law and order is not whether world government is desirable. Nor is the primary argument that without World Government Now we will perish in the international jungle. There is a previous question: do we now have a world community? If not, how can we best encourage its growth? For without community, constitution-making is a noble but vain endeavor.

That we're all in the same boat does not prove the existence of a world community. Neither does the fact that in space-time Moscow is only a day's travel from Chicago, nor that a decision taken on the Potomac may intimately affect the livelihood of a peasant on the Ganges. Still less can we convince men that they are brothers by frightening tales of Hiroshima. These are all pressing reasons for accelerating the growth of a world community. We can no longer afford to postpone functional solutions of such global problems as world famine, world aviation, world living standards, world education, world atomic energy control. But we can never force the birth of a world community by "inverting the natural order of reason." We are a long way from a world constitution. Even France, possessed of one of the most homogeneous communities in the world, is finding it a herculean task to draft a constitution which will satisfy conflicting class-interests.

To bolster the argument that the world is ripe for constitution-making, no more misleading analogy has been offered than the experience of the United States in 1787. It is the trump card played at every debate. But to compare the contemporary state of international relations with that of the states under the Articles of Confederation is wilful nonsense. By the time the convention met in Philadelphia the states had fought a revolutionary war as a united force and under a single command; they possessed a common cultural heritage, common language and tradition and habits and law. Interstate trade, though subjected to some obstructions, was relatively free. Moreover, the colonists had never lost their common nationality and citizenship. There were no immigration barriers between New York and Connecticut, nor did a Virginian who moved to Philadelphia feel even remotely in need of naturalization. The separate states enjoyed neither tariff autonomy nor independent conduct of foreign relations. The inhabitants of each state were "entitled to all the privileges and immunities of free citizens in the several states."

The wild comparison arises partly from a misconception of what the delegates at Philadelphia set out to do in 1787. An accurate reading of history will show that they did *not* create a government, let alone build a social order and community where none existed before. They did not even form a union. The Convention performed the much more modest task of *perfecting* a union already in existence. No constitution can do more than that.

2 *Clashing national sovereignties are responsible for war. Merge them into the higher sovereignty of a world government and the sole cause of war will be removed.*

This error, too, can best be exploded by recalling certain facts about the birth of the United States. The American Revolutionary War resulted in the splitting of a sovereignty. It was a civil war which started with rebellion against the central authority in London. There was war despite the fact that the American colonies were united with Britain in a "higher sovereignty"; despite the fact that sole war-making authority rested with the Crown, which represented that higher sovereignty; despite the fact that no organized force was initially at the disposal of the rebels; and despite the fact that the revolution was definitely against the constitutional law which obtained in the colonies in 1775. According to the folklore of World Government Now, such an occurrence should have been impossible.

"The only cause of war," Adler maintains, "is anarchy. Anarchy occurs wherever men and nations try to live together without each surrendering their sovereignty." How then explain the impossible fact that men who were living together under a single sovereignty in 1775 found themselves engaged in war with each other during the next eight years? If anarchy can occur within a sovereignty, then global unification under a world

constitution is hardly the clue to global peace.

Sovereignty is, after all, no more than an academic word professors use to describe the possession of real power by a constituted authority. But real power rests with him who actually exercises it and not necessarily with its formal owner. In the real world, wars are not always clashes of sovereignties but they are always conflicts of power. That is, a conflict of power *within* a sovereignty will also lead to war. If enough people anywhere feel strongly about justice, about the distribution of property and privilege, and about the way in which constitutional authority is exercised, they may organize a rebellion and set up their own "sovereignty." In the Philippines, for example, the brand-new sovereignty guaranteed against war by a Constitution on which the ink is barely dry is under attack by armed peasants—the Hukbalahaps—who defy all edicts to disarm. Conflict over land tenure and rivalry for control of the state in China has resulted in civil war involving more people, more destruction, and greater stakes than the Chaco War between the "sovereignties" of Bolivia and Paraguay. Dozens of sore-spots in Europe and Asia are evidence of the fact that war and conflict need not be a "clash of sovereignties." On the other hand, the basic harmony of interest between the United States and Canada makes it possible for their peoples to "live together without each surrendering their sovereignty."

WHICH, then, is the prime mover? Advocates of World Government Now skirt around the issue of civil war, but its prevalence is directly germane to any discussion of the subject. For we are entitled to be skeptical about the efficacy of their prescription as a war-remover when the history of civil strife demonstrates that the "surrender of sovereignty" to a central constitutional authority cannot ensure law and order. Sovereignty, then, is *not* the key to war and peace. The establishment of a super-state will not *ipso facto* dissolve the conflicts which lead to war. Arms are taken up to overthrow a constitutional order as often as they are taken up to enforce it. A world constitution, establishing a formal regime of law on a global scale, can no more ensure world peace than the Philippine Constitution can ensure peace for the Philippines.

Nor has civil war been an incidental part of history. From the middle of the tenth century, Europe suffered a centuries-long civil war to determine whether Pope or Emperor would inherit the sovereignty of Rome. The French Wars of Religion which lasted throughout the latter half of the sixteenth century, like the English War of Roses a hundred years previously, were struggles over the internal exercise of power. England fought another civil war in the seventeenth century to determine, according to the historian H. A. L. Fisher, "whether the true seat of sovereign authority lay with the Crown or Parliament." Americans need hardly be reminded that the Constitution, which even foreign statesmen hailed as the most perfect instrument of its kind, did not stand the test of a house divided.

That is always the test. Not the perfection of a constitution, but the degree of basic unity within a house, a society, or a state determines peace. Ever since the depression of 1930 threatened the stability of democratic regimes, political scientists have remarked on the truism that democratic government cannot survive unless its people agree on fundamental social issues. Where, as in the case of Germany in 1932, of Spain in 1936, of China in 1946, as of the United States in 1860, there exists a profound cleavage on such issues, loyalty is split and constitutional authority ceases to have any real meaning. The result is either civil war or dictatorship or both. Lincoln's profound observation on the condition of domestic peace is no less valid for world peace.

3 *War is a lawsuit fought with bombs instead of briefs. World government alone can provide an effective world court to settle disputes since it will be backed by a world police force.*

Closely related to error number two, this one assumes that sovereign states tote their own six-shooters on the frontier of international politics merely because law-enforcement machinery is lacking. Nations have "recourse to war" for the settlement of disputes because international law is im-

perfect, international courts lack jurisdiction, and there is no sheriff to enforce their judgments. Each nation thus serves as its own justice of the peace.

This error leads to the absurd conclusion that Hitler attacked Poland because of a "dispute" over territorial and population rights; that Pearl Harbor resulted from a "dispute" over a just settlement for the Pacific area; that the present tension between East and West stems from a difference over the proper interpretation of rights under the Yalta and Potsdam agreements. What is the reality? All war, civil and international, is a conflict over interests, not a substitute for litigation. War is an instrument of policy and an attempt to change the status quo, not to define it. War is not an appeal to the rules of the game but a forced reshuffling of the deck and redistribution of the chips. Conflict, of course, need not issue in war; differences can be resolved, compromised, arbitrated. But the solution lies not in delegating the war-making power to a world authority. Making war illegal for nations and legal only for the world federation is destined to be a vain endeavor. No one has ever been known to ask for an advisory opinion on whether it is legal to go to war.

THOSE who delight in discussing whether international law is "law" at all tend to raise an eyebrow over the practice of nations in refusing to submit to international tribunals issues regarded as "nonjusticiable." States, it is pointed out, never arbitrate questions involving "vital interests." This is so, but it has nothing to do with the "weakness" of international law or with the fact that it is not a complete code of laws. The reason is simple enough: the issues involved concern differences over policy, not the definition of established rights.

As Professor J. L. Brierly of Oxford University has often noted, most limitations of international law are expressions of the limitations of all law. Any kind of law is a special method of social control, generally limited in usefulness to the definition of rights within a stable social order. It is true that within such an order law can sometimes function creatively and may itself inspire new patterns of behavior. But it can neither create a social system nor can it impose a set of rules contrary to accepted mores or cherished interests. Law could not ensure the success of the noble experiment of Prohibition because the American people refused to sanction it. Nor could the letter-perfect Weimar Constitution bring unity to an economically insecure and politically restless Germany. When the issues are important enough, law cannot prevent people from fighting.

IV

GIVEN these three Grand Errors it is clear that the constitutional formula of World Government Now can solve nothing. It cannot create government, much less bring about a social order with any prospect of stability. So long as fundamental global problems remain unsolved there can be no basis for the world community which must precede world government. The beginning of wisdom will come with the realization that world order is a complex problem which can be solved only, piece by piece, on the functional level. Global solutions on that level will weave the fabric of world administration into a design for world order. Constitution-making comes last.

The test, I repeat, will be on the functional level. Plans for atomic energy control, for example, must be judged not on their punitive aspects but by the degree of effective control they delegate to a world administrative agency over the sources and uses of atomic energy. Well-meaning internationalists who are now capering down the primrose path of world government could do infinitely more for the cause of world peace by mobilizing their political strength behind the proposal of Sir John Orr, Director General of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations, to establish an international ever-normal granary. Orr's plan would set up a World Food Board with authority to store food, stabilize food production and prices, and allocate surpluses so as to prevent famine. This is but one example in a long list of projects which deserve priority support over constitution-making. There is the suggestion to set up

an International Petroleum Authority; the need for implementing the recently-constituted World Health Organization; the arduous tasks facing the new International Refugee Organization; and dozens of other attempts to solve global problems on the functional level.

It is through such instruments of world co-operation that the laborious beginnings of a world community will become real. One World is the recognition of a problem, not the description of a fact. "Blueprints for global peace" must wait on the evolution of a world order. To be able to time the introduction of a world constitution will take the genius for political timing which present-day enthusiasts for World Government Now appear woefully to lack.

The Over-Decorated Husband

MARY MIAN

Avery loved the great outdoors,
From North Pole to equator—
Alice preferred interiors;
She was a decorator.

Similar pairs we all may see,
Where negative attraction
Precipitates too frequently
A conjugal radioaction.

After the wedding Alice chose
The style of Queen Victoria,
With bibelots and purrbelows,
Fandangles and camphoria.

For many a man the charms will fade
Of pugdogs supercilious,
And billet-dubious boudoirs left
Poor Avery dulybilious.

So Alice led a merry chase
From period to deliria.
When on a diet she did the place
In pale chartreuse and hysteria,

And Avery dreamed of sextral shapes
Of slomberous-eyed Circassians,
The year of heavy red velvet rapes
And lustrous violate pashions.

Home came Avery late one day,
Reached the door and bustled in,
To find that while he had been away,
The Modern Age had muscled in.

Amoeba plants in the corner grew,
The tables were icily glyceral,
So fluorescent the lighting flew,
And chairs were oboid or visceral.

Said Avery, "This has got to stop;
My head is turning all squirry!"
He tossed a plant through the table-top,
And left the house in a hurry.

On the northern shores of Hudson Bay,
If ever your bark be wrecked, you're
Apt to find Avery working away
At some Arctic architecture.

"My home," he says, "is a dome of snow,
My woman is fat and furrity.
I like them just exactly so—
It gives me a sense of security.

I live as proud as a potentate
In a fifteen-story palace,
And when we want to redecorate,
We dial the Borealis!"

Ragged Island

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

There, there where those black spruces crowd
To the edge of the precipitous cliff,
Above your boat, under the eastern wall of the island;
And no wave breaks; as if
All had been done, and long ago, that needed
Doing; and the cold tide, unimpeded
By shoal or shelving ledge, moves up and down,
Instead of in and out;
And there is no driftwood there, because there is no beach;
Clean cliff going down as deep as clear water can reach;

No driftwood, such as abounds on the roaring shingle,
To be hefted home, for fires in the kitchen stove;
Barrels, banged ashore about the boiling outer harbor;
Lobster-buoys on the eel-grass of the sheltered cove:

There, thought unbraids itself, and the mind becomes single.

There, you row with tranquil oars, and the ocean
Shows no scar from the cutting of your placid keel;
Care becomes senseless there; pride and promotion
Remote; you only look; you scarcely feel.

Even adventure, with its vital uses,
Is aimless ardor now; and thrift is waste.

Oh, to be there, under the silent spruces,
Where the wide, quiet evening darkens without haste
Over a sea with death acquainted, yet forever chaste.

BREAD AND GAMES

A Story

JOHN D. WEAVER

As Alvin swung down the beaten grass path to the trailer, the phonograph music behind the crisp plaid curtains seemed to be laughing at him, reminding him of something that had happened a long time ago, but did not matter now. He tugged irritably at the brim of his straw hat, fretting it still further down over his eyes. Time for Mama's eleven o'clock medicine, and Laird's wife just sat in there playing dance music.

"Laird."

He rapped on the back door, calling his brother instead of that flibbertigibbet. He noticed she had strung her clothesline in front of the trailer again, her pink silky things in plain view of the road, although she knew Maud didn't like it, not, as Laird had said, because Maud wore cotton underthings. Maud just didn't think it was decent, especially with young children in the house.

"It's 'leven o'clock," Alvin said, when Laird came to the door. Eleven o'clock, and Laird still hadn't put his shirt on.

"Lolly's already gone up to the house," Laird said.

"Oh." Alvin stepped back. He could see inside the trailer now, and he was surprised to find the bed made, the breakfast dishes put away. Laird was working over a strip of broken film coiled like a king snake in a flat silver can.

"She took a book," Laird said. "She's gonna read to Mama."

Alvin stiffened. He was sensitive about Maud's not being able to read.

"I gotta go up to the store," Alvin said, turning away.

"I'll drive you up," Laird said.

"I'd just as lief walk it."

Laird grabbed up the jacket of an army fatigue uniform, slipped it on, and trotted down the portable back steps of the trailer. Alvin shrugged. He climbed into the car beside Laird, staring straight ahead, his hands cupped over his knees.

Alvin had been eighteen and Laird ten the summer their father died. That fall Alvin would have started his last year of high school, and he had wanted to finish, he had wanted that graduation paper more than he had ever wanted anything before or since. He had walked twelve miles a day to get his schooling, six miles into town and six miles back, in rain and snow and a northern Virginia cold so sharp-toothed it chewed through his clothes. And even worse than the walking had been the town kids who used to sneak up to him at recess and pull imaginary straw out of his hair, ask him if he'd sold his eggs yet, make fun of his made-over clothes and the way Mama cut his hair. One more year and he would have got that paper, but Papa had died, and Alvin had stayed home to run the farm.

Everything had been different for Laird. By the time he got to high school the county had a big yellow bus that came right to the door, took him to town and

brought him home. And nobody picked on him, because there were plenty of hill boys to stand up against the town kids and keep them in their place. Laird, without having to walk or fight, could have got the graduation paper Alvin had wanted, but Laird would skip school to go fishing, sell his books to buy cigarettes, and one day, when he was just over fifteen, he had thrown a pop bottle at the principal and run off with a circus.

"I ain't surprised," Mama had said when Alvin brought her the news, and she had looked up at Alvin and Maud, as though seeing them for the first time after a long separation. Alvin had just begun to take on weight, his face rounding out, and Maud was six months along with her second child, her body swollen again before it had receded back to its old lines after the first child. Then Mama had said something that Alvin and Maud had never spoken of to each other, but that neither of them had ever forgotten, although it was not a thing they tried especially to remember.

"All my life," Mama had said, "I've been tied down here in this valley, them hills risin' up all around me like a high fence, and I've never stopped wonderin' what's on the other side of 'em. I was a growed woman with a lap baby before I ever seen a movin' picture show, and to this day I ain't been on a railroad train. I'm glad Laird's gone. I'm glad he got free."

They hadn't heard from Laird for nearly four years then, might never have heard, except the war happened, and when the Army yanked Laird out of the circus, he wrote home from a camp in Missouri and told them about Lolly.

"Hmpf," Alvin had snorted. "A show girl." Maud, hearing his pronouncement, had glanced up from her ironing, her cow eyes infinitely patient and resigned. She had nodded, then wet the tip of her finger, touched it gingerly to the iron, and gone back to her work.

"Laird," Mama had said, watching Maud, "would pick a girl with spirit."

MAMA must have been sick even then, but she never let on. She managed to hold out until the summer the war ended, and then she couldn't hide it any longer. The doctor used a word Alvin had never heard before, malignancy, but Alvin knew what he meant. And morphine, Alvin learned what that meant, too. Mama kept asking for Laird, and Alvin told her he was in the Army, and Mama would say, "But the war's over now. Why can't he come home?" "He'll have to wait his turn," Alvin would say, "like anybody else." But Alvin should have known that Laird would never have to wait like other people. Laird went to the Red Cross, they sent a woman out to see Mama, and two weeks later Laird and Lolly came sailing home, a green trailer bouncing along behind their 1939 coupe.

"Alvin," Mama had said one day after Laird and Lolly had been home about a month, "Laird's army money is running out. It's time you got 'im a job."

Alvin hadn't said anything, but he had thought how like Mama it was to tell him to get Laird a job instead of telling Laird to go out and get it himself. Alvin had gone to see Senator Crouch, and the Senator had spoken to the manager of the new rayon plant, because Alvin was on the county school board and had always supported the Organization. The manager had offered Laird a job at twice the highest wages anybody had ever paid Alvin. But Laird couldn't work in a factory. He was a show man.

"Somepun'll turn up," Laird had said, and two days later he had got a letter from a man in New York who had been in the circus with him and was in the motion picture business now. He had made Laird a proposition, and Laird had driven to town and talked to the man long distance.

"Folks," Laird had announced when he came home that night, "we're in business."

Every night Laird and Lolly would drive to a hill town which had no movie house, and put on an outdoor show. The man in New York furnished the film and projector in exchange for a percentage of the profits. They charged fifteen cents admission, and before each show, while Lolly sold candy, Laird did a few tricks and told a few jokes, then handed out prizes which he bought at wholesale from a place in Chicago. They charged fifteen cents for the candy, which cost them three

cents a box. In Laurelton, though, they never charged for the Wednesday night shows. That, Laird insisted, was home, and he couldn't charge home folks. Of course he would always sell the candy to pay expenses.

ALVIN spat against the dry wind whirring past the open window of the car, as Laird rolled across the new Laurelton bridge and parked in front of Lovell Jenkins' store. Some children, mostly girls, were playing in the dusty driveway between the store and the Jenkins' big yellow frame house. The minute they spotted Laird, they stopped playing and ran over to him.

"The *show* man!"

"Trick! Do us a trick!"

Alvin shuffled into the store, the children clearing an aisle for him, then closing ranks again, swarming around Laird. He pulled two red bandanas out of his pocket, and did his disappearing knot trick. The children, who had seen him do it every show night for six weeks, pressed against him, begging him to do some more tricks, but he told them to wait till tonight. He had some special new tricks for the show tonight.

"Lov," Laird said, shaking off the children like burrs and striding into the store, "you're a sportin' man. Now I tell you what I'm gonna do. I'm gonna drink a cold bottle of lemon sour, and I'm gonna smoke the best cigar you got in the house, and then I'm gonna flip a coin. If you call it right, I'm gonna pay you double, and if you don't call it, I'm gonna shake you by the hand and walk on outta here with my money in my pocket."

Alvin was reading from a list, Mrs. Jenkins hobbling about the store, getting the things down from the shelves and putting them together on the counter. "Salt. Sugar. Coffee . . ."

"Tails," Lov said.

"Lovell, my friend," Laird said, bowing, "I thank you."

"Just a minute," Lov said. "I didn't git to see that coin."

"It come up heads," Laird said.

"But I didn't see it."

"That's all right, Lov. *I* seen it."

Lov slapped the side of his leg, chuckling. That Laird, he could joke his way to hell'n back.

Alvin, bent forward under the weight of his box of groceries, started toward the car. Out of the corner of his eye he had seen Lovell slip a stick of chocolate ice cream into a sack and give it to Laird. Alvin had spent four dollars and thirty-six cents, and Mrs. Jenkins hadn't given him so much as a piece of penny candy for the kids, but Laird not only got his pop and his cigar for nothing, Lovell even threw in a little treat for Lolly.

"It'd make your stomach turn," Alvin told Maud when he got home with the groceries, "the way the kids all follow him around and everybody falls all over themselves givin' him treats and . . ."

He stopped abruptly, his glance lighting on four huge red tomatoes, freshly washed and laid aside. Maud followed the line of his look, her face coloring, her eyes dropping.

"Laird's so fond of 'em," Maud said.

"If Laird's so fond of 'em, why can't Lolly help you tend 'em?"

"She's got 'er own work to do."

Alvin picked up the four tomatoes, which were so big his hands could hardly hold them. "I'll take 'em down for you," he said, and Maud started to protest, then shrugged and went on with her kitchen work.

AS HE came near the trailer, he could hear Lolly, and then Laird, followed by a childish chorus of amazement and delight. It sounded like the trailer was filled with kids. He could make out little Alvie's voice, and he guessed that Maudie and Mattie May were there, too. Alvie hadn't swept the porch yet or brought in the wood chips, and the two girls should be helping their mother wash the tomatoes and put them away. Alvin lengthened his stride. One thing he wouldn't stand for, Laird and Lolly weren't going to spoil his children.

Lolly was standing in the trailer door, her back to him. She had on a red sunsuit, a strip of red across her back with a small red bow, and her long brown legs bare beneath the short skirt. She turned when she heard him, her yellow hair whipping lightly around her throat. He handed her

the tomatoes, not looking at the sunsuit, mumbling, "Maud sent 'em down." Then he called to Alvie and the two girls. "You all git on up to the house. You got your work to do."

"Uncle Laird's gonna do his snake trick," Alvie said.

"You finish your work," Alvin said. "Then we'll see about tricks."

The trailer swarmed with children, five on the daybed, at least half a dozen scattered over the floor. Alvie started to whine, and Laird, stepping over the heads of the others, soothed him. "Tonight," Laird said, easing Alvie toward the door, "you'll get to see all the tricks and a nice show besides. A Mickey Mouse."

Lolly held up the tomatoes for Laird to see. "Aren't they terrific?" she said, and she told Alvin again to thank Maud for them. "Laird loves fried tomatoes for his breakfast."

A little girl in a striped blue dress got up from the floor. Alvin wasn't sure, but when he got to thinking about it afterwards he figured she was one of the Clagett girls. She had the Clagett mouth.

"Our'n was bigger," the little girl said.

Lolly flushed. "Yours were nice, too."

"Bigger," the little girl insisted. "Twicet as big."

As Lolly moved to shush the child, Alvin could see the small white sink at the other end of the trailer. It was piled with tomatoes, and there were fresh peas, beets, roasting ears, even a quart pail of blackberries.

"Well," Alvin said, "I didn't know you were already supplied. Another time Maud'n me won't bother."

"Laird never gets enough fresh tomatoes," Lolly said.

"And ain't it nice," Alvin said, "he don't have to work for 'em."

He grabbed Alvie by the arm and yanked him toward the house, the two girls cowering behind him. "No show for you all tonight," Alvin said, and the children set up such a howl that Maud came bobbing out of the house, breathless. She held court on the steps, and the children got to go to the show, but they had to promise not to go down to Uncle Laird's trailer any more. Alvin insisted on that.

"I catch you all down there again," Alvin said, "you don't ever git to go to the show again. You hear me?"

"But . . ."

"Now, Alvie, you heard your father," Maud said, and that ended the argument because they had long ago learned that Daddy was always right, and even when he wasn't, they must never let on to Mama they knew he wasn't.

AFTER supper Lolly came up to the house with an armful of magazines. She told Maud to hurry and get dressed for the show, she was going to stay with Mama tonight. Maud protested, but Lolly just smiled and shut her out of Mama's room. Maud, curious to see what kind of a show Laird put on, slipped into her next-to-best dress, a holly print, and rode up to Laurelton in Laird's car, sitting between Laird and Alvin, the children in the rumble seat. She was surprised to find how excited she was, like the children.

"If it was prayer meetin'," Alvin said after Laird had parked the car and taken the projector into Lov Jenkins' store, "I wonder how many of 'em would be hurryin' so fast to git here?"

Maud shook her head. She could see the cars, packed with children, tumbling down the hill roads, bouncing over ruts hidden by the thickening dust. Parking in the schoolyard or along the blacktop road, wherever there was room, the families filed across the new cement bridge and down the narrow dirt driveway to the sprawling, unkempt yard behind the Jenkins' store. The children ran ahead, eager to get close to the open truck where the show man did his tricks. The older people kept to the back of the yard, talking primaries and hay-making, poking envious fun at the men who had thought to bring pillows or camp stools.

Laird set up his projector in the back of the store, training it on the portable screen already put up in the yard, then Lov Jenkins helped him run a light through the back door out to the truck, which was parked on the creek side of the yard. It was a large open flatbed truck, with sapling poles sticking up on each side. Some of the prizes, the scarves and dish towels and pan holders, were hanging on

the poles, while others were scattered over the shelf of overturned crates. The bright red, green, and yellow of the prizes shone against the weathered earth color of the truck and the dark wall of trees along the creek.

Alvin edged off from the crowd, leaving Maud laughing and gossiping with a flock of women. He saw Laird stride out of the back door, glance quickly at the screen, the crowd, the truck. Laird's face was drawn tight with worry, and for a moment Alvin felt that maybe Laird was taking Mama's sickness harder than he let on.

"All right, folks." Laird had climbed up on the truck, and, beaming, he began to wave his arms, quieting the crowd. He singled out a talkative man in a blue shirt with red armbands. "Ab," he said, "if you want to entertain the folks, why don't you come up here?" The crowd tittered, the man reddened and slunk out of sight.

"Well, well," Laird said, "I see we got sportin' men in the crowd tonight, and I tell you what I'm gonna do. Somepun a li'l bit different. I know everybody likes somepun different once'n a while, so tonight I'm gonna pass among you with some boxes, and I'm gonna tell you beforehand there ain't a thing in them boxes, no sir, they're just as empty as my head, and you know thas plenty empty. I'm gonna hand out these empty boxes, and you're gonna pay me fifteen cents, and then you're gonna tear off the bottom of the box and write your name on it. I'm gonna put the names in a hat, not *my* hat, mind you, I got a brand new hat, but I'll take old Charley Mauck's hat here, and I'm gonna put all the names in it, and here's some of the prizes you winners are gonna draw tonight."

He reached behind him and got a white dish towel with a red border. He held it up to his waist, frowning, as though not sure what it was supposed to be used for. A woman began to laugh, and Laird turned to her.

"Thas right, Mrs. Sowers. This here's a dish towel. *I* knowed what it was. I just wanted to see if *you* knowed. Then we got this pretty glass frame. You can put your pitcher in it, or if you never had your pitcher took, you can put your army discharge papers in it, or if you never was in the Army, you can put your marriage license in it, or if you never was married, you can put your birth certificate in it, or if you never was born, you can. . . . Well, next we got these red bandanas. Used to sell 'em for ten cents for men's handkerchiefs, but then the ladies got to tyin' 'em around their heads for show, so now they call 'em bandanas and they ask fifty-nine cents for 'em. Just goes to show you what happens when the ladies make a show of somepun. Now the grand prize tonight is somepun special, mighty special . . ."

Mrs. Sowers, who had known Laird since he was a crawling baby, began to laugh again. Every week Laird said the grand prize was something special, and of course it was always another factory-made Indian blanket. Laird stopped, stared straight at Mrs. Sowers, pretending great annoyance. The crowd got ready to laugh. Old Laird was going to let her have it.

"I reckon you think you know what the grand prize is," Laird said, and Mrs. Sowers said sure, it was one of them old Indian blankets. "Now thas just where you're wrong," Laird said, and he turned back to the crowd. "You see, folks, thas what comes of bein' too smart for your own good. Our friend here thinks she knows what the grand prize is, so she ain't holdin' her breath waitin' like the rest of you. Oh no, she's too smart. Well, this is where she gits the surprise of her life, 'cause the grand prize tonight — now I told you it was somepun special — the grand prize is a genuine imported lap robe for your car."

Laird held up the Indian blanket, and the crowd roared its delight. Old Laird had done it again.

Now remember, folks," Laird said, waving a box of candy over his head, "these here're just empty boxes I'm sellin' tonight."

The children eyed the familiar box, pricked by a little stab of worry. Maybe the boxes really were empty. But, no, it was just the show man fooling again.

"Who's gonna be the first sport to step

up and give me fifteen cents for an empty box?"

Soley Sowers nudged Burr Rivercomb, and Burr held up his hand. "Well," Laird said, handing a box to Burr, "we got *one* sport anyway." Then the others began to crowd around the truck, mostly children, the grown-ups giving them the money, figuring they ought to buy the candy because Laird didn't charge anything for the show. They knew exactly what was in the boxes, two gumdrops, a hoarhound drop, a licorice whip, and some little prize, a whistle, a package of preserving jar labels, a balloon, or a couple of marbles. The children tore open the boxes, dug for their surprise, then gobbled the candy and traded prizes. The older children wrote the names on the label and put them in the hat. Most of the grown-ups couldn't read or write.

"Now, folks," Laird said when the candy sales began to taper off, "tonight I got a li'l surprise for you. You all been comin' here to the shows, and you seen me do my tricks. Well, tonight I'm gonna show you one of the tricks of the trade, gonna show you how to do that knot trick. It's fun to be fooled, friends, but it's more fun to know, and once you git the hang of it, you can fool your friends."

Laird motioned the little Slater boy to climb up on the truck. The child's obvious fright appealed to the crowd. They began to clap reassuringly. Laird rumpled the boy's red hair. "Gonna make a show man outta this boy," Laird said, then he held up two red bandanas, one in each hand. "All right now, folks, here's the way you do it. You tie the bandanas together in a square knot, the tighter the better." Laird tugged at the knot, drawing it tight, then holding it up for the crowd to see. "Once you git your knot good'n tight, you cover it up like this. Fold this end up'n over, and then this end, so now you can't see the knot, but you know it's there under them two folded ends. How about it, son? Is the knot still there?"

The Slater boy reached up and took hold of the knot. He nodded shyly. "Still there, huh?" Laird said, then he motioned the boy to take hold of the knotted bandanas. "Now here's the part you watch close," Laird said. He placed his flattened hands about six inches above the bandanas which the Slater boy was holding, then he closed his eyes and began to spout a quick, solemn gibberish. "Abacadabra, rootenscootenhooten, sisboombah. You hear that, everybody? Abacadabra, rootenscootenhooten, sisboombah. All right now, let's see if the knot's still there."

Laird reached down and took the two bandanas from the boy's hand. They were untied. He held them up, one in each hand.

"Thas all there is to it, folks. Just say the right words. Now you can all go home and fool your friends."

The crowd, taken in by the fast patter, caught on to the joke. They chuckled, shook their heads. That Laird.

"Lolly said he was havin' a cartoon pitcher tonight," Maud said. Alvin glanced at her curiously. She was sitting on the running board of Laird's car, bent forward, staring at the white screen, a strange shine of excitement in her eyes. "And a singin' cowboy," Maud said.

LAIRD had the Slater boy shuffle all the names in the hat, then draw the prize-winners. Mrs. Compson won a jar with a fancy glass stopper, and the crowd howled when Laird slyly told her she could keep her elderberry wine in it. Everybody knew how Serena Compson felt about wine. Maud was the last winner. Giggling, she went up to the truck and Laird gave her two red bandanas. "Now you can do the knot trick," Laird said. "Just remember the magic words." Maud, pleased and embarrassed, went back to the running board and sat down. She gave the bandanas to Alvin. He hurriedly stuffed them in his pocket, upset by all the attention the prize had drawn to Maud and himself.

"Now, folks," Laird said, killing the light on the truck, "just settle back in your big easy chairs and enjoy the show."

Darkness had settled slowly over the hills which rimmed the town like the sides of a broken blue saucer, the creek marking the break. Gnats swarmed across the lighted window, and the children, talking in whispers, kept their eyes on the screen, not wanting to miss the start of the picture. A cool breeze stirred the leaves of the sycamores along the creek, and the men

leaning against the mottled trunks stared across the vast width of darkness which ended at Hogback Mountain. Above them the stars were like a great scattering of salt crystals on a blue cloth. Suddenly the children began to squeal happily, to whistle and clap their hands, then as suddenly they hushed. The picture show had started.

AFTERWARDS, lying beside Alvin in the brass bed, Maud closed her eyes, and she could see the whole show again, the cartoon picture, the singing cowboy, even the crazy white flashes when Laird was changing the film. The picture mouse kept getting caught in the wire coil, and the big stupid dog backed into an open fire, then jumped and hit his head against the door, and the cowboy sang so loud they must have heard him down at the lime kiln, but it was pretty to listen to, and they made a nice couple, him and the girl. Maud drowsed off, and the singing played in her mind like Laird's phonograph music. When she woke up, she didn't know how many minutes or hours later, she was startled, she sensed at once that Alvin wasn't in the bed.

"Alvin?" She saw him standing by the window in his cotton nightshirt. "You sick?"

"No." His body jerked, like a colt shying.

"I git you anything?"

He stood with his back toward her, his hands hidden. "No. I'm all right." He was edgy, a sting in his voice. She lay back in the bed, and when he spoke again, after what seemed a long while, he was uncertain, he fumbled, and he still didn't look at her. "I've tried. I've always tried to do what was right. Ain't I, Maud?"

"Why, Alvin, of course you have."

"I've done a lot for people 'round here. They'd still be usin' coal oil lamps if I hadn't gone to the Senator and got the 'lectric lights put in out here, and the same with the phones and the government trees."

"Sure, everybody knows that, and they 'preciate it."

"Nobody's ever said so. They've never even said thank you. But Laird, Laird comes back and tells 'em a joke and shows 'em a picture, and they just can't do enough for 'im. Even my own kids, they hang 'round that trailer like it was a candy counter."

"It's the tricks and the music, and Lolly makes pretty things for the girls."

"Even Mama," he said, speaking into the pale square of window light. "We've made 'er a home, we work the place and pay the bills, but when she's bad off, does she ever ask for us? No, it's Laird'n Lolly. It's always Laird'n Lolly."

She fluffed up his pillow and smoothed the rumpled sheets on his side of the bed. "You come on back to the bed. You're tired."

"Everything I've ever wanted or worked for," he said, "I've never quite got it, but always it's come to Laird, just handed to 'im, and he's turned his back on it. Why, Maud? *Why?*"

The room was quiet, with no sound except the idiot screech of the treefrogs.

"I ain't sure of things any more," he said. "I used to be, but not now. I just ain't sure of anything."

As he turned toward her, his face was haggard and tormented, she saw for the first time that he was holding the two bandanas she had won at the show, and she knew what had awakened her, the sound of his clumsy tugging at the knot trick Laird did so easily.

MY FELLOW-PASSENGERS IN SIBERIA

RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

THE international *wagon-lit* of the Trans-Siberian Express was stifling as we pulled slowly out of the Vladivostok Station late one afternoon last June. So were the nine other "hard" and "soft" wooden cars hitched to the pre-World War I locomotive which was to haul them 5,800 miles from the Soviet Far East to Moscow.

As the train's speed increased, I turned to my compartment-mate, a man in a brown suit. "Shall we open the window?" I asked. He and his male secretary, busy rearranging their baggage, looked up.

"We must choose heat or dirt," said the man in the brown suit. "I suggest we keep our windows closed. When we wish to be cool we can sit in the corridor or walk at a station. But if you wish the window open, I will ask Victor Ivanovich to open it for us."

"*Neechevo*," I shrugged, and went out to the corridor to sit down. There, after a hasty inspection, I realized that there were more people traveling in the international car than there were berths, and that apparently no sex differentiation was observed in assigning compartments. The elite of the car included a Red Army air corps general, who immediately changed his uniform for sky blue Japanese silk pajamas; his aide, a cheerful, talkative young lieutenant; and a little man in a camel's-hair lounging jacket, a party functionary of undefined position.

These three were the "important passengers" whom the two porters sought when a gang of hooligans flung stones at the train a few days later, smashing two windows in our car. The two worried *provodniks*—a bald, bent old man and a broad-shouldered ex-soldier—invited them to affix their signatures and titles to a statement explaining that the damage to state property had been caused by "persons unknown" and was not due to their negligence as porters. The small man, the general, my roommate, and the colonel of engineers who moved in next door signed in that order.

During the twelve-day trip the general and the party representative received visitors in their compartment but rarely went visiting themselves, declining courteously my proffered magazines. The lieutenant's roommate—a buxom, middle-aged, but sprightly postmistress who was the only unescorted female in the car—seemed to be a frequent supper guest, and several of the other officers dropped around to play cards or chess. They were all friendly enough to me in the corridor or on station platforms but did not ask me around for a chat or a glass of the general's Japanese whiskey.

The other passengers included three

Mr. Lauterbach is a Life *correspondent, and some pictures taken on this trip appeared in that magazine August 5. His narrative is based on a section of his forthcoming book,* Through Russia's Back Door.

quiet-spoken Soviet consular officials, two youthful Red Fleet officers, a bright-eyed skilled worker from the Vladivostok shipyards traveling with his wife and child to the Caucasus on their first vacation in five years, an inspector of mines, and a family of four at the far end of the corridor.

THERE was definitely more of a conversational barrier on this trip than there had been when I had journeyed by train from Baku to Moscow in November 1943. Then my fellow-passengers had been eager to share views with an American, to thank the United States for its canned pork and trucks, and to ask when the second front would be opened.

But time was on my side, despite the tone of polite reserve set by the general and the party functionary. I hoped that after three or four days of travel, boredom would overcome caution; but I made no attempt to "interview" anybody unless he appeared receptive to conversation. Toward the latter part of the trip one of the Red Fleet officers and the inspector of mines became more cordial and helped me out in good English when I was unable to translate a Russian expression, even with the help of a dictionary.

The evening sky was so light that we did not need electricity until after ten. When the lights in the car were turned on, I spread out copies of *Amerika*, the United States Information Service picture magazine published in Russian, on the boxes piled in our compartment. My roommate was uninterested; he preferred a paper-bound translation of Balzac's *A Woman of Thirty Years*. But his secretary gasped over the colored pictures of New England scenery and the portraits of American military leaders. He pointed to the one of Eisenhower.

"Very wonderful general," he said in Russian. Then he tried in English, "General . . . very good, yes?" I agreed. "So is Zhukov," he said, relapsing into Russian. I agreed again. Victor Ivanovich grinned, put out his hand and grabbed mine; we were friends.

About 1:00 A.M. the old *provodnik* came in, pulled down the berths, and made them up with bed linen. Mine was the lower and very comfortable—the first night. Since it was left down all the way to Moscow, it soon acquired a crinkly sprinkling of bread crumbs which were not satisfactorily covered by the thickening veneer of soot that gathered from day to day—with windows closed.

II

THE first morning I awoke early but resolved to remain in my berth until my roommate roused himself. Not until about eleven did he roll out of bed. As we sat down to breakfast he suggested tea, indicating the Japanese thermos of hot water which his secretary had brought us.

"You have tea," I said. "I'll have coffee."

"No coffee," he said. "I have tea."

"Oh, don't you like coffee?"

"*Neechevo*. I have tea," he repeated.

"I have coffee."

We faced each other, the hot water cooling in our faces.

"What about cocoa?" I asked. His face brightened.

"Fine," he said, "I have cocoa up there." He started to mount the ladder to reach some boxes piled precariously on a shelf.

"Mine is right here." I had put my food box under the table.

He pretended he didn't hear and brought his down; we drank his cocoa.

I let him get away with it. The American press would have billed it, "VICTORY FOR RUSSIA AT BREAKFAST." Thereupon I decided on a "tough" policy; the next morning I *insisted* on coffee. The Russian accepted his defeat without a word. On subsequent mornings we drank both coffee *and* cocoa. Tea was relegated, by mutual agreement, to supper.

We went through the Alphonse-Gaston act with cigarettes. He had a dozen or more cartons of Camels with him and gave me a carton when he found out I liked them. I presented a carton of my brand to Victor Ivanovich. On that first morning while we were smoking, my roommate handed me his card—Michael F. Ageev (Ah-gay-eff), Deputy Trade Representative of the USSR in China. He said he had seen me dancing with a friend of his at a club in Shanghai.

"Tell me," Ageev said, "where did you learn Russian so very well?" I protested. I had picked up the tourist words—ordering, asking, complaining, buying, drinking—on my first visit to Russia in 1935, had studied at night school for four months in 1943 before returning to Moscow as *Time-Life* correspondent, and had had a little practice in Japan and China. "But you understood me," Ageev affirmed.

He wanted to know if I was "friendly" to his country, and I assured him that I was. He said he liked America. In common with most Russians I have met, Ageev admired Deanna Durbin, the American Air Force, Camel cigarettes, and United States canned goods.

At the station in Khabarovsk I wandered about taking pictures openly. When I joined a queue to buy a local newspaper, a policeman came up to me. He informed me that it was "forbidden to take pictures in a station without permission," and asked to see my passport. "You will not take any more pictures in Khabarovsk, please," he said, as he handed it back to me. "I have enough, thank you," I replied.

A few minutes later on the station platform I met one of the friends I had made on the voyage from Shanghai to Vladivostok. He was a professional figure skater and was known as "Poppa."

"A bureaucrat," he scoffed, when I told him what had happened. "Russia has always been full of them. But they let you keep the camera? Good."

After this skirmish with the police, I returned to my Khabarovsk newspaper. The most prominent story on the foreign news page was a Tass dispatch from New York dated June 7. It read:

> At the town of Columbia in Tennessee, a group of Negroes is being tried for "attempted murder" by a court whose jury is formed entirely of whites. . . . A "Committee of Justice in the State of Tennessee" under the Chairmanship of Eleanor Roosevelt has been formed. . . . Although most newspapers are ignoring the trial, the *Daily Worker* and the Negro press give full reports. . . .

As I watched other passengers reading their papers I felt sure I would hear about this story before I reached Moscow. I did not have long to wait. Near Khabarovsk I caught my first sight of thousands of Japanese prisoners of war working along the railroad in their green-gray fatigue uniforms and pointed them out to the younger porter.

"Why not?" he asked. "If they had won, Russians would have had to work for them. They are not badly treated, I believe." He left the compartment, to return holding a copy of the Khabarovsk newspaper in his big, hairy hands.

"I think perhaps the Japanese war prisoners here are better treated than the Negroes in the South in America," he said. "Is that not so?"

I explained that the two situations were not analogous. "There is another side to it," I said, rummaging for the copy of *Amerika* which had a picture story on Marian Anderson. "We are guilty of much injustice to Negroes in America. But many Americans are against such discrimination. Even with the unfairness, it is possible for some talented artists such as Marian Anderson to be recognized."

He looked at the contents page and leafed through the magazine, I thought, a little suspiciously.

"American propaganda?" I asked, trying to read his unspoken thoughts.

He was hurt. "No. Why do you say it is propaganda? This is quite an *official* magazine. Therefore, it is the truth. Now if this were the Hearst press . . ." He grinned and accepted a cigarette.

That afternoon Ageev suggested that we try a meal in the restaurant car. A few Red Army officers were the only customers in the diner, which was buzzing with flies. We sat down at a table covered with a soiled cloth and were given a leather-encased bill of fare. We ordered black caviar, black bread, butter, beefsteak with fried potatoes, coffee, and, naturally, some vodka to go with the caviar.

While we exchanged quick toasts and slow conversation in Russian, the two air force majors at the next table debated loudly whether I was English or American and finally came over to ask me. The result was a long conversation which began with differences of opinion over

Korea and went on to a discussion of demobilization plans, Russian and American.

When one of the officers, whose name was Glubov, began interrogating me about the demobilization law in America I found my Russian vocabulary too limited for his technical questions. Without a word of warning, Ageev began translating Glubov's questions for me in very good English. He did it so easily that I did a very slow double-take and did not realize for almost an hour that he was speaking English for the first time in my presence. His English vocabulary was so much more varied than my Russian vocabulary that I felt a trifle silly. Later on, when I complimented him on his English and chided him for not speaking it sooner, he was embarrassed. "Your Russian is fine. I like to listen to you," he said. "I speak English so badly, my accent . . ."

There were interesting differences, I learned, between the American GI Bill of Rights and the Soviet demobilization law. The Red Army soldier received a mustering-out bonus equivalent to a full year's pay for each year in the service; officers received much less: two months' pay for one year, three months' for two, four months' for three, and five months' for four years of service.

Every demobilized veteran was entitled to his old job and former living quarters within a month after leaving the army. All men from fifty-five (the top draft age) to twenty-seven and all women had been allowed to go home, the majors informed me—also high school and college seniors and graduates, and enlisted men who had been wounded during the Great Patriotic War. In reply to my question as to where he had gained his information about American demobilization processes, Glubov named the *Britanski Soyznik* (British Ally), published in Russian by the British Ministry of Information.

The bill for our lunch—or dinner at that price—came to sixty dollars, with the caviar at seven dollars per portion the most expensive item. When we had finished our coffee, the majors insisted upon ordering cognac all around.

Glubov broke in on the other major's comments on American Flying Fortresses. He gripped my arm hard, and his round blue eyes bored straight into mine.

"What was the reaction in America to Churchill's speech at Fulton, Missouri?" he demanded, pronouncing *Mee-ssour-ee* as if he thought it were three words.

I explained that I had been in the Orient at the time but that I imagined the public reaction had been somewhat mixed.

"When I read of that speech," said Glubov, his eyes still holding mine, "I thought there would be war. I don't want war. I want to go home." He drew out a snapshot of his family from inside his tunic. "They were in occupied territory," he said simply.

Frezhenko, his companion, fingered his nose thoughtfully. "But maybe it was a good thing, that speech. It made us realize where we stand with certain elements." There was a silence. Then the two majors questioned me about the rumor that American forces were fighting in Manchuria, and were relieved to know that it had been exaggerated.

"What have we finally decided about Korea?" Glubov asked unexpectedly, like the chairman of a meeting anxious to wipe his agenda clean.

Ageev, who had taken no part in the conversation except to translate occasionally, said, "Korea should have its independence." I quickly assented. So did Frezhenko. As we shook hands and said goodbye, Glubov said, "Korea must be independent in a year or two, yes, that is so. But the people must be freed from economic slavery, from landlordism." We adjourned, promising to meet again.

At the neat, modern railroad station at Birobidzhan in the Jewish Autonomous Region I watched a Jewish family saying farewells to a young girl wearing a Red Army uniform. Her olive drab military blouse had no epaulets, so I judged she had recently been demobilized. The girl climbed onto the coupling between the International *wagon-lit* and the restaurant car, arranged her boxes as a seat, and made herself as comfortable as possible.

"Where are you going?" I asked, and learned that she was going to Krasnoyarsk

to become a veterinarian. During the war she had been Recruiting Officer Olga Borisevna Belikovsky. Her dark hair was braided, and she wore no make-up.

"Who will pay for your education?" I inquired.

She was surprised that I could be so ignorant of such a fundamental fact. "All demobilized can go to school and the tuition is paid. And we receive a salary and clothing and food in addition."

"How much will your salary be?"

"About two hundred rubles per month —more if my grades are better than average."

"Ah, capitalist incentive system!"

She laughed. "How can you compare it?" she said. "Everyone receives more than enough to live. The better students, like the better workers in any organization, have the right to receive more." The train was stopping at Bira, and Olga jumped down to stretch her stocky, cotton-clad legs.

III

THE third day was especially long, monotonous, and depressing. The sun did not shine. The train plodded along at twenty miles an hour, halting at small villages every few hours. The Russians were getting up games of Preference—a non-stop, four-handed card game which I cannot play; chess, at which I am a novice; and dominoes—a most complex version.

There was a run on my stock of magazines. Poppa approached me at a station, and I gave him a handful of them to take back to his car. I was launched on a rereading of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, this time pledged not to skip or skim any of the interminable battle scenes or philosophical tracts.

We ordered our midday meal from the restaurant car. The menu allowed a choice of *bifshtek*, fried with eggs on top, or *rumpshtek*—with onions. Ageev opened a case of his "London Brand" Argentine gin and urged me to drink. Despite all of his pleading, verbal cudgeling, and even sarcasm, I turned him down and drank his health in vodka.

"Vodka," he scoffed, "it has no taste," pouring himself half a tumbler of the gin and slicing a *kolbassa* roll. He picked up a piece of the sausage, inhaled its fragrance, gulped down the gin, then popped the *kolbassa* into his mouth. He never appeared really to enjoy drinking but was always willing to do it.

AFTER dinner I walked down the corridor to the vestibule, where the old *provodnik* was chopping wood into little sticks to heat his samovar. He saluted me.

"It's nice to see Americans on this car," he said softly. "It's been a long time. I want you to know this is a very famous car. I am fifty-nine years and four months old, and I have been working here for thirty years. The stories I can tell you about the people who have ridden in these compartments! In 1922 or 1923, I forget which year, a Chinese officer—do you know who he is now? Chiang Kai-shek. He had berth number nine in there. I remember him well; he never slept. Then Shvernik, he has been on this train. He is now the chief of the Supreme Soviet in Moscow. And Kalinin, the one who died, he was as old as I am nearly when he was on this train. How the peasants cheered him at the stations! There was one time when this car was part of Vassily Konstantinovich's special train . . ."

"Who was that?" I asked.

"Marshal Vassily Konstantinovich Blücher, an old railroad man himself. He was the biggest and greatest man here in the Far East for many years. He called himself Commander in Chief and President of the Far Eastern Republic."

"What was he like?" I gave the old man a package of cigarettes. He thanked me profusely and blessed my family.

"He was a wonderful man. What a sense of humor! How he could swear!"

I had to fetch my dictionary to get the translation of the word "swear." The old porter went right on as if there had not been any interruption. "Blücher was broad and squat with such a little moustache here." He put his fingers under his nose. "He defended Khabarovsk against the White Guards." The old man shook his head. "That Blücher."

"Where is he now?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "He was very neat for all his roughness. But Maxim

Maximovich. That's our Gorki. You have heard of him surely? Always with the same baggy trousers, the blue shirt, the sweater high around the neck. He had a big, long moustache, and sometimes he did not shave for days. Once before he had to speak to a meeting I shaved him. Right here in front of this samovar I shaved Maxim Maximovich."

I asked Ageev what had happened to Marshal Blücher. "Is he in prison out here somewhere? I remember there was a great mystery about his disappearance."

"No mystery," he replied in English. "He went with Tukhachevsky and that gang."

"Was he shot?"

"I do not know, my dear. But I do not think he is now alive."

AT KSENEVSKAYA next morning the sun was shining brightly. I began taking pictures around the station. Two sailors from the Soviet Pacific Fleet asked me to take a picture of them as a memento of their four years together. I assured them of my willingness to photograph them, but I had difficulty making them understand that I could not have prints ready before Moscow. As soon as the sailors moved off an eager, red-faced tank officer launched into a long story about how his tank outfit and the Americans linked up in Austria and caught the Germans in a *kessel*.

"How do you like our country?"

"Very beautiful," I said.

"And the standard of living?"

"*Neechevo*," I said, collecting my Russian for a further definition when he went on. "It's little, I know. I have seen elsewhere. But in five years . . . " he laughed and counted on his fingers in German, "*ein, zwei, drei, vier, fünf* . . . it will be better."

"Stalin said so," I said.

"We say so, too," announced the tank officer, waving his arms. "We, the soldiers, the farmers, the people. . . ."

At this point a burly police officer interrupted us. "Have you taken any pictures here?" he asked.

I said I had and he asked for my "documents." He inspected my passport and my visa. The crowd around us grew silent. The policeman returned the passport and saluted.

"Well," he declared loudly, "he *is* a correspondent and he *has* a camera, so I guess it's all right for him to take pictures."

The crowd laughed—rather relieved, I thought. The tank officer put his arm around me and led me toward the train. "Don't bother about fellows like that," he said, nodding toward the policeman. "He just wanted to talk to an American. You go right ahead and take pictures. The war is over."

I thanked him and we shook hands.

BACK in the compartment I asked Ageev if he liked discussing politics with Americans.

"Most of the time I do," he said, "but Americans are too fond of arguing, especially about things which are fundamental."

"What things, for example?"

"Freedom of speech. Freedom of press. The scope of criticism. I hear these things over and over."

I asked Victor Ivanovich if he wouldn't care to show the pictures in *Amerika* to his six-year-old boy and his wife, who were also traveling in our car. "No, I will tell you," he said. "They are happy to be going to Moscow. There are many things they will not have. Not yet for a while." He smiled. "You understand?"

"The Stalin Five Year Plan will give us these things," Ageev said.

THE sun did not set until very late. The car had begun to smell—a combination of old plumbing, unbathed bodies, and the assorted food parcels. Our compartment was almost unbearably hot, dusty, and stuffy. Facetiously, I asked Ageev if the new Five Year Plan provided air-conditioned trains for the Trans-Siberian Railroad. His face reddened and he ground out his cigarette. He was furious, the only time he was really angry with me on the entire journey.

"What for air conditioning?" he shouted in English. "Our country needs anything on wheels. It's perfectly all right for you Americans to talk about air conditioning. Your country has not been invaded three times within thirty years. Air conditioning. Pfui!" He spat.

After a moment he calmed down. "It is

difficult for you to understand," he said softly in Russian. "Some day I will tell you the story of my life, a hard Russian life."

"I would like to hear it," I said. But he never did tell me.

The sound of spitting was coming from the corridor, and I peered out to investigate. The tall young porter was going up and down the rose-carpeted corridor with a glass of water clutched in his big fist. Every so often he would swig some of the water into his mouth; then bending over, he would spray it out through his lips onto the carpet.

"Makes the dust stay down," he explained to me, between gulping and spraying.

IV

At Kansk there was an encouraging signboard. It read: "To Moscow—4368 Kilometers; To Vladivostok—4980." For the first time I had a secure feeling that we were inching toward our destination.

Just beyond Kansk I had my first talk with Zamenchek, the inspector of mines. I told him that I had seen the largest open-face coal mine in the world in Fushun, Manchuria. At that time it had been operated by a group of Soviet engineers. The inspector questioned me concerning the production figures, the mine's potential yield, and plans for future development, ignoring any political implications or the Soviet-Chinese dispute on management.

"The new Five Year Plan," he said, "provides for the opening of new coal fields in Siberia which will make this area self-sufficient. No longer need we depend on the Donbas."

I asked him about present conditions in Siberian mines.

"I can tell you conditions are not good. Of course, you understand they do not compare with conditions under the tsars. It is only that during the war the equipment was not repaired properly, the men worked very long hours, nobody gave enough attention to housing and sanitation and safety measures. The entire emphasis was on production. To win the war was the chief goal. Now everyone expects everything to be done at once, and we are experiencing many difficulties. There is now a whole new system of priorities. During the war everything was planned from above by the government. Now within the big plan the month-to-month ordering of supplies, setting dates, and methods of delivery are decided by regional boards."

"What is being done?"

"Men like myself are sent out to help reorganize. The mines are really not so poorly off. We keep a fairly close eye on the big ones from Moscow. But the factory situation is bad, especially in those which have reconverted to consumer products."

"Why?"

"Change of procedure again. When they were manufacturing war materials Moscow organized everything for them—ordered supplies, tended to deliveries, set prices. Now they must make competitive goods of high quality."

"Competitive? I should think the demand for consumer goods is so great that everything would sell."

"No. The state stores which are the main distributors for a certain kind of glove, as an example, will go to several factories to price them. If one factory makes a good glove for a moderate price and another a poor glove at a higher price, the first factory will get the order and the second one will be investigated."

"Is there any graft in Soviet industry?"

Zamenchek was not as outraged as I thought he would be. "During the war, almost none. Now some certain people are grabbing. There will have to be closer check-ups. One is going on now, in fact."

I told him that the Chinese Communists in Manchuria favored placing certain industries in the hands of private capital, because they felt government officials were less efficient and more apt to take "squeeze."

"That's China," said the inspector. "What can you expect from the Chinese?"

"You sound just like an American business man," I told him, a little disgusted. He was pleased.

Trouble and almost freezing weather featured the eighth day. The trouble started before we were dressed, when the hooligans smashed the car windows and so mightily disturbed the porters. In the

excitement they failed to clean up anything but the fragments of glass.

A railroad inspector boarded the car shortly after noon and found both porters snoozing and the compartments full of unswept leftovers. A saucer-eyed, string bean of a fellow, with a nervous Chekhov manner, the inspector threw the whole car into a turmoil. He lectured the two porters so loudly that everyone could hear. Scolding them roundly, he invoked the Great Patriotic War, the valor of Russian troops, and even public opinion in America.

"I am told there is in your car a foreigner, an American," he went on. "How will it be if he goes back to Washington and tells everybody that Russians live like pigs, that Russian railroads are operated by such sleeping champions?"

The inspector was somewhat mollified when the general and the Party functionary offered him a drink of Japanese whiskey and told him that the two porters actually worked very well.

The next day at a small station I photographed peasant women selling their produce and the travelers on the top of the train. An unshaved air force captain, his collar open and his hair tousled, came up to me and said, in English: "Why do you take such pictures? What for? All times since we leave Vladivostok you make pictures these peasants."

"I am a correspondent. I am trying to document the trip."

"Why do you make these peasant pictures, please?" he insisted. He wore five big, round, red and gold enamel and metal medals on his tunic.

"I like their faces. We rarely see pictures of Russian peasants in America."

"Why do not you take Red Army men pictures?"

A curious crowd had formed a circle around us. I told the captain that I had made pictures of Red Army men.

"Do you speak French?" he asked.

"Badly."

"Oh, well. Why do you make picture about those men on train top?"

"Why not? It is interesting."

"It is *not* interesting. It is very bad. That picture will appear in England, will it not, or United States? That is very bad for our country."

"It's the truth, isn't it?"

"It does not matter truth or not. Take other pictures, please. Red Army men. Trees. Parks. You take pictures like that on train top all times since Vladivostok. I do not understand why it is so necessary for you."

"Because I am trying to show what this trip is like. Do you think it will do your country harm to have people elsewhere know that there is not enough transportation for all who want to travel? Naturally the reason must be explained, too. Americans understand thousands of cars were lost during the war. If you give the reasons for overcrowding, what harm is there in the picture? Do you want foreigners to believe that Russia is perfect, that you have plenty of trains? Then when people come here, they will be disillusioned."

The captain had his mouth open as if he were catching flies.

"You spoke too fast," he said. "Will you say it later in French? My wife is French teacher in Moscow school. She wants to meet you." He walked away to get her.

V

When Moscow was only a day away, the restaurant director came around with a praise and criticism book and said she would like it if Ageev and myself, her best and most regular customers, would please inscribe a few words about the service and the food. Ageev wrote a few lines and handed the book to me.

"Should I sign in English or in Russian?"

"In English. To them it will look more important."

Later a letter instigated by someone in the car, probably the porters, came around for signatures. It stated that the *provodniks* had worked hard and well and that the undersigned were satisfied.

The old man waited while we scribbled our signatures. "*Moskva! Moskva! Moskva!*" he sighed. "Why do I love her so after all these many years? For you young men it means pleasure, for me only more work. I must count and change all the linen, polish every centimeter of brass, especially

the spittoons, clean everything, everywhere."

"Keep it up," I told him. "You'll be a Hero of Socialist Labor before you're seventy."

"Thank you, thank you. Don't forget, never travel on the Trans-Siberian unless you sleep in wagon 2021. That's this one." He saluted and left to take the letter of commendation to the next compartment.

One of my usual pastimes was talking to the inhabitants of the space-between-cars. When Olga, the Jewish girl from Birobidzhan, left at Krasnoyarsk, my favorite vestibule companion became a young flier, Dmitri Kusanov, from Stalinagorsk, a town "under Moscow." After six years in the Army he was going home to be married to a prewar sweetheart named Antonia. He showed me her picture; she had long pigtails, large breasts, and a wide smile.

"She's lovely," I said.

Dmitri grinned happily. His dirty blond hair was close-cropped, his features were big, and his face was friendly. He was wearing an oil-stained coverall, which he was going to make into a smock. Dmitri was a painter.

On this next to the last day of our trip he had been joined at the front of our car by a red-necked, short, bass-voiced officer without epaulets on his uniform. His name was Igor Pavelvich Muriev, and he had been a captain.

When the war broke out Igor had been seventeen and a first-year student at the Kirov Institute. "I served on the Third Byelo-Russian front," he said, reeling off, like a veteran train caller, the names of the German towns through which he had marched. "At Koenigsberg I was wounded —shot through the head. I had three operations to save my eye." Later Dmitri told me that Igor's left eye had been made from a dead man's cornea.

"In May 1945," Igor boomed, "I was sent out to the Baikal front. That's when we had the Germans licked. I went out on this railroad. Now I am going to Moscow. To Moscow to study history and geography, so I can go home to Kirov and become a teacher."

Igor said he had been in Poland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Bulgaria, and Yugoslavia. "Life in Czechoslovakia is better than anywhere else," he declared. "Better than in the Soviet Union except for Moscow. What avenues! What homes! What schools! What lovely factories! And what's more, what a real appreciation they have of Russian culture as well as their own. Russian music in Prague—Tschaikowsky, Glinka, Borodin, Moussorgsky. And the Soviet composers are not forgotten, I assure you—Shostakovich, Prokofiev, Gliere, Khachaturian."

Dmitri wanted to know who was running the Czech government.

"Didn't you read the paper?" Igor was amazed. "The election is completed. The Communist Party is now the first party. A Communist, I forget his name, is premier. Mr. Beneš remains the president."

"A fine man," I said, "I've met him on several occasions."

"Well," said Igor, "I think I will climb into the other car. I think I have a chess game there. Excuse me." He let himself out the door, swung from the steps of our car to the next one and climbed in.

"This has been a hard trip for you, Dmitri," I said.

"I do not want you to think that I must ride like this," he protested. "I was a senior lieutenant in the air force. Here," he pulled a piece of paper out of his coverall pocket, "you see I have a first-class ticket and an order for a 'soft' berth. But I had no priority. It was necessary to wait for one week, maybe two weeks for a place. I am in a hurry so I am standing here."

Suddenly little Igor came bouncing back. "No chess game for five minutes," he said, in his deep bass, "and I want to ask our American companion one question. It is this: Do you think the war is over?"

"Yes, certainly."

Igor laughed harshly. "You are at best fifty per cent correct. The military war is over but the political war goes on. Look at China. Germany. Korea. Poland. Greece. Indonesia. France. Anywhere. The Czechs are all right. So are the Yugoslavs. And, of course, we Russians. But everywhere else, political war. Civil war in certain countries. Is that right?"

He didn't wait for my answer. He swung out the door again.

Dmitri said, "They fixed his eye, but I

am not so sure about his head. Do you think he talks a little strangely?"

"No. He is probably suffering from shock. But his ideas are sane enough."

DMITRI looked at his wrist watch, which was as big as a Mexican dollar. "Fourteen more hours to Moscow. Think! Only fourteen more hours. Do you like to dance? I know them all—foxtrot, waltz, polka, mazurka. And pretty girls! And the ballet! And the theaters! And concerts, good concerts! And films! Maybe American films! I will stay in Moscow as long as my money lasts." He took a hefty wad of one-hundred-ruble notes out of his pocket.

"Have you been robbing a bank?"

"No, that is my back pay for many, many months."

"Dmitri, seriously, what country won the war against Japan?"

"We did," he said, promptly.

"What about the United States and Great Britain and China?"

He frowned. "I am sorry," he said. "I forgot it for the moment. Yes, of course, we all did. I did not mean the Soviet Union alone. I thought about Manchuria."

"Do most Russian soldiers understand that America fought against Japan for almost four years before Russia entered the Pacific war?"

"Oh, yes," he said, but he didn't sound certain. "We have read much about your bombing raids and about naval action on all the islands. But *we* really came into contact with the main part of the Japanese army." He paused. "That is right, is it not?"

I made an attempt to summarize the various phases of the war against Japan. When I had finished, Dmitri said: "If all that you have spoken is truth, I have not understood completely perhaps. But let me ask you, how many Americans or Englishmen understand completely the role of the Russian people in the war against Hitlerite Germany?"

"Many of them do. Perhaps not completely. It is difficult for people three thousand or more miles away to understand completely. I think too many of us have already forgotten what your country suffered in loss of men, homes, industry, and resources."

"I am glad you are honest. I would like to go to America with Antonia. Only to visit. Is there more to see and do in New York than in Moscow?"

To any Russian born in a small town or village, it is almost inconceivable that any place could be more glamorous, more modern, more wonderful, more amazing than Moscow. When you tell them about New York, they listen politely but inside they are sure you are bragging, that you are trying to run down Moscow. An Illinois dirt farmer might feel the same way about Chicago if he had never seen any other big city. Moscow, however, is more than a big city: it is the capital of all the Soviet Republics, the capital of Communism, the capital of the Russian Orthodox Church, the capital of Russian culture. It is metropolis and Mecca rolled into one.

VI

NOBODY in the car slept much that last night. Hidden stores of vodka and gin appeared from packing cases. The mounting excitement which always develops at the end of a long journey bubbled around the exploding point. Victor Ivanovich had an excellent tenor voice. Over and over again he led them in singing "My Moscow." He insisted that I learn the chorus in Russian.

Some hours later we finished singing and drinking, and we dozed off with our clothes on. At 5:00 A.M. the old *provodnik* made the rounds, pounding on doors, crying: "*Moskva skoro, Moskva skoro* (Moscow soon)," although the train was not due to arrive until ten. He repeated this Paul Revere act in a half hour and then every fifteen minutes until the entire car was roused and fully dressed.

At 6:00 A.M., about seventy-five miles from Moscow, the train stopped and an electric engine replaced the locomotive. Ageev, Victor Ivanovich, and I prepared an elaborate feast for our final breakfast. When it was over, I said to them: "For twelve days I have not asked you many questions about your feelings and your opinions. Now, before we part, I would like to ask your advice about one thing."

"O.K." Ageev said. Victor Ivanovich nodded.

"I ask you this as my friends, not because you, Michael, are a Soviet government representative. I want your personal feelings as Soviet citizens. What do you think is the most important single thing for Americans to know about your country. What single fact will help them understand you?"

There was a long silence. Finally Ageev spoke. "As a correspondent you must ask that question of our top leaders. You must ask Generalissimo Stalin or Foreign Minister Molotov." Victor Ivanovich heartily backed him up.

"I don't want their opinion now. I want what you and Victor Ivanovich think as Soviet citizens. I don't want you to tell me what you think *their* opinions would be either. I want yours. This is nothing official."

Ageev grasped it. He pondered, chewing on his lower lip and fingering his moustache. "All right," he said finally. "Americans say Russia is spreading Communism in China. This is not the truth. Americans must know this and understand."

I wrote down what he had said and turned to Victor Ivanovich. He was gazing abstractedly out of the window. "What about you?" I asked.

He was startled. "Me? I am a worker. An electrician by trade. I cannot decide such things."

I argued with him. But he was stubborn and he steadfastly refused.

AT EIGHT the porters went up and down the corridor, pausing in front of every compartment to ask, "Are you packed? Are you ready? *Moskva skoro!*"

The villages and towns close to Moscow had an air of permanence which made them differ from their counterparts in Siberia. The forests were no longer virgin. New wooden houses and barns and new fences were everywhere. The skyline changed. Each town had a recognizable old church turret. At Zagorsk there were several of the familiar onion bulb towers. During the last hour and a half we sped through dozens of suburban stations packed with patient people waiting for their commuters' trains. It might have been Westchester, but not one was reading the *Herald Tribune*.

I left the window to say goodbye to a few of the passengers in the car. Zamenchek, the inspector of mines, asked me where I would be staying. "You asked me questions about housing. I will try to find out for you, and I will telephone you." We shook hands.

The general was standing by his window putting his uniform on over his Japanese pajamas. The young flier, Dmitri, had changed into a clean uniform.

"Can I show you Moscow, or do you have friends there?" he asked. I wrote out my address and said I hoped he would get in touch with me. I sent my love to Antonia and also a small coral and silver pin I had bought in Peking. "Give this to her from an American. It is a wedding present." Dmitri stared at the pin for a moment. I had the feeling he would refuse it. But he didn't. Instead he threw his arms around me and squeezed me.

"It is really much too beautiful," he said.

"Not for Antonia." He grinned.

I GAVE the porters a half dozen cans of food, a bottle of sherry, cigarettes, and a tip. They thanked me and before I was out of earshot the old man turned to the young one and said, "You understand now? I told you all Americans were gentlemen."

Noses were pressed against the windows as we reached Moscow. The last ten minutes seemed like ten hours. At last we pulled in; I could hear a collective sigh.

Ageev was met by a delegation from the Ministry of Foreign Trade. He shook hands and gave me his telephone number. "We will drink together again. Maybe you can learn how, you are young yet." He thanked me for my companionship.

Victor Ivanovich helped me to get my bags down. He was the last person I shook hands with. The last thing he said was: "About your question. I have been thinking very hard. As a Russian worker, I have to tell you this: the most important fact for Americans to know about the Russian people is that we want to live in peace."

The clock on the platform, as I stepped off, told me that the Trans-Siberian Express had not arrived in Moscow on schedule. We were three minutes early.

WEEKEND LEAVE

A Story

MARGHANITA LASKI

When the telegram came at last Muriel Capes was ready for it. Her blue fiber suitcase, bought the first week of the war, lay almost unused on the cloakroom shelf. She lifted it down, dusted it carefully, then carried it into her bedroom where she spread out on the bed the clothes that were on the list she had so often made and remade, written out again and again.

First on the list was her saxe-blue coat and her blue art-crêpe dress that matched it. She had bought these with Reg on that wonderful leave after he had come home safely from Dunkirk. They had locked the bright green front door of the Totteridge bungalow and gone off to London in the Tube. Reg had given her lunch at the Trocadero and then, after he had listened smilingly to her protests about the extravagance of it, had told her that he had been recommended for a commission.

Next, the navy suede shoes and bag she had bought the following months to wear with the new saxe-blue ensemble when she went with Reg to Buckingham Palace to see him get his D.C.M. from the King. That was just a week before his unit was posted to Northern Ireland, and when his commission came through the first thing she knew about it was a letter from the Army Pay Office asking her to return her allowance book.

Muriel lifted her new blue straw hat from its tissue paper wrappings. It wasn't the hat she had worn for the investiture nor the one she had bought two years later when there seemed a chance that Reg might be sent back to England. This hat was a really up-to-date model, and even a little more expensive than the other two had been. Muriel was a patriotic Englishwoman, but when the *Daily Mirror* assured her that a new coupon-free hat was just what her morale was crying out for, she went straight off and bought one from Madame Estelle who had far and away the smartest shop in Totteridge.

Next came undies; she would wear her blue flowered silk petticoat and knickers that she'd made from the free pattern she'd kept since the beginning of the war. And as for a nightgown—only one choice was possible, the peach satin she had worn in the hotel in Bournemouth that night of October, 1938, when she and Reg were married.

Funny to think that going down to Bournemouth in the train was the first time they'd really quarreled, and on their wedding day, too. It was over such a silly little thing, whether Mr. Chamberlain had been right to fly to Munich as he did and make a peace with Hitler. Muriel didn't see there could be two ways about it. Surely anything was better than a war, and it wasn't as if those Sudeten weren't really German anyway. But Reg had seemed really cut up about it, talking about "national shame" and things like that, and as soon as they got back from their honeymoon he'd gone off and joined the

Territorials, which meant they missed their holiday in August 1940 because Reg was in camp. And after that war was declared and Reg had been sent off to France with the very first draft.

But now everything was going to be all right at last. Reg's unit had been sent back to England, to Bedford to be exact, and Reg's last letter had said they were likely to be there for some time. "It doesn't look as if I'll get a long leave for quite a while," he'd written, "but as soon as I have a fairly clear weekend ahead I'll send you a wire, and you pack your things and come right away. I'll get a room at the Crown, which seems to be the best pub here, and you go straight there and wait till I turn up."

And now the telegram was here. In less than twenty-four hours she would be in her first bus on her way to Reg.

Yet, under all her happy excitement at the thought of seeing him again after so long, she was nervous. The man she had said goodby to had been a sergeant like the husband of Mrs. Woods at Number 49 and young Tommy Wilson from "Ramona." But now Reg was Lieutenant Capes of the Gunners, and no one else in Hillside Avenue had a husband or a brother or a son with a commission. All the papers and magazines that Muriel was so fond of told of girls and women just like herself who easily and naturally mixed with officers; but deep down Muriel felt that there must be some indefinable difference between herself and these women although, as she knew from those same magazines, she wore the same clothes that they did and served the same food at afternoon tea and talked the same English, not like speaking Cockney or anything dreadful like that.

So she did her best to thrust her fears out of her mind and went on with her packing. Hairbrush, comb, clean handkerchiefs, her last bottle of Soir-en-Paris. . . .

But as the bus deposited her at the bus station in Bedford, she was distinctly ill at ease. Surely officers' wives didn't go to pubs, for all Reg said in his letter. Did Reg, she wondered, know the right thing to do, not having been commissioned from the start, as you might say? Nervously she asked a policeman the way to the Crown, then set off down the main street, noticing, as she went, that you could get Post Toasties at all the grocers in Bedford, which was more than you could do in Totteridge.

The Crown wasn't a pub at all! It was an enormous hotel like the ones they'd seen on the East Cliff at Bournemouth. Wondering whether she'd come to the right place after all, Muriel went up the broad circular stairs, through the swing door and into the lounge.

It was teatime, and all over the lounge were dotted little tables. Music was spouting from a large radio and the lounge was crowded with people. A page in uniform came forward and took Muriel's suitcase.

"Have you booked, Madam?" he asked.

Muriel said yes, she had, or at least her husband had, and followed the page to a large desk in the corner. On hearing her name the girl behind the desk became affable. "We'd been expecting you earlier," she said cheerfully. "Mr. Capes thought you'd be coming on the 3:30 train. He said to be sure you had some tea, and he hoped he'd be with you in the lounge about six. Number 336 it is, looking over the river." She handed a key to the page, who picked up Muriel's case again and waited for her to follow him to the lift.

Arriving at number 336 the page-boy put her suitcase on a stand by the door and waited. It suddenly occurred to Muriel that he expected a tip. She found sixpence and he took it with a proper mixture of gratitude and surprise, so that Muriel wondered if she'd done the right thing after all.

How exciting and wonderful the hotel bedroom was! There were silk net curtains at the windows and there was central heating. There were peach taffeta bedspreads and a writing desk, a built-in wardrobe with a light inside that turned on when you opened it, and a telephone beside the bed with buttons to press for a waiter and a chambermaid. There was even a private bathroom with a built-in bath and a bath towel waiting on a heated rail. Suddenly Muriel felt that she was going to enjoy herself.

She unpacked carefully and neatly, putting her possessions away in drawers, her

folded tissue paper back in the case. It was five when I arrived, she said to herself, so if I have a nice hot bath I'll just be ready for Reg at six. She wouldn't admit the thought that a nice hot bath would save her from having to go and have tea alone in the lounge. Instead she turned on the tap and watched the water steaming and splashing in.

But even though she took as long as she possibly could and powdered her face ever so carefully and pinched her soft brown hair back into its neatly marcelled waves, it was still only quarter to six by the time she was quite ready. She wondered whether she ought to wear her hat to go down into the lounge. It seemed a pity, somehow, when she'd done her hair so nicely and so she decided not to and, picking up her bag, made her way downstairs.

TEA was over now and the lounge was almost empty. In one corner a young man in naval uniform whispered to a girl. Two children were playing a card game with their mother. Muriel sat down at a little table and prepared to wait, doubtful whether it was quite all right to be there by herself with no man to lend her respectability.

The swing-doors flashed round. Three women came in and made their way to a table. One was tall and fair with a leopard-skin coat and no hat. The other two wore tweed suits. A waiter came toward them and the fair woman said, "Shall we wait for the others, or start in?"

The older woman in tweeds said to the waiter, "Have you still got any of that dry sherry? Three, then." The third woman who was small and dark, and looked, Muriel thought, something like a film star, took a gold cigarette case out of her bag and handed it round.

Before the war, one of Muriel's chief pleasures had been watching ladies like these. When she was working as a shorthand-typist in Victoria Street, she and the other girls would often spend their lunch-hour watching weddings at St. Margaret's or walking round the little streets and squares of Westminster to see the ladies and gentlemen coming and going. Even after she was married, she and Mrs. Woods often took the Tube up to London and walked up and down Bond Street to have a real good look at the shops and, above all, at the people who used them.

But in those days the whole thing was different. Despite the illusion sedulously fostered by Muriel's favorite papers that she and they were exactly the same, apart from living in different districts, she knew, once she'd got over thinking she'd miraculously marry an Earl, that her life and theirs were never likely to converge. Now, by the fact of Reg's promotion, she was about to enter their ranks.

It was past six o'clock and the lounge was filling up. The swing-doors spun feverishly round, throwing in all manner of people, men and women in uniform, men and women in civilian clothes, people who swarmed into the big chairs round the little tables, ordered drinks, and talked in a noisy hum that almost drowned the dance music from the radio in the corner. Yet still the three women in the center held Muriel's attention. Always, in a room that is full of groups of people, there is one that will stand out and draw the eyes through some indefinable and possibly quite spurious superiority that seems to emanate from them.

Three officers swung through the door, but none of them was Reg. One, Muriel noticed, was a Colonel, the others a Captain and a Lieutenant. They went straight to the three women who, completed by their men, now seemed to her wholly compact and infinitely desirable.

At last Reg came, pushing through the door with assurance. His eyes wandered round the room, not seeing her, and came to rest on the group in the center. The tall fair woman raised her hand and he went across to them. Muriel saw them telling him to sit down, to have a drink, to be one of them.

But then he saw Muriel. She watched him explaining to those people, leaving them and coming over to her.

HIS voice had changed. That was the first thing she noticed about him. Instead of the voice she could always call up from her memory, it had become colorless and strange, something like the voices of the men at the center table which seemed to her unidentifiable one from the

other. But what he was saying was familiar, how he loved her and how he had missed her. He reached out his hand and took hers under the table, and she felt again that warm melting thrill she had always had from his touch.

Suddenly they were gay together. He ordered drinks, a sherry for her, a large pint of beer for himself. He offered her a cigarette and they laughed to think he'd forgotten she didn't smoke. He asked her about the garden—had she been able to find someone to dig it over for her and had she remembered to put down the lime? She told him that Mr. Watts was Chief Warden now, and how they'd made twelve pound ten for the Red Cross at the last sale, and that Mary Staple had called her little girl Jennifer Ann. Then they went into the hotel restaurant to have dinner and Muriel listened while Reg talked to her about Ireland and the people he'd met there and how much he liked his work and how he was going to be made a Captain but she wasn't to mention it yet. They had half a bottle of sweet white wine together because red wine always gave Muriel a headache. Every now and again Reg clasped her hand under the table. Everything was splendidly and gloriously all right.

And as she sat and chatted happily with Reg, Muriel seemed to see Hillside Avenue and the green-painted bungalow speeding rapidly away from her like a view passed in a train. Its connection with Muriel Capes sipping her wine in the Bedford Hotel seemed more and more tenuous and remote. Into her mind there came instead a confused tangle of visions—*Vogue*, which she'd always tried to get hold of in the hairdresser's, incomprehensible jokes in *Punch*, the damp smoothness of the *Times;* lingerie shops off Bond Street and gardenias for sale in Piccadilly; purple bunches of grapes in Fortnum and Mason's windows and a memory of perfume that was rich and complicated and most unlike the easy sweetness of Soir-en-Paris.

The perfume, at least, was real. Reg was standing up and saying, "This is my wife. Muriel, this is Mrs. Lacy," and the oldest of the three women had stopped at their table and was smiling nicely at Muriel. She said, "Reggie, do bring your wife to have a drink with us when you've finished dinner," and strode away to a table in the corner, her perfume floating on the air behind her.

Reg said, "That's the Colonel's wife. She was in Ireland with us and so was Lady Forrest, the fair one. Captain Trevor's wife joined us when we came here. I think they're all working in the British Restaurant or something like that."

Funny sort of work for them to be doing, thought Muriel, washing up and scraping dirty plates and waiting on all sorts of people. She'd pictured them driving ambulances or working in white uniforms in officers' convalescent homes. She said, "Why did Mrs. Lacy call you Reggie?"

He said easily, "Oh, everybody does. Why don't you? I think I prefer it to Reg."

I suppose Reggie does sound superior, she thought, but Reg is more natural somehow. "I'll try," she said, ready to make any easy adjustment that would help her to fit in.

After dinner, Reggie steered her towards the others in the lounge. Everyone was drinking beer, an incredible amount of beer, it seemed to Muriel. The women talked about their children, all, it seemed, left with Nannies in country homes. They talked about the servant problem and how it was practically impossible to get a chicken for the table and how the gardener had to leave the lawns unmown and go to work on the farm to avoid being called up and how difficult it was to get around now they'd cut out the basic petrol ration and how long the cleaners took to send anything back. Their problems were Muriel's—in kind but not in scale. Trying to get pork sausage off the ration seemed puny beside the fight for a fifteen-shilling chicken, and struggling onto a crowded bus with a heavy shopping-bag was nothing beside the problem of having no petrol for the car. She would have liked to tell them how hard it was to get a man to do a bit of digging in the garden, but what was her patch of grass beside the cedar-shaded lawns she saw in her mind, stretching far beyond the whole length of Hillside Avenue? They tried to draw her into the conversation, but their everyday problems were much too different from hers. She

wondered why the women's papers, who told you so exactly how to dress and entertain like these people, didn't tell you how to talk with them. Why, she thought, it's worse than being with foreigners!

But Reg didn't seem to find any difficulty. She looked across at him, seeing him talking and laughing, absolutely at ease, using the same voice as those people, making the same jokes. She heard herself saying, "Reg, I'm ever so tired. Do you think these kind people would excuse us if we went off to bye-bye?"

The men were standing up, the women hoping that she'd have a good night, feel rested in the morning. Mrs. Lacy said, "Would you like to meet us for a drink here about twelve? I believe your husband is taking a Church Parade, and what with one thing and another I don't suppose he'll be with you till lunchtime."

Muriel said she'd love to. She was delighted and relieved that they wanted to see her again and to have her with them. Just before they went to sleep she said, "Reg, do you think I could come and live here like the others? We could let the house ever so well, and I'd love to be with you all the time I can."

Reg said, "I was hoping you'd want to. You could do some voluntary work here to stop you feeling lonely in the daytime. I must say, I'd like to have my wife with me too, instead of feeling jealous of the others all the time." He pulled her to him and she was happy and reassured.

NEXT morning they had breakfast in bed. Reg got up early and went off to the barracks, leaving Muriel with the Sunday papers and the suggestion that she should go for a walk. "Don't forget," he added, "that you're meeting Mrs. Lacy at twelve."

Muriel read through the *Sunday Graphic* and then got up and went and sat on a bench by the river. Her shoes weren't suitable for walking, and in any case she wanted to have a real good think about the problem that confronted her.

She recognized it easily. She had often read about it. Her husband had climbed out of his class and was going up and up. In peacetime he'd probably never had the chance to do so, but he was obviously a first-class soldier and a likable man. These people accepted him and he fitted in with them. Of course, he'd always read a lot and been interested in politics and things like that, but whatever the reason, he was perfectly confident and at ease with them.

But she wasn't. The women's papers had let her down. She had nothing in common with the wives of Reg's officer friends except the fact of also being an officer's wife. And, for all their politeness and kindness, that wasn't enough.

She faced up to the problem with a cold despair. If I stay at home where I'm comfortable with people I like, she thought, I'll lose Reg as sure as fate. He'll never come back to Totteridge after all this, and I'll just be one of those wives who couldn't keep up and had to be left behind. If I want to keep Reg, I've got to come here and work in the British Restaurant and wear those awful tweeds and those thick walking-shoes and learn to fit in.

TWELVE struck somewhere in the town. She walked back to the hotel to meet Mrs. Lacy and Lady Forrest in the lounge. They waved to her cheerfully. "What'll it be?" "A sherry, please," said Muriel and sat down and refused a cigarette and gaily said, "Here's how!" when the sherry arrived.

Somehow the talk seemed to go easier that morning. Muriel asked where Mrs. Trevor was, and was told that she and her husband had dashed home to see the children because it was the oldest girl's birthday. They talked about the shortage of toys and how hard it was to find anything to give children these days, and Muriel told them about her nephew, little Michael, and how his favorite game was tearing up old newspapers. "And they're just as much use to the salvage torn as whole," she said, "though it means they've never got a bit fit to take to the butcher."

The others laughed, and soon they were talking about the disadvantages of living in a hotel. "We're always talking about taking a furnished flat here," said Lady Forrest, "but if we do, the unit's quite certain to be moved next day."

"You're going to join us here, aren't you?" Mrs. Lacy asked Muriel, but before she could answer, Colonel Lacy and Reg

came through the swing-doors. Lady Forrest called, "Hi, Reggie, what have you done with George?" and Reg laughed at her and said, "He's trying to break loose from a red-tape entanglement." They all laughed and Colonel Lacy turned to Muriel and explained, "Sally's husband is my adjutant and I'm afraid he's finding it rather heavy going this morning." But soon he came and joined them, and they were all drinking and talking and laughing together.

There was a pause in the chatter. Colonel Lacy said to Muriel, "Well, Mrs. Capes, I hear you've decided to come and settle down with us and keep this husband of yours in order."

They were all looking at her expectantly. She had only to say yes, and she and Reg could go ahead together into the future.

She said, "It's ever so kind of you, Colonel, but I don't really see how I can. I feel it's my job to stay at home and keep everything nice for Reg," and as she said it, Hillside Avenue and the green-painted bungalow swung comfortingly into view.

She couldn't quite make out if the stranger, Reggie, was there with her or not.

I Came Back from Poland

I CAME back from Poland not long ago with a suitcase full of statistics, data on industry, land reform, and nationalization plans, and with a big notebook full of interviews with ministers, members of parliament, and editors of newspapers. I started to write a series of articles explaining all about Poland's economic and political problems.

But after writing a few pages I stopped. I remembered that before going to Poland I had read scores of similar articles; and they had not helped me much to understand a country which I had known so well before the war. I put my statistics aside and jotted down a few things which seem to me to explain better than anything else the mind of a people who have been twisted beyond comprehension by the fist of fate.

THERE is a little boy in Poland who presents a curious case of abnormal psychology. His Jewish parents put him into girls' clothes during the early days of the war, and placed him under the care of so-called Aryan friends. The parents died in Hitler's gas chambers. The child survived; but he cannot be persuaded to wear boys' clothes again.

IN THE Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Warsaw there is a room where four secretaries pound their typewriters. It was summer when I saw them, and the girls were wearing light summer dresses with short sleeves. Each of them had a concentration camp number tattooed on her forearm. On the window hung a sign written in big, clumsy letters. It said: "Ladies in this room do not wish to have their hands kissed."

THERE is a woman in Warsaw who has three children aged fourteen years, ten years, and six months. The woman is only twenty-six years old, so one wonders how she could possibly have a child of fourteen. "Oh," she says, "the two older ones I snatched from a death train back in 1942. . . ."

THE editor of a big Polish daily, who was very active in the underground but was never arrested, cannot bring himself until this very day to leave a streetcar by the front entrance. With great difficulty he

pushes himself back through the crowded car. When asked why, he stops to think and says with a childish smile: "Gosh, this is an old habit. You see, the front entrance was for Germans only."

IN THE ruined Old City of Warsaw there is a beautiful Gothic heap of rubble with a single wall standing up straight, its windows looking at you like empty eye sockets. Thousands of people claim that every night a beautiful girl appears at one of the window holes and combs her long black hair in candlelight.

IN LOWER Silesia an old man in the uniform of a militia officer tried to calm a peasant who had come four miles in his horse and buggy to complain because a notorious Nazi—a man who personally hanged a number of Poles in the last months of occupation—was still at large and running his tavern. "We have written to Warsaw about it," explained the old militiaman, "and we have to wait for an answer."

"Why not hand him in right away?" grumbled the peasant. "He has done us enough harm, everybody knows about that."

"Because," the old man shouted angrily, "because we are not a nation of international war criminals."

WHEN you walk into the office of any ministry in Poland, there is one thing that strikes you immediately. The walls are lined with heavy bookcases but there is not a single book in them. Soon enough you discover the answer. The furniture comes from abandoned German homes in the Western Territories; but in all of Poland there are not enough books to cover the walls of the ministries.

THREE old women sat on the steps of a makeshift hut. They were surrounded by thin, hungry-looking sparrows and pigeons. The women fed the birds out of their laps with bread crumbs, and called them softly by their first names: Jan, they said, and George, and come here, little one, don't be afraid. But when vagrant children approached, the women chased them away.

IN THE university city of Breslau most of the laboratories and libraries were looted by the civilian population before the fall of the city. But there is one clinic which is completely intact, with all its shiny instruments and shelves of books. It was saved by the ingenuity of a Polish professor who was hiding there, awaiting the arrival of Polish and Russian armies. He simply destroyed the staircase with a couple of hand grenades.

ANY Polish housewife shopping for soap looks carefully at the brand which usually is stamped on top of the bar. For sometimes she will come across a dark brown, rather good cake of laundry soap bearing the three letters RIF, which mean *Ruhe in Frieden* or Rest in Peace. This is the soap the Germans made from human flesh and bones in their factory in Danzig.

WALLS which not so long ago served as public execution places are now adorned with pale photographs of smiling young men dressed in their Sunday best. People lift their hats as they walk past.

Mira Zlotowska

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Let's clean up the file on transcontinental touring in the summer of 1946. The statistics which I promised in my first report on my trip won't take much time. I drove 13,580 miles. My over-all average was fourteen and a half miles per gallon by the book but was actually somewhat better than that, for at some point in the mountains the gas line got jarred loose and had been leaking copiously for at least a thousand miles when I found out about it. Even so, the average has revised my notions about automobile engines. My Buick Special was close to six years old when I started, an age at which engines are supposed to be drunkards of gasoline. As soon as I reached the plains (up to which time I had been getting close to twenty miles a gallon) I began to drive at Western speeds and about half my total mileage was run up on mountain roads — bad grades and worse surfaces. According to theory my average should have been under ten miles a gallon.

I used fifty quarts of oil, which seems somewhat excessive even though twelve of them were sneaked in when I had grease jobs done and neglected to warn the garage against practising folklore on me. From about the ten thousandth mile to about the twelve thousandth the car needed a quart every couple of hundred miles, a phenomenon which I cannot explain and which I hope someone will clear up for me. I had four new spark plugs put in but I think that this was pure superstition. Almost anyone used to driving at sea level will decide that his plugs are cutting out as soon as he gets a mile high and any garage will be happy to agree. Remembering a disaster with an earlier car, I had a new water-pump installed as soon as I detected what I took to be an unmistakable sound. It was a bad diagnosis; the noise kept right on and I later identified it as the flapping of a piece of loose fabric in the air intake. Once the speedometer cable pulled out of its housing, later the trip-mileage indicator jammed, and six hundred miles from the end of the trip I had to have the timer adjusted.

That is the record in full except for the tire trouble which I described last month and which kept right on till I had shot ten of today's synthetic miracles to pieces in less than fourteen thousand miles. (At that, the statement looks better than the facts, for I got those miles by an involved system of juggling tires and as what I take to be a belated reward for pious works.) The radiator never boiled at any altitude or any temperature of desert or plains; I ran into no carburetor trouble and had no vapor lock, though I was above seven thousand feet half the time and frequently above twelve thousand. Some of my objectives took me to places for which a helicopter is the only proper form of transportation but I went wherever I had to go confident that the car would get me back. Most of the time there were three of us and half the time there were four, and we had several hundred pounds of baggage, writing equipment, and reference library. Back in Cambridge, it looks as if only the upholstery is in worse condition than when I started west.

Now I may have been lucky, my car may be an unusually good specimen of its make and class, but I think that in

common with innumerable others I have simply learned a lesson. If I head west again in the next year or two I will get a new car (if the quality of new cars improves and if dealers stop charging a thousand or two thousand dollars for the privilege of buying one) for as I said last month no car is built to take the West very long. But if I stay east of the Mississippi I will remain uninterested in Detroit's new-era products till I have worn out ten or twelve additional sets of synthetic tires. As one whose relaxation has always been touring I had felt it a good deal less than fair to myself to drive a car more than two years, and the advertising helped out by demonstrating that to do so was expensive, grossly underbred, and somehow against God. Millions of believers have now driven their cars six or eight years and found no appreciable difference, and I wonder what the industry is going to do about that problem.

My left rear fender was gently kissed twice, both times when I was on the outside edge of a canyon road above eternity. The driver of an oil truck coming down a grade in Hoback Canyon was being so conscientious about his employer's tires that he needed half my lane, and in the Boise Forest a bus filled with Mexicans going to a fire could not fully bend itself round a hairpin turn. You would not be reading about these incidents if I had not been able to reach a full stop both times, but they were exceptional, for the typical automobile accident in the West does not occur on grades or in canyons. It is a product of eighty miles an hour on straightaways; and few Westerners are injured in accidents, they are killed. I suppose that neither automobile nor highway engineering will ever be able to do much to reduce the number of such accidents, for they are a product of the Western time-space relationships which I shall describe next month. California is an exception to this statement, however. For your first few hours in the State you think that you are seeing an extraordinary number of poor drivers; from then on you realize that you are merely seeing Californians drive. They must be on the average the worst drivers and the most reckless ones in the United States.

EXCEPT for the three weeks I spent in the Boise Forest I seldom slept in the same town two nights straight. In spite of the fact that there were at least thirty percent more tourists in the West this summer than in 1941, the record year, I seldom had trouble getting accommodations. After a while I gave up wiring or telephoning ahead as an unnecessary restriction on freedom of movement. East of the Mississippi it is advisable to stop at hotels, which means that you had better try to reach a good-sized city by nightfall, since the small town hotel in the Middle West is usually dreadful. I have never happened to find even a moderately good motor court east of the Mississippi and have seen only a few east of the Missouri. From the Missouri on west you are not likely to find good accommodations anywhere except at motor courts until you reach the coast. Anywhere in that vast space except for the few cities an only pretty good one is likely to be better than the best hotel.

The motor court or motel is a specific solution of the motorist's problem and in the West a sound one. It enables him to avoid the time-consuming rituals of the hotel lobby and facilitates the early morning start that is more essential than Esso to happy motoring. It gives him more space and quiet than a hotel, in the West is usually cleaner and better furnished, and enables his women-folk to do the nightly clothes-washing that seems indispensable to their peace of mind. This summer it was suffering from the acquisitiveness of 1946 tourists — the National Parks are using a more descriptive term, "vandalism"— and had usually been stripped of coat-hangers, ashtrays, and even wastebaskets which the avalanche of goods from our industrial economy had not yet been able to replace. When OPA went under in July, motor courts began doubling their prices; I found myself being charged from nine to twelve dollars for accommodations that had cost five in June and three or four the last time I went west. Let us hoist one to the proprietor of the Hillside Tourist Camp at Rock Springs, Wyoming, who had an eye on the perhaps distant future and was sticking to his prewar rate, four dollars for an excellent cabin. His place is convenient to Howard's, the best

restaurant and most attractive bar I have ever encountered in Wyoming, and Howard's also was unchanged since I last saw it in 1940.

There are not enough tourist courts. A good many of them have long since been occupied permanently by veterans and warworkers who have stayed on, and anyone who goes west next summer must bear in mind that very few new ones will have been built. They tend to cluster round the railroad tracks and are seldom far enough from main highways to be out of sound of the through truck traffic at night. Too few of them are convenient to a place where you can get breakfast. And a principle may be confidently stated: avoid all motor courts that have trailer space.

ON BEHALF of any *Harper's* readers who may turn tourist next summer and chance to cut my trail, let me for a moment assume Mr. Duncan Hines's function. The best motor court I happened to hit all summer was the Colonial Motel at Boise, Idaho, where a barn and other farm buildings had been remodeled into big apartments, decorated in fine taste and furnished luxuriously. I want to list also as conspicuously above the average the De Lux (sic) Motor Apartments at Carson City, Nevada; the Washington Motel at Ogden, Utah; the Hell Gate Motel at Missoula; and Willow Park Cottages at Livingston, Montana. If there is any advertising value in these notices I am delighted to withhold it from a gentleman in Billings who runs a fine place but ought to wear a muzzle.

I stayed at a good many Western hotels but at only two that call for comment. The Florence at Missoula, Montana, must certainly be by a good deal the best hotel in the interior West; I have never stayed at a better one anywhere and its restaurant is superb. The Florence is as modern as tomorrow; the Hotel Portland, to which my Portland mentor Stewart Holbrook directed me, has a fine flavor of William McKinley and gave me a feeling that I was staying at a blend of the Murray Hill Hotel and the Harvard Club of New York, which turned out to be exactly right when I found that Stanford White designed it. It is a great hotel and has a great restaurant and is certain to perish soon because its vast spaces are uneconomic. The best food and lodgings that I found at a resort—on a trip which crossed six National Parks—were at the State of South Dakota's Game Lodge in the Black Hills, which for a few weeks in the vanished time was Calvin Coolidge's summer White House. The charm of its site helps you to forget the absurdity of Mount Rushmore's Shrine to Democracy; its cabins are roomy and luxuriously furnished; and it has a first-class restaurant which frequently serves pheasants and buffalo.

YEARS ago I gave up following Mr. Hines's recommendations about restaurants, having found that he likes heavier food than I do and is most stirred by an old-fashioned American Sunday dinner played crescendo. Besides, restaurants were a war casualty and a good many places in the West that are advertising Mr. Hines's recommendation would have given him the holy horrors this summer. After praising Montana restaurants in the August issue I crossed the State again three times, covering every section of it except the northeast (where I always ate well six years ago), and I did not have a single bad or even mediocre meal in it, though I ate at some hamlets too small to appear on a road map. I found no place that quite equalled Dempsey's at Great Falls, but I can whole-heartedly recommend to anyone who may pass that way the Range Riders' Café at Miles City, Gamer's at Butte and its branch at Helena, and Weiss's Café at Helena, which deserves a national reputation.

Outside Montana first-rate restaurants are not too easily found in the interior West. The best ones I struck in Idaho were the Lewis and Clark Hotel at Lewiston and Rogerson's Café at Twin Falls. The best one in California, a State about which I do not profess to know anything, was the Villa Chartier, a memorable and very plushy place; friends took me to it by night and so I do not know whether it is in San Mateo or Burlingame. Crossing Wyoming three times, I found that (apart from Howard's at Rock Springs) the sagacious thing to do was to avoid res-

taurants whenever possible and find a dude ranch that was willing to serve transients. The public cuisine in Utah has never been notable and probably the only restaurant you would ever hear about is the one at the Hotel Utah in Salt Lake City. I want to mention one you would probably never hear about, the Valley House at Huntsville, twelve miles east of Ogden. I have visited it at intervals ever since 1919 and in all that time it has had the integrity of simple cooking done perfectly. I have never known it to serve anything but steak, chicken, and trout, but it serves them superbly. A tourist who touches Utah at all should route himself within reach of it.

All records for bad food were broken when on the trip east I spent a night at O'Neill, Nebraska, and was served a dinner no portion of which could be eaten at all, the most dreadful stuff I have ever had to look at anywhere. I mention it because it was recommended to me by the desk clerk at my hotel and I have found desk clerks wrong so invariably that I think I have established another general principle: never ask their advice. I soon found that there was a perfectly acceptable restaurant in O'Neill, practically across the street from the botulism lab.

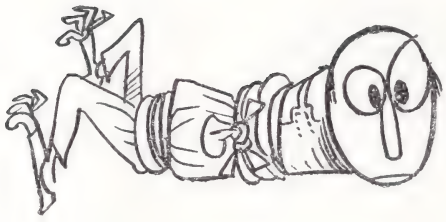
Since the pleasures of touring were incidental to my journalistic and historical purposes, I hardly know what further recommendations to make. Various Easterners having charged me to find out what one place above all others in the West provided the best fishing, I inquired of qualified authorities everywhere I went. I found myself projected into a controversy far more violent than any literary brawl. Evaluating the testimony as well as I can (I am not a fisherman), I come out with a conclusion that will force me to visit at least Oregon and Colorado incognito from now on: that if you go to the Targhee National Forest in Idaho you will be within reach of the West's best and most various fishing. Dudes seem to me to have made the town of Jackson, Wyoming, a little more blatant every time I visit it, but Jackson Hole and the eastern slope of the Big Horn Mountains appear to be still the best general areas for the kind of dude ranching most Easterners like. The wise thing to do, however, is to consult inside knowledge, which in every Western state can direct you to ranches more various and interesting than the well-known ones, though they are likely to be less luxurious. The cost to dudes, always high, is certain to go up. For a while it is likely to go up least in Idaho and those parts of Oregon which movie stars are not infiltrating.

Of the areas which I visited this summer for the first time the most amazing to me was Sunlight Valley in Wyoming, just west of the Absaroka Mountains which are at the eastern edge of Yellowstone Park. It can be reached from Cody or Cooke City, Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone flows through it, it is strange and beautiful beyond expression. And why have our landscape painters ignored the winter-wheat country in eastern Washington? After a summer crowded with spectacularly beautiful landscapes, those high hills with the red ripe wheat against the intense sky, innumerable shades of brown in plowed fields and splashes of white from blossoming beans come into my mind oftener than any other; it is the most paintable landscape I have ever seen. To visit it requires a long detour from the most commonly traveled transcontinental routes. The same detour, however, would enable the tourist who may already know the standard beauties of the West to see the unimaginable mountains of Glacier Park, Flathead Lake, and the climax of all big country in the West's vastness, the western edge of the high plains in Montana. Of the fourteen thousand miles I traveled, this northern loop is the one I am most eager to drive again and no one who makes it will regret it.

BROOKINGS INSTITUTION LIBRARY

ALAS, THE POOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

GEORGE H. HENRY



TODAY nearly every American male who goes into school work dreams of becoming a top-flight school executive. Time was when he aspired rather to be a good teacher, following that old-fashioned notion which even now has not quite been driven out of the public mind: that good teachers make a good school. But now that mass education operates to stifle great teaching or at best to reduce the great teacher to anonymity, unless he can climb or creep up to the college level, the ambitious man in the ranks strives to vault into the profession of school administration.

This fledgling profession is a small one, with a role so ill-defined as to make the furtherance of good teaching practically its last concern. We have in the United States today some six thousand school superintendents and thirty thousand principals. Including other non-teaching members of the administrative staff in the cities and towns, we have possibly a total of fifty thousand school administrators in the country—about one for every twenty-five teachers. While its members may rightly contend that they are not hidebound and are always up-to-date, they are far from sure of what their job demands. For, uncertain of its aim, the profession has fluctuated during the twentieth century with every current notion about education and with every turn of the national temper.

II

THE authoritarian school head of colonial days, who did the Lord's work by teaching school during the week and preaching on Sunday, and created his administrative role in the image of Jehovah dispensing justice at the day of doom, was followed by the pompous academician of the nineteenth century, whose classic erudition was supposed to equip him for personal "inspection" of the "fitness" of all pupils in all subjects. But about the only

Mr. Henry is principal of a high school in Dover, Delaware, and the author of "Can Your Child Really Read?" in Harper's, *January 1946. The small drawings are the work of Robert Osborn, himself a former teacher at Hotchkiss.*

legacy which the traditional school administrator passed on to the superintendent of our day was the yearly grading system, serving the convenient purpose of handling huge numbers by dropping the annual failures down the slot into the expanding



economy. By 1900 the school administrator, taking the hint from the cult of bigness prevailing in the economic life of the nation, woke up to find himself an executive, a business manager, and an organizer in his own right. Thrust into responsibility for a great building "program," the principal discovered that the budget was a more pressing concern to him than discipline or teaching. Even in the large cities where he might expect to have a business manager as an assistant, he had to spend an unconscionable amount of time judiciously allocating funds. This new bookkeeping obligation put him in there with the big boys and enhanced the job no end. And with the business expansion, peace, and steady population growth of the early 1900's, the inherited "grading" device was so wonderful that the system seemed to run itself.

After the world was made safe for democracy, the school administrator immediately interested himself in ventilating devices, cafeteria counters, the amount of window space required for a certain-sized room (called fenestration, in the profession), the number of toilet hoppers per pupil population, the best paint for damp surfaces, and the amount of air a pupil breathes per hour. And, of course, not having much time for meeting pupils, he relegated "cases" (the new word for pupils) whenever he could to a dean of boys or a "home room" teacher. His manner, appearance, and attitude were those of a corporation head. He figured supplies by carload lot, and, turning about, evaluated courses down to an eighth of a credit; he was all system and efficiency. He was well manicured, carried a brief case long before one was popular, and joined the service clubs. He took pains to let his business companions know that he was a regular fellow and warily held back any pretensions to learning, for he realized that among his social set "brains" were in disrepute. In truth, many principals readily realized that their position was an excellent preparation for insurance and selling. During these booming twenties he preferred to be called an educator. Better yet, he might be called a co-ordinator or integrator of the "system." He figured how to get the maximum learning per hour of instruction, per pupil, per grade—in respectful adaptation of the methods of Ford's miracle assembly line.

He came chiefly from the farm and the lower middle class, had college training, was tickled over his rise to a higher social level, and acted it. At this stage he departed, once and for all, from the humanist tradition, never returning to it, being generally a major in mathematics, which served him well for the mechanics of administration. And so it was that the "engineering" facet was added to the job.

THE progressive movement changed the type considerably. The new emphasis on "doing" certainly loosened up the administrator and rid him of pomp. He climbed mountains with the kids, camped



out with them in a pup tent, officiated at sports events, danced the new jazz, sang with them in assembly, chaperoned beach parties and hayrides. He might direct a summer camp. Since everybody was making money and everybody was happy with it, what else was there for a schoolman to do? Wasn't education, the great American dream, about fully realized? But he was due for a setback; for a few years after,

when the business boom burst and people, sobering up, took stock, the school administrator lost status for the first time in the history of the noble experiment. People everywhere asked for an accounting of these new-fangled goings-on that pushed aside the dear old three R's, that went way back even to the rugged days of slate and saliva.

The progressive method is not really a method; it is a discovery that education cannot separate school method from a way of life—that discipline and instruction are two sides of the same thing. The enthusiastic explorers of the nineteen-twenties, who called the new discovery progressive, caused public education for the first time in American life to be dangerous. The three R's are always popular because they are "safe"; they prevent the schools from ever being an effective force in the life of the republic. Progressive education was the American Way put into the classroom, and the industrialists could not stomach their own medicine. Progressive education might be called the last great gasp of individualism before the emerging statism, but the "free enterprisers" never saw what a new-found partner they had for the asking. When pupils saw behind the posturing of the Liberty League, and under the "new freedom" were allowed to express themselves, the school administrator left himself wide open for red-baiting. Hearst led the attack and all of them took cover, and even as a national body they would not fight back until Heywood Broun shamed them. In the days of prosperity the progressive movement could be laughed at as harmless, like Prohibition or killings on the stock market, but the panic of '29 made everybody touchy, and the school administrator became a scapegoat. What started out as play, aimed at wooing children to study, wound up as something which looked as if it had come straight from Moscow.

Thus the school administrator, who had hopes of making himself into a kind of guide of youth, turned out somehow—even he didn't quite know how—to be a "social reconstructionist," as he heard the term unknotted at his national conventions. The whole experience has made the school administrator cautious and timid. He'll try not to let it happen again. That these mild, compromising creatures, who appease every pressure group and are fast acquiring public relations techniques, could be so insidiously harmful to the republic seems ludicrous today, but those were hysterical times.

MEANWHILE Freud had become popular and the machine tempo of modern living was filling the hospitals with nervous diseases; "extrovert" and "introvert" had become common terms bandied over cocktails; bellhops spoke of phobias; the universities were overrun with psychology courses; art was interpreted as the by-product of neuroticism; radio had its "unseen adviser"; and the principal changed over to the role of consulting psychologist. "Guidance," it was called. Being personnel work, it kept one away from social issues, which were always dangerous for a public servant, anyway. This was safer.

A mere hour with an unruly pupil was nothing. What used to take two whacks of a paddle now demanded a series of consultations, a visit to the clinic, several trips



to the parent, a telephone call to the visiting nurse, a case history, an interpretation of the cumulative data in the youth's file, a battery of standardized tests, a talk with the mothers' pension bureau. The walls of the school were blown apart and none knows yet where discipline begins or ends. What started out as impudence to a teacher's request often led to the state hospital or a child labor law conviction or an increase in mothers' assistance allowance or a month in a sanitarium. The job was swallowed up in welfare.

The prolongation of the depression so accentuated the welfare and the confessional side of the administrator's role that the principal was rapidly becoming a pastor, in the shepherding sense, what with free hot lunches, tonsillectomies to

arrange, and delinquency to handle. The administrator was constantly shuttling in and out of shanties and shacks on the other side of the railroad tracks. In 1680 the minister invariably was expected to be a schoolman; a little before Pearl Harbor the schoolman was forced to be a minister. The clergy, mired in sectarianism, couldn't co-ordinate their efforts, and the school administrator—because his school, cutting across all lines of creed, made it easy for him to see what needed to be done—in desperation became a minister himself. It was not uncommon for a small town principal to manage the details for fifteen cases of adenoids in one lot. This pastoral function is now laminated to the total job.

During the war, a new trend in the role of the principal was detectable. The head of the school admired the ready obedience that the Army achieved in a scant month after the pupil left school He enjoyed the deferential "sir" that the visiting trainees gave him. At teachers' meetings, in whispers in the corners, one overheard that it would be a good thing after the war to have a year of compulsory military training for all youth. With the turning over of a part of the school to pre-induction training and with the Victory Corps and rationing, the principal thought of himself as an army specialist in civilian clothes. Principals are still looking enviously at a system that handles millions so easily and educates them in jig time, especially since the schools seem to be perpetually overcrowded. If the United States obtains bases all around the world in the name of a global Monroe Doctrine and if our manifest destiny points to world domination, then the next role of the principal may be that of semi-military leader, fashioned in the image of a battalion commander. This, of course, is, to use professional jargon, merely a gratuitous prognostication, depending upon the success of the peace conferences.

III

No wonder then that today the school administrator's professional life consists of a hodgepodge of tasks unrelated to any consistent educational goal. He does not dare ask himself where his job begins or ends—just whether he is something of a "Y" director, a minister, an impromptu juvenile court, a janitor, a bookkeeper, a business manager, a psychologist, a teacher, an engineer, a father to the young, a one-man normal school, a statutory symbol of education, or a roving ambassador of good will. Only in the very large cities can these functions be delegated; to some degree, all of these lie within the scope of the small town superintendent—if the word "scope" can reasonably be applied to a job that seems to have no limits at all.

Certainly it is a creative job: the performer can improvise on these stops at will, shifting from one to the other as the community tires of the tunes. Inside the school the melodic permutations are many: now football, now band, now a spectacular pageant, sometimes a May Day. He hasn't the trained personnel and money, and above all the time or the energy, to plug them all simultaneously and keep them all going at top speed and at public relations height. So he blows fortissimo or pianissimo according to the current hit parade. Or, outside school, he may save himself by piping another melody: taking over a Sunday School, if need be, or going all out for the Legion, which is very helpful, or being "active" in Rotary, or, above all, getting a Masonic degree. These harmonics are endless if we throw in the Boy Scouts, the Grange, recreation projects, boards, committees. He is in everything, ready to talk on everything, and willing to

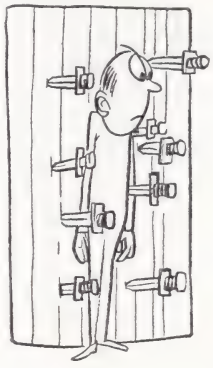


act on everything—from nursery school clear through the high school and into adult education and all civic ventures. He strives for ubiquity as much as the telephone and the automobile will allow him.

He has no task that can be fixed as legitimate school work. You may find him bailing out water from the boiler room or churning the ice cream freezer for the junior party. That he has time to read anything at all is the unfathomable mystery. No wonder his self-improvement consists, mainly, of what he can pick up at conventions. If his speeches are not composed on the spur of the moment, they sound like it.

His justification for all of this activity is based on two popular slogans of pragmatism: "We learn to do by doing" and "Education is life." So he does more doing than any other man in the community, and, by virtue of the second slogan, everything he does is educative. Pupils have only to observe their principal for an epitome of what the reigning philosophy of education leads to. In fact, Bolton, Cole, and Jessup, all of Washington State, authors of *The Beginning Superintendent* advise the administration to do "whatever will assist the board of education in promoting most advantageously the educational welfare of the community." With this all-encompassing directive it is no wonder that the administrator often has fifteen civic affiliations and that he feels mystically qualified for his job if he is able to list himself as "master of Chandler Lodge, 227, F. and A. M., junior warden of the Lodge of Perfection, and Sovereign Prince of the C. Gilbert Steffy Council." In private he moans: "If only I could get out from under it all." But he keeps going—he keeps going because it is a kind of drug, a way to forgetfulness. Down in his heart he knows there is no credit to be gained in running an excellent school. Who knows the difference? And really *who cares?* Appease the few parents who want you to meet college entrance examinations and let the eighty per cent ride along on inapplicable, abstract courses. Who wants a good school for the average non-college citizen-to-be?

If to compensate for the emptiness of all this random effort he seeks the limelight of community approval, who can blame him? But, alas, posturing in the limelight brings him no more security than the running of a good school. The accumulation of petty grievances, personality clashes, local political feuds, the morass of mores and prejudices—these trip him in his antics. Administrative turnovers rival the peregrinations of Methodist ministers, with this exception: the Conference takes care of placing the unwanted preacher; the principal must go digging on his own.



THE schoolman has a five-way pressure on him at all times, any or all parts of which may be at odds with the rest, pulling him in different directions. He is responsible to the school board, which seldom knows its duties—but also to the state department of education, which supervises him and will keep him in line if he should try to get out of his strait jacket of credits and courses. Then there is the faculty, which for divisive squabbles rivals an eighteenth century court. The pupils, too, must be reckoned with, what with strikes over not being allowed to wear ski pants to class, and with wholesale cutting of classes under ready-made excuses from child-controlled homes. Last come the parents, who these days are all too eager to surrender their prerogatives to the school, and then refuse to accept the consequences of this emancipation. Sometimes the principal is thick with the board but out of tune with the community, which itself is sub-divided into pressure sets, ensnarling him against his will. At times he is despised by the pupils and stands in with the faculty, or he may be in accord with both students and faculty, as well as the community, and yet lose out with the board.

For years the principal may avoid saying yes or no, but sooner or later he inadvertently must take a stand on something, however inconsequential—maybe some teacher's undiplomatic failure of a shiftless senior, or even such a seemingly trifling matter as selecting the valedictorian. He

may even be fired for running a school too well, as when pupils, taught not only to think for themselves, but to translate thoughts into acts, may run counter to the Chamber of Commerce on public utilities. This kind of instruction keeps the principal constantly in a stew, and a good teacher's class will ruin for him several years of hard-earned prestige in the time it takes the news to make the rounds of bridge club, drug store, and back fence. Considering the anxious, unsettled life the head leads, seldom feeling his roots secure in the community, one wonders why anyone wants the job. As one executive remarked, when a whole town had been torn apart over the rating given a teacher: "I should like to see a saint run this school. He wouldn't last two weeks." When you think that the median salary for all administrators in the country is $3,027, the principal himself would seem to be a candidate for that holy state.

In view of the hazards which encompass him, it is understandable that this saint-by-necessity occasionally succumbs to the temptation to be all things to all men. Sometimes he is known to have joined vigilantes in order to chase out union organizers, and at others to have assumed the hooded Klan robe. He manages to mingle with the best people, befitting his station, that is to say, the country club



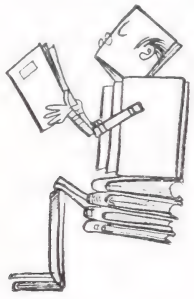
crowd, despite the fact that the hardships of underprivileged youth—even in these moneyed days—could occupy all his waking moments should he let them. Now that he is a shepherd, his conscience stings a bit over this dualism, but the minister is in the same boat, so why worry? His views are usually "right," conforming mostly to those of the managers of the stores on the main business street. He lets the NAM seduce him once in a while, and he considers himself, in spite of a few deviations, a permanent Republican. Dr. George Counts of Columbia, who teaches administrators, is certainly sanguine when he hopes to get this set of citizens to be pioneers on the social frontier.

IV

The principal is the butt of the cruelest satire in educational circles, because in the teachers' eyes he is usually the least educated man on the faculty. No one expects to find him intelligently interested in art or music; his teaching colleagues would receive with suspicion any show on his part of enthusiasm for a new recording or an exhibit of paintings. None will ever ask whether he likes the new Karl Shapiro volume. If a group of administrators are in a huddle at some odd moment at a convention, they will be discussing the new automatic motion picture screens rather than, say, the Paris peace talks. If they visit a school, you take them immediately to the highlights—the new stokers in the boiler room, the new composition flooring, the new master clock. Or you will find them flocking in admiration around the new electric potato peeler in the cafeteria. Just as the old headmaster was predominantly Latin-minded, so the modern administrator is gadget-minded. Though he knows of Einstein by hearsay, he would have trouble identifying Jeans or Millikan. He may at best recognize the names of Frazier, Westermarck, and Boaz as ones he has seen in print; Niebuhr rings no bell, Kirkegaard is a blank. It is doubtful if very many of them have ever read Dewey's pragmatism at first hand. One thing you can safely bet on: most of them can't write a decent page in the English language. Therefore, they invariably outline, list, and catalogue rather than paragraph their material: the eighteen outcomes of a unit on guidance, the twenty-two characteristics of good reading, the thirty-one objectives of world history. They do better at oratory—say on the level of a nominating speech at a party convention.

The teachers have excellent reason for making fun of their administrative chief: they know how he got that way. Most school executives take an A.B. at a teachers' college, intending at first to be teachers. Here the candidate is steeped in the

tradition that how to teach is more important than what to teach. Under this instruction he emerges without any breadth or depth but with a lot of pedagogical techniques that he can't put into practice because the nine-ten-eleven-twelve o'clock bell routine, sacred since 1900, gets in the way. He spends good course time on how to give an I.Q. test or draw up a median and convert it to a percentile when he could acquire all this on the job in a jiffy. He takes several varieties of psychology, often taught by the same man and usually overlapping to the point of ennui. He majors, of course, in a field, mostly books



about books, and takes elective courses, usually in mathematics or history. When all his courses in education are over he has not actually read the pages of a first-rate book. For instance, guidance is now the rage and the administrator-to-be learns "personnel work" by analyzing all types of cases from a casebook. He never studies the case of Philip in *Of Human Bondage*, or the adolescent case in *The Way of All Flesh*, or Lincoln Steffens' or Howells' boyhood, or Richard Feverel's "ordeal," or Joyce's portrait. Guidance is a quickly acquired short cut to a liberal education, and the young would-be administrator, full of techniques, has nothing inside himself to bring to the consultation.

Once he is established in a teaching job, he begins immediately, during summer vacations, to earn the master's degree in administration. For three or four summers he takes more courses in "education," this time selecting subjects like Budget Making, Public Relations, Reading in the Elementary School, Supervision of Instruction (he himself hasn't yet learned to instruct), Guidance, Curriculum Making, Care of the School Plant, Visual Education. He is now an out-and-out specialist, and he sits patiently waiting (along with an amazing number of other males on the faculty in the same condition), holding his principal's certificate, all set for the coveted opening and the big money. Small as is the principal's pay, it is invariably double that of the ordinary teacher. The curse of teaching is that nobody wants to teach; they all want to administer. The number of men who have failed in the classroom as teachers and now sit in the administrators' chairs is legion. Certainly, courses are weapons.

During all this grubbing for a master's credits they have become very practical beings in the way that a plumber is practical, and their favorite evaluation is: "Is it useful?" They like the kind of education that can be easily measured, and they worship at the shrine of the machine-scored standardized test. Literally, they have everybody's number.

The administrator resorts to the pious phraseology of pedagogy on occasion, but he is generally such an unenriched teacher himself, and the average school is so cluttered up with varied courses, that he cannot hope to aid his teachers or even justly to evaluate them. And so he seldom does more than step in and out of the classroom, preferring to reshuffle the schedule if need be, to find vacant rooms in an emergency, make rules, pass on supplies, guard the budget, smooth out faculty intrigues, meet parents. And what ironic choices he has to make! He allows $150 to clean football uniforms and $50 for the library; approves $175 for the orchestra for the junior prom and makes the parents pay forty cents for "extra" English drill pads. One teacher fights for a $30 globe for social studies, another for fifteen copies of *Poet's Craft*—and there isn't money for both. Should he let two old typewriters (at $60 each) go for another year or buy seed for the lawn or repair that buckled floor? Maybe the experts in the various state departments of education are wise in so narrowly limiting his certificate requirements: shrewdly they foresee that he will have little to do anyway with the quality of the learning process in his school.

V

GONE is the image of Jehovah; gone the public inspector rustling in academic gown. What we have today in the school administrator is a general factotum for the system, staggering under a load of duties but without any true business of his own. And we shall hardly create a better functionary until we decide what the schools are for. Surely no man is versatile enough to meet the qualifications which the profession demands of him now: the managerial boss, the public relations expert, the leader who inspires others to teach.

With the expansion of our schools to include "all the youth of all the people," no board has thought to stake out the limits of the school. How can the school be a spiritual force in the community when it is becoming a mere duplication of the community, and when the latest argument among educators is whether the school should move out into the community or the community be brought into the school? It has come to the point where the superintendent is supposed to run the whole education of the community, taking the whole town to be his school. If there were only a municipal beginners' band, a town-endowed theater, a tax-supported "Y," then we could let the school, which does all these things badly, concentrate on other matters. Back in 1878, the superintendent at least knew what the proper job should be. According to the Minneapolis Annual Report of that year: "To devise a course of study for a school population as large as ours, and to arrange it so that no matter when the pupil comes into it, or how long he remains, he shall get the greatest possible good, is one of the unsolved problems of our time." After seventy years of fumbling, the high-pressure, eating-meeting head of our schools has come no closer to a solution than the writer of that report.

The paradox of our educational system is that the classroom teacher is fundamentally more important than her boss, that we venerate the great teacher and laugh at the man in the administrator's chair. The responsibility comes back to the people in the end. If we continue to see the school as a little replica of the community, the pupils will become success-hounds, materialists, and in the sacred name of freedom and democracy, self-seekers. But if we believe —as we indicate that we do by our instinctive respect for good teaching—that education is, above all else, the act of spiritual evaluation, of weighing action, of appreciation of things seen and unseen, of searching into meaning, of establishing relationships, then we must make clear that this is the aim of our schools. The teachers' colleges have certainly dinned into us the text—as formulated by Bolton, Cole, and Jessup—that "not only is it the privilege of the superintendent to be a discoverer of those things that promote the world's advancement, but it is even a rarer opportunity to stimulate others to accomplish these things. Every superintendent must stimulate some of his teachers to accomplish more than he himself has accomplished." This is not the goal of the man who tailors himself to every whim of the times.

If we want the school administrator to believe that his primary function is to promote creative teaching, then we must stop asking him to spread himself thin. And we must train him to give us schools not "like life," but better than life.



THE LAST GENERATION

A Story

MIRIAM ALLEN DEFORD

NO ATTEMPT was made to conceal the accident that occurred in the desert of New Mexico on May 11, 1950. It would have been impossible to keep it secret, since two internationally-known physicists, a high-ranking Army officer, and a prominent Senator from the Deep South lost their lives in the disaster.

The explosion itself was singularly small. The seventeen men killed—the rest were workmen and minor scientists—died from concussion and asphyxiation. There was no fire. A lake of green glass suddenly appeared in the sand waste, but the atomic waves were dissipated quickly. There was no delayed bodily erosion as in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

Something had slipped. But the fact that the world still existed was proof that no chain reaction had been started. The organizers of the experiment counted their dead and breathed freely again.

The first significant date after that was May 31st, the next one June 2d. These passed unnoticed. Rats and mice still infested fields and houses and peopled laboratories. Perhaps some laboratory workers observed that no litters of white mice appeared after the beginning of June. Puppies and kittens arrived regularly until the middle of July; after that, pet owners and breeders were puzzled to see that the animals mated, but did not breed.

A Dr. Wardour, of Melbourne, seems to have been the first to make public a suspicion of the horrible truth. Doubtless other physicians had already confirmed it so far as they themselves were concerned, but kept it quiet on the supposition that it applied to them alone, and was a reflection on their professional standing. But Dr. Wardour was so popular an obstetrician that he felt morally sure it was not some sudden boycott that caused him to have no new patients after May 12th. By discreet inquiry, he discovered that no physician in Melbourne had been visited after that date by any woman newly pregnant. None of them had any deliveries scheduled for after the following March.

The alarmed investigation spread throughout Australia, then to the entire civilized world. Reluctantly at first, and then in panic, medical associations queried their members. Maternity hospitals followed suit. By the end of 1950, the answer was given with appalling finality.

So far as could be ascertained, every mammal on earth, male and female, from the lowliest platypus to man himself, was sterile.

The unmanageable and unpredictable rays from New Mexico had done their work.

INITIAL endeavors to keep the terrible news quiet were, as might have been foreseen, entirely futile. An enterprising reporter on a New York paper nosed it out almost at once. For months the front page of every newspaper in every city dealt with no other subject. Second-rate

scientists erupted in predictions and pronouncements: the damage was temporary; it would last a year, ten years, a few more months; it would affect only this generation; a way to reverse the action was in course of discovery, had already been discovered.

The first-rate scientists kept their mouths shut, or said frankly that not enough was known about what had happened to make any predictions at all.

Quacks with sure-fire cures ran riot, until in most countries they were rounded up and jailed. Among the masses of the ignorant, in the depths of India and China and Africa, witch doctors became the dominant rulers of the frightened people. There was the usual rise in the suicide rate which occurs whenever people balanced delicately on the edge receive a sudden unbalancing shock.

A Mrs. Jenkins of Lancashire, England, for a while became world-famous by her insistence, with supporting evidence, that she was going to have a baby. When, against her protests, she was examined by a London surgeon, she was shown to be suffering from a tumor. Mental hospitals and psychiatric clinics were crowded by women convinced that they were pregnant; so common did this psychosis become that it received a name as a special form of mental disorder.

Meanwhile, time went on and there was no change. Observation of other domestic animals—such as sheep and swine—was limited because of their set seasons for breeding. Experiments with cows and horses showed that they were affected just as were human beings; and zoos soon reported the same of their captive animals.

The last child known to have been born on earth was the youngest daughter of peasants in southern Sweden. Her birthday was April 16, 1951. Her mother had carried her four other children a correspondingly long time. The child's name was Ingrid Anderson.

As it became definitely certain that, for an unforeseeable period at least, the human race, together with all other species of the mammalia, had come to an end, large mass-effects began to be felt.

If the variation in the genes caused by the atomic rays were permanent, then humanity's day was over. When the youngest children now alive were dead—say by 2070 at the very latest—mankind would have ceased to be. Indeed, except for a few surviving elephants and whales, the world would by then be left to the birds, the fish, the reptiles, the insects, and other sub-mammalian orders.

Even if this suddenly induced sterility were not inherited, and the next generation were able to continue the race, a severe dislocation of life was inevitable. And even by the end of 1951, three major results of the disaster had become solidified.

In the first place, children became the only hope of humanity. For the first time in the world's sad history, children became so valuable that nowhere on earth was a child hungry, or cold, or abused. The death of a child was the supreme calamity, the killing of a child the most atrocious and severely-punished crime.

Next, with universal death staring it in the face, mankind at last turned in horror from the thought of war. The struggling and weak United Nations unanimously transformed itself into a true World Federation, with plenipotentiary powers. Humanity, bent only on survival, at long last became one.

And in the third place—though many branches of science were neglected in despair—the physicists, biophysicists, chemists, and biologists became the most important and powerful people on earth. Education in these fields was widespread and intensive. Anything research workers desired was theirs—except experimental animals, for after two or three years, there were no more rats or guinea pigs to be had, and jealously cherished dogs and cats were guarded by their owners.

There was no lack, however, of men and women who eagerly offered themselves for experimental purposes. Most of these were young people frustrated of parenthood; others offered themselves solely for the good of humanity. There were not lacking also those possessed by an itch for publicity; and as the years went on, many persons sought their livelihood by this means, since gradually one trade and industry after another ceased to exist.

Makers of baby foods and clothing for infants went first, together with obstetricians and midwives; then, in order, followed all the occupations devoted to children and the young—kindergarten teachers, nursery school managers, writers of juvenile books, toymakers, and all the rest.

Long before the first child of the latest generation became nubile, it was dishearteningly obvious that the transformation caused by the 1950 accident was hereditary; for the last kittens and puppies grew up, came into heat, mated—but no offspring appeared. Young people were allowed and urged to marry as young as possible, and by 1970 millions of them had done so, all over the world. But no child was conceived. Microscopic examinations made of sample sections of the populations of all countries showed the same invariable findings—complete lack of viability of both ova and sperm.

By 1971, nobody on earth was less than twenty years old.

There were hardly any dogs and cats left on earth, and only a few old cows and horses. Rats, mice, and squirrels had long been gone, and with them some diseases, such as plague, typhus, and tularemia, had practically ceased to exist; the effects of the accident were not all maleficent. There were no schools of lower than college grade, and soon there would be no need for any except those for advanced study. Zoos were almost depopulated, most of their live exhibits having been replaced by cleverly stuffed and mounted animals. Hundreds of professions and occupations had ceased to exist, either because they had catered to children or adolescents, or because they depended on animal industry. In many—though far from all—cases those trained in these fields were able to make adaptations; pediatricians, for example, became specialists in geriatrics; plastics took the place of leather or furs, though surviving specimens of these vanishing commodities became far more valuable than pearls or diamonds. Dairy farmers and their subsidiaries were hard hit, since there was no more milk, butter, or cheese. Butchers and cattle ranchers were out of a job; there was no more beef, pork, or lamb, and people lived entirely on chickens and other fowl, fish, vegetables, and fruit, with a sharply increased demand for such delicacies as frogs, turtles, and rattlesnake steaks.

Even the most overpopulated portions of the globe were beginning to look empty, as the older inhabitants died off. This was least apparent in such places as India, partly because of the removal of tigers and other predatory animals. However, the huge increase in cobras now that there were no mongooses almost balanced that slight advantage. In Europe and America, and in the Antipodes, the lowering of the population was easily observable. Ironically enough, the human race in dying became also healthier than it had ever been. There was enough food for everybody now, even the poorest; moreover, the imminence of universal extinction gave sharp impetus to medical research. If a man could no longer hope to survive in his descendants, then at least he wanted to stay alive as long as possible. (The earlier suicide wave had dropped to almost nothing.) On the other hand, the impossibility of handing on property beyond the next generation killed the urge toward accumulation of great wealth, and rich men quite willingly allowed themselves to be taxed of nearly all their fortunes for the benefit of the general public.

On April 16, 1971, Ingrid Anderson, the youngest human being on earth, celebrated her twentieth birthday.

By pure chance, this girl had become a symbol. It was on this date that the World Government formally established four research commissions, with quarters in Shanghai, Chicago, Paris, and Moscow, for a final intensive effort to discover a way to reverse the disaster of May 11, 1950. They became known as the Ingrid Anderson Research Commissions—popularly known as IARC.

IARC had a specified life-span of twenty years. When the youngest woman on earth was forty, she might still, in the old days, be quite capable of child-bearing for several years to come; but it was unlikely that if the scientists discovered a means of reinducing human fertility, enough women in their forties would conceive for the first time to repopulate the earth and preserve our intricate industrial civilization.

Nearly all the most eminent scientists alive were workers in IARC. Their salaries were munificent, their facilities unlimited. At first they were all members of the generation alive in 1950; gradually young people from what was (rather hopelessly) universally known as the Last Generation joined the staffs. After 1980 most of the men and women who had been active scientific workers thirty years before had grown old, resigned, or died. At that date the average age of IARC was 42.5. Nearly all of them were married. There were, of course, no children.

The four sections of IARC communicated daily with one another by televisionphone and teletype, besides which the chiefs of staff held frequent conferences in one or another of the headquarters cities, since by this time every part of the earth was within five hours of every other part by rocket plane. The language they employed was Esperanto. When the World Government, now permanently located in San Francisco, celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the first United Nations Conference for International Organization, in 1985, the directors of IARC were the principal guests of honor.

But in spite of great genius, terrific industry, and limitless facilities, none of their lines of investigation and experiment had proved successful.

It was understood, of course, that no announcement would ever be made unless it was the one great announcement for which a sick and terrified humanity waited. IARC was heavily guarded; no leaks ever seeped out to cause panic or frantic hope. And the years went on, and still IARC was silent.

In 1988, the youngest people in the world were thirty-seven years old. There was no youth left on earth, and very little laughter. A realization even more dreadful than humanity's extinction itself had seized the Last Generation: for the first time its members were brought face to face with the horrifying probabilities of their future. Unless IARC could work a seeming miracle, inevitably the time would come when all living men and women would be at least seventy years old, then eighty, then ninety, then a hundred or more. How could civilization be maintained by a handful of feeble old people? What of the day when in all the world, with its machines still and its great cities falling to ruins, there would be only half a dozen centenarians? What—worst of all—of the unfortunate old creature who would find himself or herself the last human being?

As the dreadful possibilities grew more clear, two parallel waves struck the Last Generation, affecting particularly those in the most advanced centers of culture—a wave of religious mysticism, drowning fear and horror in a dream; and a colossal wave of suicides, far greater than that at the beginning of the era—and this although attempted and unsuccessful suicide was now rated next to murder in the hierarchy of crime, and heavily punished.

Mankind as a whole began to divide roughly into three categories: those who had given way to despair and terror, who lived only to escape from reality, either by the feverish pursuit of pleasure, the ecstasy of mysticism, or the desperate gate of suicide; those too bovine and inert, too unimaginative, to face the future; and those who still had faith in IARC.

On August 21, 1988, a special meeting of the chiefs of staff of IARC was called in the Paris headquarters.

IARC was strictly international; its staffs were of all peoples, and it was seldom that anyone was attached to a headquarters situated in his own country. The chief of the Shanghai IARC was an American Negro, Arthur Ramsdell. The Chicago chief was Joseph Callahan, whose father had been Irish, his mother a German Jewish refugee settled in Mexico. These represented the older generation—both had been boys in 1951. The other two were younger. The Moscow chief was a woman, Renée Loisy, who despite her French name had also English and Russian blood. The Paris chief was Chinese; his name was Liu Chen-ping.

All of those attending the conference, and indeed all the more responsible members of their staffs as well, knew why the meeting had been called. It was a crucial conference—the most crucial IARC had ever held. But there was little formality in the gathering; these people knew one another intimately, had met often, and had

been in daily communication for many years.

"Loisy is ready to make her report," said Callahan.

"Fellow-workers," said Renée Loisy, without preliminaries, "I have to announce that I am pregnant. The father of my child is my husband, Karel Batak, who as you know is also a member of our Moscow staff.

"I need not remind you that as this new line of investigation began to look more hopeful, I volunteered to be its subject, since by its very nature it might be fatally dangerous if unsuccessful, and we did not consider it right to allow anyone outside our ranks to undergo that peril. You will also remember that a year ago this council voted to permit Karel Batak to join me in the experiment.

"What seventeen years of research by means of radioactive waves, glandular therapy, serology, infra-red light treatment, and every other conceivable method has uniformly failed to accomplish, has at last been brought about by the simple but revolutionary means you all know—the means so brilliantly suggested in 1986 by our colleague, Arthur Ramsdell."

She paused. Modestly Ramsdell waved away a respectful murmur.

"What has succeeded with Batak and me will undoubtedly succeed with every healthy man and woman of proper age," Loisy went on. "There remains now only to plan making our announcement to the world in such a way as to avoid undue excitement and confusion, and then to make our final report to the World Government and to dissolve IARC.

"The human race has been saved from extinction!"

For a minute there was an awed silence. It was interrupted by Liu Chen-ping.

"One moment," he said in his soft voice. "I think there is more than that for us to determine."

"What, then?" asked Joseph Callahan.

"I ask you to hear me out before you comment on what I am going to say," Liu continued. "To some—perhaps to all—of you it will seem monstrous. But I should be lacking in my duty to my conscience if I did not speak.

"What I want you to consider, straightforwardly and solemnly, is whether it is after all desirable to preserve the species to which we belong.

"I can see your horror at my words. But increasingly, for fourteen years, I have had before my mind's eye a contrast—a contrast between the world as it was in 1950, and the world as it is today.

"I was not born in 1950. But I have read—read not only the literature of before that date, but also the innumerable works on history, economics, and politics published since. I have, I think, as keen a grasp on the realization of the past as has the oldest man or woman alive.

"In the half-century preceding 1950, the whole globe had twice been ravaged by a devastating total war, and a third such war was imminent. Today there is no war.

"In 1950 the world was divided among more than a hundred sovereign nationalities, each jealous of its borders and its prerogatives. Today we have a universal World Government, democratically elected and conducted, and with authority over every human being on earth.

"In 1950 mass starvation and famine, and disastrous economic depressions, were endemic. Today everyone in the world is well fed, well clothed, well housed, well educated.

"I need not mention other aspects of the situation—the prevalence of crime in 1950, its virtual absence today; the treatment of alien races and nationalities by peoples numerically superior to them; the relative position of the sexes then and now.

"Re-people the world, and how can we guarantee that we are not thereby bringing back all the evils which in 1950 made life hardly worth the living to at least a large minority of its inhabitants?

"You will say, I know, that even this is better than extinction of the human race. All I ask you to consider now, deeply and soberly, is: is it?"

His voice dropped. Callahan was the first to speak.

"I am sure," he said, "that all of us have known these doubts. Nevertheless I am not in agreement with Liu.

"The contrast he has drawn is true and painful. But the worst he foresees is still

only a possibility. There is the other possibility that this hard experience has taught humanity a lesson—that the human race may never, especially since its first new members will be guided by us of this generation, go back to the bad old days.

"And there is another and vitally important matter which I think we have forgotten. Loisy is to have a child—"

"If Liu's voice carries," said Renée Loisy in a low murmur, "I agree that that child can never be born. The first child to be conceived since 1950 will also be the last child to be conceived, forever."

"That too, Loisy," Callahan continued. "But I was thinking of something else. We must face facts. A complete and radical variation in evolution such as overtook all mammals thirty-eight years ago is a revolutionary thing. It is not simple and unconnected; it must have infinite ramifications and repercussions.

"How do we know that a re-reversal such as we have brought about by Ramsdell's method will not be equally complex? To put it baldly, how do we know that the children born henceforth will be physically and mentally normal? The answer is that we do not know. We have no way, short of waiting to see, to find out how far heredity itself has been altered by this twofold wrench at its foundations.

"As I said, I am, in spite of everything, opposed to Liu's opinion. But if we override his proposal, then I am in favor of keeping our secret not only until after Loisy's child has been born, but until enough other children have been born (probably, for the sake of secrecy, to other members of our staffs) to be sure that they are healthy, sound creatures. In other words, I recommend that we reserve our announcement for the date when, in any case, we must disband—April 16, 1991.

"Ramsdell, what is your feeling on this matter?"

Arthur Ramsdell's deep voice spoke hesitantly.

"It may be because I come from a race with a deep biological instinct," he said slowly, "but I cannot agree with Liu. I hope you will believe that it is not because by chance I hit on the method which finally solved our problem. I feel merely that life itself is sacred and desirable, at all costs and at all risks. For myself, I would rather be a Negro child born in America in 1935, as I was—with all that that implies—than never to have been born at all.

"I want to say, though, that if the majority opinion is against me, you can count on me loyally and faithfully to obey; and I know we can all say that of ourselves and of those members of our staffs who have even a glimpse of precisely what our recent work has been. In that case, we shall have to suppress permanently our latest researches, and announce on April 16, 1991, that we have failed. I suggest that if we decide to do this, we devote the remaining two years and eight months of our existence to the solving of another problem—a date and a means for euthanasia of the last remnants of our species. The fate of a few old people, alone in a life they can no longer maintain, waiting only to die of hunger and neglect, is too horrible for any civilized person to contemplate.

"However, I think the person most concerned in this decision is the one who has not yet spoken—Loisy. I believe hers should be the deciding voice."

"I do not concur in that," said Renée Loisy promptly. "Ours is a democratic body; the majority must decide. Indeed, I do not think we as chiefs of staff have the right to determine our stand without consultation of our colleagues. My recommendation is that we place the entire question before a general meeting of IARC—probably to be held in Chicago, since our largest hall is in that city. We need not, if you think it undesirable, give them the exact details of our successful experiment. But IARC has for seventeen years been the most important body on earth. Every person connected with it is an eminent scientist in some field. Only a vote of the entire membership, together with a pledge of secrecy, which I am certain every one of them will keep, should determine whether humanity is to live or to die. I do not suggest that the matter should be put to a vote of all the people on earth; I do not, and I know you do not, think that a valid opinion could be obtained except from people fully informed and, because of their lifelong scientific preoccupations, emotionally aloof—or at least relatively so.

But my unchangeable belief is that only IARC as a whole should say the final word."

Renée Loisy's proposal was adopted, and the meeting was held as arranged. Liu, Ramsdell, and Karel Batak were the principal speakers, Batak siding with Ramsdell. Many other of the world's most famous biophysicists and biologists also spoke, together with several noted historians and economists whom the chiefs of staff had invited under special pledges of necessity and secrecy. World Government guards insured the complete privacy of the meeting, which lasted for an entire week. Groups of IARC members discussed and debated day and night.

Finally, on May 7, 1988, the vote was cast. The ballots bore only two words, with a square after each for a registry by the voting-machines. The words were "Life" and "Death."

On the morning of May 8, 1988, which was a Sunday, the members of IARC gathered, in silent solemnity, to hear the results of their vote. Over the soundproof hall a religious hush prevailed as Joseph Callahan, chief of staff of their host city, stood before the microphone.

"Comrades of IARC," he said, "yesterday you cast 820 ballots. Previously you—or rather, I should say we—had all agreed that whatever the vote, the minority would obey it, and that if it were for the action recommended by Comrade Liu, each of us would forever keep the secret of the actual success of our researches, however strongly he or she might feel opposed to the decision.

"Fellow-scientists, fellow men and women, the fate of the human race has been decided. By your ballots you determined whether mankind was to live or to die. "I shall now read the vote."

WHAT was the decision?

I cannot tell you. As I write, it is not yet 1988.

Pastoral

KATE BRACKETT

IN THIS half-wild young field, how strange are sheep;—
Scattered some days like stones across the green;
And some days (by what tides of light or air?)
Turned all one way, like boats that lie asleep
At anchor, or like worshippers at prayer.

From clean square lines the cow's firm belly swells;
Horses are packed with muscle, strung with nerves;
But sheep—their clotted roundness is the same
As clustered rippling of the oldest hills;
The oldest boulders show these smooth-worn curves.

Stepping high-heeled, capriciously, they lift
Long tapered ears and meek Hebraic faces.
Watching, I feel old England's dampness creep;
See in the Cotswold dusk a huddled drift
Of sheep along a road hedged in and deep;

Hear the sad fluting of the dreaming man,
Shepherd in Ur five thousand years ago.
His liquid notes still seek and slide along:
And these were old when history began,—
The sheep, the dream, the sorrow and the song.

ENGLISH SPOKEN HERE AND THERE

W. CABELL GREET

A WAVE of new British movies is headed our way, we are told. They will serve (we are further promised) a triple happy purpose. They are to find a vast American box office which will help Britain pay debts in Yankee dollars; they will expose the nations to each other and thus build tolerance, respect, and better understanding; and they will stimulate the art of the picture itself. If so, good. They will hardly do any of these things until the language spoken on the screen is at least intelligible to American ears.

Recent British movies—at least the ones that the average American movie-goer has been privileged to sample—have not yet got their sights trained on the American market, or their pictures would be less irritating, more pleasing, and vastly more profitable. The changes that could make them so are strikingly simple, and might be made without compromise of aesthetic or ethnological integrity. They need not cost new money. They will, however, cause abrasions of the soul to such British actors and actresses as affect and propagate the manner of speech that we may call the Mayfair Mumble, or "Null Cahd" Hobble-Gobble, so dear to the hearts of one per cent of Britain's own audience.

Let me make it clear that I do *not* propose that British actors adopt American pronunciations or even a neutral compromise between British and American. I doubt if I would go as far as a certain Hollywood actress of London provenience. As a purely personal attitude she loves the British stage tradition; and offstage, in her "private" life, she speaks hoity-toity and hobble-gobble because she has discovered that they make her sound fashionable and desirable. But one love she has greater than these—the audience in the Middletowns and Podunks of both Britain and America; and she also has an imperative professional wish to have her acting understood. So she simply instructs her sound man (the fellow who listens to her voice as she plays a scene for the camera) to clip her quietly on the jaw and demand a retake whenever his ear catches her speaking a line that an average American audience wouldn't get. He knows—so it works. The result is an accent that isn't quite English or American, but a sort of common denominator of the two. The interesting thing is that instead of losing her London popularity, she has seen it grow year by year. She feels that she has sacrificed none of her "personality." "I'm no Eliza Doolittle," she says, "but I'm not Mayfair either. Nobody in Mayfair really talks like that, anyway. I simply got tipsy on a lot of theatrical swank—to actors the so-called trombone diphthongs, the hot-potato noises,

Professor Greet, of the English Department of Barnard College, does not take down movie dialogue in phonetic shorthand just as a hobby. He is speech consultant to the Columbia Broadcasting System and editor of American Speech.

the vicarage cadence. You call it an Oxford accent. Poor Oxford; Oxford doesn't deserve it. Rehly."

No, I don't quite go along with such a United Nations, universal-English viewpoint. Let English actors speak English English. But hobble-gobble is different. Its theatrical use is a caricature of fashionable conversation; it is a lazy writing device. Hobble-gobble-plus-laugh passes for wit. Shake-of-the-head-plus-hobble-gobble signifies charm. And when your writer and director ascend to an emotional scene, hobble-gobble—regardless of the actual words—conveys perfectly the British spirit of understatement, restraint, nobility under pressure—or meiosis and litotes. To one who has fallen completely under the spell of the hobble-gobble tradition, clarity of diction begins to seem vulgar. The trouble is that it communicates no precise meaning to ears not rigorously practiced in auditory detection—which means, incidentally, that so long as it persists in British films, they can't expect much more than a continuation of their present playing in "arty" theaters in the East, where a few people have learned how to translate hobble-gobble into Yankee.

Some of us learned to fill in the gaps in the spoken action by watching the pantomime, evaluating the mood, and adding up the lesser devices of skillful production. For the British do very effective pantomime. In "The Seventh Veil" a girl awakens in her hospital bed, rises, stalks out of the building to Westminster Bridge, broods over the water, then plunges—without a word, and it is a shocking and thrilling sequence. It is too bad that to most American movie-goers the only sounds instantly and clearly understood in this picture are those of the piano, the orchestra, and James Mason's cane as it strikes Ann Todd's fingers on the keyboard. In "Vacation from Marriage," husband and wife eat a dismal breakfast; he leaves for a big day at the office; he taps the barometer; she sniffles. The excellence of the pantomime makes words irrelevant. Unfortunately the lady's opening words, ". . . you'll catch my cold," move the critics to declare that she has spoken prophetically, for whenever Korda wants to set a mood of intimacy in the picture, his characters speak thickly through the nose. It's a pity to waste good direction, good action, on words not understood, or heard as through an antrum darkly.

Two items of impressive British dramatic production have recently visited our shores: the Old Vic Company, and a somewhat related cast in the film "Henry V." Both have come costumed as champions of All That Is Best in British Histrionics. Both have offered important clinical treatments of Shakespeare. But the Old Vic performances accidentally put a false stamp of approval on sloppy English diction; for although out of the mouths of Mr. Olivier, Mr. Richardson, and Mr. Relph came diction generally of a clarity unsurpassed, from other tonsils in the cast came more double-talk than sense—or Shakespeare; and even Mr. Olivier, when as Hotspur he turned his back on the audience and out of the back door of his tent hollered at the upstage wall of the theater, gave some of us the impression that he was "tard" of speaking his lines distinctly. As for the resplendent film "Henry V"—produced with such consummate imagination—the most intelligent and competent actress on the English-speaking screen, sitting rapt in a projection room at a private screening of the film, whispered to her escort during the Globe Theater sequence: "I can't understand what they are saying."

British producers sometimes betray an international viewpoint. The German and French in "Colonel Blimp" are wonderfully distinct; I understood every word until the French got too fast for me, and my companion wished he could understand the English as well as the German, especially in the love scenes. But English lovers always mumble—that delightful meiosis. I still wonder about the scene in front of the big house in Yorkshire, and what she said about New York and a lake when they stood in front of their London home—for later in the picture both seemed to have been key scenes, lost to me forever.

If the British actors positively refuse to mend their ways, we Americans who enjoy the power and subtlety of the best British films and would like to know what the characters are saying, will have no choice

but to study and practice hobble-gobble until its noises become familiar to us. We must learn to be able to call flowers *flarz*, players *plehrs*, quietly *kwatly*, privacy *privvuhsy*, fear *feh-uh*, and square *skwih-uh*. We must practice saying *methodokly* and *genyin* and *relly*. (I took those phonetically from "Blithe Spirit," along with "Your books ansgud," meaning "aren't so good.")

We must acquire the elegance of "Take care of the stah" (stair); "Now, Molly, dœun't crah" (cry); "Would you teh-lim?" (tell him); "Since I left Bah" (Bath). And we must learn to say "impudence" so much like "impotence" that unwary listeners will acquire, for the moment, alarming ideas. One of the first steps to take will be to abandon our careful pronunciation of consonants, learning to say, with Robert Donat: "Wih fell in loo(v), may-id, an thet uz thih en o thet."

We may have a little trouble over the principle of giving the first syllable a wallop and swallowing everything else, but we can begin by learning to make of the word *dictionary* no more than two syllables, and one if possible; that may make it a little easier to know what's going on when a character says, "Nubdy ehvah thenks uh nevl arktek kn feeil."

But we'll still be in the elementary stage until we learn that when we hit that vowel in the stressed syllable, it must be split, sometimes, into strange diphthongs. Not until we have learned to distinguish between "Dizz, ah-um gœing" and "Wihr ohl gœ-œ′-ing" shall we have much chance of understanding the moods of the lovely heroine who describes an interval of time as "o-œnly ay twiks shoh-oot uh thuh fah yahs"—which, if you haven't quite followed me, means "only eight weeks short of the five years." This is an important matter—for the British trombone di-tri-quadri-phthong is a delicate instrument. It can have as many phthongoi as an angleworm has segments, supple in their interlocking joints, and accented contrapuntally.

Having become well acquainted with the diphthongs, we shall be ready to broaden our grasp of hobble-gobble through the constant taking of practice tests. From recent movies shown in this country I have prepared a brief sample list, the translations of which, should you need them, will be found on page 480:

A British bank president speaking (director to them? Okay): "Thuh fum iz appy tuh duoo it."

From "Colonel Blimp" (a film which, incidentally, played America a querulous compliment by casting, as the young American communications officer, a sort of Harvard man, thus modifying the usual British casting policy—illustrated by the selection of British actors for American parts in "The Seventh Veil" and "The Last Chance"—which is based on the theory that there is no difference between British and American so long as it is British): "Ah sigh, ohl gyel, dyoo stawp krighn!"

From a variety of films:

"Ah muss gœ-uo."

"Ih twus aigzakly wut ah waw-undid teeoo."

"Wut wuh wih tohkin uhbay-oot?"

"Ar deh-uhvohs."

"Wuz ah soh-oo ohful?"

"Groovz kumftbl, so-ooz thuh gray-uv, thih seigh."

"Ih twood bih veddy moch beddah if thed gœ-oh-oo beck tuh thad drinking."

"Yeh-us ah nœ-œ-oo."

"Reh-uhly, mah deh-eh-uh" . . . .

After diligent study, some of us might progress so far that we would be able to tell, gazing rapt at the sterling-silver screen, whether we were running a gamut of emotion or of assorted dialects. We might be half prepared to appreciate films whose producers insist, for whatever worthy reason, on offering us the shadings of the more abstruse British dictions—stage-Scottish, stage-Cockney, stage-Welsh, and so on.

But perhaps it would be easier—and more likely to achieve those admirable ends I spoke of a page or two back—if the British producers would make a little effort to adjust their actors to our difficulties.

They may be assured that we Americans care not a whoop whether our generous box office stipend is paid off in dollars or sterling, nor to whom. All we ask is to be permitted to gaze, and be transported, and—if possible—to understand. But toward that latter end we'd appreciate a little assistance.

THE MYTH OF THE MOVIE DIRECTOR

NIVEN BUSCH

THERE used to be a man with a megaphone. He was middle-aged and stout. He wore English riding breeches and puttees and sometimes also a pith helmet. He sat in a canvas chair. He was generally pictured on a set built to represent some gigantic and historic edifice, such as the Pyramids, or the Coliseum, or the Kremlin. In front of this set piece two characters were embracing, a man and a woman. They were the stars of the picture. Around them, interspersed through or upon the papier-maché architecture, stood a multitude of awed serfs listening to the orders which proceeded from the megaphone, some quixotic directives conceived to indicate the arrogance and mental incompetence of the person uttering them.

" . . . Bring in the Christians!"

" . . . Send out for a copy of *Racing Form* . . ."

Such was the comic artist's concept of a Hollywood director; and not only the comic artist's—it was the public's concept as well. Fan magazines and by-line stories glamorized the almost supernatural powers vested in a film director. He was absurd, but his absurdity was gargantuan. He symbolized Hollywood to the world at large, long after the puttees and riding breeches had ceased to be his uniform, and the megaphone itself had been replaced by a loud speaker system.

The film director of today is not absurd at all. He is likely to be a very civilized fellow. He dresses decently, even conservatively. He doesn't shout; he whispers. He has charming manners, a pleasant house, an agreeable wife, and often a collection of modern paintings, a stable of racing horses, and a literate vocabulary. Nevertheless, he is still the subject of a myth.

Don't get me wrong. I like directors. They are necessary and useful people. Their skill is an arduous one requiring long apprenticeship; among its practitioners are many men of striking talent and personality. The techniques which they use have progressed in the past twenty years at a pace unparalleled in any other art form. Yet in spite of all this the Hollywood director of today is, by and large, the most overrated element of the thriving and robust industry that brought him into being.

WHAT about that megaphone of twenty years ago? It meant a lot of things. The man who moaned or bellowed through it had inherited with his symbol of office a terrible responsibility. He had to make a picture—I mean make it from the start. It isn't easy now, but brother, what it was in those days! I am referring to the period when many of today's best directors got

Mr. Busch is the author of two books that have been made into movies: Duel in the Sun *and* They Dream of Home, *the latter appearing under a new title,* "*Till the End of Time.*" *His latest novel is* Day of the Conquerors.

their start—the golden age of silent pictures, between 1913, when Famous Players was formed, and 1926 or so, when the invasion of sound became formidable.

A golden age, but a rugged one! There were writers in Hollywood, but not many who were good enough to earn their living in any channel of their trade where the written word had importance. A few real professionals drifted down the gentle slope of the Sierras, but usually if a director had to have a story he would think of it himself and get someone to write it down.

So the man with the megaphone was a writer. Sometimes he was also a producer in the sense of having his own independent unit—a corporate structure oddly similar to those in vogue today. Sometimes he worked for a large company, but if so, there was no one over him except the company's executive producer. He was his own boss in nearly every respect.

So the man with the megaphone was a writer and producer, in addition to his regular job. And he was a technician, too; when a mechanical problem came up there was often no precedent for solving it. He had to do his own pioneering in engineering as well as in aesthetics. (You may get some idea of this when I say that until "The Great Train Robbery," produced in 1911, a camera had never photographed a scene moving toward or away from it, but only scenes in which characters moved from side to side in front of it, and that until this time the "pan shot," i.e., swinging the camera to follow a piece of action, had been used hardly at all.)

What else? Well, he had to be a one-man casting office. He selected and tested whatever human beings he happened across, searching for flesh and blood images that would fit into his design, and inflating such images, when found, to personal fame and wealth. He was a "location manager," and often his own prop boy and wardrobe man. He had to know make-up. He had to know lighting. Experts in these fields were being schooled, but their maturity was years away. (It's curious how many top men in the fields above mentioned still say, when discussing their professional origins, "I started with DeMille" . . . "with D. W. Griffith" . . . "I was with Maurice Tourneur . . ." and so on, just as if the trade they'd learned had been that of directing instead of the subsidiary craft in which they specialize.)

Maybe the man with the megaphone wasn't so funny after all. His syntax may have come apart when he yelled through that thing he carried. Did he have to be a scholar too? He was a busy guy, and when the New York critics spoke of "King Vidor's 'Big Parade' " or "D. W. Griffith's 'Intolerance,' " or "Raoul Walsh's 'What Price Glory,' " they weren't kidding. Mr. Vidor, Mr. Griffith, and the rest made their own pictures. They were entitled to any curtain calls that fell their way. Not that they got many. They generally weren't around at the première, being busy on another picture.

II

Hollywood paid a lot of money to the man with the megaphone. It genuflected to him. Then it took away most of his functions. It let him crawl into the sound wagon, a chrysalis which in succeeding years has hatched a flock of new personalities, lacking his stature, his responsibilities, his absurdity, and his grandeur, but occupying nevertheless an almost identical and—it seems to me—a disproportionate and often damaging importance in the Hollywood scene.

The director of today may be more cultured than his predecessor, but he isn't as tough or as indispensable. Mesmerized by a tradition, public and critics still credit him with having inspired whatever merit they have found in the stories he has put on the screen, together with the stage-business, the photography, and the performance of the actors—as if he and he alone were the source of all these perfections, whereas this may not be true at all. Unkind as it may sound, I state as a purely personal opinion that there are a number of big-name directors practising their trade in Hollywood today who could drop dead on the set on the first day of shooting without doing any damage to the picture, or in fact—unless the body were discovered—having any noticeable effect on it up to and through the night of the preview.

This may appear a very silly statement. It has validity only because a modern director—unless his competence is beyond the ordinary—is the chief of a highly-trained staff which under most circumstances can co-ordinate itself without him. He is surrounded by experts who can operate pretty effectively on their own.

The cameraman is in charge of lighting. Not many directors today know enough to tell the cameraman anything about it—though on the cards they have a right to. The cameraman has a head juicer who knows about lights too. Under these lights the man and woman still embrace as in the old-time comedies—but now the lovers are not vassals summoned from shoe-clerking or soda-jerking, but trained artists drawn from the stage or from the laboratory theaters and studio workshops where apprentice actors and actresses learn their a b c's, and learn them exactingly and properly. A modern motion picture is a highly co-operative enterprise. Sometimes inaudibly, sometimes stridently, but always efficiently, hum around its perpetrators the vast and relaxed facilities of a modern studio organized like an army and operated like a precision instrument: the prop rooms, the dressmakers, and tailors and armorers, the set designers, the carpenters, the lab workers, the trick-effect artists. (Has the director a difficult angle shot? A specialist will make a drawing of it for him. Is there a unique sound effect to be devised? They'll work it out in the sync-room.)

The basis for all this activity is something called a script. Quite a thing, a script. If you've ever seen one you know what I mean. All those expressions. Long shot. Medium long. Two-shot. Dissolve, Montage, Fade Out, Fade In. The scenes all described, all neatly numbered. All the words written down that the actors say. (You know all this? Well, I mention it only because the perusal of several million fan letters has disclosed that over half the picture-goers of the United States think the stars ad lib the words used in their scenes.) The script even includes "business"—not enough to direct a scene by, but enough to help. Many of the master touches praised by public and critics as denoting genius on the part of the director were not conceived by the great man at all but set down on the typewriter long before the picture started.

The director can change a script, but not without consulting the front office, and such changes generally aren't too big. The modern director shoots the scenes that he is given. He starts when he is told to. His schedule is made up of just so many scenes a day, and he is supposed to stick to this, since it costs the company from two to five or ten thousand dollars a day to run over. He then sits in on the cutting. Nearly all the old-timers are expert cutters, but the new men don't as a rule wish to incur the eye-strain and inconvenience of peering interminably through a movieola in a stuffy room. They will gladly, however, expose their optics to the glare of the sun arcs placed on the pavement in front of Grauman's Chinese the night of the preview. They will gladly say a few words on the mike.

They are directors. It is *their* picture.

READING over what I have written so far, I know it will seem to be throwing mud at a proud and honorable calling, implying that all directors are incompetent and negligible.

This is not the impression I have intended to give. No one person, next to the writer and the stars, can add more to the quality of a picture than the director, *if he is really talented.* He is the artisan of that crucial moment when the handicraft of hundreds of skilled people is transferred from tangible imagery into the spectral eternity of film. If it were not for the resources of research and technical counsel always at his disposal, I would say that a motion picture director is just about as important to a picture as a stage director is to a play. Perhaps not quite; I've always felt a stage director's job—since he is on his own—is tougher. But let's say, for the moment, that they're equal. My point may be clearer if we compare the pay and billing which accompany these two jobs.

What are the facts? A well-paid stage director makes from $250 to $1,500 a week. He earns this sum during a period of rehearsal and road-show tryouts, seldom exceeding a few weeks. Once in a while

he has a piece of the play—if he's got money enough to buy stock. He also receives proper credit on the program and occasionally on the marquee. In other words, his efforts, which require just as much experience and natural aptitude and all other necessary qualities as a motion picture director's, get him about the same pay—on a yearly basis—as a film director's second assistant.

And the motion picture director? If he's an established name it's safe to say he draws $50,000 to $100,000 for the job a stage director does for ten per cent of these sums. In addition, if he's working for an independent company, he has from ten to twenty per cent of the profit-sharing stock, and since the profits on a picture in today's box office boom run often to a million, his cut from this source is a handy one.

I maintain that this immense emolument is part of the Directorial Myth, the inheritance from an older day. It has proved a strange sort of hazard for the industry. Since directors earn so much it is assumed that their functions are incredibly difficult. Hence it is assumed that younger persons cannot be entrusted with them. Hence, young fellows seldom break into directing. No one will give them a picture. When a writer or cutter or assistant gets a chance behind the camera, it's big news in Hollywood. Oddly enough —in view of the perpetuation of the Myth —almost without exception the young men coming into the trade have made good: Billy Wilder who directed "The Lost Weekend"; John Huston ("The Maltese Falcon"), Vincent Sherman, Delmar Daves, John Farrow, André de Toth, Jacques Tourneur, Edward Dymytryk—to name a few. Yet, for most aspirants, the Myth is a formidable barrier. I often think in this connection of the remark made by a member of the Old Guard when asked by a professor, who had brought a college dramatics class onto his set, what he considered the toughest part of directing. He said, "Getting the job."

I have mentioned the Old Guard, meaning by this that small percentage of the 289 members of the Screen Directors Guild which successfully survived the transition from silent to talking pictures. The fact that they survived is itself an indication that they had ability, and before it be assumed that I am splattering this group with my general complaint, let me quickly say that among its members are nearly all the really great directors of the present moment: John Ford, the gruff, pipe-smoking Irishman who made "The Long Voyage Home," "Stage Coach," and "The Informer"—pictures which wrapped a magical Celtic tenderness in their rugged drive; Howard Hawks, probably the greatest living exponent of the outdoor action story, master of a hard-boiled, smoky realism; William Wyler, a painstaking and effective craftsman, Academy Award winner for "Mrs. Miniver"; Raoul Walsh, a one-eyed man who can shoot as many setups in a day as most directors can in three, without loss of one particle of quality, and does it in "Pursued"; King Vidor, who had the best picture of 1925 in "The Big Parade," and may have the best of 1946 in "Duel in the Sun"; Victor Fleming ("Gone With the Wind"); Sam Wood ("Pride of the Yankees" and "Goodbye Mr. Chips"); George Stevens, who used to be a cameraman and still knows more about a camera than anybody else directing pictures; Alfred Hitchcock, creator of his own sinister visual language; Tay Garnett ("The Postman Always Rings Twice"); Leo McCarey ("Going My Way"), Clarence Brown, Anatol Litvak, Michael Curtiz, and a few more. My complaint is not aimed at these craftsmen but at the Johnny-Come-Lately's who, without comparable experience or ability arrogate—by virtue of the Myth—comparable remuneration and prestige, and often five times as much snide.

III

No doubt my remarks should be ignored. I admit prejudice because I'm a writer, and writers and directors have been waging a tired, polite, and somehow sullen and uncompromisable feud ever since celluloid learned to talk. There are, for instance, certain directors, not to be named here, who refer to writers as "the boys" or "my writers," a form of patronage which infuriates the Hollywood writing craft only slightly less than when the

trade papers refer to some scrivener as having been "promoted to director."

Few writers look upon such change of occupation as an elevation. They feel that the creation of the story which becomes a motion picture is fully as important as its translation into photographs. They are, in fact, fed up with the Directorial Myth and waiting anxiously for the day when it will blow up from over-ripeness, spewing fragments of incompetent pomposity over the tan hills of Burbank, the gulches of Hollywood, and the salt flats of Culver City.

There is a lot of ego in Hollywood. Some of it is silly, much of it is necessary and proper. Without an unusual amount of self-esteem a human being can rarely cope successfully with a difficult task—and the making of a motion picture, good or bad, is very difficult. But although the world has long been accustomed to the ego of persons who make their living in the arts, it has not previously encountered an art form in which the translator is habitually billed above the creator. A publisher, for instance, would invite ridicule if he advertised:

JOE DROOPBRITCH'S
TRANSLATION OF THE WORKS OF
Feodor Dostoevski

Similarly, no sensible proprietor of a picture-gallery would append to one of his exhibits a tag such as:

MICHAEL CHOWDERBRAIN'S
HAND-MADE FRAME ENCLOSING THE
CELEBRATED BLUE BOY BY
Thomas Gainsborough

Yet in the motion picture industry many directors have the contractual right to put their names ahead of the man who has written their pictures, or the works upon which such pictures are based.

Why has the Directorial Myth survived so long? Maybe it's because picture-making is a pastime of such recent origin that its practitioners cling with a sort of desperation to whatever traditions they have managed to inherit. Anyhow I can report as a result of firsthand observation that there is no new day dawning. It looks now as though the Directorial Myth would go on as long as there are motion pictures or theaters to show them in—and would then be adopted and perpetuated by the television industry. All one can hope is that, by the infiltration of new methods, proportion will gradually be restored between a director's actual value to a picture and the false values which, by a sort of perverted legacy, Hollywood still attaches to these functions. Only then will the Myth be dissipated and the craft of directing pictures, stripped of its phony glamor, earn once more the sensible if less inflated esteem, pay, and billing which are its due.

New Song

LYNN RIGGS

We have shared no bed,
Assuaged no need,
Into living loam
Sunk no seed.

What petal then, what fruit
Tangy and wild
Inhabits here?
Who is this child?

Who is dam and sire
Of such a thing
Of no existence
Come to sing,

Come to stare at us
With surprise . . .
And wonder, wonder
In its eyes?

COURTS-MARTIAL COME TO JUSTICE

SIDNEY POST SIMPSON

MILLIONS of Americans have been reading in their newspapers about the Lichfield trials. They have read that there was a guardhouse at Lichfield, England, which was run like a German concentration camp. Men were beaten with clubs. They were forced to stand with nose and toes against a wall for long periods. Some of them died from injuries received.

These men were not Germans. They were American soldiers. Some of them were AWOL cases; some, technical deserters; some, psychoneurotic cases. Some, for all that appears, were just unlucky.

Eventually there were courts-martial, which began in London and continued at Bad Nauheim in Germany. Some of the guards were tried first. They were enlisted men. One was sentenced to dishonorable discharge and three years at hard labor, another to six months in prison and loss of pay. Then a lieutenant and a major were tried. The lieutenant, convicted of having "authorized imposition of unauthorized punishment," was fined $250 and given a reprimand. The major, convicted of "knowingly permitting cruel and unusual punishments," was fined $200.

The commanding officer of the camp had returned home, had been promoted, and had retired after thirty-three years in the Army. He was later recalled to active duty for trial, after the courts-martial on some of the officers and men under his command had received newspaper publicity. While awaiting trial, he was called as a witness for the prosecution at the court-martial of a subordinate officer, and refused to testify on the ground that it might incriminate him. He was ultimately tried, convicted of permitting "harsh, cruel, and unusual punishments" of American soldier prisoners at Lichfield, and sentenced to a reprimand and a fine of $500.

All this looks like one kind of justice for the soldier and another for the officer, even though the sentences of the enlisted men first convicted were greatly reduced some months later. Clemency is hardly a substitute for justice.

THE War Department has been aroused by criticisms of its system of courts-martial, and has asked the aid of the American Bar Association in overhauling the system. At the present time a distinguished committee of lawyers, under the chairmanship of Dean Arthur T. Vanderbilt of New York University Law School, is investigating the administration of army justice. This committee has been holding public hearings in major cities from coast to coast. It is to report this fall. In the meantime, the House Military Affairs Committee has been conducting

Professor Simpson, of the Harvard Law School, served in both World Wars; in the first as an enlisted man, in the second as an officer and Inspector General. He writes here also as a civilian lawyer.

its own investigation, and has recommended reforms in the army court-martial system.

The Navy has also undertaken an examination of its own system, although there has been no Congressional investigation. No navy equivalent of the Lichfield trials has yet made the front pages, but some former naval officers and enlisted ratings can tell rather startling tales, like that of the vice-admiral at a Caribbean shore station who used a lot of government property for his own purposes—civilians might call it embezzlement—and got off with a reprimand, as compared with some pretty severe sentences meted out to enlisted personnel for similar offenses.

Probably we must get our future Army and Navy mainly by voluntary enlistment, not only because a permanent policy of conscription for foreign service is politically unlikely, but because we will get a better Army and Navy that way. Witness the Marine Corps. Of course, men who enlist in the services don't expect to do things for which they will be court-martialed, but they do expect to live under a system where they can be fairly tried and reasonably punished if they should offend against the rules of the service. Until they are assured of justice, they will join the Army or Navy only under compulsion.

It makes no great difference from the standpoint of securing enlistments whether the newspaper stories on the Lichfield trials and the unpublicized gripes of veterans about army and navy justice are well founded in fact. I have not examined the records of the Lichfield trials. I do not know whether justice was actually done or not. But I do know that men will stay away from recruiting stations just as far if they *believe* that army justice is not even-handed as they will if it actually is not even-handed. Chief Justice Taft once said of our civilian courts: "It is not only important that justice be done; it is equally important that the public believe that justice is being done." This is quite as true of courts-martial. We must ask, therefore: What does the public think is wrong with military justice?

The most significant criticisms of the army and navy court-martial systems have been three: (1) that equal justice is not done as between officers and enlisted men; (2) that courts-martial are not independent and impartial tribunals, but rather punishing machines controlled by the commanders who appoint them; and (3) that justice in both Army and Navy is a stepchild, handled on a slipshod, amateur, part-time basis by untrained and poorly qualified personnel. That is what the main gripes boil down to.

The best index of opinion about military justice is the attitude of the veterans of this war. I would guess that not one in a hundred of them believes that army or navy justice is even-handed as between officers and men, not one in ten believes that it is independent and impartial, not one in five believes that it is administered as well as the justice meted out by our inadequate system of civilian criminal courts. If you do not believe that this guess is reasonably accurate, try polling some of your friends who are veterans. (I am not talking about what General Eisenhower once described as "the Big Brass"—although I suspect some of them, too, would admit that they share the same ideas if they knew no one was listening.)

Military and naval justice must be cleared of all suspicion of injustice. This cannot be done by tinkering with an obsolete system. This was tried after World War I. It did not work. If suspicion can be removed only by scrapping the present court-martial systems, then it is time they were scrapped and something better put in their place. The things that have caused the present widespread criticisms cannot be corrected by attempts at whitewashing or by half-measures of reform; and they most certainly cannot be cured by stubborn defense of the present system and attacks on its critics, nor by pointing to the fact that clemency is being exercised to correct glaring inequalities in court-martial sentences.

II

If you ask a group of veterans whether the Army court-martial system deals equally with officers and men, their answers will be emphatic.

They will tell you that officers are infrequently tried; instead, they are transferred or sent before reclassification boards

for offenses which, if committed by enlisted personnel, would be dealt with by court-martial. They will remember, perhaps, a medical officer at a camp in the United States who while drunk tried to treat a German prisoner and was relieved from active duty after the prisoner died. He was never tried at all. They will compare this case with the enlisted witness, waiting to testify for the prosecution at the Lichfield trials, who struck a German prisoner and was sentenced to six months.

Many veterans will say to you flatly, "Officers never get tried." This is not true, of course. Hundreds of officers have been tried. But there is ground for this feeling. Trying an officer requires a general court-martial. It brings public discredit on the service and diminishes the prestige of the officer class. It is easier for a commander to get rid of the offending officer in some other way. But the enlisted offender in the same kind of case does get tried, because there is nothing else to do with him except give him a "blue discharge" for unfitness. Moreover, when an officer is of high rank, he usually has friends in high places. There was, I am informed, a "Lichfield guardhouse" in a camp in the United States, where both camp commander and prison officer were recommended for court-martial trial after investigation. Neither was tried.

When officers *are* tried, they are tried by officers, and by officers only. Enlisted men are also tried by officers, and by officers only. This creates suspicion of caste bias. Such suspicion might be less if the officers who sat on these tribunals were a specially trained group with particular qualifications for the administration of justice. But they are not. Consequently, many former enlisted men believe that officers are "let off" on a class basis by their fellow-officers, for offenses and on evidence where enlisted men would be convicted. It is probable, however, that many such acquittals are the result of the greater opportunities for officers on trial to secure competent defense counsel, rather than of any conscious caste bias.

Many veterans also believe that when officers are convicted their sentences tend to be less severe than sentences of enlisted men. They will tell you about the Pfc in the European Theater who slashed his lieutenant with a knife, and was sentenced to death (later reduced to life imprisonment), and compare his case with that of the lieutenant who while drunk on duty, slashed an enlisted man with a knife, and got five years and a dishonorable dismissal from the service—later reduced to dismissal only. They may remember that when an officer and a private both deserted in the European Theater, the private got a death sentence (later commuted to life imprisonment), while the officer got a dishonorable dismissal only. Small wonder—particularly after the Lichfield trials—that many people believe that under military justice, the greater the rank and responsibility of the offender, the less the sentence.

The recent recommendation of the Doolittle "Gripe Board" that the distinctions between officers and enlisted men be abolished in the Army, if it had been carried into effect, would have tended indirectly to make military justice more fair. But it would take more than action on the Doolittle Board recommendations to eliminate the caste idea from the American military service. There is no formal caste distinction in the Army between the graduates of the United States Military Academy and other officers, but the "old school tie" spirit is very strong nevertheless. The Navy has its share of similar distinctions. It will be a long time before we get a truly democratic Army; and meanwhile it is necessary to build up a belief in the even-handedness of military justice by some means other than the elimination, on paper, of the distinctions between officers and enlisted men.

III

THE widespread feeling that court-martial justice is stacked in favor of the officers is closely tied up with the second major criticism of army and navy courts—that they are not impartial tribunals, but subservient to the will of the commander who appoints them. As Roger Stuart has recently said, "The court-martial system tends to serve, not exclusively to maintain a system of justice,

but to enforce discipline. In a sense it is a club by which the officer caste protects and defends its authority." Courts-martial, in other words, are not so much courts as punishing machines. Can such tribunals do justice?

We like to think of justice as being impartially meted out by independent judges and unintimidated jurors. That ideal prevailed after bitter struggles with the Stuart kings in England, and is embodied in the Constitution of the United States. It is not an ideal lightly to be cast aside.

But a court-martial is not an independent tribunal. If it does not carry out the desires of the commander appointing it, it may be dissolved and its members can be subjected to all sorts of indirect disciplinary action—even though its decisions in individual cases will stand. Suppose Sergeant Smith is accused of using disrespectful language to his captain. If the captain wants an example made and his colonel agrees, it can be made very plain to the officers appointed to a regimental special court-martial that Smith is to be convicted and given the limit. No orders need be issued; it will be a very strong-minded court that will risk getting in wrong with the "old man."

This does not happen always; in some outfits it does not happen at all. But it *can* happen. It is as if judges and jurors in the federal courts could be removed from office and punished whenever they failed to convict persons accused of crime by the executive branch of the government, or because they did not impose sentences to suit the executive. Under the present system, courts-martial cannot and will not be impartial if the commanders who appoint them do not want them to be.

It is in general courts-martial, trying the gravest offenses, that this lack of independence may be most serious, because it usually is camouflaged by a great show of impartiality. A general court has a full panoply of "law member" (who is supposed to be the court's impartial legal adviser), trial judge advocate (prosecutor) and assistant, and defense counsel and assistant; a stenographic record is made of the proceedings; and there are elaborate procedural provisions in the Articles of War. Yet even in the general court-martial cases, especially those involving peculiarly military offenses, the outcome of the trial can often be pretty well predicted in advance by anyone who has access to the right members of the staff of the appointing authority—or, at least, so many veterans firmly believe. Many of them feel, moreover, that it is bad enough to have rubber-stamp courts-martial, but even worse to pretend that they are independent.

But there is a further difficulty in preserving the integrity of military justice. In so far as civilian criminal justice has attained impartiality, this has been largely due to the right of the accused to counsel in his defense. This right is greatly curtailed in practice under our present court-martial system.

The right to counsel—able, fearless, unhampered counsel—is fundamental to the American conception of due process of law. But in many courts-martial this right exists mainly in form. Assigned defense counsel may have neither the time, the ability, nor the courage to protect the rights of the accused. An officer defending a court-martial case can make himself unpopular by being too zealous in his client's behalf. A dramatic example of this is the case of an Army captain who for a time was one of the prosecuting officers in the Lichfield trials. Later he was asked to defend some six soldiers and civilians held in Army jails in the American Zone in Germany. He filed petitions for writs of habeas corpus in the United States Supreme Court on behalf of three of them. Thereupon he was barred by higher military authority from continuing to act as defense counsel, and ordered shipped back to the United States. When such things can happen, naturally most defense lawyers manage to keep their zeal within prudent limits. On the other hand, where the appointing authority does not desire a conviction, or where the accused (usually a high-ranking officer in these cases) has important political and social connections within the Army, it is equally hazardous for the prosecutor to take his duties too seriously.

Just as the ordinary court-martial is

often the rubber-stamping of a penalty more severe than a commander could impose administratively, so the "white-wash" type of court-martial is simply a sop to an aroused public opinion. Neither can properly be described as a judicial proceeding. Of course the appointing officer may—and in most cases does—desire to be just. But if his personal desire is the significant factor in determining the verdict, isn't it a waste of time and something of an insult to the intelligence of the men in our armed services to go through the elaborate stage show of a courtroom trial?

Most veterans will agree, I think, that in spite of its defects, the most nearly impartial and most judicially-minded branch of the military service is the Inspector General's Department. It is a tradition of long standing that Inspectors General in investigation cases should seek the truth without fear or favor. More important, no line commander can control their judgment. It is not that officers of the Inspector General's Department have been conspicuously more able or honorable than those in the other arms or services. It is simply that they have been in a position where they *could* be independent. Consequently, the inquisitorial system of an Inspector General's investigation, though it gives suspected persons no right to counsel and examines all witnesses in secret, has on the whole produced fairer and more impartial results than the system of courts-martial, where the traditional apparatus of judicial procedure has been employed.

An Inspector General making an investigation under War Department authority is not under the disciplinary jurisdiction of anyone other than the Inspector General of the Army, and so can be independent. A court-martial, which is subject to dissolution and whose members may be subject to unpleasant consequences if its decisions do not suit the appointing commander, is not and cannot be independent. It is not a court at all, martial or otherwise. It is a mere punishing machine, dressed up to look like a court.

Therefore the abolition of the Army caste system, even if it could be brought about, would do nothing to cure lack of independence in the administration of military justice. Nor is it enough to amend the Articles of War to prohibit "censure, reprimand, or admonishing any member of a court-martial" by the commanding officer appointing it, as recommended in the recent report of the House Military Affairs Committee. There are other, more subtle ways of expressing official displeasure.

Something more is needed than prohibiting bad practices; legal prohibitions are not self-executing. After all, what happened in the Lichfield guardhouse was forbidden by the Articles of War.

IV

There is a third great complaint against military and naval justice, not so frequently voiced but probably as serious as any. It is this: that in the Army and Navy alike, justice is a stepchild.

Doing justice is a full-time job for a judge. But courts-martial do not have judges. They are manned by busy officers dragged from other and urgent duties, often sitting at night to avoid taking time from training. The Judge Advocate General's Department of the Army has little to do with military justice except in connection with review of court-martial records. It is mainly a department to give legal advice on non-military matters. While it does review general court-martial decisions, it does so *ex parte*, with no right to counsel on appeal. Such an appellate procedure in the administration of civilian justice would shock us all. It is no less shocking when the defendants are soldiers or sailors.

It is a nuisance to be detailed as a member of a court-martial; it is a still greater nuisance to be detailed as defense counsel—at least if the officer detailed has any sort of a professional conscience. It is the greatest nuisance of all to be appointed a trial judge advocate, "in addition to [one's] other duties." Military justice is handled on a perfunctory basis. This fact alone would prevent it from being uniformly either efficient or just.

The theory behind this amateur, part-

time administration of justice in the Army and Navy has two aspects. In the first place, it seems to be related to an idea which still pervades our armed services: that every officer is, by virtue of his commission, a sort of jack-of-all-trades. He is expected to be able not only to train men and lead them in battle, but also to know how to run a mess or a post exchange or a laundry, to be competent to give orientation lectures, and to know army paper work and how to administer military law. This jack-of-all-trades theory was pretty much true of the officers of the old Regular Army who lived their professional lives in small posts set up to protect the Western settlers against the Indians. It is not true today even in the Regular Army or Navy. In a modern military establishment, officers and men alike must be specialists. It is just as necessary to avoid amateur justice as it is to avoid amateur piloting of B-29's. The jack-of-all-trades theory as applied to military justice should have gone out with the cavalry lance and the officer's sword.

But perhaps more important is the basic assumption that the doing of justice within the Army and Navy is not important. The idea seems to be that military law exists, not to do justice, but to aid military efficiency by enforcing discipline and the will of the commander. If this be so, let's stop talking about "military justice." If the only purpose of trial and punishment in the military service is the enforcement of the commander's will, that may as well be done directly. We should then frankly admit that the word "justice" has no place in a system of military absolutism.

But suppose we grant that the sole purpose of the Army and Navy is military efficiency, and that customary considerations of justice and fair play have only secondary importance. Still the case for administrative absolutism is far from proven. There is more to efficiency than enforcing the will of the commander. Even from a purely military standpoint, there is real importance in having an Army and Navy of free men whose discipline is regulated by principles of justice and of law. In warfare, Napoleon said, "the moral is to the material as three is to one." So long as our Army and Navy are maintained for the purpose of defending a free and democratic civilian order, long-run military efficiency will be increased by an honest and effective insistence upon a military justice that is just in fact. Certainly that kind of military justice cannot be insured so long as it remains a burdensome task imposed upon overworked officers whose primary responsibilities lie elsewhere.

V

THESE criticisms of military and naval justice are fundamental. Whether valid or not, they are widely believed. No reform will be adequate which does not remove all grounds for such beliefs.

Most suggestions for reform lay great stress on the inclusion of enlisted men on military courts. The recent report of the House Committee on Military Affairs proposes, for example, that if the accused requests it, one-third of the court shall be composed of enlisted men drawn from commands other than his own or that of the officer making the charges against him. But there are grave difficulties in having officers tried by enlisted men, enlisted men by officers, or either by a mixed court of both. Even if the formal distinction between officers and enlisted personnel were abolished—and this is not likely—differences in rank would necessarily remain. No one with service experience can doubt the overawing effect of superior rank, even within the same caste of the Army, whether it be a case of colonel and lieutenant or of sergeant and private.

In any event, there is a fundamental difficulty in the way of an independent court-martial system composed of officers or men subject to military discipline. It is difficult to obey one day and stand up to the appointing commander as court-martial member or as defense counsel the next. This would be true in any army or navy, however democratically organized, which possesses—as armies and navies must—a hierarchy of command. Furthermore, the time of soldiers and sailors should not be taken for judicial work; they have other things to do.

For these reasons, no reform of courts-martial can be really adequate unless it removes the administration of justice entirely from military hands. Military and naval justice should be turned over to civilian judges and lawyers who are directly responsible to the President, rather than to the Army and Navy high commands.

There is precedent for such a system. The Judge Advocate General of the British Army is required by law to be a civilian. The judge advocates appointed by him as advisers to general courts-martial also are civilians (although in the so-called "field general court-martial" of World War II, the judge advocates were commissioned officers selected from the civilian bar of the British Isles). The British judge advocate, whether officer or civilian, is not a prosecuting officer, as in our Army. He is the impartial legal adviser of the court, although not a member of it. As a result British general court-martial procedure is substantially that of a trial before a civilian judge with a military jury. This similarity has been particularly obvious in certain general court-martial trials held in London, presided over by a judge of the High Court of Justice sitting in the Law Courts. Is there any reason why we cannot go at least as far as the British in establishing independent civilian administration of military justice?

Even in England, however, the court-martial system has not gone without criticism. This may be due in part to the circumstance that the last two Judge Advocates General have been former Army officers, and also to the fact that all important trials during the war were conducted by "field general courts-martial" following a practice very similar to our own. And the English system is not wholly satisfactory anyhow, even though the judge be a civilian. For he presides over what amounts to a military jury; and a military jury is very like a "people's court" in a totalitarian state, trying offenders against the very regime to which the members of the court themselves are absolutely subject. In most court-martial trials, moreover, there are practically no questions of law except those arising on more or less technical issues concerning the admissibility of evidence. The important issues are questions of fact and of discretion in sentencing. The mere provision of adequate legal advice will not touch the far more important problem of how to ensure impartial trial of the facts and the independent exercise of the discretionary power of sentence. But while the British precedent does not go far enough, it does at least show that civilian control of military justice is feasible.

VI

The first step in an effective reform, then, is to place the administration of both army and navy justice in the hands of an independent civilian Judge Advocate General responsible directly to the President as commander-in-chief of the armed forces. Even without unification of the services, there is no reason why this combination of functions should not take place. The administration of justice is a job for lawyers, not for men engaged in the very different business of fighting or preparing for war. (Conceivably army or navy personnel might sit as assessors, without vote, for the sole purpose of informing the court on questions concerning their respective services.) With such a civilian judge advocate system, army and navy justice could be even-handed, independent, and professionally competent. It would then be possible for the first time to handle military justice in such a way as to place it above suspicion.

But civilian manning of the courts for the Army and Navy would not in itself be enough. There should also be a permanent corps of civilian defense counsel, organized on the general lines of existing public defenders' offices. (The accused should, of course, be permitted to choose his own counsel if he wants; but as a practical matter this possibility will present itself only infrequently, and mostly in cases of officers of high rank.) In this way, the right of effective representation by counsel—which the Supreme Court has held to be an integral part of the due process of law guaranteed by the Fifth Amendment—can be systematically preserved in the military and naval establishments. Whether or not this civilian defender's

office should be part of a civilian Judge Advocate General's Department is a matter of organizational detail.

Selection of personnel for a civilian judge advocate service would require some care. Certainly neither judges nor defense lawyers could be properly chosen through the mechanics of the Federal Civil Service. The paralyzing hand of the Civil Service Commission must be avoided, if the proposed reform is to be effective. That this can be done, if there be a will to do it, is evidenced by the high quality of the legal personnel normally to be found in the Department of Justice.

Effective reform of the present court-martial system not only would stimulate voluntary enlistments, but also would increase the long-run efficiency of our military and naval establishments. This would be so even if no change in present disciplinary regulations were made. But in the Army at least, the new system of civilian tribunals might well be coupled with an increase in the disciplinary powers which commanding officers can exercise without court-martial. This change should increase immediately the day-to-day discipline and efficiency of the service.

Suppose Private Brown goes AWOL for a week. He must be disciplined, and it is bad for morale to delay disciplinary action to await a trial. Under the present provisions of Article of War 104, all that Brown's commanding officer can do without court-martial is to withhold privileges, or to impose extra fatigue, restriction to limits, or hard labor without confinement, for not exceeding one week. This is not a severe enough punishment to preserve discipline. In the British service, such administrative punishment may go to the extent of "detention" for not to exceed twenty-eight days, with forfeiture of pay; but, as under our Articles of War, the person so punished is entitled to a trial by court-martial if he wants to demand it. Modification of our Articles of War along the lines of this British pattern should amply take care of the immediate disciplinary necessities. But it would do more. Anyone who ever commanded an outfit knows the headaches he has had over trying men he didn't want to send to a court-martial, but who couldn't be given suitably severe disciplinary punishment without trial. Disciplinary action within reasonable limits, without the stigma and delay of a trial, can be combined with a system of civilian military courts so as to increase the effectiveness of our Army as a fighting machine.

The most important thing, however, is that the principle of an independent and impartial system of military justice be established. When that is done, details can readily be worked out. And until it is done, no tinkering with court-martial procedure, no provision for mixed courts of officers and enlisted personnel to try enlisted men, no reorganization of the Judge Advocate General's Department, can do much good. Any such painting over the holes in an old and leaky boat would leave untouched the firm and widely-held conviction that we do not now have a system of justice, but rather a disguised technique of punishment.

VII

It is in the immediate interest of our Army and Navy that reform of the court-martial system be prompt. The future of our armed forces depends ultimately upon the votes of the American people. Right now, some twelve million of those votes are veteran votes. A private or a seaman third-class has just as many votes as a five-star general or admiral, and there are a great many more of them. Moreover, our Army and Navy right now need men who *want* to serve in the armed forces. Especially for occupation duty, reluctant draftees are not good enough.

Widespread feeling that court-martial justice is not just cannot safely be allowed to continue. To this end, the pressure of an aroused public opinion needs to be focused on getting corrective action. The War and Navy Departments contain staunch and vocal defenders of the old order. Moreover, neither service could clean its own house completely even if it would. Legislation is needed. The remedy is in the hands of the Congress to be elected this month.

THE PASSING OF CASPER HAWKINS

GAINS B. HAWKINS

He (The Roman) had courage, self-control, thrift, a high sense of public duty, and, within somewhat narrow limits, of justice too. In business affairs, though he was grasping and close-fisted, his word was his bond. But, take him for all in all, he was a hard man—hard on others as he was hard upon himself, giving no quarter and expecting none.

—Cyril E. Robinson, *A History of Rome.*

Casper Hawkins had a reputation for being a hard man. Some of our neighbors said that he was a "mighty close man." Others who didn't like him called him a "damned old tightwad."

But these were criticisms based on a superficial knowledge of my father's manner of dealing in money matters. We eleven children, who knew him better, realized that Mister Casper was hard as granite to the core of his soul. Certainly there was nothing in his lifelong habits and in his short, outspoken philosophy to belie our belief that, before he died, Casper Hawkins was the hardest man we'd ever known.

To begin this story, I will relate a circumstance which laid the foundation for his philosophy of individualism, determination, self-restraint, and granite hardness—a philosophy so acid and bitter it would curl the toes of your social minded, present-age public.

When the Civil War was yet in the stages of loose talk, wild threats, and political opportunism, a tight-fisted, Scotch-English farmer in Smith County, Mississippi, named John Hawkins, was studiedly ignoring the secessionist cries of his neighbors and pondering over how he would salvage a few crumbs of his life-earnings from the war that was bound to come. Old John Hawkins had a dozen children, a thousand acres of land, fifty black slaves, and as bitter hatred of war's destructiveness as ever flowed through the soul of man.

The war came, but when the first cannon was fired, old John had made up his mind. Instead of joining the rebel ranks, old John did a thing that probably no other man in Smith County would have dared contemplate in that period of hot-tempered antagonism. He coolly announced that he was selling his slaves and "moving North to set out the war."

John Hawkins casually explained to his surprised neighbors that "old Jeff Davis and his crowd" would bring nothing but defeat and misery to the Southern states if they tried to buck the rich North. And when his ox-wagons, piled high with family belongings and tended by the oldest slaves, whom he had refused to sell, moved slowly northward out of Smith County, there were some shouts of "traitor" and "Yankee lover," but no offers of violence. Old John's neighbors respected his shooting eye.

The war over and lost, as he had predicted it would be, John Hawkins loaded his wagons with corn and moved back to his farm. The neighbors were glad to see him—and his corn. Those were hungry times in Smith County.

Before he died in 1943, Casper Hawkins, himself a grandson of old John's, born

thirteen years after the Civil War had ended, told that story over and over again. It was the basis of his political ideology, which placed the Constitution of the United States above all private interests and any personal opinion. Casper Hawkins never apologized for his grandfather's action. He did explain that old John had been as much opposed to emancipation of slaves as he was opposed to secession from the union of states. An African slave and a Missouri mule were alike in old John's eyes; but he could foresee in the union of the North American continent into one body politic a far greater economic security for the individual than would come through holding in continued bondage a million black farm hands. If "the guv'ment" had told John Hawkins to free his oxen, he would have cursed it for a "bunch of silly, meddling fools," but he would have turned his oxen loose to roam at will.

II

A THOUSAND acres of Smith County's red clay in the last quarter of the nineteenth century was worth little more than the value of its standing pine trees. When the trees were cut, a man had nothing left but a scrabbly living from sandy, unproductive soil. With the slaves freed and wandering aimlessly over the country, John Hawkins' family scrabbled harder than ever to make one harvest feed fifteen or more mouths until the next fall.

In those days a young man usually had two occupations to choose from. He farmed or he sawmilled. When twenty-two-year-old Casper asked blonde, fourteen-year-old Lillie Finch to marry him, he told her he could get a good job at a sawmill in Hattiesburg—at seventy-five cents a day. There was a big wedding. The bride wore a wedding dress of blue satin with whalebone staves, and her yellow gold wedding band was almost a third as wide as the distance between the knuckles of her finger.

His second year at the sawmill, Mister Casper was making fifty dollars a month. He and his bride had rented a large house in town, and the board money they made on the side gave them a comfortable living. Then one day a boiler blew up, and the mill foreman was killed in the spot where Mister Casper had been standing seconds before. That accident ended two sawmill careers.

Knowledge of richer land farther north where a man could rent a farm in return for one-fourth of its produce made up Casper Hawkins' mind. Packing his wife and baby into a wagon, Mister Casper turned his back on the stingy red clay and vanishing pine forests of South Mississippi and migrated to Madison County near the center of the state. There followed four years of grubbing in the ground, additional mouths to feed at yearly intervals, flu epidemics, boll weevil pestilence, and more grubbing until the ground had given up everything it was possible to grow.

In 1918, Casper Hawkins had a thousand dollars in the bank at Flora. The spotted heifer that had been the sole substance of his bride's dowry was now represented by thirteen milk cows. He had bought a team of horses, and he was tired of paying rent. Mister Casper started looking for a place of his own.

He found an eighty-acre homestead for sale, paid the owner his entire bank account, and agreed to hand over two thousand dollars more at the end of the year for a clear deed. It was the first time any Madison County farmer had ever made two thousand dollars on eighty acres in one year, but Casper Hawkins knew how to make soil produce. Other farmers grew cotton and lived for cotton. Mister Casper made as much money from the sale of sugar cane molasses, sweet potatoes, and corn as he made from his cotton crop.

CASPER HAWKINS had become not only a farmer, but a property owner. He never forgot this fact. Before daylight every member of his family was in the fields. He rented additional land one year from a neighbor who had usually let the plot "lay out" in pasture because it was "too pore to raise peas." Mister Casper made a bumper crop of cotton on the land that year, and the neighbor refused to rent it again. "I'll let that there field go to seed," growled the irate owner, "before I'll see old Casper make another dime on it."

The following year, Mister Casper rented a plot of bottom land on Burnt

Corn Creek from a neighbor who complained that he couldn't farm it because of stumps. That winter, Mister Casper burned and pulled out the stumps with his team and followed up with a yield of two bales of cotton to the acre. Next year, the neighbor allowed he'd better farm that piece of ground himself.

Other farmers "laid by" their crops in July and spent the next month or two waiting for the bolls to open—fishing or talking politics on a well-whittled bench on Flora's main street. Throughout July, August, and September, Mister Casper had his weary family hoeing weeds and crab grass from between the cotton stalks and clearing ditch banks of brush. On Saturdays, he clerked in a Flora store for a Jewish merchant.

There were only three holidays in Casper Hawkins' life; the Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. Sundays were necessary, not for worship, but for walking over every foot of a crop to decide which field was to get first priority in cultivation, and what fence needed repairing.

III

In 1933, when it was taken for granted that the mail order houses, good roads, fast transportation, and the general depression had killed business in small cotton towns, Casper Hawkins decided that other people were wrong. The newspapers were then writing about "pump priming," subsidies, and other artificial stimulants for the American agricultural economy.

"When a pump has to be primed," Mister Casper told his family one night at supper, "you might as well throw the damned thing away and fill your cistern with rocks. I'm going to quit farming and open up a store."

Fortunately, he didn't carry out the first threat immediately. A week after he had rented a vacant store building in Flora and filled it with merchandise, a Presidential Proclamation closed the banks. Mister Casper had a building filled with merchandise, no money, and no prospect of sales to a public destitute of cash. He stood tottering on the brink of a gulf which threatened to swallow the harvest of his thirty-year struggle.

He had two natural recourses. He could burn the goods for insurance; he could enter into bankruptcy; or he could stick it out and take the chances.

I think his stubbornness made him decide to buck the odds against him. "Prominent" men in Flora, with its population of about five hundred, had laughed at him for opening a store. Business was dead in Flora, they declared, and this "country redneck" was a fool to think he could make money where other merchants had just closed their doors.

Whatever his motive, Mister Casper stuck. He lived on the farm and daily drove the two miles back and forth to keep his store open. His eight years as a Saturday clerk in Max Sebulsky's store had taught him a shrewd knowledge of the retail trade and had brought him into personal contact with almost every Negro sharecropper in the countryside. The contacts began to pay off.

Max Sebulsky had died four years before. His name had been a trademark of fair business with hundreds of Negro customers. Few white men had failed to cheat them in their small world of poverty, and none gave them the honest, flattering sympathy they found in "Mister Max's sto'." On the morning of his funeral they had filled the street in front of his house. Their mourning had been genuine. It was poignantly expressed in the hysterical wail of a grieving old Negress, "Oh, Lawd, Mister Max is gone. Oh, Lawd, why did You take him from us?"

Four years after Max Sebulsky had been buried, his Negro customers came into Casper Hawkins' store, shook his hand, and vowed they'd never spend a nickel anywhere else, because "It sho' do remind me of Mister Max when I trades in here."

Just as warm cordiality is manifested on the surface of a small town's personality, envy and prejudice is as deeply ingrained in the character of its people. Casper Hawkins and his family found few friends in Flora. The townspeople, tied in a close knot of blood and marriage relationships, resented the upstart farmer who was making money where they had failed, and whose family made no attempt to

peep over the edges of their exclusive social circle.

Perhaps Casper Hawkins had snorted too loudly, "If some folks paid their debts and didn't cheat their niggers so damn much, they wouldn't be able to fly so high."

One morning Casper Hawkins found the street in front of his store piled high with garbage and refuse. The two long wooden benches, characteristic of a small town store, were smashed, and the white painted sign which had dangled from the tin sidewalk roof was perched atop the town water tank. This was prankish juvenile vandalism, but there was no doubt that, in this adolescent act of ridicule, the entire Flora citizenry had spoken. The adults snickered, some openly, some behind their hands, as Mister Casper and his wife pushed aside the filth and carried away the broken benches. The garbage-dumping episode was repeated again and again for about six months until the youngsters of the town found other amusement. But Flora had learned that Casper Hawkins was a permanent fixture in town. Hell and high water wouldn't budge him.

Mister Casper even regretted the end of the garbage campaign against him. He used to chuckle that each time his store doors were desecrated he gained about fifteen new customers among the sympathetic Negroes. Flora citizens, though, will probably never forget the lean farmer-merchant who, before moving the refuse from his doors, would stand facing the street and curse loudly and profanely the responsible citizens; first as individuals, next as families, and finally as a whole.

As Mister Casper's prestige fell in the eyes of Flora society, it grew with the Negroes to exceed the standing of the great Jew who had taken him in as a protégé. The hundreds who spent their meager dollars in the Hawkins Store no longer traded there because it "reminded them of Mister Max," but because "Mister Casper" had become a name feared and respected.

In the late nineteen-thirties the Negro tenant family led a barren, if seemingly carefree, existence. Beginning on the first Saturday in March, planters "furnished" their tenants about ten dollars cash which carried the family through until the following month. The actual sum depended on the family's numbers, its acreage, and the potential cotton yield at harvest time. The "furnish" system continued throughout July. From then until ginning time, usually in early September, the tenant was on his own. Most families obtained credit from local merchants to tide them through the lean period between the last furnish and the first ginning. Until the year's cotton crop was ginned and sold, the tenant paid his store debt and bought groceries with his "seed" money, obtained from the cash sale of cotton seed as it was ginned. Half went to the planter—the tenant's share amounted to about ten dollars or less from each bale. A bale of cotton brought about fifty dollars, the tenant again receiving half. An average Negro family with three or four children would gin from eight to twelve bales. The family then "settled up" with the planter —paid him back monthly furnish allowances or other debts incurred—and was free to move to another plantation or cling to the same shack, depending upon a mutual agreement between planter and tenant. Many Negroes were nomadic. The more successful stayed put when they found a fairly comfortable house and productive land. (Tenants on the vast "Will Wilson place" enjoyed a higher social standing than any others. "Will Wilson's niggers" usually made good crops and "got what was coming to them.")

Whatever the decision, the tenant farmer had to live on his balance until the following March. There was only one exception; at Christmas time, most planters advanced twenty dollars to each family so that there would be plenty of apples and oranges and twenty dollars' worth of Christmas cheer in every home.

It was into this economy of Negro tenant life that Casper Hawkins plunged during the lowest depths of the depression period, to emerge ten years later as merchant king of a little cotton town that had hated his guts but was now gradually beginning to respect his uncanny shrewdness and his miserly economy. But Casper Hawkins

was no grasping money-bags. He was simply a shrewd, hard, and honest individualist.

There was not a Negro within Flora's trading radius whom Casper Hawkins could not call by name. He knew their faces and he knew their history for the last generation or longer. He knew their crops, and he knew within five hundred pounds how much cotton each family would gin in the fall, God and the elements willing.

It was on this foundation that he credited his Negro customers; carried them from month to month, ginning season to ginning season; until there was not a Negro farmer in the community who couldn't say, "I'se got an account with Mister Casper." Those accounts ranged from a dime to a hundred dollars, and Mister Casper bragged that he never lost more than forty dollars in uncollected debts from his Negro trade.

IV

THERE was no mystery in his ability to collect accounts. He was cold and uncompromising. He knew exactly each customer's ability to pay. He was hard and merciless. On Sundays, Mister Casper stepped into his automobile with an ax handle and pistol and sought out the customers who were behind in their promises to pay. He would walk up to the shambling porch of a Negro cabin, summon the recreant in a harsh and cutting voice, and snarl, "George, you got my goods and promised to pay me last Saturday. You didn't come in, goddam you. Now I want my goddam money."

Strange as it seems, he never lost a customer through his methods. And even though some of the accounts stayed on his book for months while the customer "dodged" to evade the severe dunnings, sooner or later he was bound to cross Mister Casper's path. Casper Hawkins could recognize a default account at two hundred yards by the shape of his body or the manner of his walk.

I saw him dash into the street one day and come back minutes later dragging by the collar a scared Negro who had successfully dodged in and out of town for two months evading his promise to pay. That was the cruelest tongue lashing I ever heard delivered by one human being on another. After five minutes of profane harangue, Mister Casper again grasped the Negro by his collar, spun him around, and kicked him repeatedly from the rear end of the store out into the street. Fifteen minutes later, the Negro sidled back into the store. His eyes were wide and white with fear. Mister Casper was standing at his makeshift desk poring over a list of accounts in the thick, dog-eared ledger. The Negro edged closer and quavered, "How is you today, Mister Casper?"

Mister Casper turned, and with a friendly, disarming grin, answered, "Why, hello, Jabo. I'm fine, thank you. Haven't seen you around in a long time."

"I just dropped in to settle my account," said Jabo, falling into the farcical routine as easily as a spanked child.

"Well now, let's see," said Mister Casper, peering at the dirty journal over the rims of a pair of loose horn-rimmed glasses. "Let's see, your account is two six-bits, that right?"

"Yas suh, that's it. Been aiming to pay you for a long spell now, Mister Casper. Just ain't been able to get yo' money up."

"Aw hell, Jabo, you know I never worry 'bout your owing me. You're one of the best paying customers I got."

A delightful grin spread over Jabo's face from ear to ear.

"I allus try to meet my obligations, Mister Casper. You never refused to help me when I'se needy."

Mister Casper took the grimy bills from Jabo's hand and drew a heavy line across his name on the journal.

"Anything else for you, Jab?"

"I needs some lard and a bucket of molasses, Mister Casper. I'll sho' get your money up for you by the fust Sattidy."

Mister Casper turned to me. "Wait on Jabo and make a ticket for his groceries." The curtain had closed on another scene in the continuous drama of the Hawkins Store.

CASPER HAWKINS was in business three years before he bought a cash register. Only an increased volume of trade made him forsake the sliding drawer under the

drygoods counter. He always said that Max Sebulsky's bookkeeping system was good enough for him, but he went his Jewish teacher one better. Max Sebulsky had kept his books in a Ladies' Home Almanac, according to Mister Casper. The Hawkins journal was a huge ruled ledger that took a strong man to lift with ease. Nobody but Mister Casper could read it. I remember noting one account which read simply, "Aunt Sarah, meat, 25¢." There were at least four "Jabo's" in the journal. One was "Jabo, ice plant"; another was "Jabo, Will Wilson place." There were approximately a thousand names in the journal, and Mister Casper scorned any "system," alphabetical or otherwise. He simply remembered where to find a name when he wanted it.

During the year of the World War I bonus payments, Mister Casper watched closely the status of the bonus bill. Immediately after its passage, he announced to his eager colored customers—those who had served in the war—that his book was open. When the first bonus certificates arrived, there were fifty-one "bonus accounts" on Mister Casper's books. The lowest sum was for fifty dollars; the highest for two hundred and fifty. It was the first and only time that he had allowed individual bills to run as high as this, and Mister Casper was a little uneasy. He kept close tabs on "his boys." He was afraid that when some of the weakest got two hundred dollars or more in their pockets, they might skip the country. His apprehension was realized, but not disastrously. Only one Negro veteran failed to return with his bonus money. His was the fifty dollar account. Mister Casper roared. He would "shoot that goddam nigger" if he ever laid eyes on him again. But he didn't lose the fifty dollars. To each of the remaining fifty accounts he added a one-dollar "carrying charge." He explained to his customers that the extra dollar was to "carry Jack's account until he comes back." They each nodded gravely, understandingly, "Now ain't it a shame that nigger had to go and run out on us like that, Mister Casper?"

Two years later, "Jack" dropped in one day and paid his delinquent account. He had been up in the Delta farming, he said; but he decided he'd come back to Flora to live. "Jack" bought a supply of groceries and Mister Casper "put it on the book." By the end of the year every Negro who had helped "carry Jack" was repaid.

Somehow, every Negro who came in contact with the spare, wiry merchant had a childlike faith in him. They could trade with Mister Casper without fear of being overcharged or having their accounts padded. It was a common joke in the country then that some of the planters and merchants wrote up accounts with a "split pencil"; in other words, that when a one dollar account was posted, it showed up on the books as eleven dollars.

He refused to modernize his store as the years passed because he wanted his customers to "feel at home." Drygoods were piled indiscriminately on the wooden counters, and never a word was said when a tired, black mammy hauled herself and her kids atop a pile of trousers to "set a spell" and fan herself. On hot, humid first Saturdays, when the store was filled from front to rear with sweating, unwashed bodies; when a dozen clerks were shoving and pushing through the mass; when the air was filled with the cries of squalling babies, the endless jingle of the cash register, the laughter and shouts of "furnish day" happiness, and the nauseating stench from dripping armpits, Mister Casper would look up from his "book" with a sly grin and say, "By God, that smells like money to me."

Mister Casper followed the basic axiom that customers usually trade where they can buy what they need with the assurance of receiving a good quality for a fair price. He filled his building end to end with a variety of merchandise astounding to behold, but he was careful to stay within the narrow range of the average Negro farmer's buying power. His only motto was: "If I don't have it now, wait; I'll get it for you." He bragged that there were scores of homes in the country where every scrap of food, every rag of clothing, every home and farm implement used in the normal function of the families' lives, was purchased in the Hawkins Store. The crowning climax came one day when a timid young buck came in and discreetly inquired if Mister Casper could order him

a "pair of licenses." He intended to get married.

The most permanent impression Casper Hawkins made on the community was education of his customers. He never lost an opportunity to influence his trade toward the best quality of merchandise affordable. He would argue for an hour with a stubborn customer, urging him to pay fifty cents more for a pair of shoes that would, truthfully, outwear three pairs of the cheaper grade. His was a double-barreled purpose. He had the trader's natural love for handling good merchandise, and he made a bigger profit on the higher priced shoes or flour.

V

During the twenty-four years I knew Casper Hawkins, I saw him in a church but twice. He went one day on a special invitation from the minister to help take up the collection. We accused him of expecting a commission. The other time was when they brought him in for his funeral sermon.

He had been a member of the Baptist Church since early boyhood, and at one time had taught a Sunday School class at the now-deserted village of Livingston in Madison County. But somewhere through the years, Mister Casper had lost faith, not in God, but in preachers and churches. He despised anything that smacked of hypocrisy and incompetence. He could hear nothing in the ranting screeches from Protestant pulpits that could hold his interest. Stump shouting, petty clannishness, and the passionate inflammation of emotions was, and still is, the order of religion in most Southern churches. Casper Hawkins had no time to waste listening to preachers. He might have made a faithful Catholic if he had not been steeped in his uncompromising spirit of individualism. But Casper Hawkins bowed to no being lower than God.

He was as bitterly anti-social in his political creed as any Wall Street reactionary. Property, to Casper Hawkins, was as sacred as God's Word and the Constitution of the United States.

"Freedom?" he snarled; "Hell, no man is free without property."

He believed it was the sole purpose of government, in any form, to protect his property and that of other men. It made no difference if the property was a half-acre of land or a national railroad system. His own property he considered his share of stock in the Constitution. Revolutions and violence, he used to argue heatedly at the supper table, were started by men who owned nothing and had nothing to lose. Any man who did not own, or had not the initiative to aspire to own property, was in his eyes a potential traitor. He was opposed to old age pensions, free school books, and homestead exemption legislation because it undermined initiative, he declared. When some of us ventured timidly that probably a majority of people were victims of misfortune rather than sloth, he exploded, "Why, goddam, it's management, that's what keeps the world going, management!"

In 1942 the restless, driving energy in Casper Hawkins ran its course. Management, determination, and all the doctors could do could not save his overworked heart and nervous system. He was dead within a year.

When they brought his casket into the Flora Baptist Church for the funeral sermon, I wondered if that was the way Mister Casper would have had it if he could have directed his own last rites on this earth. Rather, I believe he would have had his body carried out under the open sky, under the relentless sun, and over the impartial dirt where he had struggled to beat the elements and defy fortune to become his own master. There he might have uttered this prayer:

"God Almighty, I've never asked for anything, and I'm not asking now. It's been a long, hard fight, and I just want to thank You for giving me fighting room. If You intend to do anything for these people who are left, don't give them a dole, God, just keep the frontiers open. Give them a chance, and if they're good, honest managers, protect what they make. If they won't work, God, let them starve. Amen."

PHOSPHORUS: BOTTLENECK OF THE WORLD'S HUNGER

JAMES RORTY

PHOSPHORUS is a constituent of every living cell. It is essential to both plant and animal nutrition. It is more widely distributed through the human body than any other mineral (though calcium occurs in larger quantities), and no other mineral performs so many functions. Significantly, it is found in high concentration in the seeds of plants and in the chromosomes of plants and animals, including the human animal. Into these chromosomes are packed from the beginning all that determines, if not our fate and fortune, at least our physical and mental characteristics, down to the color of our eyelashes.

In phosphate-deficient regions the growth of desirable plants is poor, animal growth is poor, and—we have reason to believe—human nutrition is poor for those who live on the land. Adequate quantities of phosphate in the soil are necessary for the growth of ground cover to prevent erosion. Phosphate is also essential to the improvement of fertility, the diversification of crops, and the building and maintenance of a permanent agriculture. A serious phosphate deficiency is at once an agronomic and economic disaster for the nation, a physiological disaster for the individual human being, and—quite possibly—a genetic disaster for the race.

How close are we to such a disaster? How much do we suffer as a people from phosphate deficiency? Are the means at hand by which adequate supplies of this life-essential may be supplied for the food crops and the people of this country or of the world?

The answers to these questions are at once sobering and heartening. Unquestionably our soils, our food crops, and in some degree our people have suffered and are still suffering from phosphate deficiency, in peace as in war. The existence of that deficiency is no longer a matter for debate; it is known to every competent American soil scientist, to every agronomist, to every nutritionist, to every public health worker; soon, with the spread of popular knowledge of nutrition, it must become known to the general public. The heartening fact is that the problem is soluble, both for this country and ultimately, we may hope, for the world.

II

FOR the phosphate* bottleneck can be broken. The United States has large reserves of phosphate. Even if the present rate of consumption were multiplied by

*P_2O_5—called "phosphoric acid" by the trade, though to the chemists it is known as phosphorus pentoxide. The chemical formula for phosphoric acid is H_3PO_4.

Mr. Rorty is the author of many articles on food and nutrition. The latest of these to appear in Harper's *was "All the Food That's Fit to Eat," in August 1945, with N. Philip Norman.*

two or three, as our leading agronomists earnestly recommend, we have enough to last a very long time—although certainly not indefinitely. There is enough for the world too; or there would be if the known reserves were economically conserved and utilized, and if new resources were discovered under the forward-looking policy of world nutrition to which the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations is dedicated.

But first let us look at our own situation with respect to phosphate, which has been called the master key to both the nutritional quality and the quantity of agricultural production.

With the exception of sections of the West Coast and the famed bluegrass regions of Kentucky and Tennessee, most of the soils in the humid regions of the United States are deficient in phosphate. Even in their virgin state many of our soils contained little phosphate. The present deficiency of other soils has been caused partly by erosion and partly by the fact that steady cropping has taken more phosphate out of the soil than has been put back in the form of fertilizer.

The National Resources Board estimated that we lose annually over two and a half million tons of phosphate through the harvesting and grazing of crops and almost three million tons more through erosion and minor leaching, making a total loss of over five and a half million tons a year. To compensate for this we return to the land in the form of fertilizer and otherwise only about two and a half million, making a net annual loss of three million tons. This estimate is regarded as very conservative; other recognized authorities believe our net annual loss may run well over six million.

Whatever may be the exact figure, the conclusion remains the same: *the quantitative and qualitative potential of our agriculture is running down. This in turn can mean only that the vigor and health of our people is being undermined.*

Our situation is unique only in respect to timing. Europe's agriculture is older. The pressure of population against land resources was felt earlier there than in the Western Hemisphere. This was even more true in Japan. But, faced with deficiencies of soil minerals, the agronomists of Europe and of the Son of Heaven's ill-starred empire saw the writing on the wall long ago—and did something about it.

As far back as the days of World War I, phosphate was regarded abroad—by the more sophisticated statesmen of Europe and the Orient at least—as a strategic raw material comparable in importance to petroleum. This is shown clearly by the events of the war itself, by the postwar distribution of phosphate resources in the form of island mandates, and by the furious stock-piling of phosphate by Germany and Japan that preceded World War II.

By 1913 the farmers of the more advanced European countries were thoroughly sold on the agronomics of phosphate. Already per acre consumption of phosphate in these countries was many times what was being used on American farms in the humid part of our country. Germany was using 10 pounds of P_2O_5 from phosphate per acre of crop land annually; France, 14; Denmark, 6; Holland, 52; Belgium, 86; Great Britain, 17; and Italy, 10 pounds. Additional P_2O_5 from basic slag, a by-product of steel production, was used in a number of these countries, especially in Germany. Twenty-five years later, the United States was using only about 2 pounds of P_2O_5 per acre.

Germany was getting some of her phosphate from the steel furnaces of Lorraine, but much of it came from Florida and Tennessee. Six months before Germany invaded Belgium in 1914, an attaché of the German embassy in Washington boasted that his country had already stock-piled almost enough American phosphate to ensure the productivity of German agriculture during the war, if war came.

Fortunately he was wrong. The war lasted longer than the Kaisers' General Staff had planned. German agriculture shared in the general collapse that followed her defeat so that during the next two decades her consumption of phosphate was less than the prewar average.

France, as one of the victors, did much

better. By 1926 her farmers were using 20 pounds per acre of crop land, much of which came from government-controlled deposits in French Morocco. During the same period Denmark, a neutral during the war, brought to fruition the agricultural revolution that made her the premier dairy country of Europe—and in the process more than tripled her prewar consumption of phosphate. By 1938, the Danes were using 20 pounds per acre.

III

UNDER such circumstances, what could be more natural than that American and foreign business men, with a shrewd eye out for comfortable profits, should get together in a cartel to quota the production of this life-stuff, apportion its sale, and boost its price on the international market?

In 1920 the Phosphate Export Association, organized by the Florida phosphate producers, approached the phosphate miners of North Africa to stabilize the marketing of phosphate rock in Europe. But largely because of the recalcitrance of Metallgesellschaft, a large German importer which had contracted for the total output of one of the Florida producers, the projected cartel agreement was not signed until 1933, by which time Metallgesellschaft, through its American subsidiary, had become a member of the Florida Phosphate Export Association. The ten-year agreement signed in Paris in December 1933 also embraced the Egyptian mine owners. It awarded the lion's share of the European market to the North African producers, with the effect, if not the purpose, of keeping the latter out of the American market. Significantly, it was provided that the price-fixing agreement would not apply to shipments to France. The Moroccan deposits were worked by a government-owned company, and it was known that the French authorities would insist that French farmers and French industry receive the benefit of favorable prices.

The so-called "French Agreement" signed in December 1933 was supplemented about the same time by a deal that apportioned the Japanese market between the Florida producers and the Italian (Kosseir) producers in Egypt, the French North African producers also getting a small slice. In 1934 the Phosphate Export Association reached a satisfactory understanding with the Dutch firm that was producing high grade rock in Curaçao, thereby eliminating the last threat of foreign competition for the American market. This sounds a little tidier than it actually was, of course, because even the best of cartel managers find it impossible to keep everybody happy all the time. In 1937 the so-called Kosseir Agreement gave the Italians the larger cut in both the European and Japanese markets for which they had long been clamoring. But it was the Russians who provided the real headaches.

In 1932, the Soviet Union had begun exporting phosphate from its huge deposits on the Kola Peninsula near the ice-free port of Murmansk, within the Arctic circle. By 1935 Soviet competition on a barter basis had become so difficult to deal with that the cartel gave some consideration to the Russians' bland request for an annual indemnity of a million dollars, merely for being content with what they had, which was already almost ten per cent of the European market. No satisfactory agreement was reached, however, and the Russian competition continued until the outbreak of World War II suspended the operations of the cartel.

ON THE other side of the world, two pin points on the map mark the principal sources of phosphate rock in the whole Pacific Basin. They are Ocean Island and Nauru. The former has long been a British possession, but Nauru was German before World War I. In the peace settlement after that war the British, alerted by their phosphate-conscious Foreign Office, secured the mandate for Nauru. Promptly a government-owned British-Australian-New Zealand syndicate began mining and processing the high-grade Nauru and Ocean Island phosphate ore and exporting it to Great Britain and her two Antipodean dominions on a cost-plus basis. The exports of phosphate from Nauru and Ocean Island mounted steadily during the uneasy thirties. The results were impressive: the liberal use of phosphate helped Aus-

tralia to rescue her mineral-starved sheep-raising industry; while New Zealand farmers, by spreading in excess of fifty pounds of phosphate per acre on their soils, were enabled to establish a grassland agriculture and supply the British Empire with butter.

Three days after Pearl Harbor both islands were bombed by the Japanese; and two months later, after the British had withdrawn and wrecked the installations, both were thoroughly worked over by our own navy bombers. Hence the Japanese got little benefit from their control of Nauru and Ocean Island phosphate during the war, beyond cutting off the supplies of the Australian and New Zealand ranchers and dairymen who had become largely dependent upon these island sources.

Having been deprived of their Nauru ores by the Versailles peace settlement, the Germans eagerly sought phosphate wherever they could get it, especially after the advent of the Hitler regime. So did the Japanese. During the troubled thirties it is clear that both countries were busy stockpiling phosphate, although both, but especially the Germans, made the mistake of believing it would be a short war. Between 1935 and 1939 we exported annually one million tons of phosphate ore, chiefly from Florida, and of this amount Germany and Japan received twenty-six and twenty per cent respectively—nearly half of it in all. They were getting ready to fight us even then, as TVA Director Harcourt A. Morgan told President Roosevelt in March of 1938. This interview with one of America's pioneer advocates of a phosphate-keyed diversification of our agriculture laid the basis for the President's Message to Congress of May 20, 1938, and this, in turn, resulted in the study and report of the Joint Committee (of Congress) to Investigate the Adequacy and Use of Phosphate Resources of the United States.

Thus slowly and uncertainly, twenty years after the French and the British and



WE HAVE THE BIGGEST RESERVES

Our reserves of phosphate rock, amounting to 13,503,514,000 tons, are bigger than all others combined. (Great Britain denotes British possessions.)

ten years after the Russians, America moved toward the appraisal and control of the very life-stuff of our agriculture and indeed of our power and survival as a nation.

WITHIN less than a year after the Committee rendered its report, Hitler's panzer divisions had smashed Poland, and the Fuehrer's Russian collaborator had thoughtfully tagged Poland's considerable phosphate resources for later appropriation. But the war was still "phony," and phosphate-laden Japanese freighters were still moving through the Panama Canal, although naturally the British Navy had stopped our exports to Germany. Yet, oddly enough, there had been not a word in the report of the Congressional Committee to indicate the military importance of this essential resource, on the possession or lack of which the outcome of the war might depend.

The Committee reported in brief that phosphorus was indeed essential to the life and growth of plants and animals; that, fortunately, we seemed to have a great deal of it, although nobody appeared to know just how much; and that about a third of our production was being exported, most of these exports coming from the Florida reserves, which were among those located nearest to our great agricultural areas. Tennessee's limited reserves were being rapidly exhausted, the Committee reported, since they were obliged to supply fifty per cent of the domestic consumption.

The Committee recommended:

(1) that Congress appoint a special committee to appraise our potash, boron, and other mineral resources;

(2) that the U. S. Geological Survey be enabled to survey our reserves of phosphate and potash;

(3) that TVA's test-demonstration work be continued, including its distribution of the high potency TVA super-phosphates;

(4) that the AAA's distribution of phosphate in lieu of benefit payments to farmers be also continued;

(5) that the government build a phosphate plant for experimental, educational, and demonstration purposes in the vicinity of the Western phosphates and that meanwhile TVA continue its experimental work with both phosphate and potash fertilizers; and—

(6) that government agencies such as the Forest Service, Biological Survey, and Farm Security Agency, as well as state agencies, locate their resettlement projects, game refuges, national and state forests wherever possible on top of land that had phosphate ore underneath.

In short, the report, despite its failure to mention the military significance of phosphate, was a highly significant, farsighted document. Yet it slipped into the Congressional Record with scarcely a ripple in the press.

NOR did the press show much interest in an indictment brought two years later by the Department of Justice in the case of the People of the United States versus the National Fertilizer Association and about fifty assorted producers and distributors of fertilizer. The indictment charged the trade association of the American fertilizer industry and its members with regulating production, fixing prices, and discriminating against individual farmers and their co-ops when they tried to buy their soil nutrients straight and mix them on the farm. These and other practices, it charged, were designed to restrict the flow of phosphate and other soil minerals into the soil and thence through our plant and animal food crops into the bones and blood of the American people. The defendants pleaded *nolo contendere*, which meant they preferred not to have to defend themselves against these charges, and threw themselves on the mercy of the court. To the press they proclaimed their innocence, explaining their plea by their desire to avoid "persecution" so that they might concentrate on the war effort. They got off with a modest fine of $260,000.

Few of our newspapers found this news of sufficient importance to print. Indeed, it was an old story. The fertilizer producers had been indicted twice before, in 1903 and again in 1926, when they also pleaded *nolo contendere* and paid a fine.

Obviously the Department of Justice, despite its best efforts, has been no more successful in breaking the phosphate bottle-

neck than has Congress and the War Food Administration. This became abundantly clear on April 29, 1943, when Senator Lister Hill concluded a two-hour speech on the floor of the Senate by asserting that our war food policy was organized around the concealment of a phosphate deficiency in our soil and in our food crops. Why, he asked, had the construction of the TVA phosphate plant at Mobile been blocked? Pointing out that forty-two thousand test-demonstration farmers in twenty-nine states, without special help in the form of machinery or labor, but merely by using more phosphate in an intelligent crop rotation, had increased production by an average of thirty per cent, Senator Hill demanded that the mineral deficits that were limiting our war food production be removed; that we substitute the immense power of the invigorated land for scarce man-hours of toil.

IV

THREE years later, with victory won but the peace treaties still unsigned and with most of Europe and all of Asia trembling on the edge of what seemed likely to be the worst famine in history, the delegates of the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations met in Washington to pick up the pieces of the world's shattered food economy. Prominent on the agenda of the conference was the report of FAO's Fertilizer Committee; for on the findings of that committee would depend whether or not the half-starved millions of two war-ravaged continents could be enabled to feed themselves; whether or not there would be hope after the next harvest.

Again phosphate proved to be the bottleneck.

"As things stand at present," the Committee reported, "France with her interests in North African phosphate mines is the only European country which will probably have its demands met for this commodity."

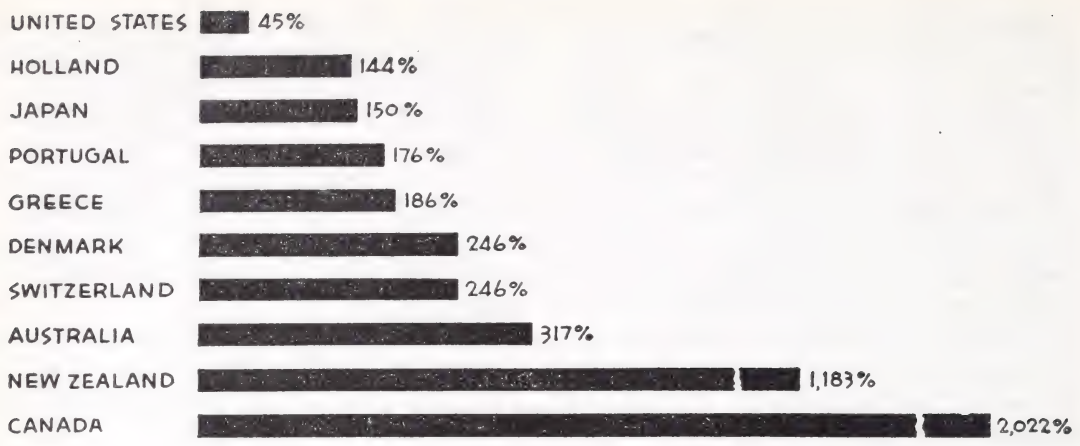
The chief demand from Australia and New Zealand was for phosphate. Germany hoped, rather than expected, to get 175,000 tons, and really needed at least 360,000 tons. Japan, whose agriculture has long been utterly dependent upon heavy fertilization with phosphate, had asked for 575,000 tons, and would be lucky to get half that. China requested 45,000 tons, which, as the report pointed out, is far less than China should be using "as judged on the basis of her soil requirements for optimum production." And India, like China, needed far more than she had asked for.

Nitrogen and potash were also in short supply, but the excess capacity of European, British, and American war-nitrate plants, plus legume cover crops, might be expected to supply a substantial part of the nitrogen requirement. And there was plenty of potash in the Russian-occupied sector of Germany—if the Russians could be persuaded to release it for export.

Unless the nitrogen-phosphate relationship is to get completely out of balance, causing dangerous "mining" and destruction of soil, Europe and Asia must have more phosphate. And, as in the case of food, the United States is being asked to carry the load and tighten her belt; to starve its own soils a little longer to aid the cause of world agricultural recovery.

"The United States," reads the report, "is now the chief phosphate producer in the world and can supply not only her own needs and those of Canada but can also export some quantities to other countries. The United States' 1946–47 demand for soluble phosphates is 1,850,000 tons. If she is to satisfy this need, she will not have any soluble phosphates for export, but the United States may be able to reduce her demands for this commodity, thereby making some available for export."

What this comes down to is that phosphate, like petroleum, uranium, and other critical natural resources, must somehow be equitably distributed internationally, if not internationally controlled—and not by privately manipulated cartels—if the world is to be healed, pacified, and fed. As it happens we do have very large reserves of phosphate rock. But as these reserves are now being exploited we cannot even provide intelligently and prudently for our own needs, let alone restore the mineral-starved and war-ravaged agriculture of



WE INCREASE OUR USE OF PHOSPHATES SLOWLY

Our consumption of phosphate rock in the United States increased only 45 per cent between 1913 and 1938, while there were huge increases elsewhere.

two other continents. The American fertilizer trust and its Washington lobby won't let us.

AS SHOWN on page 475, the United States' reserves of phosphate rock, concentrated chiefly in Florida and in the four Western states of Idaho, Utah, Montana, and Wyoming, are greater than the reserves of all the rest of the world put together; almost double the next largest deposits, which are in Russia. How adequate these reserves are depends upon our rate of consumption, which is going up, but which is still not more than a half to a third as great as it should be, according to the most conservative estimates.

In 1945 the Committee on National Fertilizer Policy of the War Food Administration and the United States Department of Agriculture estimated that it *would pay farmers* to use annually 2,700,000 tons of P_2O_5, compared with the 1,301,000 tons used in 1944 and the 1946–47 quota of 1,850,000 tons which the FAO Fertilizer Committee would like to reduce. What it would pay our farmers to use has little or no relation to what *should* be used to stop erosion, to restore the wasted fertility of American soils, and to maximize their production under the kind of diversified agriculture that the United States Department of Agriculture has long recommended.

For several years the Association of Land Grant Colleges and Universities made extensive studies of the importance of phosphate in American agriculture. A report of its special Committee on the Preservation of Phosphate Resources and their national use, issued in 1943, stated that "phosphorus is the key element in the conservation of soil fertility," and that "the correct use of an adequate supply of phosphate fertilizer is fundamental to the national welfare, since indications are that at least eighty per cent of the soils of the United States are now deficient in phosphorus." The Committee concluded that seventeen pounds of phosphate (in combination with lime) per acre of crop and pasture land per year, could be used "advantageously and economically under good farm management." If this rate of application were made only on the farms *of the humid areas* of the nation, the annual requirement would be for 3,400,000 tons.

Again, even this estimate, high though it may seem, is based more on what farmers *can afford to buy* than on what a farsighted national food and agriculture policy would dictate. New Zealand, in a latitude corresponding to that of our major agricultural states, with an annual rainfall of thirty to thirty-five inches, which is close to the average in our Mississippi Basin, has used in excess of fifty pounds of phosphate per acre—about three times the amount recommended by the Land Grant

College report. It is thereby enabled to keep thirty-three million acres in grass, produce huge quantities of butter, and incidentally put plenty of phosphate in the diet of the New Zealand people, who probably suffer less from dietary deficiency diseases than any other population in the world.

The fact is that we don't know how much phosphate our farmers should use. All we know for certain is that they are using from a half to a third of what it would *pay them*—and the nation—to use; and that our functional use of this resource is impeded by commercial fertilizer interests. The grip of commercial interests on the food economies of the British and French Empires was broken twenty years ago by the respective governments of these empires. Can we wonder that, viewing our stumbling, inept handling of a problem which has in it the issue of life and death for men and nations, the statesmen of these countries are moved to speculate privately about how long fortunate and powerful America will continue to be either powerful or fortunate?

V

In July of this year, with our war-strained agriculture clamoring for phosphate, with the soil fertility curves going down and the famine curves going up all over the world, and with the ghost of Pastor Malthus haunting the conferences of the FAO, the fertilizer lobby again blocked the building of the long-deferred government phosphate plant at Mobile, Alabama. (It was authorized several times during the war, each time being blocked by the War Production Board, in which the fertilizer interests were heavily represented.)

Provision for the construction of the plant had been introduced into the Appropriations Bill at the request of a group of farm organizations including the American Farm Bureau Federation, and the state Farm Bureaus of Georgia, Alabama, and Minnesota. The group asked that because of TVA's long experience in the production of phosphate fertilizer at Muscle Shoals, TVA engineers be asked to build and operate this plant.

Testimony revealed an acute shortage of phosphate in all the major agricultural areas, including the once-rich cornfields of Iowa, the total shortage for the year 1946–47, as estimated by the commercial fertilizer industry, being two million tons. The projected TVA plant, when in operation, would produce only fifty thousand tons a year. That would not be much of an excuse for howls about "competition of government with business." But the fertilizer industry apparently feared that the production and distribution by the government of an improved, highly concentrated super-phosphate would force it to distribute better fertilizer to the farmer at a cheaper price. So its lobbyists brought all the pressure they could manage against the proposed phosphate plant.

"The question before the House," declared Representative Cannon, "is whether you will vote with these lobbyists who have been parked at your elbow for weeks or whether you will vote for the folks back home. Will you vote for the fertilizer trust or for a hungry world?"

The House voted 204 to 126 against the appropriation. Yet it would be unfair to suggest that in thus voting the House was merely bowing docilely to the pressure of a special interest. An important factor was the objection of certain congressmen to the presentation of the issue in the form of an amendment to the House Appropriations Bill, with no prior opportunity to hold extended hearings. In general, however, the vote was symptomatic of the failure of the public to understand what constitute the basic elements of an intelligent, integrated national policy for agriculture and human nutrition.

Significantly, the entire Republican delegation in the House from Iowa (minus one absentee) *which has increased its fertilizer consumption eight-fold during the past five years*, voted *against* the fertilizer trust. This may mean that a little later our hungry world may make a more impressive showing in a bigger and better legislative battle with the fertilizer business and its plushy and painfully expensive lobby-fronts, the American Plant Food Council and the National Fertilizer Association.

Such a battle in fact is in prospect the next time the Hill-Bankhead-Flannagan Bill comes up for debate. This bill, which

is backed by both the American Farm Bureau Federation and the Farmers' Union, represents a far greater challenge to the fertilizer trust than the proposed construction of the Mobile plant, with its token production of only fifty thousand tons a year. Briefly, the Bill would adopt TVA's formula for soil improvement and rural rehabilitation and apply it on a national scale in some two thousand counties. To supply the considerable quantities of soil minerals that would be required by this extension of the test-demonstration program, the commercial fertilizer industry would be called upon both to maintain its existing plants and to add new facilities. (Experience has shown that *commercial* sales of phosphate have increased wherever the test-demonstration program has been established.)

In addition, the Bill would provide funds for the construction by the government of the long-projected phosphate plant at Mobile, using the large Florida reserves; a phosphate plant in the intermountain area utilizing the barely touched phosphate reserves of Idaho, Utah, Montana, and Wyoming; and a potash plant adjacent to the largest American reserves of this soil mineral, which are in New Mexico and California.

Since the Bill provides that farmer co-ops would be given first option to acquire and operate these plants, as well as to build other plants under a clause providing loans to co-ops for this purpose, the effect of its passage would be simply to give the farmers what they have long needed, namely sufficient control of mineral resources and production facilities to free them from the domination of a scarcity-minded trust. It would also safeguard the continuity of the great experiments in soil improvement through increased use of fertilizers in scientific crop rotations, a study in which the farmers and the experiment stations are now engaged.

The record shows, as a matter of fact, that without some such program the farmers can scarcely call their souls—or their soils—their own. Moreover, lacking some such action by the government *and* the organized farmers, we shall scarcely achieve either the urgently needed re-engineering of our food and agriculture economy or the implementation of a foreign policy designed to assuage world hunger and build world peace.

What Those British Actors Were Talking About

Here are translations of the phonetic renderings on page 451:

"The firm is happy to do it."
"I say, old girl, do stop crying."
"I must go."
"It was exactly what I wanted too."
"What were we talking about?"
"Our divorce."
"Was I so awful?"
"(The) groove is comfortable. So is the grave, they say."
"It would be very much better if they'd go back to their drinking."
"Yes, I know."
"Really, my dear". . . .

And what Robert Donat was saying, a little earlier in the article, was:
"We fell in love, married, and that was the end of that."

W. Cabell Greet

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THE ANXIOUS WEST

BERNARD DEVOTO

THE West is plains, mountains, and desert. Its landscape is dramatic, its climate violent. Its history is dramatic and paradoxical, and parts of it important to both East and West never happened. Its natural wealth is enormous and belongs mostly to the East and the national government. Its inhabitants, products of its landscape, climate, and history, are a volatile, expansive people, energetic extroverts at the base of whose consciousness are tensions and conflicts. They are the fall guys of the United States and have been victimized by everybody, most disastrously by themselves. They have repeatedly scared the nation at large and now dream of seceding from it but have never been able to work together or trust one another. They have worked out an adaptation to their incredible environment which is one of the pleasantest ways of life ever known and this culture holds a shining promise for the United States, a promise which is countersigned by world movements. They are the only Americans today who look toward the future with hope and confidence and they ignore the elements in themselves which bring both in question. They are children of paradox and begetters of paradox.

The first clue to them is their language. They speak standard American and speak it with fewer local tunes and shadings than any other section. The Western voice has none of the nasality and flatness of the Midwest. There is a Western drawl and it is on the increase but it is a phony. It is part Southern and part Hoosier. The Southern ingredient arrived with deserters from the armies during the Civil War—their trail can be traced on the map in various Virginia Cities, Richmonds, Davisvilles and the like, and innumerable Secesh Creeks, Confederate Bars, and Rebel Gulches. It was supplemented after the war by a migration that amounted to a stampede and is still known in the West as the left wing of Price's army. There was a third increment when the cattle began to move to the northern range. All three, however, were soon diluted to the vanishing point and there was no revival of the

Readers of "The Easy Chair" will remember that Mr. DeVoto, a Westerner by birth, has recently returned from an extensive tour of his native state and vicinity. This is the first of his two comprehensive reports on the State of the Nation, Western half.

PUBLIC LIBRARY

drawl till the West began to succumb to the most damaging of its illusions, the notion that it is universally a race of cowpokes.

That revival was self-conscious and originally it was for comic purposes only—which brought in the Hoosier tune by affinity, the Hoosiers having dedicated themselves to bucolic humor unto all eternity. But the illusion has proved so comforting and has received such support from the movies and the radio that the future looks ominous. Whereas twenty-five years ago switching on the drawl notified the listener that a joke was in process, now it is histrionic. Westerners, too many of them, have an urge to dramatize themselves to strangers as the Old Ranger or the Old Trail Boss. So far it is only drama but the role is taking hold. Increasingly the West sees itself as a congeries of big cow outfits before the freeze of 1886. It has always been facile at self-deception; that it has chosen this illusion to erect into a myth may be comic to outsiders but could end by being tragic to the West.

A good ear can make out some Westernisms. The habitual use of "home" for "house" is not confined to the West and neither is a characteristic handling of *eg* sounds, but the universal substitution of "lady" for "woman" comes close to being diagnostic and the Westerner gives himself away by the mayhem he commits on the sounds represented by *au* and *ol*. You can compose a shibboleth that will unmask him at the passages of Jordan—any such sequence as "Aunt Augusta's naughty daughter and her autumnal doll." He may have been educated at Oxford and lived for fifty years in Brooklyn but when he speaks such words he reverts to his childhood on Nine Mile.

Western speech is poetic, shot with fantasy, running over with metaphor. The figures of all the tongues in the melting pot and all the romantic occupations that are commonplace in the West have left a deposit on the common speech, superimposed on a similar deposit from the violent frontier. The common humor is also specific. Southern humor is oratorical and anecdotal; as the world knows, Yankee humor runs to dryness and underemphasis; Midwestern humor is nervous and hyperbolic—but Western humor is self-depreciating, disparagement suspended in a medium of irony. It is partly explained by the fundamental fact that the West is at the mercy of the physical environment but the rest of the explanation is more revealing still: much Western humor expresses an inner chagrin.

WESTERNERS are big men, according to the Army the biggest in the country. Also they are heavy men; an extraordinary percentage of them are fat. Elsewhere metropolitan America has adopted a diet proper to the sedentary life, but the Western city dweller eats a cowhand's meals. His breakfast egg is plural and is usually accompanied by meat, frequently a steak, and always by fried potatoes. Fried potatoes are the West's seasoning, in fact; they are served with practically everything except ice cream. The breakfast steak is likely to be served with pancakes as well and they are likely to be a side dish at lunch. The excellence of Western pastry increases the consumption of starch. You may know that you have reached the true West when you are served salads embedded in gelatine or cottage cheese and when you begin to encounter good pies in restaurants. Public or private, Western pies and cakes are the best in the country; so are Western breads and, in spite of the literary cliché about the South, Western rolls and biscuits too. They help to produce the Western waistline.

Western cooking has vastly improved in the past quarter of a century. But the West only reluctantly gives up the idea that the thing to do with a steak is to fry it—fry it hard—with the result that hostesses and waitresses habitually set out several kinds of bottled sauces to make it edible and there is a big business in bicarbonate of soda. A sense of the salad has grown too. You seldom encounter the mixtures of cold veal, grapes, and boiled dressing that meant salad when I was a boy in the West, but you seldom encounter a plain green salad either. Only an occasional restaurant carries it on the menu and at some of those that do you may still have to explain that you don't want boiled carrots and lima beans in it. Western vegetables and fruits, which the unexhausted mineral soil makes

the best in the country, have come into their own during the past generation; Westerners now eat them passionately. But they have added them to, rather than substituted them for, the proteins, fats, and starches which they have always eaten passionately. The word is revealing: Westerners are passionate eaters, and this passion may be a displacement of others.

The diet is proper for ranch hands, farmers, and outdoor workers in general, who really have the lean, muscular look that is Western to illustrators and the movies. But it tends to bring the townsman's chest down to his waist at thirty and to pad his neck with fat at forty. I should like to speak more agreeably of Western women, young women, and girls—to call them buxom, deep-breasted, strong-thewed, fit to be the mates and mothers of big men. Mathematics forbids; too high a percentage of them are just fat. Overeating gives them thick ankles, cylindrical calves, big behinds, wide waists, heavy breasts. They must be the bulwark of the corset industry but all in vain. Elizabeth Arden could make a killing by establishing a chain of her Maine Chance reducing farms from the Missouri to the Pacific.

The cosmetic end of Miss Arden's business is a more fundamental necessity in the West than elsewhere, for the environment levies a heavy tax on women. There is no escape from or alleviation of Western sun, wind, and dryness. Women's hair fades and grows brittle. Their skin dries, coarsens, and wrinkles. They tend to look older than they are and this effect is progressive. A girl of eighteen may look matronly only because she eats too much, but by the time she is forty she may look fifty because the climate has had its way with her.

II

Sun, wind, aridity—they condition life in the West, where men and society are more dominated by the natural environment than anywhere else in the United States. That Western society has survived at all is proof of a successful adaptation to them, and it is an engaging adaptation. The Western way of life is a good one. Westerners, I think, have a better time than any other Americans: they enjoy themselves more. The paradox is that mastering their environment has not given them self-confidence. They brag, they are obsessive and coercive and gang-minded; an awareness that something is wrong gnaws at them.

Basic in the Western way of life is the naturalness of living much in the open. You do not need the weather forecast in order to set the date for a picnic, a camping trip, a hunting or fishing or skiing expedition; for a calendar will do. The climate is violent but it is also stable, and in the seasons when rain is not to be expected there will be no rain. Winters are short except in the high country, which lengthens the season for summer sports, and the high country is so accessible that the season for winter sports lasts through June and in some places all year. The great fact is the mountains. Mountains are within the driving range of all Westerners, even those on the eastern edge of the high plains who can reach the Black Hills. They are a refuge from heat and dust, from the aridity that dehydrates you and the intensity of sun that shrinks the ego. The forests are in the mountains, with the fish and game, the trails, the creeks, the ski runs, and the cliffs that need rope work. More important still, they put solitude and silence at the disposal of everyone. Western life has come to incorporate mountain living. A national forest near large towns—the Wasatch Forest for instance, which straddles the range it is named for just above Salt Lake City—will have a million or more visitors in the course of a year, practically all of them from the immediate vicinity.

As a result most Westerners are hunters and fishermen and campers. Most of them are in some degree mountain climbers, naturalists, geologists. They know nature at first hand and intimately, are adept at outdoor skills, can maintain themselves comfortably in the wilderness. Furthermore, since they have grown up to these things naturally they have not romanticized or stylized them—except, that is, for the myth of the cattle business. There are no rituals. A Westerner cooking a meal in the forest is simply cooking a meal in the best way with the means at hand—there is none of the high-church nonsense that

accompanies outdoor cooking in Westchester or Long Island. Westerners are habituated to firearms and the right to bear them has not been abridged, but not even the movies have succeeded in tricking out Western firearms with the twaddle that has developed about them in the South.

Such folkways have produced the West's happiest contribution to architecture. I do not mean the bungalow, which is an eyesore, but the mountain cabin. It is made of logs, usually lodgepole pine, which are peeled and varnished with clear shellac; sometimes for the exterior surfaces a little burnt sienna is added to the shellac. The logs are chinked with concrete; chimneys and fireplaces are made of stones ("rocks" in the West) from the nearest creek. The result is a charming, comfortable, functional dwelling which blends with the landscape, warm in winter, cool in summer, almost vermin-proof. It is excellent everywhere except when the resort business parodies it by covering steel and concrete hotels with a veneer of logs.

An astonishingly large number of Westerners own such cabins or still more inexpensive camps in the mountains. They visit them at all seasons, not only for the annual vacation and at weekends but on momentary impulse. Similar cabins and camps can be rented everywhere. And almost no one is too poor to own an automobile and a camping outfit; those who use them, in fact, get farther into the wilderness and come to know it better than those with fixed camps. So the frontier's mastery of the outdoors has remained a part of Western life. It has contributed alike to the realism and the mysticism that make so striking a mixture in the Western consciousness. Familiarity with the skills of Western occupations is also widespread; most Westerners know something about mining, prospecting, engineering, lumbering, sheep growing, and cattle raising. The Westerner is the best American outdoorsman and he is almost the only remaining American who rides a horse naturally, not as one practicing a cult.

All these sports and occupations have pleasantly vivified Western dress, especially the cattle business. The working cowpoke, of course, wears levis, a Big Yank shirt, and a pair of nine-dollar Acme boots. But the dress-up tradition of his trade, supported by the same tradition in lumbering and mining, has given Western clothes a moderate, satisfying flamboyance: half-gallon hats, saddle-shop belts with silver buckles, bright but not insistent colors in shirts and scarves, a species of riding trousers better than breeches or jodhpurs and for women much more attractive. (Turquoises, ninety-dollar boots, boots anywhere away from the presence of horses, hats beyond a gallon, and purple, orange, magenta, and vermilion shirts mean dudes or professional entertainers.)

The cattle business has also supplied the West's autochthonous festival, the rodeo. (Accent the first syllable.) It has been so commercialized and stylized that the pure form is to be seen only in small towns where cowhands from neighboring ranches do the riding. Nevertheless, the circuit shows, whose performers are as much professionals as baseball players, are an important contribution to entertainment. Their spectacles and skills are derived from a still living reality and their roots go down to an authentic past.

Not so much can be said for another Western festival whose generic name might be Frontier Week. It is the property of the Chamber of Commerce, a bad custodian for the expansive spirit. It is aimed at the tourist trade and retail sales. It is a fake and it is objectionable. (Montana, the most urbane and most skeptical of Western states, is least given to it.) There is no harm in people's dressing up in the costumes of their ancestors, though silk coats, flowered vests, black mitts, and hoopskirts are tolerably grotesque. There is no harm in growing beards, though the vehemence with which the modern West grows them suggests a fear that it has not inherited all the frontier masculinity they are supposed to signify. There is no harm in celebrating the past if the celebration involves some knowledge of what it was or some respect for it, but Frontier Week seldom involves either. It is conducted without reference to history, it is empty of idea and emotion, its data are anachronistic and preposterous. Unlike a rodeo or

a county fair, it has no cultural validity. Even its much-advertised release from restraints is pumped-up and cold.

It is, however, extremely revealing. Western towns by the hundred submit to Frontier Week and make a big noise about it at the direction of the Chamber of Commerce, for business reasons. They grow beards as an assist to sales—at the same command. They submit to being fined, ducked, or otherwise penalized if the beards won't grow. The kind of Westerner whom Frontier Week is supposed to commemorate would have slugged or if need be taken a shot at anyone who ventured to tell him how to wear his hair. He was an individualist with all that individualism implied in the West for both good and ill, but the contemporary beard-grower is just a coerced advertiser. He accommodates his behavior to sales talk and gang dictation and what is worse, he is advertising a myth. He symbolizes several of the unhealthiest forces in Western life.

In twenty-five years the celebration of the Western past has grown enormously. It has grown, however, chiefly in business sagacity and in noise; little increase in knowledge or understanding is visible. The West has found its history a valuable asset but remains widely uninterested in doing anything about it beyond hoking it up for tourists. Western antiquarians, local historians, collectors, and annalists are as enthusiastic and expert as those anywhere else, but they are few and forlorn; the historical societies (several of them very distinguished), societies for the preservation of antiquities, and similar groups, are small, handicapped by poverty, and under some public derision. Apart from advertising or at most ancestor worship, public feeling for the past is lethargic. In three months of Western travel I saw only one private enterprise devoted to celebrating local history which was both sincerely intended as a public service and likely to succeed. That was the work of Charles A. Bovey, who began by making the amazing collection at Great Falls, Montana, that is called Old Town and has gone on to restore Virginia City. I cannot praise it too highly, but what struck me was not only Mr. Bovey's success but the fact that he had been privileged to use his own money exclusively. Practically all the other non-utilitarian efforts to recover the Western past or to preserve its vestiges are the work of the federal government, and they are usually conceived and carried out by Easterners.

The effort to expand the tourist business is not, however, the only explanation for the uninformed noise which the West is making about its past. Much of it shows the influence of the horse operas, which are the West's favorite movies, and of the radio programs which alternate supposedly Western songs and allegedly frontier dramas all day long, with a large part of the West listening. But the ultimate responsibility cannot be charged to Hollywood and Tin Pan Alley, for the urge they satisfy originates in the West itself and reveals a tension in the Western consciousness. The past quarter century has transferred the myth of the old West from fiction and the screen square into that consciousness, where it is beginning to show resemblances to the myth of the Old South.

The most significant aspect of this revelation is that the West has chosen to base its myth on the business that was of all Western businesses most unregardful of public rights and decencies, most exploitative, and most destructive. The Cattle Kingdom did more damage to the West than anything else in all its economy of liquidation. As a mythology it will do even worse damage hereafter.

III

Much other evidence suggests psychic conflicts. For instance, Jesus is advertised in the Northwest as insistently as in southern California and if possible more vulgarly. Innumerable small crank religions saturate Oregon and Washington and fan out across the neighboring states. They range from simple but extreme evangelism far into mental disease. Their emotional content is squalid and their compulsiveness attests a widespread inner frustration. Or take public attitudes toward liquor, which in the Northwest, Idaho, and Utah are downright schizophrenic.

These states desire drinking to be surreptitious, excessive, and uncivilized and have preserved all the evils of prohibition. In Utah this is understandable, since teetotalism is a tenet of the Mormon Church and all drinking has to be officially attributed to the Gentiles, though inquiry develops that the state liquor stores do their highest per capita business in purely Mormon communities. (The hamlet of Wendover is trying to secede from Utah and attach itself to the franker if frowsier culture of Nevada.) Idaho somewhat reduces the worst absurdities of the common system—the prohibition of liquor with meals and the refusal to sell it in less than bottle lots—by licensing cocktail bars at hotels so long as they pretend to be under a different management. It nevertheless refuses to let you drink less than a bottle in a hotel room; and it requires a temperate person to seek out the institution called a private club.

That institution is the worst result of the liquor laws in Washington and Oregon, where the system is most vicious—and most characteristic, since both states have always done some of the most brutal drinking in the United States and both had prohibition societies before they had local governments. The club is the customary answer to prohibitory laws: it is a speakeasy. It is unregulated, protected, frequently gang-owned, a place for getting drunk, and it serves prohibition liquor. Romantic Easterners nostalgic for the indecencies of the Incredible Era are advised to try Portland or Seattle.

THE attitude thus revealed is pointed up by another one. Nothing is more shocking to a resident of the East than to come out of the speakeasy where he has had to go for his six o'clock cocktail and enter a restaurant, hotel, grocery, drugstore, railroad station, barber shop, beauty parlor, or department store where the natives are lined up by the dozen playing slot machines. They are universal from the Dakotas on, though of course in Utah they are more or less under cover, and they are in all public places except churches. And in a town which shall be nameless I saw the Episcopal rector dropping a stack of half-dollars into one, no doubt in the hope of increasing his poor fund—a vain hope since the slot machine is the most openly crooked and cynical of all gambling devices, in fact is not a gambling device at all. The machines are owned by syndicates, which implies widespread corruption of police officials and occasional gang wars, and they are played constantly and obsessively by everyone more than four feet tall, male or female. The obsessiveness is what strikes a visitor. The universal patronage of admittedly crooked machines cannot be explained by the Westerner's traditional eagerness to take a chance or by his liking for being treated as a sucker. It stems from unconscious anxiety and dissatisfaction.

Genuine gambling is wide open in the West (again Utah requires a veneer of hypocrisy) but appears to be conducted with decency everywhere except in Nevada. I am not referring to such places as Reno and Las Vegas which are organized to trim Easterners who can afford to be trimmed and which, I suppose, maintain the institutional honesties of gambling as rigorously as Monte Carlo. As a Westerner I cannot weep at the sight of Eastern dudes leaving their money in the West, nor refrain from reflecting that the take is only a small percentage of the sum lifted from well-heeled Westerners by New York alone. I am referring to the repulsive little dives in unknown Nevada hamlets which are patronized wholly by local residents.

No town is too small to have a combination lunchroom, bar, and gambling joint where a fish-eyed house man sits at his frowsy table dealing for a handful of customers—a couple of high school girls, a couple of phony cowpokes and a couple of real ones, some machinists from the railroad, a grade school teacher, and a bum who has cadged a dollar from a tourist. They absorb a percentage of the town's earnings every day. And they have a discernible relation to the signs set up along the roads leading to Fernley, the only signs I have ever seen advertising the desirability of getting drunk. In those signs there may be expansive Western humor and in the squalid dives there may be some of the Western freedom which the State of Nevada itself advertises at all its borders, adding that it has no sales tax, no

income tax, no inheritance tax, and no corporation tax, But also they testify to the West's inner awareness that something is lacking in the way it lives.

IV

To Eastern eyes Western cities, most of which are just big towns, seem clean, neat, glistening, even new. Part of this shininess is due to the fact that few have slums and very few have industrial slums, and part to the thin air. Most of it, however, comes from the drama of the Western landscape. You cross a long stretch of treeless country and suddenly you reach such a town as Pierre or Miles City which has been growing shade trees ever since the first settlers came. The overwhelming Western sun is diffused, the wind is splintered, there are coolness and dampness. The shade has a spiritual, even a mystical quality, and as it assuages you it gives you a vivid sense of the desperate and dogged aspiration that produced it. Or the drama may be the mountains where they seem to rise straight out of the town square—at Missoula, Ogden, Colorado Springs, dozens of other places. But the greatest drama comes from the miracle on which the entire life of the West rests, irrigation.

Climb, for instance, out of the valley of the Snake at Glenn's Ferry and head into the desert. For those who love the desert there is great beauty here but it is a beauty of sterility, in the imminence of death, sagebrush flats leading the eye across nothingness till barren mountains put a bound to space. Eventually you will come to a river and will instantly understand why it was named the Boise—and how infinitely more worthy its valley is of the name now because its waters have been diverted across the land. You cross the great canals with a kindling awareness of the achievement they represent and the tremendous imagination they realize. So you come into the town of Boise. After such a prologue, against such a backdrop, a drab and obsolescent town would seem resplendent, but Boise is neither. Its trees and lawns, the contemporaneousness of its hotels, its shop windows, its inbound and outbound freight traffic, the multifarious matériel of ranching, farming, mining, lumbering, and engineering which it is busily distributing—well, a complex culture is at work in circumstances that never permit you to forget that that culture has been created in a land originally lifeless. This touch of miracle might suggest to a newcomer that Boise is an extraordinary town, but it is a typical Western town, like Carson City, Billings, Walla Walla, Pendleton, like any town where irrigation has made a dead land live.

Such settings and such achievements, with the violent drama of the climate, have shaped the Western consciousness. Moreover, the towns are set not only in drama but in vastness. Enormous distances have been a master-condition of Western life from the beginning and they have altered conceptions of space and therefore of time, too. The reduction of space began with the railroads but its conquest awaited the automobile, which has reoriented Western society, business, and thinking.

The Western orientation always startles even the most mobile Easterner. Your hostess is going to make a three-hundred-mile round trip tomorrow to buy a blouse she has seen advertised in a big-town paper. Your host will be going to his ranch, fifty miles away, after breakfast but will be back for lunch and glad to take your son to a rodeo, fifty miles in the opposite direction, and have him back well before dinner. Your friend won't be in San Francisco over the weekend, having decided to go fishing on the Madison River at the edge of Yellowstone Park, or the Salmon River in Idaho, or the Deschutes in central Oregon. To take you picnicking at the cabin the family will drive a distance equal to that between New York and Buffalo and while there will drive you the width of Massachusetts to take in a movie or a dance. And why not? The family income probably derives from a business whose routine transport is done by truck at distances elsewhere thought proper only for railroad freight, in areas where a railroad could not possibly penetrate, at a steady reduction of the ratio of space to time.

The conquest of space is not enough, however, and the West is now in a fair way to annihilate it by means of aviation.

Where sowers, foresters, prospectors, surveyors, vermin-exterminators, and even cowpunchers adapt the airplane to their daily job it is natural for all kinds of businesses to turn to it. Even before the war municipalities down to village size were building excellent airports, and the war compressed the development of a quarter of a century into five years. There are airports everywhere in the desert now and landing fields in the most inaccessible mountains. The interior West is less than twenty-four hours from the Atlantic coast and much less than twelve hours from the Pacific coast.

This alteration of time-space is one leg of the tripod—electric power and war industries are the other two—on which the West rests the glorious vision that it may at last emancipate itself from absentee control and compete with other sections. Moreover, if markets are only fractions of a day away, littoral fashions, clip-joints, luxury shops, theaters, and smart gossip are at the same radius. Hayseed America has practically ceased to exist everywhere, of course, and the West was never hayseed in terms of "The Old Homestead." It has always had a cosmopolitan overtone and has always been nearer the Atlantic than the Midwest. But the airplane is an additional reason why Boise and Missoula seem so spruce and why the girl at the slot machine seems to have stepped in off Fifth Avenue.

Airplane and automobile underscore the historic role of technology in the development of the West. Technology made the West possible, revolutions in firearms and mining machinery, the technology of railroading and conservation, of wells and dams, of windmills and barbed wire. It is another reason why Western towns are so clean. In the past quarter-century a network of natural-gas mains has criss-crossed the West and wiped the grime of bituminous coal from many towns. The girl in the Fifth Avenue dress cooks on an electric range, heats her bath water by electricity, and has filled her air-conditioned bungalow with more labor-saving gadgets than the bourgeois household has anywhere else. During the war she added to them a deep-freeze unit, which her husband keeps filled with meat bought at wholesale and at the bottom of the market, and with the fish, elk, deer, and game birds he gets at the mountain camp. She is living in an approximation of the America of tomorrow as the fantasies of engineers describe it.

These Western towns would be, thousands of tourists must decide, excellent places for the children to grow up in. So much space, so much sparkling air, so much lawn and forest, so much sunlight, so much natural beauty, such easy access to wilderness and silence, such facilities for recreation. Moreover, their social system is uncomplicated. If the Westerners are not quite free they are at least free and easy, spontaneous equalitarians, open-hearted if not precisely open-minded, friendly, buoyant. There is no anti-Semitism. Though Jim-Crowism appeared during the war, there is very little of it. (The West has always had its own color lines: Chinese and Japanese on the coast, Indians in the upper interior and the southwest, Mexicans everywhere.) It would be good, so the day-dream runs, for the children to have such things from their earliest years. And it would be good for them to acquire the West's feeling for the mountains, deserts, and forests, and especially its ever-present, dualistic awareness of the struggle between man and nature, the tension between survival and disaster, the conduct of life under the threat of flood, drought, forest fires, and insect plagues. Western realism and Western mysticism, in both of which the idea of man's fate is objectified as the Western environment, make an equipoise that promises much for satisfaction in life.

I have heard this reverie many times from Easterners whom the West has taken by storm. They are right. The West always was a good place for children to grow up in and has steadily become a better one. How good a place it is and will henceforth be for them to stay in when they are grown, however, is a different, not necessarily related question.

V

How important the West is to the postwar United States is insufficiently

realized in the West and hardly realized at all anywhere else except at the centers of industrial and financial power.

New Deal measures, war installations, and war industries have given the West a far greater and more widely distributed prosperity than it has ever had before. Moreover, during the war a fundamental revolution took place: power and industrial developments in the West have made a structural change in the national economy. That change is certain to increase and have increasingly important results, for if the developments that have occurred are revolutionary those already planned and sure to be carried out are even more revolutionary, and some of those which so far are only dreams but may be achieved stagger the mind. Finally, the world movements which are working out a long-term reorientation of human societies whose focus is the Pacific Ocean will be increasingly favorable to the West.

The West sees all this in terms of its historical handicaps: colonial economic status and absentee control. The ancient Western dream of an advanced industrial economy, controlled at home and able to compete nationally, is brighter now than it has ever been before. For the first time there are actual rather than phantasmal reasons for believing that the dream can be realized. I will discuss them in a later article. But the West cannot escape history and especially its own history. Nor can it escape psychology, its own historic psychology. If the dream is to be realized at all it must be realized within the Western culture and the limits of Western consciousness. Psychology will have quite as much to do with it as economics. I have described here certain ambiguities in the culture and psychology of the West which at least tinge the dream with doubt.

For some kinds of people the West is something of a paradise and those who have worked out an effective adaptation to it seem to be happier than the average run of Americans. Even they, however, show symptoms of psychic insecurity. That insecurity shows most plainly in the two kinds of Westerners who are most obviously unhappy and most obviously out of harmony with Western culture, the intellectuals and the rich. It must be significant that both are obsessed by a feeling of inferiority and that the Western colonialism by which they explain it is not economic but cultural.

THE rich are easily explained. In the overwhelming majority they are either local representatives and managers of, or else are necessarily allied with, the system of absentee exploitation that has drained the West's resources eastward and channeled its wealth in the same direction. As parties to or dependents on that system they are really adversaries of the West. Their intellectual and spiritual loyalties are to its enemies. They have no function in the indigenous culture but they must live in the midst of it as remittance men, émigrés, and expatriates. Forty years ago Harry Leon Wilson described them as Spenders, and a generation has only made their phantasy-life sillier and more vulgar. In that phantasy-life they see themselves as exiles from reality, but their reality is only the advertising pages of *Vogue*. They are the silliest (and one observer of them is here substituting that adjective for "most hoggish") members of that class for whom the clip-joints of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts are run: the gaudy restaurants, the vulgar shops, the meretricious resorts, the whole falsely-veneered world which has been expertly designed to take them in and whose phoniness they understand to be Elegance and Fashion. Their ambition may be summed up as to be mistaken for the kind of millionaire who was born within this world either in Hollywood or better still New York, night-club New York. It is hard to manage in the desert and impossible in New York. They are America's stupidest fall guys and the West's only hicks.

The rich derive no sustenance from Western culture and contribute nothing to it. There would be no particular significance in that, since it is by their own choice, if it were not for the fact that the West's intellectuals come out much the same, if for reasons as different as possible, reasons which are seldom their fault.

EFFECTIVE radicalism in the West has originated in the economic struggle, as a direct product of the exploitation.

The West's intellectual radicals, however, have been and remain something else. They are charming, as the millionaires assuredly are not, but theirs is a charm of irresponsibility. They are at once fiery and sweet—red in tooth and claw and buoyed up by the knowledge that they will never have to do anything at all about it. The barricades they fight on are imaginary and the deaths they undergo are mere formulas. Their radicalism is a species of æsthetics. But the point is that if it were anything else they could not survive in the West.

Intellectuals have always been a Western export. In the United States at large the professions—the learned professions—journalism, literature, and the arts contain a disproportionate number of men and women who grew up on Nine Mile over against Dead Man but whose address is now Westport or Winnetka or Palo Alto. They found the going too hard and so they got out. They refused to waste their strength fighting an unfavorable environment.

In the past generation that environment has become somewhat more favorable but not much. Let writers stand for them all. Only a small handful of first-rate writers have stuck it out in the West—men who write as Americans without Western provinciality or who write about Western experience without neuroticism. I do not know what inner resources have been required of such men as, say, Edwin Corle, Thomas Hornsby Ferril, Vardis Fisher, and Joseph Kinsey Howard, but that such achievement as theirs requires unusual strength is obvious from what has happened to the generality of Western writing. It has got mired in the spongy, self-conscious regionalism that has devitalized American writing wherever it has broken out, though for the South's forty acres and a poet the spacious West has substituted six hundred and forty acres and a mystic. Or else it has fled into coterie literature, with the result that the little magazine is making its last stand in the sagebrush and the writer who stayed there is trying to be Eugene Jolas. He has his own *Vogue* and *Spur* and is trying to erect a Left Bank on Nine Mile. This escapism is pathetic rather than vulgar because it is forced on him, but if escapism is a means of survival it nevertheless ranges him with the millionaire. He has found no roots in the common culture and so regards it as colonial.

What has denied him roots, however, is not a colonial state of mind but the state of mind of the vigilantes, the vigilantes who were always as useful for suppressing nonconformity as for getting rid of stage-robbers. I have suggested that the coercive beard-growing of Frontier Week, the developing myth of the Old West, and the compulsive mass-hypnotism of the slot machines are not casual surface-phenomena of Western life but symptoms of conflicts that come close to being organic. They go back in history as far as the West goes but they are more important now than ever before, because the fulfillment of the great dream will depend on whether the West resolves them as it undertakes to seize its hour.

WESTERN freedom has always been extended to certain kinds of behavior only; freedom has always been denied to other kinds of behavior and has hardly existed at all in thought and opinion. Western individualism has different appearances in different lights but it has always been less a matter of letting my neighbor go his way as he chooses than of waiting for him to make some mistake that will allow me to jump his claim. That Chambers of Commerce have taken over the gang function of the Vigilance Committee has only made Western business more timorous, an easier setup for absentee exploitation. It has only increased the West's historic willingness to hold itself cheap and its eagerness to sell out. The West has certainly been raped by the East but its ads and its posture have always invited rape.

Thus the basic problems are internal. The West has always suppressed domestic criticism, while cringing before criticism from outside, and has treated non-conformity of idea and innovation of any kind, especially in business, as dire social evils. Forever in rebellion against exterior exploitation, it has nevertheless always co-operated with the exploiters against itself when the chips were down. Worst of all, its own interior exploitation has al-

ways worked to the same end. No destruction by absentee-owned corporations of the West's natural resources—all it has—has ever been forestalled, because anything that could forestall it would also forestall the West's own destruction of those same resources. At this moment there is intended an assault on the public resources of the West which is altogether Western and so open that it cannot possibly be called a conspiracy. It is an assault which in a single generation could destroy the West and return it to the processes of geology. That such an intent publicly flourishes and may succeed—at the very moment when the West is undertaking, with some possibility of success, to emancipate itself and establish an advanced industrial economy—is plain proof of schizophrenia.

Will the effort to achieve the status of an equal in the national economy turn out in the end to have been just one more Western boom? Is the West's contemplated secession from the union premised on getting the federal government to subsidize the secession and Wall Street to pay the carrying charges? Will the revolution now gathering momentum end with the same old masters at the throttle still?

The issue will be settled in terms of steel, aluminum, water, electric power, freight rates, and credit. But the determinant will be the Western consciousness. Westerners have always thought of the East as their worst enemy, but they have always acted as if their worst enemies were the Westerners who wanted their children to live in the West, who wanted to make something of the country and keep it. They have been chary of trusting one another and with good cause: what has always wrecked co-operation has been their willingness to sell one another out. Unless that changes in the course of the revolution, Wall Street can view the future of its Western satrapy with detached calm.

[*Mr. DeVoto will continue this discussion in a second article.*—The Editors]

The Twilight Peace

THE eleventh November is a day dedicate to the white boutonniere of peace. But the particular peace to which this day is specially dedicate is the twilight peace of the armistice, which is of a peculiar and distinctive character. It is peace, but it is not marked by any degree of tranquillity or goodwill, nor has it displaced martial law. It is in good part made up of alarms and recrimination, of intrigue and hostilities, and it is hedged about with fire, famine, and pestilence. It is a peace of a very special character, peculiar and distinctive. The twelve months which have elapsed since the armistice will show a larger expenditure for military operations and a larger total of warlike atrocities than any recorded twelve months of war, prior to the great war of which this peace is the aftermath. It was a peculiar peace in its inception, in that it was concluded in order to engage in a fight: and it has been a peculiar peace in its further course, in that it shows a steadily rising tide of quarrels, armaments, hostilities, expenditures, bankruptcies, and violations of international law, throughout these twelve months of its prosecution hitherto.

—Thorstein Veblen. From *The Dial*, November 15, 1919. Printed here by courtesy of the Viking Press, publishers of Veblen's *Essays in Our Changing Order*, in which it subsequently appeared.

DON'T MONKEY WITH THE PLATYPUS

BERGEN EVANS

Suppose you tried to stop the average citizen, hurrying to his rendezvous with the tax collector, to inform him that "unless something is done"—i.e., unless more public money is spent—the ivory-billed woodpecker of Louisiana may become extinct. You would probably run a risk of becoming extinct yourself.

Yet the citizen has a stake in the woodpecker. Every year his taxes and every month his household bills are higher because of his indifference to the waste of natural resources, of which wild life is an inseparable part. Despite the illusions fostered by his parson and his haberdasher, the citizen is an animal. He is but a filament in the vast web of which the woodpecker is a part, and is far from knowing what strands may be snapped with impunity.

The arguments advanced to support the protection of vanishing species may be classified as mystical, intellectual, and practical. The mystical argument, which regards all living things as ends in themselves, is more a statement of values than a presentation of evidence. Furthermore, it is not, as a position, invulnerable. All life must destroy other life to exist. Vegetarianism, to the biologist, is pure sophistry. And he would be a saintly figure indeed who, afflicted with hay fever, still maintained that ragweed has its rights.

The spectrum of the intellectual argument extends from the aesthetic to the practical, from "pure" to "applied" science, but it comes within the perceptions of the common man only in its lower ranges. Even he, however, has some glimmering of the delights of knowledge and can occasionally see that the extinction of a species is an irreparable loss. He must be a clod indeed whose heart does not leap up when he beholds a platypus in the zoo. This strange little creature with the bill and feet of a duck and the fur of a beaver, that lays eggs and yet suckles its young, is too preposterous to be anything but true. Unlike God, had it not existed no man would have dared to invent it. It is *the* missing link, complete with refutations. It is the doubter's delight, the bewilderment of bishops, a cosmic giggle. Yet it is rare and frail. It could be extirpated in a month. And once it was destroyed who would ever believe it once had been?

Consider the quagga. It was Lord Morton's crossing of a quagga with a chestnut mare that led Agassiz, Romanes, and Darwin to believe in telegony—the theory, still almost universally held, that offspring sometimes inherit characteristics from a previous mate of their dam. For three foals that the mare subsequently bore to a black Arabian stallion were all marked like quaggas. The theory, which if true would

Bergen Evans is the author of The Natural History of Nonsense, *a recent attack on the continuous foolishness of mankind, from which we published a few months ago (June) a chapter called "High Thought on a Low Plane."*

be of tremendous intellectual—and, of course, economic—importance, is now in complete disrepute among the learned, due largely to the work of Cossar Ewart. But we shall never know *for sure:* Lord Morton's experiment cannot be duplicated, to be confirmed or denied, for the quagga is extinct.

WE ARE just at the beginning of knowledge and of nothing are we more ignorant and of nothing do we need more to be informed than of the ways of living things. Up until now zoology has been concerned almost exclusively with describing and classifying. That, of course, is an indispensable foundation, but the really valuable knowledge, the harvest of all this earlier work, the study of living processes and of animals in their environments is, for the most part, yet to come.

But before it comes the animals may go. While the scientist has been arranging his tools the hunter and the speculator, the scout, the sealer, the furrier, the lumberman, the farmer, the engineer, and John Proteus Citizen in a thousand capacities have come perilously close to putting an end to all investigation by destroying the creatures he intended to have a look at. Within the past seventy years more than a score of species of birds and animals have been exterminated in this country alone and more than three score others reduced to the point where it is a question if they can be saved.

It is incredible. No catastrophe since the beginning of life can come anywhere near it. Even Adam ate only the fruit of the tree of knowledge. We are devouring root and branches. From the Guadalupe rock wren to the California condor, from the White Mountain dwarf shrew to the Rocky Mountain grizzly, strange and wonderful forms of life are vanishing before we can know anything about them. The whalers have just about destroyed the whale. The milliners almost got the egret. The Elks have come very close to eliminating the elk. And the canned dog-food manufacturers are rapidly closing in on the last of the sea lions.

If the loss were merely one of laboratory specimens it might be hard in a hungry world to protest against it. But we are just beginning to perceive what immense material losses have been involved in this holocaust and what still more immense ones threaten in the very near future. Which brings us to the practical argument.

II

AGRICULTURE, upon which all men are completely dependent, is a form of applied biology. It is a making use for man's benefit of the interrelations of living things. For plants do not just grow of themselves. They are an expression of the soil, the climate, the topography, the underlying formations, *and the animal life* of the regions in which they flourish. The pollinating bee, the aerating worm, and, above all, the putrefying bacteria are indispensable parts of the process of which the plant is only one manifestation.

No living thing exists in complete independence. Animals, like plants, are a part of their environment. They are manifestations of the climate, the vegetation, and of all other species within their habitat. You cannot, in the natural state, at least, separate a horse and grass; the grass supports the horse and the horse manures the grass. The elf-owl of Arizona lives solely in the abandoned nesting holes of a certain species of woodpecker. And this woodpecker makes its holes solely in the giant cactus. So that one may seriously wonder if there are three forms of life here or one. Certainly it is an academic abstraction to think of the owl apart from the cactus and the woodpecker. They are as much a part of it as its feathers.

These interrelationships are now perceived wherever we turn. Squirrels eat nuts and—although unintentionally—plant seedlings. Snowshoe hares girdle young trees and kill many of them; but in so doing they let air and light into the thick stands of seedlings, reduce fire hazards and check the spread of parasites. Bees live off flowers. Flowers live off bees. And so on.

Our fathers in the first despair of their new knowledge allowed themselves to put too simple an interpretation on Darwin's famous "struggle for existence." The robust saw natural selection as a sort of jolly scrimmage or field day with God, the

Great Vicar, awarding the prizes of health and dominance. The more nervous saw Nature "red in tooth and claw" knocking down species like ninepins and crying that "all must go." Both seemed unaware of the fact that co-operation is as necessary to survival as competition, though Prince Kropotkin and a few others tried to call attention to this important fact.

ANIMALS are now perceived to exist only as members of a biotic community and these communities are exceedingly complex. Professor Charles Elton has described for us the community centering around a species of yellow ant that lives in the limestone pastures on the lower slopes of the Malvern Hills. This ant and its pupae are much relished by woodpeckers who bore assiduously into its hummocks. When the woodpecker is sated and the ant's nest is in a state of confusion robber ants, which have been lying in wait, rush in to add to the depredations. Rabbits are fond of depositing their dung on these same hummocks and that, together with the soil which the ants have brought to the surface, forms a rich humus in which, in time, there grows a special set of plants. Prominent among these is wild thyme, which rabbits detest as food. To its flowers are attracted the red-tailed bumblebee and to its roots a particular species of moth. One could go on and on, for each plant and animal involved has a host of hangers-on, guests, and parasites. But enough has been said to indicate that the isolation of any species or individual is an arbitrary and "unnatural" procedure.

And each of these species, like the individuals which compose it, is simultaneously competing with and assisting other species, though there is probably no more affection in the assistance than malice in the competition.

The co-operation in nature is most plainly visible in true symbiosis. The crocodile bird picks the teeth of the crocodile and is spared the fatigue of foraging. The crocodile is possibly saved from caries and trench mouth. Even so necessary and intimate a function as digestion is sometimes a co-operative effort. Termites eat wood but they can't digest it; that is done for them by several species of flagellate protozoans in their intestines. The protozoans can digest wood, but they can't procure it; that is done for them by the termites. So that each is wholly dependent on the other and—one assumes—wholly unaware of the other's existence.

Elton illustrates this co-operation amid competition by saying that the individual cells of a deer's body are in competition for food yet they co-operate to produce a deer. Individual deer compete with each other, yet they combine to form a herd. Deer and mountain lions have different views of the purpose of venison, yet they keep each other going as species and combine to form a deer-lion community.

The layman who finds himself unable to perceive just what benefits the deer derive from their "co-operation" with the lions may comfort himself with the thought that until quite recently his inability was shared by almost all biologists and rangers and was, indeed, universal until in the early 1920's when the United States government was given an expensive lesson in ecology.

In 1906 a national game preserve had been established in the Kaibab forest, just north of the Grand Canyon. The deer in the forest were protected and in an excess of zeal the mountain lions, their "enemies," were as nearly as possible exterminated. Relieved of this restraining pressure on their numbers the deer multiplied to such an extent that they overate their food supply. They browsed the trees as high as they could reach; they ate the roots of the grass and destroyed the seedlings which should have furnished them more food. By 1920 they were starving and the Secretary of Agriculture, *to save the herd*, opened the forest to hunters and had the lions protected. He acted in time and the herd is again in vigorous health, though it is doubtful if the individual deer feels any gratitude whatever when attacked by a lion.

THERE are hundreds of similar instances of the consequences of man's interference with what used to be called "the balance of nature." Actually there is no "balance" in nature in the sense of a static equipoise; environments and the

flora and fauna that coexist within them are continually changing. But they usually change slowly with a myriad local variations in kind and degree. Whereas man now has it in his power to introduce instantaneous and widespread changes whose consequences he cannot foresee or control.

Everyone knows that the introduction of the English sparrow into the United States and of the rabbit into Australia have been disasters of the first magnitude. Less publicized but equally serious, though in smaller areas, have been the introduction of the mongoose into the West Indies, the starling into New Zealand, the American muskrat into Europe, and the lantana into Hawaii. Scientists have sometimes countered by introducing still another species which preys upon the troublesome one. But it's a risky business. The remedy may prove worse than the disease. It has been proposed that coyotes be introduced into Australia to control the plague of rabbits, but no reputable scientist has yet been willing to assume the risk of introducing coyotes into a country whose economic strength lies in sheep raising. Ladybugs have been very successful in controlling plagues of aphids because the ladybugs eat nothing but aphids and once they've cleaned up an orchard just lie down and die. But all animals are not so obliging.

Sometimes man is merely an accessory to changes which some other animal happens to desire. For over two centuries now he has been caught in the middle of a titanic struggle between the brown rat and the black rat, now giving aid to the one side and now comfort to the other. All unwittingly, of course, and always under the delusion that he was controlling the situation. The decline in bubonic plague, which until recently was generally ascribed to improved sanitation, is now thought to have been, in a large part, due to the invasion and occupation of Europe by the brown or Norwegian rat soon after 1727. The plague, we know, is carried by lice which are carried by rats; and the black rat, which the brown rat displaced but did not completely exterminate, lived in closer contact with human beings than his successor who was content to inhabit sewers and cellars. With modern ratproofing of basements the brown rat is being more and more excluded from our buildings but, as Mr. A. C. Hinton points out, the open skylights of top floors and the network of wires and cables that bridge city streets have created "an approach to paradise" for the black rat which, freed by our efforts from the menace of his foe, is increasing dangerously. So much so, indeed, that Mr. Hinton is of the opinion that it is not our sanitation but our habit of moving out of the warehouse and wholesale districts at night that is protecting us from the plague.

III

MAN'S power to exterminate other living things has grown tremendously within the past few years, great as it was before, and if this power is used without knowledge it may have the most dreadful consequences. If, for example, it lay within the power of some suburbanite, exasperated by worm casts on his carefully-tended lawn, to end all worms by a wave of his hand, he would probably wave his hand. But in so doing he would also be ending all suburbanites, for the working of the soil by earthworms is one of the bases of life.

The possible consequences of the reckless use of some of the powerful new insecticides developed during the war is a matter of the gravest concern. A few limited experiments have suggested that it would be quite possible to start a chain reaction of disasters with them. Thus the use, in insect control work in Utah, of sweetened poisoned bran, intended for grasshoppers, was believed to have killed perhaps half the honey bees in the state; which, in turn, damaged the orchards by reducing the pollination of fruit trees and impoverished the soil by lessening the production of clover and other legumes.

Man's unawareness of his place in his own biotic community in no way changes the fact that he *is* a member of such a community and as subject to its interrelations as the steer he eats or the mosquito that eats him. Darwin once said humorously that he could estimate the marriage rate in a village by the condition of the clover in the surrounding fields. For old maids, he said, keep cats and cats kill mice and mice kill bumblebees and bumblebees fertilize clover.

It doesn't matter, of course, what our motives are in making these changes. Nature is not interested in motives. The rabbit was introduced into Australia to aid sheep farming by competing with the kangaroo and has come close to making sheep farming impossible by competing with sheep.

Even man himself, sometimes, gets into strange and delicately-poised relations with his physical environment and suffers unexpected calamities as a result of changes that seemed harmless or even beneficial. A grim and curious example is furnished by the increase of infant mortality among the Nauru Islanders when prohibition was forced upon them by Australia, to whom they had been mandated. Investigation revealed that the children were dying of a deficiency of vitamin B_1, an adequate supply of which they had previously been receiving from breast milk so long as their mothers had remained saturated with a yeasty home brew made from palm leaves. When the toddy was taken from the mothers, half the babies died. When, as a result of the investigation, it was allowed again, infant mortality fell to seven per cent.

Such instances, and scores of others, do not mean that we should never attempt to change an established situation. But it does mean that we had better inform ourselves as fully as possible before introducing any sweeping changes.

And on nothing do the people of the United States need more to be informed than of the present state of their common wealth and of the need for a wiser management of it than they have recently shown.

Our greatness as a nation and our well-being as individuals are largely due to our natural resources and both are seriously endangered by the prodigal and ignorant course that we have pursued for the past three generations. Four-fifths of our forests have been cut down, three-fourths of our grasslands grazed to stubble, and almost a third of our arable land eroded or otherwise reduced to barrenness. The denuded watersheds have become spillways. The rivers, sterile with pollution, alternate from foul trickles to devastating floods. Our minerals are dwindling; we import much of which it was assumed a generation ago we had an unlimited supply. The very water is disappearing. In the Santa Clara valley the water table sank one hundred feet between 1910 and 1930, and the Santa Clara valley is only an extreme example of what is happening in Nebraska and Illinois and Ohio and a hundred other places. More than a million farms have been abandoned. (Less than half of the area of the United States has yet been mapped; we are wearing the country out before we have looked it over!)

And none of our natural resources has been more recklessly destroyed than our wild life. In fact, the very use of the term "resource" in this connection will most likely seem an extravagance to the urbanite who conceives of wild life as something to show the children at the zoo.

Yet hunting and fishing and trapping once furnished a large part of the nation's food and clothing and, in the aggregate, probably produced more wealth and found a livelihood for more men than many of our major mineral resources have done. Nor has their decline meant a corresponding increase elsewhere. There has been no compensation for the barrenness of our marshes and streams and hedgerows and forest edges. The farmer has become a sharecropper and the fisherman a caddy and we are all the poorer.

In regard to wild life we are at a crisis. Studies have shown that with most species there is a point of depletion below which restoration is unlikely. Several species have become extinct, after reaching such a point, despite everything that could be done to save them. At one time when the fight to save the heath hen was being waged there was a warden for every single known member of the species. But it was too late. The heath hen disappeared in 1927. At this moment perhaps a dozen other species may be in the same predicament—among them the trumpeter swan, the whooping crane, the ivory-billed woodpecker and, perhaps, the right whale. No one can be sure that, despite every possible protection and encouragement—which they are yet to receive—there are enough individuals left to maintain these species.

On the other hand, life has shown itself to be a force of explosive intensity and several species which were once almost extinct, such as the buffalo and the Alaska fur seal, have, under fortunate circumstances and good management, come back to the point of being definite economic assets. And there is reason to believe that many more species can be revived and put on a paying basis, can be harvested with profit, that is, just like alfalfa or corn.

That does not mean merely that the farmer will have a greater diversity of crops and the hunter and fisherman larger catches. It means that the land upon which we live will be richer and life more pleasurable. It means that we will be living off interest instead of principal and hence will be more secure.

But it cannot be accomplished by mere re-stocking or the extension of closed seasons. "In its broadest aspects," says one of the most serious students of the problem, "conservation of the organic resources means restoring to the highest possible level and maintaining in a state of high productivity those resources, including wild life, that can be used on a crop basis to sustain human society." Soil, water, forest, and wild life preservation are inseparable parts of one program. As best we can, we have to repair *all* the damage we have done. There is no use re-stocking a stream with fish unless the waters of the stream are purified and freed from silt so that the fish can live in it. And that means reforestation, erosion control, and the regulation of commerce. Shorter hunting seasons and increased restrictions may prolong the extinction of the ducks, but only the restoration of marshes and water refuge areas on the breeding grounds and along the flyways will make it possible for the birds that remain to become again the flocks they were thirty years ago. About seven million acres is the estimated minimum requirement, by the way, of which less than half has so far been provided. It will also require still more "regimentation," for the farmers whose fields border upon the breeding ponds must not burn them over before the ducklings have left the nests. It, and other forms of wild life conservation, will even require nations to get together, for animals know nothing of national boundaries and birds, in particular, move across hemispheres.

THE next twenty years may see the difference between desolation and restoration. Fortunately there is a group of public servants—the members of the National Resources Board, the soil erosion, forestry, and fish and wild life services—awake to the danger and trained to meet it. A Bureau of Conservation has been proposed, and there has been a dispute as to whether it should be in the Department of Agriculture or the Department of the Interior. It would be more suitable to the gravity of the situation if there were a Department of Conservation with Agriculture, the Interior, Commerce and a part of State, Navy, and the Army under *it*. The trained experts of the government are assisted by a number of public-spirited private groups, such as the Audubon Societies and the National Grange, who are aware of at least a part of the danger and are in sympathy with at least a part of the program. But the great majority of us are ignorant and indifferent.

The conservation program is an expensive one. It will cost billions. But doing nothing will cost more. We have behaved like the Kaibab deer and endangered the basis of our subsistence. Perhaps some beneficent spirit will send a wasting pestilence so that the gutted land can have restorative eons for the earthworm, the bacteria, and the wind and the rain to get things in shape for us again. Or perhaps we will sink from frustration into anarchy and from anarchy into oblivion. Other nations have flourished and disappeared. Other species have ruled and vanished.

There still remains, however, the possibility—and the chance—to act intelligently in our own interest.

TIME TO FIX THE ROOF

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE American people still fear that before very long the economic roof will leak and let in a flood of unemployment. Just when the downpour will come, few presume to know—perhaps in 1948, perhaps not till 1951. But that it will come a majority feel as certain as they do of death or taxes.

No measures taken thus far have appreciably diminished the fear and a good deal that is going on intensifies it. Constant political blustering of the left against center and right, and vice versa, at home and abroad; tremendous strikes; rising prices; angering shortages, as of housing; stock-market gyrations—all these are profoundly unsettling, despite the fact that there are now more jobs to be done in the United States than there are people to do them. People simply feel in their bones that the jobs won't last. Many of us can pluck up enough spirit to believe that our masters are not fools enough to let the international brawls degenerate into war, but few feel sure that they can prevent another depression. Fear of depression is the most widespread fear of our time. And not only in this country. It is rampant elsewhere—as in Britain, where it led untold thousands to gamble on a Labor government.

Nor is this specter anything to be lightly regarded. Not only would a deep depression bring acute distress to millions of Americans; not only would it endanger our democratic freedoms by offering an open season to demagogues, and almost surely fasten upon us a still tighter web of government controls; not only would it distort, in one way or another, the careers and fortunes of every one of us; it would also do appalling damage the world over. Look abroad, and in country after country you will find the wisest heads agreeing that order and progress depend on prosperity, that prosperity depends at least in part on foreign trade and on the numerous international financial arrangements to which the United States is a party, and that both trade and these undertakings will be hard hit if the richest nation in the world is in trouble. And there is more than this at stake. The very structure of peace, insecure at best, depends on the continued stability of the most powerful nation in the world. Remember what John Fischer said in this magazine about Russia—that the Soviet distrust of the nations to the west is due largely to fear that America will have a great depression, that she will then fall under the sway of a dictator, and that the dictator will take her to war. Scoff at such fears if you will—but is not the first answer to them that a great depression *must not be permitted* to take place here?

There is no use arguing that the sun is shining now and will surely stay out for a while yet, so why worry about a downpour that is still only a possibility? It rained in 1929 and only Voltaire's

Our contributing editor, Mr. Grattan, who recently wrote for us several articles on Britain and her economic dilemma, now diagrams a major American problem.

teacher of metaphysico-theologo-cosmolonigology, Dr. Pangloss, could argue that in this best of all possible worlds it will never rain again. Meanwhile we know all too well that our roof is leaky.

Now is the time to repair the roof.

Let us take a look at it and the materials useful for the job. Let us invite the experts to say their say and help us to some rational program of action. We must know whether to use shingles, tile, slate, or tarpaper. We do not want to be like the fellow in the story who resolved to repair his leaky roof when the rain was coming down and then avoided the job when the sun was out, because no water was coming in then. We don't want to run any risk that, with the storm lashing down at last, the choice of materials will be decided by whichever person or faction shouts the loudest. The time to make an unhysterical choice is *now*.

DURING the lamented nineteen-thirties we experimented with a whole series of emergency repair devices. We tried the NRA. We tried tinkering with the price of gold. We tried pump-priming—building public works, to be paid for by letting the government run deeper into debt. We tried all manner of unemployment insurance schemes and price-guarantee schemes. None of these plans brought full recovery; the only thing that lifted us into prosperity again was our vast war expenditure—at the price of a monumental increase in the public debt.

As the war drew to a close, we expected an immediate postwar slump and everyone began worrying about how to avert it. There was a great popular drive for a "sixty-million-jobs" program—a plan to go in for public works and other government expenditures on the grand scale (no mere pump-priming) when, as, and if a board of government experts informed Congress that private business was falling off or about to fall off—these expenditures to be met by adding still further to the already astronomical debt. All sorts of people opposed this ambitious scheme for one reason or another, and when the gentlemen on Capitol Hill got their hands on it, they whittled it down to a mere sliver of its former self. Meanwhile the expected postwar slump just did not happen—a fact which in itself cast some doubt upon the ability of a federal board to read the economic entrails; and the Battle of Full Employment was forgotten in the hue and cry over high prices, inflation, the OPA, and strikes. The result is that today the very problem which these highly debatable plans were designed to solve has been largely forgotten, pushed to the back of the desk as something to be taken care of another day. And we find ourselves with nothing but a wait-and-see-and-maybe-do-something-day-after-tomorrow policy, while the specter of future depression still troubles our sleep.

Is this an exaggeration? Well, let's see just what we've got as a protection against that national rainy day.

II

WE HAVE "The Employment Act of 1946," signed by Mr. Truman last February 20, which is all that remained of the Wallace sixty-million-jobs plan when Congress got through with it. It does not satisfy the full employment advocates, and no wonder; indeed, it gets us practically nowhere. It declares a "national policy," to be sure. But examine the statement of this policy, if you can endure the legislative lingo, and see just what this "policy" amounts to:

> The Congress hereby declares that it is the continuing policy and responsibility of the Federal Government to use all practicable means consistent with its needs and obligations and other essential considerations of national policy, with the assistance and co-operation of industry, agriculture, labor, and State and local governments, to co-ordinate and utilize all its plans, functions, and resources for the purpose of creating and maintaining, in a manner calculated to foster and promote free competitive enterprise and the general welfare, conditions under which there will be afforded useful employment opportunities, including self-employment, for those able, willing, and seeking to work, and to promote maximum employment, production, and purchasing power.

About all this magnificent sentence says —after it gets through appeasing, with polite mention, every group and idea in the country—is that if there is an economic storm, the government will have to do something about it. That is a truism which

has been taken for granted these many years. But do what? What are "all practicable means" consistent with other "needs and obligations"? The bill doesn't say; the suggestions as to means, included in the original draft, were thrown out along the way.

Nor does the machinery provided in the Act get us any considerable distance forward either. There is to be a Council of Economic Advisers composed of three men with salaries of $15,000 each. They will submit an annual economic report to the President, and supplementary reports if necessary, which will "analyze and interpret economic developments," "appraise programs and activities of the Government in the light of the policy" so verbosely outlined in the quotation above, and "formulate and recommend national economic policy" to advance the end in view. This coming December the President will receive the first of these reports. When Congress convenes, he will pass it along to a new Congressional joint committee, consisting of seven members of the House and seven of the Senate. By May 1 of next year (or earlier) this committee will have to examine the report and in turn transmit to the House and Senate a report "containing its findings and recommendations with respect to each of the main recommendations made by the President in the Economic Report." Then these twice-chewed recommendations will again be masticated in debate in the House and Senate. By that time they will be well fletcherized, to be sure, but whether there will be any vitamins left in them remains to be seen.

One ray of light we are vouchsafed. At least the three members of the Council of Economic Advisers have been appointed, and from their records we can get some idea of the direction in which they are likely to go. They are Edwin G. Nourse, chairman, John D. Clark, and Leon H. Keyserling. We know that Mr. Nourse, long vice-president of the Brookings Institution, is a cautious man, little likely to be stampeded by new-fangled notions. Mr. Keyserling we know chiefly from his Plan for Postwar Employment which won second prize in the Pabst Competition in 1944; he there showed a strong interest in machinery of the kind now set up, and in the ends of policy substantially as now defined, but a milder concern for means—or at least little dogmatism about them. Mr. Clark was a successful business man before he became Dean of the University of Nebraska College of Business Administration. On the whole it seems safe to guess that this triumvirate's recommendations will be middle of the road. The emphasis in their report is likely to fall on the adjustment and co-ordination of public policy. What they will say about "deficit spending" is the $64 question.

"Deficit spending"—these are nastier words than "spit." What they mean is simply that in order to guarantee full employment the government shall *deliberately* spend more money than it takes in in taxes, especially at times when employment is at abnormally low levels. This idea arouses horror in many minds—a dreadful fear that our rising national debt will get out of control and panic will drag us into national bankruptcy. Deficit spending is therefore the most controversial proposal in the whole field of full employment policy.

But it is also, unluckily, the idea that most advocates of full employment make central to their scheme. As a result, many people never get beyond it in their thinking. Mention to them the mere notion that plans should be made to prevent a depression and they at once leap to the conclusion that you want the government to spend and spend while the public debt climbs higher and higher toward the disaster point.

This is unfortunate. Would it not be better for the advocates of full employment, instead of putting forth elaborate statistics "proving" that willy-nilly deficit spending is the only way out, to take the position that the task is really to *avoid* deficit spending? Instead of rushing down the steep slope to deficit spending, with no brakes on, surely the course of common sense is to run the economy so that we never need get on the steep slope at all. Let us therefore try to see what can be done to guarantee full employment *short of deficit spending*, coming round to that measure last, if at all, and insisting even then that it is a

desperate expedient whose effects, far from being definitely predictable, are incalculable—an expedient to be resorted to only after all else has failed. What else is there to consider before we come to that pass?

III

WHAT you have just been reading is no preface to a panacea. I am not about to pull a rabbit out of my hat. What's more, I doubt if there is any single rabbit that will turn the trick. I strongly suspect that the best solution of this vexing problem will lie in the careful and continuous adjustment of the various controls with which the government influences our economic life.

Think of government policy as a series of levers with which the men in Washington regulate an intricate machine. Each lever affects directly a part of the machine and can facilitate or disturb its smooth running. Furthermore, each lever affects indirectly all the other parts of the machine. Therefore the adjustment of the various levers must be neatly co-ordinated. Usually they are operated by different groups of people, and the group which has hold of one lever pays little attention to what is being done with the other levers. Is it any wonder that the economic machine bucks and stalls?

I should like to mention four of these government levers, the four principal ones. I shall not attempt to lay down the law as to just how they should be manipulated. My aim is rather to show the sort of choices that the people who manipulate them are faced with, and the sort of measures that we may need to consider.

(1) *Taxation.* This is a very powerful lever. There is general agreement today that the income tax should be the basic source of income for the government; that this tax should be progressive, i.e., should bear down relatively harder upon the rich than upon the poor; and that it should be so arranged as not to discourage unduly either the people's spending of money or their investment of their savings. If you tax the smaller incomes unduly, you tend to dry up spending, because there are vast numbers of these smaller incomes and they are almost wholly spent for goods and services. If you tax the bigger incomes unduly, you tend to dry up saving and therefore new investment, because a considerable proportion of these bigger incomes is normally saved. The trick is to devise a tax plan which, without drying up spending, will encourage investment, so that the economy can keep on expanding at a normal rate. The current phrase for this sort of plan is "incentive taxation." But there is as yet no patent formula guaranteed to work. But that does not mean that there is not a real need for legislation more definitely aimed at providing incentives than any we have had so far.

Those who manipulate the tax lever to encourage new investment must bear other things in mind too as they do so. For example, there are people who argue that the government should deliberately expand the volume of goods and services which private business cannot supply—providing, let us say, more schools, libraries, health services, etc. These will contribute to the general well-being and to the stability of the economy. But they will also increase the total amount of the tax bill, regardless of how it is distributed, and thus will tend to cramp spending or new investment or both. How fast should we permit the national budget for such government services to grow? This, too, is a matter for carefully planned expansion, not higgledy-piggledy expenditure.

Every proposal for a new appropriation has its vociferous advocates, every proposal for a revision of taxes has its vociferous enemies; and they all wear blinders. The legislative result is a pulling and hauling of special interests rather than a careful adjustment of the tax lever. Let the 80th Congress take notice: it has a very sensitive instrument in its hands. But it also has a big job to do with this instrument.

(2) *Debt management.* The fiscal policy of the government is another machine of the utmost delicacy. Bad management of that policy by the Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board can make the now enormous federal debt a dead weight on our economy. Good management must take into account the volume of credit that the debt creates, the effect of government interest rates on the economy generally, the

future of our banks and insurance companies, where private individuals will lodge their savings, etc.—all of them matters for the exercise of the broadest and most far-sighted intelligence; and matters, furthermore, which cannot rightly be dealt with if other government levers are pulling in opposite directions. (Incidentally, good management of the debt does not necessarily involve reduction of its size, though reduction at the proper time is one phase of good management.)

(3) *Wage policy.* It is easy to say that we want a policy that will keep production running at a high rate, will reward labor for increased productivity, will increase the standard of living for those who now get the most meager returns for their work, and will avoid giving abnormally big returns to strategically placed pressure groups. But it is very hard to bring this about. The question here is really the effect, good or bad, of union policy on the economy. If strategically placed unions of already high-paid workers can use their power to force up their wage levels until they are even more out of line with incomes elsewhere, this may have various disruptive effects. By raising unduly the price of the goods these particular workers produce, it may decrease the volume of employment in their own industry. And it may put the workers in less highly paid industries in an even tougher spot than before. Here again the smooth running of the economy depends upon maintaining reasonable relationships between the distributions to various groups. If one or two groups have the power to run hog-wild, they may throw the machine out of whack. (Do I need to add the obvious fact that its smooth running may also be disturbed by employer policy, especially when times aren't so good?)

The government's policy on wages is a lever which must be very carefully manipulated—with more in mind than the settlement of some single dispute or the appeasement of some special group—if our prospects for full employment are not to go a-glimmering. Needless to say, we have no such salutary wage policy now.

(4) *The policing of restrictions on production.* There is good sense in arguing that the basic problem is not full employment but full production. Lord Keynes once remarked that it was employment to dig holes and fill them up again. This is the make-work theory of employment, of which we saw something during the heyday of the New Deal. It has many partisans. Not so long ago the milk-deliverers of the New York area were arguing that the wartime system of deliveries should be abandoned and everyday deliveries resumed, not for efficiency's sake but to furnish work for more milk-drivers. Petrillo of the Musicians' Union is a nationally known partisan of make-work. So is any advocate of union featherbedding, or deadhead employment, or restriction on the use of labor-saving machines. This is applying the theory of scarcity to jobs. It is far better to arrange for systematic retraining of displaced workers and their re-employment elsewhere. We shall not have full employment if we try to freeze workers in their present jobs; what we need is a highly mobile economy in which many workers are shifting from old industries to new. Any legislation which tries to guarantee a man a job at what he is doing now is a monkey-wrench in the machinery.

And needless to say, the government must also attack forthrightly all corporate monopolies that restrict production. If we are to have a mobile economy, the field of competition must be kept open by constant policing. To permit monopolies of any sort to fence off parts of the field is to put a strait-jacket on that dynamic expansion on which full employment depends.

IV

These four levers—taxes, debt management, wage policy, and the policing of restrictions on production—are now being pulled every which way by various departments of the government and various committees of Congress. Day-to-day co-ordination—perhaps under the administrative guidance of the Budget Bureau—is urgently needed; and so is an understanding of the need for such co-ordination on the part of Senators and Congressmen. And the over-all policy they put into effect must be wisely worked out and effectively implemented. This is the immediate and

imperative task. To plump for deficit spending until this job has been attacked is a cowardly evasion of a difficult duty.

And if we fail, and *have to* go in for deficit spending nevertheless? Well, in that case let us remember that it too is no ready-made panacea. One might imagine, from hearing some people talk, that all the government needs to do is to pour out money anywhere. But the American economy is very complex; at almost any moment, some of the indices of business activity are going up and some are going down; the question *where* the money can best be laid out in order to have an invigorating effect is a very tricky one, to be studied long and hard in advance. It is even harder to decide *when* the money can best be laid out, the science of economic prediction being still in its rompers (to judge from its recent triumphs). True, government spending will create jobs; but when and to what extent and with what unforeseen consequences we can only guess.

No, let's use other tools first to fix the roof.

We had better begin the job now, when it can be undertaken with a minimum of hysteria. It is a difficult and complicated job, requiring wisdom and courage. Not only the Council of Economic Advisers but our best economists, business leaders, and government experts—and above all the members of the 80th Congress—ought to put it at the top of their agenda. It will not get done if everybody sits back and decides to do nothing about it so long as the sun shines.

Let's not wait for the rain to begin falling. There is too much at stake.

Because the editors of Harper's *believe that the problem outlined in the preceding article demands a good deal more public attention than it is now receiving, we have asked a number of well-informed people to suggest the kind of action which they feel is most needed. The group includes business and farm leaders, economists, men with extensive government experience, and representatives of organized labor—each of whom has demonstrated, in one way or another, a responsible concern for the economy of this country. Here are excerpts from some of the earlier replies; others will appear in subsequent issues.*—The Editors

From R. C. Leffingwell, Partner, J. P. Morgan & Co.:

". . . There are three things uppermost in my mind as necessary to the maintenance of good times and good employment in this country: First, to restore peace and law and order in Europe and Asia. As yet we have victory without peace. Second, to restore peace and law and order between management and labor in this country. Third, as I said to the Economic Club in a speech May 1, I conceive the function of government to be, not to manage our economy and fix prices and wages, but to manage our monetary and fiscal policy, including the public debt and taxes, in such a way as to maintain a climate favorable to private enterprise and high employment, and to avoid either inflation or deflation . . ."

From Stuart Chase, economist:

" . . . Mr. Grattan has not done his homework on plans for a compensatory economy. He has glanced at the full employment bill as finally watered down, but not, apparently, at the original S 380. He seems to be unaware of the amount of work, and of *agreement*, to be found in such programs as the British White Paper of 1944, the FORTUNE plan in the same year, the London *Economist's* plan, the Pabst awards, the CED program, the National Planning Association's studies, the plans of such individuals as Beardsley Ruml, C. E. Ayers, Robert Nathan, J. H. G. Pierson, Chester Bowles, Jacob Mosak, Alvin Hansen, Sir William Beveridge, Marriner Eccles, Leo Cherne, Abbe Lerner, Wendell Willkie, E. A. Goldenweiser, Henry Wallace, Milton Gilbert, Leo Barnes—and many more.

"If Mr. Grattan will study an assortment of them, he will find that while the authors have no pathological fear of debt, in nearly every plan deficit spending is the *last* rather than the first recourse. Most of them lead off with fiscal devices—such as shifting the tax rates—and when they do get down to public works, propose such things as double budgets and

self-liquidating projects, to keep the debt burden at a minimum.

" . . . For a workman-like job in economic carpentry we need something more intelligent than bulk outlays for war. The original Murray bill, the British White Paper, the Beveridge plan, Beardsley Ruml's proposals, are examples of what I mean by intelligent. Take the last as a sample. Ruml proposed that tax rates be set to balance the budget at an agreed level of high employment. Any surplus should be used to reduce the debt, not further to reduce taxes. Social security rates should be adjusted to compensate for ups and downs. When a downswing starts, excise taxes should be eliminated to encourage public spending. Foreign lending should be synchronized. State and local budgets should be co-ordinated with federal . . . and so on. Mr. Ruml explores all manner of fiscal balance wheels. When he gets to public works, he says they should be planned, not to balance the whole economy but to stabilize the construction industry. (See his book, *Tomorrow's Business.*)

" . . . All during the depression and up to 1943 or so, compensatory plans were widely discussed and advocated, even by Republicans. Then, as the last WPA worker went off the rolls and into the shipyards and airplane factories (proving he was not a bum after all), the free enterprisers moved in, whooping for Professor Hayek, and plans were junked. Why fix the roof when such a sun is shining? The economy is still riding high on what is left of the $300 billion the government spent for war. When this jack is gone, the boys, I think, will be back on the mourners' bench."

From Chester Bowles, former Price Administrator:

" . . . If we are to avoid depression further along the road, we must start now to reduce unnecessary expenses, to modernize our largely antiquated tax structure, to increase minimum wage scales to at least sixty-five cents, to increase and broaden our social security payments.

"These governmental measures are vitally important. But an equally important need is the development of a new concept on the part of both labor and management in regard to wages, prices, and profits. Whether we like it or not, we are faced with the need for developing a more up-to-date approach to the whole question of the division of income between the various economic groups.

"Reasonable profits are essential if industry is to have the necessary funds to expand its facilities. But if profits become too great, the result will be economic stagnation and collapse. Maximum purchasing power in the hands of all of our workers and farmers with an assurance of reasonable (but not exorbitant) profits to business, together with a government program which I briefly outlined, is our best guarantee against another collapse.

"I agree with Mr. Grattan that unlimited deficit spending is not the final answer. Naturally, in a period of declining private investment, the Government should expand its public works activities. But we should not forget the fact that TVA cost only a billion dollars, spread over a period of seven years. Similar projects on all five remaining river valleys would cost only four billion dollars. Three billion dollars would provide us with two thousand new schools and two thousand new hospitals. Clearly, with these figures in mind, we cannot hope to 'spend our way' out of the next depression through deficit financing—unless we are willing to accept boondoggling and economic waste on an unprecedented scale . . ."

From Arthur A. Ballantine, attorney and former Undersecretary of the Treasury:

" . . . Who can doubt that we have everything here in America to create and sustain that flow of production on which our future and the future of the world so largely depends?

"The basic trouble right now is that so many of our people seem to have lost the spirit of work. No government bounty, no amount of 'deficit spending', can ultimately provide the goods and services on which we live.

"What is needed above all is a reawakening of the spirit of work. Economic salvation is not the government's job, though the government can help: it is

everybody's job right now! We are not at the point where it is yet 'blood and tears', but honest sweat all along the line will do wonders to relieve that worry."

From Morris S. Rosenthal, vice-president of the National Council of American Importers and consultant to the Senate Special Committee on Small Business:

" . . . The difficulty, as I see it, lies in the unwillingness, chiefly of the business man, but also to some extent of the trade union leader and the farmer, to act.

"There are a number of prominent industrialists and economists who, within the last few months, have written or have said that a free economy must have its cycles of prosperity and depression. They believe that the advantages of the free enterprise system are sufficiently great so that the people at large should endure depressions and that our society should face with equanimity the periods when millions are unemployed and their families go hungry.

"There are others who do not have this callous approach to the welfare of the people as a whole but who fear governmental controls and stabilizing measures. They fear that such controls will destroy our free economy and thereby destroy the freedom of the citizen. Hence, they shy away from the thought of doing anything to level off the peak periods and the abyss periods. They confuse intelligent regulation and the intelligent application of such regulation with the evils of dictatorship.

" . . . Hence I think it important . . . that we do not confuse our economic system with our way of life, that we understand that the economic system is but a means to an end, and that our task is to make the system serve our purpose. As our ultimate purpose must be the welfare of all of our citizens, so our task is the adoption of those operating measures which will enable our system to fulfill its purpose.

"I cannot do more in a short statement than to summarize some of the constructive measures that business should support instead of opposing. They include the Kilgore Unemployment Bill instead of the impotent advisory commission that we now have, a permanent FEPC, a Fair Minimum Wage Bill, the Murray-Wagner-Dingell Bill and many others that were defeated in the last Congress or allowed to die. These will help our economy and instead of ending free enterprise and our democracy may well be important in preserving them . . ."

From Henry Hazlitt, Business and Economic writer for Newsweek *and the* New York Times:

" . . . I fully agree with Hartley Grattan that we should be thinking now of averting a new depression. I share his aversion to deficit financing as the cure; by aggravating inflation, especially at the present state, it would be certain to do immensely more harm than good. Unfortunately, the real problem today is not to get the government to 'do something' to prevent a depression, but to get it to stop doing a hundred things that lead toward depression. It has been slowing down production and creating bottlenecks everywhere by stupid price-fixing; it has encouraged excessive wage advances that must either wipe out profit margins or bring excessive prices that destroy markets and employment; it continues excessive expenditures which mean a continued inflationary deficit in spite of excessive tax rates; it is following an artificially low rate interest policy which encourages excessive borrowing and further monetization of the public debt. What is needed is not still more government regulation to 'stabilize' the economy but a repeal of the regulations that are unstabilizing it. The government's primary duty in this matter is to keep the currency sound and stable, and this it is not doing. Let our motto be: *Laissez créer, laissez produire!*"

From Russell Smith, Legislative Secretary of the Farmers' Union:

" . . . Back of every depression is fear, fear that chokes risk capital, that causes layoffs, that turns consumers from spending to hoarding. To end that fear it is necessary that, somehow, the conditions of full employment and full production be guaranteed. The guarantor's ability to fulfill the commitment cannot be in question, or there will be no guarantee.

Private business as a whole cannot underwrite such a guarantee except through the abandonment of competition and, in effect, of the capitalist system itself.

"In other words, if such a guarantee is to be made, the government must make it. How, then, shall we escape the Leviathan state? My belief is that we can escape it by acting with sufficient boldness. In other words, if we guarantee, not a specific job for each individual, but the economic climate, then we can avoid the necessity for the kind of detailed, man-by-man, town-by-town, business-by-business regimentation, that quite rightly harrows Mr. Grattan so deeply. This guarantee must include a warrant that the investment funds needed for full production will be forthcoming, and the purchasing funds for full consumption will be forthcoming. Only through maintenance of such an economy can we manage the present unwieldy public debt.

"As against the sweeping guarantee of the conditions of full production and employment for which I contend, there is the type of intimate regulation of personal fortunes envisaged in the original Beveridge 'cradle-to-grave' social security plan, the type implied, even, in some of Mr. Grattan's roofing suggestions. All of his four approaches have been tried, indeed, are being tried now in more or less degree. They have not stopped depressions. Mr. Grattan has abandoned his earlier dogmatism, however, and begins to admit that the issue is not whether we are to have state intervention in the economy. The issue is what kind of intervention we are to have, and, even more important, how it can be the kind of intervention that will preserve those virtues of enterprise, imagination, and expansiveness that we like to call American. The choice in other words is between detailed economic controls and creation, by a single stroke, at once powerful and limited, of conditions that will render excessive bureaucracy not only unnecessary but absurd. The former leads toward fascism, the latter toward a new economic democracy . . ."

From Louis M. Hacker, Associate Professor of Economics at Columbia and author of "The Triumph of American Capitalism":

" . . . If government is to intervene, it should do so before the milk is spilt: it should intervene to check a runaway boom (and we are in the midst of one now), for here is the breeding ground of depression. Fiscal and monetary policy can be used with telling effect here. Otherwise deficit financing is inevitable.

"I reject deficit financing for another reason: it is based on the assumption, so skillfully broadcast by the American Keynesians, that our economy has reached maturity and is incapable of assuring full employment. This cannot be demonstrated; indeed, is false. Its advocacy is a dodge used by people who are afraid to say they are socialists but are hoping they can achieve the same result through default.

"The fact is, the world is a poverty-stricken place. It will be a long time before its requirements for simple necessities can be satisfied. The world must work and save—and create producer goods and technically skilled persons in untold quantities and numbers for a long time—before we can hope for wellbeing and security.

"At this point, I should have expanded had I been writing the article instead of Mr. Grattan. Our savings can perform an extraordinary job; by proper investment in the underdeveloped countries of the world, we can help these industrialize their economies and thus level upward the standards of living of their people. Normally, we never exported more than one-twentieth of our annual savings; the United Kingdom exported one-fourth. To export capital (through producer goods, technical skills) we must import, in return. To this extent, such a vision of America's economic role in the world fits in with our foreign policy: the world must be left open for the free movement of goods, services, men and ideas everywhere.

"Mr. Grattan is also profoundly right in insisting upon attacking vigorously all restraints on full production. Full production should be our guide and not the sentimental and essentially false one of full employment. Monopoly practices, trade union featherbedding, agricultural subsidies and government floors on wage rates must be discarded if we are to 'fix the roof.' "

CHRISTMAS APPLES

A Story

DAVID GOLDKNOPF

Up at Air Force, the high-ranking officers were in conference: the Air Force generals and the Fighter Command generals and generals of the army group and of the armies, air support officers and liaison officers and G-3 and A-3 and G-2 and A-2 officers. The Operations Room was crowded.

They were all seated before a large wall map, backed by plywood and covered with plexiglas on which were drawn red and blue and green and black and brown lines, broken and unbroken.

The map said that the salient was being contained on the flanks, and that the enemy's forward motion was blunted and slowing. The army in the north was applying pressure on its flank, and the army on the south was forming for the decisive attack at the base of the salient. But the southern army would want more air support, and that was the reason for the conference.

The Fighter Commands were being shuffled, augmented, reduced. The Fighter Groups were being relocated, moving mostly to the south and southeast. That was the plan.

Few of the men in the room were great men, but almost all of them were competent and hard-working. For it was a characteristic of this vast organization that the men at the top, where the war was being planned, and the men at the bottom, where the war was being fought, were good. And it was only in the middle of the line that mediocrity lodged, collated data, made inspections, read reports, threw its rank around, passed the word down, and did very little harm to anyone.

Ten or five years ago, some of the men in the room had been lieutenants at Langley Field, or instructors at Fort Benning, or wheat brokers, mechanical engineers, and advertising executives. Here, as elsewhere and as always, personalities clashed, and the elements of power and prestige, often subordinated, were never quite forgotten. Command generals who were losing groups were reluctant to lose their best ones, and Command generals who were gaining groups wanted the best ones. But, for the most part, they knew that this was not the moment to jockey for position. They were no fools; they could read the map.

A three-star general said, "Well, I guess that's it." And a two-star general, making a final effort, said how about moving X group, which was one hundred miles closer, anyhow, rather than Y group; the X group field was going to be non-operational soon for at least five days; it was all torn to hell, and they could hardly get five-hundred pounders off it now, and it was getting worse all the time; they had lost a pilot and four planes off the end of the runway in a week; they would have to take the matting up, there was no way out of it; and if X group was moved they wouldn't lose any operational time.

And the three-star general said wearily,



X group field would *have* to stay operational—for a while, anyhow, until this show was over with; they would have to patch it up on non-flying days, God knows there had been plenty of them with the fog; and they would have to move Y group because Y group had done a lot more work with armor and ground support, good work, and ground support was what the southern army needed.

The three-star general got up, and the men filed out after him with one last look at the map. Five days ago, the map had been all bad, but now, two days before Christmas, it was a lot better. It might not be such a bad Christmas after all.

All over the face of two countries field-phones rang, and men shouted, for the lines were often weak.

"Hello, Pinebox? Pinebox, give me Colonel Johnson. Colonel—Johnson—the —C—O. That's—right. Johnson? This is Shipley. I hope you're mobile, Jimmy."

"Oh Christ no!"

"I know, Jim, but what can you do? The Old Man was bucking for you. You know he likes the Group."

"Oh Christ no! Ship, you ought to see this place. It was the damnedest mess when we got here. We worked like dogs . . ."

"I know, I know. It's the same all over. This is big."

"Is it far?"

"Far enough. Look, Jimmy, the order will be coming down in a couple of hours. Just thought I'd call, so you could get started early."

"Thanks a lot, Shipley. Thanks. Oh God!"

Teletype motors whirred, bells rang, and men put down their copies of *Yank* or *Collier's*, and turned to the machines. In soft, clicking rhythms they spelled the message . . . SECRET SEND IN CLEAR OVER LAND LINES AUTHORITY. . . .

And the advance echelons of fighter groups and service teams, and of all the little satellite units, the flying-control detachments, the fire-fighting platoons, the MP companies, the bomb-disposal squads, dismantled and packed and loaded.

"Every time. Every God damned time!"

"Oh my mamselle, my sweet little mamselle, is going to take this mighty hard. Murray, go see my mamselle and tell her, oh revwah. Her soldat is hitting the road. . . . Oh, I don't care. If you can. It's no skin off my back. . . ."

The armorers packed the spare guns, the cooks packed the stoves. The telephone men packed the switchboards. They packed their duffel-bags, and rolled their blankets, and folded their cots.

In Rheims, a small convoy stopped near a PW enclosure. Men got out of trucks and jeeps, and stamped their numbed feet. Sergeant Feliciano, crew-chief, and

Corporal Heiser, medic, pulled off their blankets and eased themselves to the ground.

"Hey, Felix? You cold, Felix?"

"Christ, I'm cold, Heis, my feet dropped off in Charleroi. They're gone."

"Stop your bitching, Felix. You ought to be in the infantry. You ought to be in the Bulge."

"Look, I'm cold. The fact somebody is colder than me doesn't make me no warmer. Right this minute, somebody is getting their head knocked off. I'm not. I'm still cold."

They walked over to the PW camp.

"Freeze, you bastards! If not for them, Heis, would we be here? Look. Look at the one over there, slapping his hands. He's laughing at us! You see that second button on his Luftwaffe blouse? I would like to take this carbine and push that button right through his backbone. Come over here, you Jerry bastard!"

A guard came over and glared at them through the wire fence.

"All right, Bub. Don't get your pants in an uproar."

"Look at him. He's laughing at us. He heard about the Bulge, he thinks Rundstedt is coming to liberate him."

"Don't bother them. We don't want no trouble here. Go away, glamor boy."

"Come out of your cage."

"You—heard—me. Go—away!"

"Come on, Felix," Heiser said, "they got coffee down the street. There's a Red Cross."

"All right, I'm coming. Don't run. I got no feet."

Beside a bleak, bare airstrip the convoy stopped again. A C-47 floated to earth and churned through muddy water as it taxied around the perimeter. A fine snow sifted through the thick air.

"It's a transport field. It's not even a fighter field!"

"Oh my back. Home!"

A lieutenant came over. He held his head between his hands for a moment, warming his ears.

"Now don't ask me any questions. I don't know if we're going to be here for a week or a month. But we're going to be here tonight. So let's get some tents up."

"Lieutenant," Feliciano said, "I hear we're going to Metz tomorrow."

"I don't know. Nobody knows."

"Lieutenant, they say this field has got no hard-stands. Is that right?"

The lieutenant pointed to his overshoes. They were covered with a brown crust of half-frozen mud. "I stepped off the mesh going to the tower. Where it isn't frozen, it's mud."

"Oh, God. No hard-stands, no sod. Where we going to park the planes? We'll park the planes in the mud, and the mud'll freeze overnight, and we'll never get the goddamn planes out."



Barrie McDowell

". . . Felix won't sleep tonight."

"That's right, Felix. We'll leave the planes here, and *we'll* go home."

The lieutenant went into his tent. His friend, the captain, was unstrapping his bedroll. He unfolded a blanket and pulled out a fifth of Scotch.

"Where in hell did you scrounge that?"

"I've got it, haven't I? Have a snort."

"Let's kill it tonight. It's Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Sure. We've got to stay alive, somehow."

A staff sergeant pulled back the tent flap and peered into the darkness. "Captain?"

"Here. Say, come on in."

"Captain, what about the pot-bellies?"

"What about them? I don't care. What are you going to burn in them? Why doesn't everybody just crawl into the sack. That's what I'm going to do."

"We're trying to find some heavy wood. If anybody wants one they can have it? Is that right?"

"That's right. Wait a minute. Don't go."

"Sir?"

"Here, sample this."

"Thanks. Don't mind if I do. Here's to you. Jesus, that's good! It warms you up, it really warms you up."

"Have another. The first one just wets your throat."

"No. No thanks."

"Say, how about taking the bottle with you and passing it around?"

"Well, we picked up some stuff in Rheims—"

"You didn't waste any time, did you? I hope that none of you picked up anything else in Rheims."

"Oh no. It was too cold."

LATER in the day the men started fires. They burned C-ration cartons in five-gallon tin cans. Or they dug up a little frozen earth and put the earth into a can and poured gasoline over it and burned the gasoline. All over the bivouac there were fires. And groups of men, their overcoats salted with snow, huddled around the fires and held their hands to the flames. Snow hissed on the hot tin.

"Felix, where'd you get the apple?"

"I picked it. Look. All around you. Apple trees."

"Don't be smart. Where'd you get it?"

"See that line? Well, you get on that line, and they give you an apple. The Service Team brought two crates of Christmas apples."

Some of the men detached themselves from the fires. But they came back in a few minutes.

"We've had it!"

"What's a matter?"

"Some jerk looey says he's sorry, they just got enough apples to go around for the Service Team, and why didn't the Group bring its own apples?"

"Well, why didn't we?"

"Don't cry, Heis. Here's half of mine." Feliciano broke the apple in his hands.

"Hey, Heis, just give me a small piece of it . . ."

"Felix, let me taste of it. I want to taste of an apple . . ."

"All right. Oh you pig! You—"

"You know that's low, that's mean. Not to give us an *apple* Christmas Eve."

"Next Christmas," said Feliciano, "you can buy yourself a bushel of apples—"

"Next Christmas, my foot! You know where you going to be next Christmas? Right here! Or some other mudhole. War was over in October. Now the sonsabitches are pretty near back to Namur. I believe they going to keep fighting till we kill every mother's son of them."

FELICIANO threw the apple core into the fire. They watched it scorch and steam. He raised his hands as if in benediction.

"Merry Christmas!" he shouted.

It was a blessed thing. They laughed, they all laughed.

"Merry Christmas!" they shouted.

Like a train of fire itself, it leaped to the other huddled groups. It caught and kindled.

"Merry Christmas!"

It circled and linked the bivouac. It became a chant, a song.

"Merry Christmas!"

They laughed. They clapped their cold hands and stamped their numbed feet.

"Merrychristmas!"

"Merrychristmas!"

"Merrychristmas . . ."

THE WAY TO INDUSTRIAL PEACE

II. Citizenship in the Plant

PETER F. DRUCKER

For every ten men working today on eliminating those specific practices and policies in our industrial system that are bound to cause labor trouble, there is only one working on the building of a new structure of labor-management harmony and partnership. This disproportion is not accidental nor entirely undesirable. The starting point of all the men in the field today—whether employed by corporations and unions or working independently as labor consultants or in universities—was a concrete problem of labor trouble that demanded immediate settlement, rather than the theoretical study of labor relations as they ought to be; and to this "clinical approach" we owe most of the progress we have made in the diagnosis and treatment of the causes of the industrial disease.

Perhaps a more important reason for the emphasis on what we might call slum clearance, rather than on new construction, is the difference in the character of the two jobs. Most of the clearance work can be done by developing specific techniques for specific problems; but if we are going to develop a pattern of industrial peace, a genuine partnership between management and worker, we must work out new fundamental approaches and policies.

And while specific techniques and practices can usually be fitted into the existing structure of industrial relations in the plant without much disturbance, the policies needed for the new job tend to arouse violent opposition on both sides. They run counter to the most fundamental and most tenaciously held prejudice that worker and management hold about each other and about their relationship. They assert that both worker and employer are human beings, standing to each other in a predominantly human—that is, political and social—relationship; and the whole traditional structure of management-worker relations has been based on the open or tacit belief that in the plant there are only "economic men" with a predominantly economic relationship to each other. Where management is firmly convinced that "the worker is interested only in the pay check," the worker is certain that management is motivated only by the desire to exploit the worker economically so as to make a bigger profit.

This view—Elton Mayo of the Harvard Business School calls it the "rabble hypothesis of human nature"—negates in

This is the second in a series of three articles, the first of which, "Why Men Strike," appeared last month. Mr. Drucker has been variously a professional economist, a teacher, and the author of several books.

advance all policies aimed at creating partnership and community in the plant. It is in itself a major cause of labor trouble and tension. To eliminate this misconception that the two sides have of each other and their respective functions, problems, viewpoints, and character, is the first—and perhaps the most difficult—step in creating industrial partnership and harmony.

The two other steps we have to take follow almost automatically after we have replaced the "rabble hypothesis" with a true concept of worker and management in their mutual relationships. It is obvious that if the worker is a human being and not an economic automaton he must find satisfaction in the work beyond and in addition to its financial reward; he must understand what he is doing and be interested in it; he must understand what is going on around him in the plant and feel that he is a member of a real community.

Also the plant must offer him a satisfaction of his desire for recognition and prestige, must give him opportunities to test out his qualities of leadership, and must give him a chance to participate in the government of his community as an adult and responsible citizen. Generally speaking, these opportunities are today given only in the union—a fact which explains to no small degree the attraction of unionism for the workers. And because these opportunities in the union are substitutes for opportunities which by right should be open to the worker in the plant, they must inevitably be exercised in a spirit of hostility and opposition to management and in competition with it, thus aggravating the labor-management conflict.

II

A CONSIDERABLE amount of study and thought has been given to this problem, but little of it has so far been translated into practice. There is, in fact, a sharp contrast between the amount of work being done on the elimination of the specific causes of labor trouble—as summarized last month in the first article of this series—and the paucity of accomplishment in this more advanced area. A good many managements do seem to realize that something has to be done to create a feeling of partnership between management and worker. But the nostrums which they tend to apply only show that they do not understand what the trouble is.

The standard reaction of any employer who realizes that his workers do not understand what management is all about, is to rush into print and flood the workers with publicity handouts of one sort or another —ranging all the way from plant papers modeled after a Hollywood gossip column to "simplified" texts in economics, distributed under the imprint of some such organization as the "Research Committee for Truly American Enterprise." No wonder that the results are extremely disappointing; in a recent survey, ninety-three out of every one hundred personnel men in big corporations agreed that the workers don't even look at these handouts. Equally ineffective are the brave attempts to establish communication with the worker by means of the "human touch." The boss who "keeps his door always open to his workers" is almost always just ridiculous; the nicknames by which such men are known to their workers—"Girl Scout Gertie" and "The Body Beautiful" are the two most printable ones I have come across—do not indicate great appreciation on the workers' part.

The starting point of any fundamental transformation of our industrial relations from one of latent or open civil war to one of peace and partnership must therefore be a willingness on the part of management to get rid of the beam in its own eye before beginning to work on the mote in labor's eye. The first job management has to do is to acknowledge the fact that it does not know how the worker sees things from his angle of vision, that it does not understand how the worker acts and reacts, and that it is management's job to find out.

WHAT makes this job so hard is that it cannot be accomplished merely by good will or by intelligence. It requires special institutional channels of communication to bring the workers' point of view to management. By necessity management and worker look at industrial rela-

tions from different sides, from different angles of vision. What are obvious facts to management are completely beyond the knowledge, imagination, and experience of the worker, and vice versa. What is of vital importance to the worker—so important that any violation of it must appear to him as a deliberate attack—is often something that has never even occurred to management.

This problem shows clearly in the difficulty that every new foreman has in switching over from the worker's point of view to management's point of view—a major factor in the refusal of so many workers to accept promotion to foremanship. And the case of the foreman illustrates also the fact that the change in basic viewpoint is necessary for successful performance of the job—so much so that it is as difficult for a man who has risen from the ranks to remember how he saw things while still a worker as it is for most adults to remember what the world looked like to them when they were children.

The extent of this ignorance can hardly be exaggerated. In a recent strike against one of the big corporations informal polls were taken among the executives, the first one two weeks before the outbreak of the strike, the second one after the strike had been going for about three weeks. In the first poll almost all the executives gave it as their firm conviction that there would be no strike and that the men would not go out even if called by their leaders; in the second poll a large majority—more than eighty per cent of them—expected the strike to be over within three or four weeks. Actually the strike was as enthusiastically supported by the workers as almost any strike of our time; they would have gone out even against the orders of their leaders. And it lasted almost six months, at the end of which about forty per cent of the workers still wanted to continue it even though the company had given in on all points. And yet, even today, most of the executives probably do not realize that their workers hate the company.

Things are hardly any better in this matter of understanding even where labor relations are good. Recently a food processing company in Wisconsin called in an independent research organization to find out what problems of labor policy their workers were most concerned with. The research people sat down with the management and drew up a questionnaire containing ten specific questions which, management was convinced, were the things the workers had on their minds. And when the questionnaire was tested on a small number of workers, the results were quite encouraging. But one young woman among the interviewers did not follow her instructions. Instead of asking the workers the questions on the questionnaire, she asked them what ten topics *they* would put on such a questionnaire. Only one of the ten questions on the list she brought home had even been considered by a management which is unusually conscious and unusually close to its workers! And one of the most experienced labor arbitrators in the country estimates that more than two-thirds of all grievances would never arise if management only knew in advance what is likely to be the workers' reaction to a move, or what in the way of working conditions is important to the worker.

What management needs is a periscope to bring the worker's field of vision to its own eyes. Or, to use a more accurate figure of speech, management must grow a new set of ears. For what causes the trouble is primarily that management does not listen and does not know how to listen.

Almost fifteen years ago Mayo proposed that management employ definite "listeners"; but I have seen only one successful application—during the war in a Chicago plant.

Like other war plants, this one had started a suggestion plan under which workers were paid substantial bonuses for suggestions for better working methods and processes. The worker's response was very good at first; but of course only a very small minority of suggestions could be used, something like ten or twelve per cent. The rest were worthless. And the worker whose suggestions had been turned down once or twice soon lost interest in the plan. So the management decided to give as much attention to the unsuccessful suggestions as to the successful ones.

It put some of its best people to work on these unsuccessful suggestions. Each one was carefully discussed with the man who had made it. In an attempt to find out why the worker felt that a specific improvement was desirable or possible, the management soon found out what the workers wanted to know, what their grievances were, and what they didn't know. And the worker got a great satisfaction out of learning about his work and the plant. Yet because the discussion was always based on a concrete technical question—though it often roamed far afield—there was never any suspicion of "propaganda" about it, never any of the condescending air of the management handouts that workers resent so much, never any attempt to tell the worker what management thought he wanted to know. And when the suggestion plan was about to be scrapped at the end of the war, the workers themselves demanded that it be continued—even though they realized that there was much less chance for making a successful suggestion and for getting the cash reward under peacetime conditions than there had been during the war. This in itself shows how much the plan had done to improve industrial relations. And it had happened in a plant and industry with a long history of labor strife.

This of course is only one technique and not a universal remedy. But it shows how the problem can be tackled, and above all that any successful solution must be based on something concrete and specific.

Another successful solution to the same problem—a solution which, incidentally, also went a long way to make the worker understand management's point of view and management's problems—was developed by the Carrier Corporation a few years before the war, in the form of a periodic employee forum at which the company's president and the other executives sat down with their workers to answer whatever questions the workers might have about the company's policies, processes, finances, organization, and product. The original intention was—and this in itself shows how little management knew about the workers—to have one such meeting. But the workers had so many questions and the questions were so difficult for management to answer that the forum had to be made into a permanent institution—and the management of the company confessed quite freely that it learned at least as much at these meetings as the workers did.

Only when managements become willing to do something about their own ignorance, when they become willing to admit the fallacy of their own preconceived notion of the worker as an economic automaton, can we expect real improvement. For only then will managements become willing and able to tackle the other difficulties which stand in the way of worker-management partnership: the worker's inability to understand management and its functions and to respect it; his lack of satisfaction in his work and in the plant community; and his lack of participation in plant community life as a responsible citizen.

III

THE most popular way of trying to bring the worker into the plant as a partner rather than as an enemy is through financial incentives—incentive wages or profit sharing—and there are good reasons for putting this approach first. For the greatest long-term threat to our political and economic system is the worker's opposition to increased efficiency and to profits. Perhaps the only advantage a socialist economy has in its labor relations over capitalism is that state ownership removes, or at least lessens, the worker's opposition to increased efficiency and to profits, and his feeling that both are against his interests if not against the interests of the community.

Worker opposition to increased efficiency has not so far been a major problem in this country, as it has been in Europe. But worker opposition to profits and worker ignorance both of the size of profits and of their function are a real danger. It is ironical that it is Soviet economists who criticize the American economy most sharply for its inadequate profit margin and the resulting failure to accumulate enough capital, and who base their belief in the inevitability of an American economic collapse largely on

the inability of the American economy to operate on a large enough profit margin. Certainly the tendency to prevent the accumulation of capital is a real danger to our economic stability; for without this accumulation we would neither have the necessary insurance against the losses inevitably inherent in the economic process—in a planned as well as in an unplanned economy—nor have the capital reserves for further expansion. And it is also certain that the driving power behind our anti-profit policies is worker resentment of profits, worker hostility to them, and worker ignorance of the role of profit in our economy.

This ignorance is just as amazing as management's ignorance about its employees. The absurd notion that "business makes its biggest profits in a depression and that a depression is therefore in the interests of the business man" is almost universally held among our workers—and not only among them. And the logical argument on which they base this conclusion seems to them unanswerable: "Profits are made by keeping wages low; in a depression wages are low; hence the profits must be high."

In a recent survey conducted by Claude Robinson of Princeton, the great majority of workers expressed the belief that profits run "at about twenty-five per cent"; and from the context it was clear that the men were talking of net profits after taxes. Regardless of whether the worker thought of profits in relation to sales or to invested capital—the survey was rather ambiguous on this point—the estimate is obvious nonsense. Actually, industrial profits range, on the average, between one and ten per cent of sales and average just about five per cent on invested capital in a good year. And it takes no public opinion survey to know that the great majority of our workers are fully and deeply convinced that the employer's profit per worker is considerably higher than the wage the worker gets. Actually, profit after taxes (and the worker is realistic enough to know that taxes are not part of the employer's profit) runs on the average between seven and fourteen per cent of the wage bill in good years, much less in bad times.

THE problem is thus to give the worker an understanding of the nature and the importance of increased productive efficiency and of profits, and to give him a real interest in both. This, however, most financial incentive plans in use today fail to do adequately—again largely because management fails to see things from the worker's point of view.

In the first place, incentive wage plans under which the individual worker is paid a bonus for increased output, tend to set the worker against his group and to make him feel that he is working either himself or his fellow worker out of a job. Ironically, those incentive wage plans which show the greatest results in terms of increased productivity often create the most resentment and bitterness on the part of the worker. The financial bait offered is too great for him not to swallow it; but he swallows it against his better nature and against all his beliefs. And the more irresistible the lure is, the more bitter he becomes.

Most plans—and this applies to incentive wages as well as to profit sharing—can offer the worker only comparatively small payments. Only in a young industry is there usually enough room for rapid technological improvement, and enough chance for a rapid growth of the business, to permit substantial payments of incentive wages and worker-shares in profits over any period of time. This is the secret of the much propagandized success of the wage incentive plan of the Lincoln Electric Company in Cleveland, and the reason why this plan is unlikely to yield great results if applied by old, established companies working in a technologically well-explored field.

Another difficulty with profit sharing is that under most of the plans in use at present the worker receives a dividend when he needs it least, namely in good years; and he receives nothing when even a small sum of money would be of real importance to him, namely in bad years. This is the reason why so many profit-sharing plans prove complete duds.

TO BE successful, an incentive wage or profit-sharing plan must overcome these difficulties. First, it should relate

corporation profit directly to the individual worker, so as to show (a) the relationship between his wage and profit, and (b) the relationship between his efforts and his share. As long as a profit-sharing plan gives *the workers* a share in *the profits*—for instance by providing that all profits over and above five per cent of invested capital be divided equally between company and workers—the worker will continue to contrast his individual wage of $2,000 a year with the total company profit of $20,000,000 or $200,000,000 a year. And no power in the world will ever be able to convince him that $55 is all that he can legitimately expect as his share in that astronomical figure. (The attempt usually made by companies to show to the worker that a $200,000,000 profit has to be divided among 500,000 shareholders is pathetic; to the worker the shareholder is a remote abstraction, whereas "the company" is a reality.)

The proper way would be to make an accounting to the worker which would show him profit *in relation to his wage and his output*, and which would base his share on these relationships too. Instead of being shown his $2,000 wage in relation to total corporation profits, he ought to be shown —the concrete figures I cite here are those of a steel company in 1940—that the average worker in the plant during the year produced $5,200 worth of goods, of which $1,800 were paid out in wages to the worker; raw materials and overhead consumed $2,500 per worker; and this left $900 per worker—or $300 each for depreciation, taxes, and profits per worker. With a capital investment per worker of $4,000, a five per cent return on the invested capital would take $200 out of profits, leaving $100 to be split half-and-half between worker and company.

In the same way—perhaps with better results—a "normal" relationship could be established between labor cost and output, with the worker receiving a proportion of any "surplus profit" resulting in an increase in output per worker.

But even that will not do the trick unless the distribution of the profits as bonuses is tailored to the requirements of the worker and to his desires. Unthinkingly most profit-sharing and incentive-wage schemes assume that the worker looks upon his profit participation in the same way that a stockholder looks upon his dividends, namely as a source of individual income. What little experience we have shows this assumption to be incorrect.

At the American Cast Iron Pipe Company in Birmingham, Alabama, for instance, the workers are the sole owners of the business; yet year after year they have decided to leave the profits in the business or to use them for such community projects as housing, rather than to distribute them in individual shares. And the one great achievement in labor relations that has come out of the Soviet system is the use of the workers' shares in the profits of Russian industry—usually fifty per cent of the difference between "planned" efficiency and achieved efficiency—for community projects under joint management-union administration: housing, schools, hospitals, etc. The Russian example could not be applied directly to this country—both because it is fundamentally so paternalistic and because most of the needs provided for in Russia out of profit funds are provided in this country anyhow. But the basic idea is a sound one.

The worker should probably have a chance to choose between alternative ways of distributing or using his share in the profits; and he or his representatives should take an active part in the preparation of these alternatives. We shall always have to give him an option to withdraw his money or to borrow up to his share (at low interest rates) from the fund—the way we treat insurance company dividends to policyholders. But he should also have a chance to use these sums of money to create a health fund, a hospital fund, or possibly the kind of employment fund for depression times discussed in the preceding article.

One principle only should always be insisted upon: the workers of the plant should decide *themselves* how the money is to be used, and the administration of any fund accumulated out of workers' shares in profits should be largely entrusted *to the workers*, with management participating but primarily in a technical capacity.

The one thing that is radically wrong with John L. Lewis's safety fund for the coal miners is that it is run by the central office of the union rather than by the workers of one company or of one group of mines.

IV

IT HAS been known for a very long time that the modern industrial worker does not find much satisfaction and happiness in his work and that he does not have the sense of belonging to a community which any man should get in his work. But it took the war to make management realize that the worker is willing—indeed eager—to find a meaning in his work, to know what is going on and why, to be made to feel a member of a community engaged together in a significant task. And what amazed management perhaps most was that the satisfaction of the worker that came through his identification with the war effort resulted immediately not only in better labor relations but in a tremendous increase in productive efficiency—a conclusive answer to management's old belief that all the worker wants is the pay check.

To project the lessons of this wartime experience into peacetime industrial life is, however, going to be very difficult. During the war the satisfaction which the worker received came out of the overwhelming appeal of tanks and Flying Fortresses rather than out of the nature of the work itself. The same satisfaction cannot be derived from peacetime products. No amount of propaganda can convince the worker that a normal peacetime product, for instance hinges for automobile doors, can give the sort of emotional satisfaction that he derived from making hinges for fighter plane cockpits. Hence our attention in peacetime will have to shift from making the product glamorous to making the worker's work meaningful in itself.

We can assume—all experience has shown it—that the worker wants nothing so deeply as he wants this satisfaction. We can also assume that he wants to know as much as possible about his work and about his plant. We will not, however, succeed in building satisfaction on this basis unless we observe two elementary rules.

First, managements must not again make the mistake of telling the worker what *in management's opinion* he ought to feel or want to know. The questions ought to come from him and his fellow-workers. Second, efforts to increase the worker's satisfaction in his work and in the community must be concentrated, at the start, upon non-contentious, primarily technical matters. The worker's own job, the processes he uses, the plant and its organization—these are technical topics on which worker-management confidence and cooperation can be established comparatively easily. But nothing but ill will can be gained if management tries to begin with matters about which there is either emotional resentment or a clash of policies—for instance with the question of wages, or with union matters—as some managements are prone to do. It is precisely because this whole area of the worker's relation to his work and to his plant community is neutral ground that it is so important for industrial relations; for here is a field where worker and manager can meet and establish common interests and normally friendly relations—a field where they can really learn to know and to respect each other.

ONE way of giving the worker a sense of the significance of his work and a feeling of accomplishment is by bringing him into the planning and layout of his own job and by entrusting him with a considerable responsibility for the details of his work—or, better still, by letting a group of workers work these problems out together as a team. One example was the method developed during the war in a metal producing plant in northern Michigan which switched to the production of carbines for the Army. The worker was first left alone for a few days on his machine with nothing but the foreman to guide him, to get used to industrial work—most of the war workers had never been in a plant before. Then an instructor took him out to a shooting range and let him fire a few rounds at a target. The next step was to take the carbine to pieces, show the worker the part he was working on, explain its functions and importance. Following this, the worker was given a carbine

in which the part on which he was working was either too small or too big, and was thus shown convincingly the reasons for precision. Finally, instructor and worker sat down together and worked out the worker's own process—usually by working backwards from the finished product to the semifinished piece of metal as it came to the worker's bench. Of course the whole job had been thought out in advance by the production engineers and the time-motion-study men. But the worker was left to figure out their reasoning for himself, and he was allowed considerable latitude in timing, speed, and rhythm.

In this process he was not only forced to learn what his machine was doing and why, but was also given a sense of understanding and of achievement. His work was no longer something the boss told him to do; it was something he had discovered by himself. Finally, instructor and worker together summarized the worker's conclusions on a chart—and the foreman was not supposed to change anything on this chart except at the request of the worker himself. To its amazement, the management found out that workers invariably set higher standards for themselves than the time-motion people had worked out for the job, and that in actual work they even tended to better these higher standards.

This identification with one's own work will, however, give only short-lived satisfaction unless the worker can relate his own job to the job of the other people around him. And nothing is more difficult for a worker, even for a man with a good technical education, than to see the process and the plant as a whole. In a large factory the worker rarely if ever has close contacts with anybody outside his own department, and even more rarely does he have an opportunity to see for himself what goes on in another department. One of the smaller automobile companies a few years before the war conducted a test in which a group of workers—hand-picked for their intelligence and experience—were asked to pick out in the finished car the part on which they themselves had worked. Almost half of them had great difficulty in finding the part and even greater difficulty in explaining what this part was for. And yet probably no mechanism is as familiar to the average American as is his own car.

One way to give the worker this understanding is by rotating him systematically through the plant—a method which was tried with considerable success in one of the Chrysler plants some years before the war. Another approach is through a suggestion plan under which workers are offered cash rewards for suggestions resulting in greater productive efficiency, better machine or plant layout, etc. A suggestion plan will not work, however, unless, first, it is accompanied by a guarantee that minimum standards of work will not be increased and employment will not be decreased as a result of a successful suggestion; second, all suggestions must be discussed in committees on which the workers are represented; and third, unsuccessful suggestions must be taken as seriously as successful ones and must be discussed by specially trained men with the workers who made them.

Finally, we might try joint worker-management productive efficiency committees. On the whole the experience with these committees during the war has not been too good. But the reasons were probably to be found in inept handling rather than in the idea itself. Those wartime committees were usually union-management rather than worker-management committees, so that the workers in the plants themselves did not participate directly. In addition, most of these committees were on the top management and top union level—committees for a whole plant or for a whole company. To satisfy the worker's legitimate interest in the workings of his plant and in the relation of his own work to the plant, such committees should be on the departmental level and should bring in, in rotation, a great many workers rather than be confined to the most experienced and most highly skilled men. For the main job of such a committee would not be to work out better production techniques but to enable the worker to understand the nature and function of the production techniques which he and his fellow workers are asked to use.

Beyond his immediate interest in his

work and product, the worker has, however, a deep and real interest in the plant in which he is employed and of which, as a rule, he knows almost nothing. He is interested in its organization, its policies, its history, its financial status, its markets —in short, in pretty nearly everything that goes on. The most popular subject in any of the labor schools conducted by the unions is the plant the worker works in. But in the plant itself the worker is not given any answers to his questions, indeed there is no opportunity for him to ask them. One approach to this—it presupposes good labor relations, however—is the employee forum of the Carrier Corporation mentioned above. But a real solution of this problem can come only if the worker is allowed—perhaps even forced—to participate responsibly in the management of the community life of the plant.

V

WHENEVER "worker participation in management" is mentioned today we are apt to run into two stock reactions. On the one hand there is a flat refusal by management to consider the proposition at all. Their pat answer is to repeat that "management must manage." On the other side we run into an equally sweeping claim, made particularly by Walter Reuther of the United Automobile Workers, that the union should participate as a full partner in management. Both standard positions are not only untenable, they are basically frivolous.

It is obviously true that management must manage. Indeed any society—capitalist or communist—must insist that the management of business be in the hands of men who have been specially selected, trained, and tested for the purpose, and who owe their first loyalty to the business rather than to one particular group of claimants against the business, whether they be workers, stockholders, or consumers. Otherwise the business could not survive, let alone function efficiently. But in its flat refusal even to consider worker participation, management fails to make a vital distinction between managing the business and managing the community life of the plant, which is only incidental to the business. Buying, selling, pricing, financing, all obviously are functions which must be exercised by management. But working rules and their change, safety, health, the firing of workers for infraction of the rules, the distribution of the burden of a layoff among the workers in the plant, the plant newspaper, and many other problems, are only incidental to the business.

The problem is to draw the line between that "management" which is management's exclusive function and that part in which management properly has no interest other than that the job be done. And there is no reason against—indeed there is every reason for—workers' responsibility and participation in this field of community government. Management's stock excuse that it does everything possible in these fields simply misses the point. The task is to treat the worker as an adult and responsible citizen of the plant—a task which cannot be discharged, as management believes, by treating him like a good child.

Walter Reuther's argument, however, is even less tenable than that of management. Reuther too draws no line between business management and community management. Worse still, he apparently fails to see why there should be worker participation in the community government. Under his proposal, the individual worker would be as effectively denied citizenship in the plant as under management's proposal. Instead of the workers participating in their own government, a union official would sit in with the board of directors or the vice-presidents. Reuther's proposal would simply enlarge the ruling oligarchy rather than provide self-government. Even in those unions where the union officials are not yet a managerial group entirely divorced from the workers their relationship to their constituents is likely to be as tenuous and as remote as that between the management of a big corporation and its individual stockholders. Reuther—and that is the fatal weakness of his whole thinking, which shows in all his other ideas—is so dazzled by "political arithmetic" that he forgets our need to give the individual worker a meaningful sphere of action, prestige, and

leadership in his own immediate community. This need is all the greater as increasingly the large unions themselves fail to give the individual member such a sphere of participation in community government within the union itself, and tend to make of him a mere voter for this or that machine.

THAT the job can be done has been demonstrated by several concerns, especially by the American Cast Iron Pipe Company of Birmingham, Alabama. This company has an independent, professional management appointed by the board of directors like any other management. This management is supreme in all matters relating to the conduct of the company's business. As a matter of fact it is one of the strongest and most independent managements one can find. At the same time, however, the management of community affairs is largely in the hands of elected representatives of the workers, with two committees—one representing all the workers in the plant, and one representing only the colored workers and concerned predominantly with their special problems—as the final government organs. These committees meet with management on all community matters which cannot be settled on a lower level or which concern the whole community. They have a decisive and usually final voice on dismissals of workers for infraction of the working rules; they shape and revise these rules; and they run such community projects as the Negro housing project, the nursery school, etc. As a result the worker in the plant not only actively participates in his own self-government, he has an opportunity to express his opinions, to campaign for them, to get recognition and prestige through election to a community office, and to show what he can do. But he also, almost without his noticing it, is forced into understanding the problems and function of management. Not only is actual management experience the best way to understand what management is all about; the daily friendly contact between workers' representatives and business management brings about a situation in which both sides understand each other and respect each other.

ALL work in labor relations takes time. It took almost thirty years to work out the successful industrial relations policies of the Standard Oil Company, more than twenty years to work out the solutions at American Cast Iron Pipe. But long before any satisfactory solutions are found, an earnest and sincere attempt to find solutions will have borne results. What is needed, however, as an absolute prerequisite is a radical change in the basic concept that management has of the worker, a change from the "rabble hypothesis" which regards him as an economic automaton to respect for the worker as a human being. Without this change we cannot expect anything but a continuation and aggravation of the labor-management conflict, however good and efficient the specific techniques of labor relations. We also need a change in the attitude of the unions—but in general union actions and attitudes are still largely reactions to the behavior of management rather than the results of independent decisions.

The next article in this series will discuss the outlook for such a change in the basic attitude of either side at the present time, and the means by which either side could be induced to make the change.

[*Mr. Drucker's concluding article will appear next month.*—The Editors.]

WESTERN HALF-ACRE

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

I WANTED to take another good look at Colorado before winter closed in, so I started out one Thursday and had clocked up 1,133 miles by the next Tuesday. That's nothing in miles as we reckon miles nowadays, but when you cross eight high mountain passes and bump shoulders with fifty-two peaks over 14,000 feet high, sometimes easing your car like a turtle over high-center boulders on old corduroy roads and, most of all, when you add the distances of your own heart to the distances of yellow rabbit brush, yellow sunflowers, yellow aspens, yellow resinweed, silver sage, and purple asters which cover millions of Western acres in Indian Summer, then any mile is as long in space or time as you want to make it. Colorado is twice as large as England—only six of our own states are larger—and I never come back to Denver from even a short trip without feeling so choked up on the beauty and depth of this part of the world that I find it difficult to write about it at all.

Of one thing I am convinced, nor did I need to prowl the back country to find it out: we love this America of ours as we never did before. I mean the land itself, the landscape, the very feel of it, the tradition. Amid all the confusion and complaining every town is turning out to be the best place there is anywhere. A Portuguese fisherman who had grown up in Walsenburg had come back to Walsenburg to run a filling station. He'd wandered from Boston to the Gulf of Mexico, but there was nothing quite like Walsenburg. A druggist on the Animas River had come back to the San Juan Basin because no town could compare with Durango. A tavern keeper up the Platte and a farmer in Weld County told me the same thing.

Having sampled all the rest of a very dismal world, our young men know our land is the best and must be the best; they love it with cynicism, with disillusion, with suspicion; their love of the land underlies all their quarrels with circumstance, and some have a fatalistic hail-and-farewell feeling, believing that they are about to be thrown back into the Army. Meanwhile, many have romanticized life in the West. Millions were trained here or passed through here at a time when their expenses were being paid by Uncle Sam and I have no idea how many thousands are coming back, or are about to come back to this enormous, beautiful country to encounter the old problem of making life live up to landscape. There's no simple way of telling a fellow that it's all true or all false depending on how much he wants to put into it. When he's staring at the bountiful San Luis Valley from the Sangre de Cristo mountains, or thinking long thoughts across the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming, he's in no mood to be told about plant nutrition, deficiencies of phosphorus or

Thomas Hornsby Ferril, who writes for Harper's *bimonthly, is the author of* I Hate Thursday, *a recently-published collection of essays from this magazine and from the* Rocky Mountain Herald.

nitrogen, water rights, grazing rights, or the hard work of farming in a country where the expansiveness of the landscape belies the tightness of the economy.

BETWEEN Denver and Colorado Springs I picked up a Camp Carson soldier from Philadelphia, but he wasn't going back to Philadelphia; it was to be the Pike's Peak region for him from now on. I asked him what he wanted to do. He said he wanted to be a clothes presser and he and his wife would spend their weekends in the mountains hiking, riding, and skiing. "Fine!" I said. There were lots of dry cleaning establishments and more were starting up even in the little mountain towns. But that wasn't the idea at all. He was going to be the superintendent of the pressing plant of some big outfit manufacturing a nationally advertised line of men's clothes. That was what he had been working up to in Philadelphia. I didn't have the heart to tell him that one solution would be to work in Phildelphia Monday through Friday and fly to Colorado Springs for the weekends.

But once a boy gets his hands into something, however menial, life does begin to live up to the glory of landscape. A Penn State graduate, working at the filling station two blocks from my home, tells me he will never go back East no matter what he has to do for a living and there are plenty like him. Crossing the Delta desert, where the Gunnison River cuts a deep gash to join the Colorado, I was flagged down by a boy named Verl McCabe and I took him on to Grand Junction. Verl said he worked in a cobbler shop in Hotchkiss and was learning to do almost anything—make bridles, harness, belts, even repair fishing tackle. He was proud of the half-soles on his shoes which he had put on himself and even prouder of the Delta desert. He pointed to those bleak lonely formations that look more like ashes than earth and said: "It isn't pretty, is it, but you couldn't forget it, could you?" At Whitewater, Verl said: "You know, I've been in every state in the Union and there's only one as good as Colorado . . . and that's Arkansas!" There was a town in Arkansas named Adona that simply had everything.

HITCH-HIKING veterans may not know where their lives are heading but they are at home anywhere. They have been shoved around the world enough to immunize them against the jitters of displacement so characteristic of the wandering youngsters of the depression years. In fact they are now so self-reliant that it must take half the adventure out of going places. I picked up two Pacific veterans, Jim Gere and Jack Ellis of Los Angeles, on Molas Pass in the jagged San Juan mountains. This is country that would make a Swiss guide dizzy and make Daniel Boone feel like a lost babe in the woods—straight-up saw-toothed stone slitting the heavens and no earth to speak of. They claim there's not a single tillable acre in all San Juan County. But Jack and Jim, close to shivering timberline, without coats, blankets or food, were completely at peace with the world. On the previous day an Indian had dumped them out of his truck on the desert south of Shiprock, New Mexico, but that hadn't bothered them either. They had allowed three days to go from Los Angeles to Western State College at Gunnison, Colorado, and were hitting it right on the nose, with their meals counted out and budgeted.

Pretty precise gypsying and almost too easy! I couldn't help thinking how recently men in these very mountains were writing desperate legends on rocks or blazed trees to tell of shelter, grass, and water, were dying of exposure, even reduced to cannibalism. It wasn't far from where I met Jim and Jack that the prospector Alfred Packer, so modest that he was shocked at seeing a dancing girl's ankle, "et up the Democratic majority in Hinsdale County" —a photographer from *Harper's Weekly* discovering the bodies of the five mutilated men. I was ten years old when Packer died in Denver, the most famous cannibal in the world. But no desperate legends now. This wild, fantastic country is simply "Approved by Kilroy." Some GI has scribbled this condescending phrase on the marker at the top of Independence Pass, the highest in the Rockies, 12,095 feet above the sea. Mythical Kilroy has left his name all over the mountains, as he has from Guadalcanal to Berlin.

Which leads me to a neglected field of literary criticism and its basic law. I refer to the things we have written since our caveman days in places which excite the imagination sexually, historically, heroically, devoutly, or otherwise. They range from the sewers to the summits. My cautious scientific friends refuse to go all the way on my theory that the sex exhibitionism scribbled on privy walls is closely related to the tropism that causes my dog to roll on a dead fish or causes a beautiful woman to douse herself with Chanel Number Five. At any rate, forgiving their simplicity, I will state the basic law: Doodling pornography is a phenomenon of the cloistered spirit; it disappears rapidly outdoors where its incidence is inversely proportional to altitude. (I wouldn't give a whoop for a law that didn't have *inversely proportional* in it, would you?)

I am prepared to offer a stuffed owl, in excellent condition, to anybody who has ever seen an obscene inscription (outdoors) at an altitude higher than 5,752 feet, which seems to be the breaking point. The only cloacal implication I ever encountered higher was in the nature of an innocent business card, at an elevation of 10,850 feet, dividing the waters that go to the Gulf of Mexico from those that flow to the Gulf of Southern California, simply stating: "Ben H. Landis—Cess Pool Pumper De Luxe—Phoenix, Arizona."

At high altitudes people simply write their names or something silly, victorious, or religious. Being close to God is as evident in mountain inscriptions as it is in mountain poetry. When Beulah Uradil of Radium, Kansas, writes her name at the top of Shrine Pass (11,308 feet) she wants you to know that she has been in the divine presence of the Mount of the Holy Cross, and I think Beulah is groping through the same emotions which inspired Katherine Lee Bates, at the summit of Pike's Peak, to write "America the Beautiful." You have only to draw a deep breath and look around, at the top of Wolf Creek Pass, to understand why Billy Moss of El Paso, Joyce Barronler of Royal Oak, Michigan, or Tom Bessent of Baltimore, want you to know they have been there. It's terrific! At the crest of a low pass, like Tennessee Pass, nobody writes anything.

Ghost town inscriptions are a field in themselves. In an old town like Ashcroft, above Aspen, the early doodling is concerned with facts: weather, mining arithmetic, or who's in jail; then comes the proud vandal: "Jake Gerathe bored this hole with a 12-gauge shotgun, No. 4 shot, Oct. 5, 1914"; then finally the new discoverers of the ghost town, romanticizing themselves: "August 17, 1946—Lead Pants Leveridge, Hard Rock Harry, Grizzly Ike." In the old hotel at Ashcroft I noted that a Denver man who distributes Western motion pictures had written his name boldly in three different places the same day!

But there's no scribbling at all on the one road sign in the West that excites my imagination more than any of the others. You hardly notice it among the roadside tangles of wild clematis, piñons, junipers, and sagebrush five feet high as you start up the lonely canyon with the most beautiful name of any—the Unaweep, southwest of Grand Junction. This dusty little sign quietly warns you to look out for heavy trucks, night or day. They are big and in a hurry. The heavy trucks come trundling down the Unaweep on serious business, laden with pale canary-colored dust on the first leg of an awful journey to such towns as Hiroshima or Nagasaki.

The uranium country doesn't make sense, so wide, so peaceful, so desolate, so contradictory—contradictory as uranium itself. Most canyons run their water stright down hill, but the strange Unaweep humps up in the middle, sending East Creek east to the Gunnison and West Creek west to the Dolores; and the Dolores, named for sorrow, is just as perverse as the Unaweep. Imagine a river flowing at right angles with its own valley. That's what the Dolores does in Paradox Valley. But this is a part of the world where they can get flowing oil out of any little dusty slab of shale, and you mustn't be surprised in not seeing what you are looking at. Prowling for gold in carnotite, they found vanadium and uranium. Ores were sent to Poulot, Voilleque, and Madame Curie.

BURLINGAME PUBLIC LIBRARY

For twenty years half the world's radium came from here. After a while uranium didn't amount to much; you could get radioactive ores cheaper from the Congo. But recently we changed our minds and started warning people about heavy trucks, night and day, coming down from Uravan —the little Uranium-Vanadium town, a name that really goes back to the kind god of heaven, Uranus, and the gentle goddess of love, Vanadis.

The people over here talk of the atom bomb with local pride as if they were gossiping about their own peach trees and, to hear them tell it, the bomb is literally the fruit of a tree: uranium trapped by primordial tree trunks that went down into the sludges of old seas on the rims of the mesas millions of years ago. And it isn't like following a lode of silver or gold. They look for a "tree" here or a "tree" there. Strange horticulture! Strange fruit!

Here the wide open spaces of the West are wide and they're open. You look off into the uranium country from any of the mesas, which are actually high flat-topped mountains with terrifying edges over which the Western slope children teeter round like sparrows on the tip of the Empire State building. On the Uncompaghre plateau above the Unaweep you can go eighty-seven miles from the Taylor ranch to Horsefly without seeing anything but distance, distance, distance, and if you run out of gasoline you can talk it over with the manzanita shrubs, green as holly with stems as smooth as the cheek of a Navajo girl and the same color. It is impossible to reconcile such spaciousness with such forces of destruction. As I looked down into Carson's Hole I felt much closer to Kit Carson than I did to Niels Bohr. I could almost see Father Escalante and Father Dominguez sloshing through the waters of Escalante Creek and Dominguez Creek back in that summer of 1776 when my forebears were going out to fight for freedom; but I couldn't fit the atom bomb into the picture.

Nor could I feel the slightest meaning in such sayings as "destruction of civilization" or "atomic suicide of mankind." Who is mankind? Where does he live? How much of a job would it be to run him down and knock him off? A sizable job, may I suggest. Have we lost all sense of size, of distance, of time? Of the dispersion and distribution of life on this planet? Of the self-exhausting effort required to destroy, staggering as the millions of corpses are, even a handful of the world's people in two frightful wars of our own time? When I think of 3,000,000 square miles in the United States alone and over 8,000,000 square miles in Russia and the enormous amounts of energy that must be expended to destroy even five square miles of life, it seems to me that "destruction of civilization" becomes hysterical hyperbole.

No civilization worthy of the name was ever destroyed except from within and, even here, life goes stubbornly on—the victorious Goth fuses with the vanquished Roman and something new, which we call another civilization, starts over. I think we might have fewer fears if we had a better sense of dissipation, dissipation of any energy we set going, physical or moral, because there's so much life, so much space, so much time and, above all, so much mortality to absorb all the impacts of our intent. Every big thing we try to do soon tapers off into something else, some new equilibrium to which life, constantly increasing, adjusts itself. But we are all egotists, and very frightened egotists, forever throwing our stones into the little millpond of human history with the conviction that the wave impulses circling out from our particular stones will hold their forms and influence for all time.

BUMPER CROPS IN THE DESERT

OSCAR LEWIS

THE farmers of one American county —Franklin County in the State of Washington—have done an incredible thing. They have succeeded in growing bumper crops of wheat with less than nine inches of rainfall a year.

Last year these one hundred and fifty farm families produced two and a half million bushels of wheat, using a method of dry farming which has enabled them to conserve each drop of rain and has brought them in a single life-span from the poverty and hardships of pioneer life to as high a standard of living as can be found in rural America.

Their accomplishment is no miracle; it is the result of shrewd application of the techniques discovered by the settlers of the semiarid West in the seventies and eighties of the last century and now practiced in many of the dry areas of the United States, such as the Great Plains, the Great Basin, and the California Valley. Since the early nineteen-hundreds it has spread to Canada, South America, Spain, South Africa, Russia, and China. The development of dry farming has meant that throughout the world millions of acres of land which only fifty years ago were thought unsuitable for agriculture now produce food for the world's needy granaries.

Franklin County, lying between the forks of the Columbia and Snake Rivers, has some of the driest farmland in the United States. Dry farming is technically defined as growing crops on ten to twenty inches of annual rainfall. In central Texas thirty inches signifies drought; in the corn-belt thirty to fifty inches is the range. Franklin County's bumper crops, grown without irrigation on an average annual rainfall of six to nine inches, have been achieved through a distinctly American combination of large-scale farming and mechanization with family ownership and operation. The one hundred and fifty farmers own and operate 450,000 acres, practically the entire farmland of the county, in farms averaging between 2,000 and 3,000 acres. Some farms are 8,000 acres; a farm of 1,000 acres is small. Every phase of production on these wheat farms is mechanized. A single farmer, with the aid of his machinery, can work 2,000 acres. The investment per farm in machinery ranges from $10,000 to $35,000. Every farm has its own well-equipped machine shop and every farmer is a skilled mechanic.

The original homesteaders in the county —and many of them are still there today, earning gross annual incomes of $20,000 to $40,000—settled the arid land, having plenty of pioneer spirit but little else that was suited to their new environment. Accustomed to small farms, closely-knit villages, and the deep moldboard plow as their essential tool, they had to learn to live on large farms, in isolated homesteads, and to work with the shallow

Oscar Lewis is an anthropologist at Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. He was formerly a social scientist in the Bureau of Farm Economics of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

disc plow and new types of cultivators. For the dry winds which came over the mountains used to blow away the precious top soil and, often with it, thousands of acres of seed. Wells had to go down 1,000 to 1,500 feet for water. It was up to the settlers to forge a new way of life or perish; they emerged conquerors of the desert.

THEIR first innovation was the use of summer fallow. Coming from relatively humid regions where the land customarily yielded one or more crops each year, the settlers found that there was not enough moisture in the soil for such production. Each year, therefore, they planted only one half of their land, allowing the other half to lie idle in order to store up enough water to produce a crop the following year. But just letting the land lie idle was not sufficient; they had to work out a method to preserve the moisture and to prevent the light, sandy soil from blowing away. They developed what is known as stubble mulch dry farming. The stubble (left by the cutting of the wheat at harvest time) is broken up and turned over lightly by a disc plow, preferably while there is plentiful moisture, in order to form clods of sufficient weight to keep the soil down. Thus the stubble, which was formerly burned and turned under with a deep plow, now forms an effective network of vegetation which keeps the soil down and prevents evaporation.

The summer fallow is carefully weeded two or three times. Speed of operation is at a premium, for the weeds must be killed while still small lest they absorb the precious little moisture. Farmers estimate that with each weeding they increase the yield by three or four bushels an acre. The great importance of even small quantities of moisture for dry farming in this area can be judged by the fact that a difference of one or two inches of rainfall during the crucial months may mean the difference between a good crop and a poor one.

As part of the process of learning to dry farm, new tools had to be invented by the farmers themselves. As far back as 1906, they began to experiment with crude homemade rod weeders and with shallow disc plows. The first rod weeders were of the non-rotating or "dead rod" type, locally called "goosenecked rod slickers" and "go-devils." These consisted of a sharp blade or rod which went a few inches under the surface to cut the weeds. They had two serious defects, both of which increased blowing and reduced moisture. They pulverized the light soils and they dragged the weeds, piling them into heaps and thereby robbing the land of moisture. These early tools were ineffectual and were described by a farmer as "good man-killers and good horse-killers but poor weed-killers."

The new rotating weeder, of the type specially developed for loose, sandy soil, advances over the field, pulling under the ground a rod which revolves in the opposite direction and tears out the weeds by the roots. Thrown to the surface, the weeds are killed by the sun; lumps lifted to the top form a clod mulch, and the soil underneath is pressed to eliminate air pockets. With a twenty-four-foot hookup of weeders and a tractor traveling at three miles an hour, the farmer can cultivate more than eighty acres in a ten-hour day.

The change from "dead rod" weeders to the rotating type represented a major step toward the success of dry farming. It accomplished three important tasks: (1) it effectively killed weeds, thereby preserving moisture; (2) it brought the weeds near the surface and distributed them evenly over the land, which helped prevent blowing; and (3) it appreciably reduced the sheer physical labor for man and beast.

AT ABOUT the same time, the change from deep moldboard plowing to light discing took place. A few farmers began experimenting with discing as early as 1906. One old-timer said: "When I first tried discing in 1906 my neighbors made sport of me. They said I might just as well be dragging a turkey gobbler backwards by the tail and letting him scratch."

By 1920 discing and the use of the rotating rod weeder were common practice in the county. However, the final victory over the desert was not yet won. It had to wait for still greater mechanical progress, for the conversion from horse power to diesel caterpillar tractors.

The shift from horse power to diesel power was very recent. The first diesel "cats" came in about 1927–28. Mechanization on a large scale occurred during the depression years and was made possible by the AAA allotments and by other government payments. As late as 1935 some wheat farmers were still using horses. However, it should be emphasized that large-scale wheat farming had been going on long before the coming of tractors. Farms of 5,000 acres were operating in 1905. The use of summer fallow, whereby only one half of the farm land was in production, and the low yields per acre, made large farms an economic necessity from the very beginning. This type of farming is locally described as "shotgun farming."

The tractor, therefore, did not basically change the type of farming. Nevertheless, it had a number of far-reaching results. First, it made dry farming more effective by supplying the element of speed which is so essential in conserving moisture in the summer fallow. The farmers had long been aware of the importance of speed but could do little about it. They had noticed, for example, that the outer edges of a field, which were disced and weeded first, always gave better yields than the center of the field, which was worked last. With tractors they were able to cover much more ground and could use a day and night shift. Second, the tractor cut down on hired labor and reduced the cost of production by about thirty-five per cent. Formerly, a farm of 2,000 acres required about one hundred horses and it took two full-time hands to care for them. Keeping the harness in repair was itself a full-time job. With horse power a man could plow only fifteen acres a day. With tractors one man could do sixty acres a day and another sixty acres on the night shift. Third, the tractor meant a great saving of time and gave the farmers much more leisure. Fourth, it meant that farmers could raise cattle on the pasture formerly used by horses. Only after mechanization did wheat farmers begin to raise cattle.

The kind of farming just described takes men of high caliber. The farmers of Franklin County today are the end product of a long weeding-out process which has been going on since this area was first settled. They are the men and women who had the perseverance and ability to stick through the long, trying period of learning to dry farm. Knowing exactly when to do a job and getting it done in the shortest possible time was and still is essential. The delay of a day or two in weeding, discing, seeding, or harvesting may mean the loss of thousands of bushels of wheat.

Unlike the farmers who can rely upon the calendar or upon tradition or the "signs" these wheat farmers had to rely upon themselves. This has made for open-mindedness and for a readiness to accept innovations, particularly time-saving and labor-saving devices. The farmers are experiment-minded and have a definite scientific bent. But they are not book farmers. They couldn't be—because there were no books on dry farming, nor could the U. S. Department of Agriculture help them very much. On the contrary, most of what the Department of Agriculture knows today about this type of farming has been learned from the farmers themselves. Also it is interesting to note that these farmers were practicing shallow plowing long before writers like Edward Faulkner and Louis Bromfield began popularizing it.

Among the wheat farmers in Franklin County one can see the possibility of a rich and colorful rural life: the marvelous control over nature, a high standard of living, family-owned and operated farms, sufficient leisure for the development of cultural interests, and an intelligent and well-informed citizenry. And yet the farmers face problems which threaten to destroy all they have accomplished.

As farms have become larger, farm homes have been increasingly isolated. Because of the great scattering of houses—they are now from three to ten miles apart—there is no rural free delivery and the construction of electric power lines and telephone lines has been delayed. Most of the farms have expensive Delco battery electric plants and only local party telephones. There is almost no community life and there are few opportunities for recreation and diversion. Consolidated schools in the towns are so far away that children must often board away from home while they go to school, particularly high

school. Sons and daughters who attend college for four years often do not wish to return to farm life. Many of the farmers who have been wealthier with the bumper wheat crops and high prices of the war years, would like to retire and hand over the management of the farms to their sons, who, in a number of cases, are returned veterans; but they fear that the younger men will not want to return to lead what will seem to them isolated and boring lives. As a result, they are beginning to move to town in the hope that this will keep the family together. It is not difficult to foresee the growth of town farmers, absentee land ownership, and a class of landless farm wage-hands.

IN THIS situation—with the technical problems of dry farming solved but the social problems of isolation increasing in complexity—the governmental proposal to bring two irrigation ditches from the Grand Coulee into Franklin County has found attentive listeners. When the wheat farmers were asked to vote last July as to whether or not they would join the Irrigation Project, most of them voted to join. Their decision involved more than a vote for bringing water to dry land. For the coming of Grand Coulee water will bring to Franklin County a diversified crop yield sufficient to support more than thirty times the present population. It meant that they were voting out a type of farming and a way of life which were their peculiar achievement.

All but one hundred and sixty acres of the land of each family will be sold to the U.S. Reclamation Service at an appraised price far below present inflated land values. Franklin County will be transformed from an area of vast wheat fields to a county of truck farming, dairy farming, and diversified farming. In another ten or fifteen years, dry farming in Franklin County will be a matter of history—and with it, the basic insecurity of a one-crop system and the isolation which has begun to drive the younger generation away from home. The land which now supports one hundred and fifty farm families will support approximately five thousand, and for the new pioneers there will be community centers, trading and servicing centers, recreation facilities unknown to their hard-bitten forebears.

The prospect of another decade of high wheat prices makes the decision easier, no doubt. Also the wheat farmers know that their victory over the desert has been a life-and-death struggle, endless and costly in human strength. To grow wheat on nine inches of rainfall has been an extraordinary achievement. But few of them would choose to do it just for the fun of it.

Trapeze

JULIA McGRANE

AGAINST my will, my willingness to die
Spread like a net beneath the rope swung air
And saved me everywhere.
I, by my teeth, under the tent of sky,
Forth on the sudden slack of time was flung,
And for a moment hung

Suspended, and then fell. Yet raptured found
My flesh still firm and precious on the bone.
Breath, in the instant, grown
Dear past all forfeit, far above the ground
I walked heart's tautest strand for life's sweet hire,
No mesh beneath the wire.

SAMPLES OF THE ARMY MIND

J. FRANK DOBIE

It is a fallacy to suppose that all knowledge and all wisdom reside at the center of military power.—Herbert V. Evatt, of Australia.

By the army mind, I suppose I mean that part of the brains within the military orbit that determines policies and directs power. As a West Point colonel said to me in Germany, "This citizen Army has a great deal higher I.Q. than the regular standing Army. What we are hoping for is a stable force with the old-time low average in intellect. That kind makes better soldiers." I would not presume to try to write a thesis covering the United States Army psychology. I don't know enough. I know that cotton men determine the quality of staple in a five-hundred-pound bale by examining a few ounces of sample.

A year ago I was instructing GI's in the university center that the War Department had set up in a big British camp near the village of Shrivenham, under the Berkshire Downs, in England. Like a majority of the instructors, I was a civilian in uniform, subject to army orders. Since I had been a soldier for two years in World War I, and a proud soldier at that, the army way was no novelty to me. While I was waiting in New York to ship, the idea was again enforced on me how the Army is like a mule. After it has learned a formula, the only way to get it to unlearn that formula is to knock it in the head. This was the middle of July 1945, and the papers were publishing the comings and goings of the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth* and everybody in the world that had any interest in their sailings could learn about them. They were crossing the ocean with decks cleared of guns, with lights ablaze at night, and without the zigzagging that was constant during the submarine menace. But a highly self-satisfied army captain who processed us civilians in New York told us in a whisper, on the eve of our departure, that we were to sail on the *Queen Elizabeth*, that we were under no circumstances to tell anybody where, how, or when we were going. We could not learn, he said, the APO number of the secret locations—at Shrivenham, England, and at Biarritz, France, already widely advertised in newspapers—for which we were bound. Only after we had arrived at these secret destinations could we learn the APO address and thus be reached by mail. The mumbo-jumbo gave me the fantods.

The military put no restrictions on teaching at either Shrivenham or Biarritz. The commandant, a brigadier general, was a pleasant gentleman, generous with his whiskey and genial with the staff. I gathered that he took more satisfaction in a piece of wood lattice work put

J. Frank Dobie is the author of A Texan in England *and onetime teacher at the GI university at Shrivenham, where he came to know the Army better than he liked.*

up by German prisoners of war to screen off some garbage cans than he took in any other feature for which he was directly responsible connected with what came to be called pompously, by army orders, Shrivenham American University. Long after General Eisenhower lifted military censorship on the continent, the military at Shrivenham were attempting to censor all articles sent back to the States for publication. I and other men writing for newspapers and magazines paid no attention to the orders, and after a while they became obsolete.

The most popular function I attended at Shrivenham was a British Brains Trust that subjected itself to questions concerning Britain. Most of the questions were on politics. The Trust was loaded with Conservatives, but it had one very nimble-witted and vocal Member of Parliament from the Labor Party. The big hall was full of GI's, and they were so in sympathy with the Laborite's views that they got to cheering him before he made a statement as well as after it. That came close to ending the popularization of liberal ideas on the Shrivenham campus. The GI's at Biarritz, so I learned, had a feast of critical talks and discussions.

When the university center held its formal closing exercises in December, the general's favorite chaplain, a major, prayed God over the loud speaker to forgive the staff for liberties taken "in the name of academic freedom" and for conducting an educational program "wholly secular." He was a strong friend of Franco's.

From Shrivenham I joined a lecture bureau the Army was organizing in Germany, with headquarters at Frankfurt. This was about Christmas time. The director of the bureau provided me with orders to go wherever I wanted to go, and I wandered around among the troops in Germany and Austria for between four and five months before coming home. In Germany, as in England, I belonged to the I & E (Information and Education) Division, and had a chance to see something of that part of the Army supposed to be concerned with education beyond the manual of arms and command school courses on assembling motor cogs.

ANY army is generally a good deal like a very high percentage of the civilian nationals it represents in not having a consuming passion for ideas. It would not be correct to say that an army never fights for ideas; when it fights, it always fights for some sort of idea. Armies have fought to extend liberties, against oppression; but, in so far as I know history, no idea for emancipating the mind, for enlarging the conception of human rights, or for dignifying human life has ever come out of military ranks. The armies that have advanced human rights against graspings for power and property on the part of either nations or special classes within nations have been popular, or citizen, armies—not regular armies.

Any revolution that has at any time in history made war on the side of the common man against the power of the privileged and restrictive few has come from non-military minds. Cromwell's army was raised from ground far beyond the king's barracks. The American Revolution's dream of mankind's inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness used a military man named George Washington as its instrument, but the instrument did not dream the dream. The American Revolution was made by Samuel Adams, Thomas Jefferson, and Tom Paine. The French Revolution to establish liberty, equality, and fraternity graduated into the hands of the ablest and most dangerous conqueror in modern history preceding Hitler, but Napoleon had nothing to do with the philosophy that generated the revolution. That philosophy has been kept alive in France not by, but despite, Napoleon's military successors.

Pétain was a fair representative of the army mind, in pure form, of all nationalities. This mind is devoted to two things: (1) to uniformity, absolute uniformity in all physical things—when the shirt without blouse is worn, the tie shall be tucked inside it between the second and third buttons from the top—and (2) to maintaining the status quo, unless making conquest. The army mind applies the physical to the mental. The application atrophies the instinct to be intellectually emancipated. About 1840, the American Army rejected Colt's revolver, the use of which

by frontiersmen finally brought it to be the most effective of cavalry weapons. Later, it said that the telegraph would never be a military agent. Between the World Wars it liquidated Colonel Mitchell because he advocated air power. Sometimes a bold leader with power and imagination arises to force the Army to adopt new methods, machines, ways. That is nearly always in time of war when the Army is impregnated with civilian *virtus*.

Military power may advance the freedom of humanity, but no professional army holding power has ever favored the extension of liberties. To expect democracy to advance anywhere in Europe or Asia by Order of the Commanding General is as idle as to fancy that a Jefferson or an Emerson might be nourished by the West Point atmosphere.

The only good that an army can ever do democracy is as an instrument. It never thinks intimately, energetically, longingly of anything beyond the means of asserting its own power. To the Army in Germany, "denazifying" means essentially nothing more than the physical displacement of persons known to have belonged to the Nazi party. Denazifying has meant taking such a person out of his position, political, industrial, or otherwise, and either putting him in a concentration camp or turning him loose on society, perhaps to pick up rubbish, certainly to be a more disturbing element than he was while holding a paying job. Denazification, according to military conceptions, does not consist of putting anything into the head. I know that the Military Government could make out a case for itself against this assertion, pointing to newspapers, schools, and elections it has sponsored. There are many intelligent, liberal-minded, able men in the Military Government, not all of them civilians. In the end, they are all subject to the War Department's point of view. I will maintain that the Army is at home with and movingly concerned with only the physical. It has no affinity for ideas. Even the Nazi philosophy it judges by the visible brand. Was this man a party member? It does not concern itself with the life that the brand represents.

If one can imagine how democratic the United States of America would become if its own Army had in all its wisdom absolutely unlimited control, arbitrarily exercised, over the entire economic life, the whole educational system, and what would be left of the political affairs of the nation, then one may get an idea of how Germany is proceeding towards democracy under army control.

I SPENT a day in a PW camp near flattened Darmstadt. It is, or was, a place for discharging German soldiers, after they had been screened. Tens of thousands of men have been held and released at this place. At the time I visited it, it had its own hospital under German medical officers. Among the prisoner patients, I talked with several professional men, some business men, some laborers, most of them towards middle age. I noticed that many had a book or two beside their beds. Without exception the books I examined were novels. Alexander Dumas' *The Three Musketeers*, in translation, seemed to be the favorite. A censor can always admit an old romance without fear of ideas. The American Military Government, however, has banned Spengler's *Decline of the West* and other books from German circulation. Personally, I think that forbidding any book to any civilian is a mistake. Censorship except for military security is a curse.

The hospital library also served thousands of soldiers in the camp. It consisted of a few dozen paper-bound novels and short stories. Added to it a few days before my visit, was a collection of over a hundred books in English sent by the Swedish Red Cross. These books, drawn from both America and Britain, contained Zane Grey's *Riders of the Purple Sage*, *Lamb and His Circle*, treatises on radio, motor engines, etc.

Several of the hospital prisoners said they wanted "something serious" to read —biography, history, philosophy. Their conquerors had not provided them with a single paragraph expressive of the democratic way of life towards which we are supposed to be educating them. Twice a week the camp received copies of a semiweekly newspaper. No magazine passed through the gates. Here in this large camp tens of thousands of German men spent long periods of time, largely idle, awaiting

transference to civilian life. Many of them were fallow for ideas. The Army has never felt the paper shortage. It has never felt cramped for priorities on printing. Suppose it had ordered printed, in translation, for free distribution—or even for sale in marks—millions of copies of twenty, fifty, or even ten books expressive of how men and women have worked, thought, played, and lived decently in a democratic country. I am not thinking of a library of didactical works, although I would include Emerson's *Essays* and the mockeries of Voltaire. The Germans need, more even than Americans, to develop a taste for satire on themselves. I would include Whitman and Shelley. What I am thinking of primarily is biographies of democratic examples like Jefferson, Franklin, Jane Addams, the Adams Family, Tom Paine, Carl Schurz.

That the Army did not adopt this method in its very big business of denazifying the Germans is excusable. That it did not and does not give means and authority to the kind of people who understand such matters is a commentary on its limitations in the world of ideas.

EMPHATICALLY, iteratedly, and elaborately, the army has congratulated itself to itself and to the general public on its education program. My official business in Germany was always with I & E (Information and Education) officers. I met a few, a very few, who were aware of realities beyond the physical. Generally, I wondered—in private—how they came to be picked for their jobs. Often I recalled the old story of the backwoodsman who advertised a coon dog for sale. A prospective purchaser pressed for details on the dog's ability after coons. "Well, I'll tell you," the backwoodsman finally said, "this dog ain't no 'count for nothing else, and I figgered he must be a good coon dog."

The average commanding officer in obeying an order to appoint an I & E officer, the man responsible for the education of the unit's troops, usually appointed the officer that he could most easily and gladly dispense with from other duties. He picked him out on the same principle that he would cull out an officer to send to another outfit if so ordered. I am not forgetting a regular army lieutenant that I met in Berlin with one of the livest minds one could hope to be sharpened by. I am not forgetting an aging colonel out of the old regular Army who saw to it that his men had chances at all sorts of enlightening literature and discussions. When he revealed his eager, liberal mind, I understood why he had not been promoted to a general. Such stand out as exceptions in contrast to I & E officers who were efficient only in filling out forms, in making money on black market operations, in doing nothing beyond the letter of the law.

At Linz in Austria a very good I & E officer informed me that a lieutenant general desired to see me. A request from a general is an order. As I learned when I was ushered into his office, one of his aides had told him that I represented the Inspector General. For a minute, the general was really courting me—until I told him that my business was to make soldiers think. All of his interest immediately subsided. Another general gave me a lecture on how soldiers were deriving insubordinate ideas through I & E activities. This was not long after soldiers all over Europe had held mass meetings, sent cablegrams to Congressmen, and otherwise made a lot of noise about not getting sent home more expeditiously. In the minds of regular army officers "theirs not to reason why" is still the military ideal.

The Army is interested only in what it can be arbitrary about. Towards all else it is indifferent. With a single exception, neither officially nor personally, did any ranking officer responsible for the I & E program as carried on by the lecture bureau ever show to me, either directly or indirectly, the slightest interest in "the study and the communication of principles." The exception was a major (a civilian in uniform from Princeton University). When I got ready to leave the lecture bureau, I went upstairs to ask for a word that might expedite the senseless and inefficient delay of my orders. The lieutenant colonel looked me over in a bored way and asked, "Are you an American citizen?" He had as much interest in my work as he had in anybody's work or in the function of the I & E program. Man

after man who went into this program with interest and enthusiasm had his spirit doused by the administration. However, most teachers in American institutions of learning, either high or low, must become calloused to executives who comprehend the machine much better than they comprehend its purposes.

In the summer of 1945 there were more than fifty weekly newspapers being published by separate army commands in the American zone of Germany. It was —as I suppose it still is—the function of I & E officers to get these papers out. With few exceptions, the papers were as vapid as a chain store's weekly sheet. This was not the fault of the GI's who ran them, nor, often, the fault of the I & E executives. The commanding officers distrusted any discussion of realities. The week I was at headquarters of a certain division in Austria, its paper, an outstanding one, carried an editorial culminating in this passage: "One reason why many GI's look upon the Austrians as no more morally free of Nazism than the Germans is because the civilians peddle the same kind of gripes and unfounded rumors that the Germans themselves spew. . . . While France can look back on centuries of fighting for liberty, equality, and fraternity, Austria can recall only the regal pomp of its former aristocracy." It was a long and able editorial. I heard the enlisted man who wrote it get a dressing down from a major.

Only the civilian element in the Army has kept the Army's daily *Stars and Stripes* at all realistic and vital. And all the way along, this civilian element has had to fight high-up instinct to throttle any critical approach towards affairs. One of the best newspapers in the English language is the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune*. It is good because it is directed by intelligence and seeks enlightenment. Until along in 1945, it was very difficult to get a copy of this newspaper anywhere in Germany unless one happened to be close to some high-ranking officer. Nowhere near a majority of men in uniform, any more than in civil life, crave intelligence and enlightenment, but the minority in this world who respect intelligence and seek enlightenment are the ones who keep it from going back to cave-dwelling barbarism. One would imagine that amid the great dearth of newspapers and other sources of information, the high command of the ETO would have seen that those men and women in Germany eager for enlightenment had a chance to get the Paris newspaper. In time it became more available. No American civilian or military man or woman in Germany can eat, sleep, ride, buy a handkerchief, send a letter, or read a newspaper except by provision of the Army. I don't know how the Paris edition of the New York *Herald Tribune* became available in cities like Bremen, Munich, and Frankfurt, but I would be willing to gamble that it was not through military initiative.

When I arrived in Nuremberg, the trials had been in progress many months. I somehow got the impression that more brains were concentrated around the trials than anywhere else in Germany. Maybe the impression was erroneous; but from peripheral contacts with the Military Government in Frankfurt and in Berlin, I did not gain impressions of brain activity as I gained from equally peripheral contacts with this court, sustained by the military but beyond it. The press of the world had headquarters in the Faber Castle outside Nuremberg, and here one could any night experience ferment of minds. In a very long and wide library room, I found current copies of the *Figaro* and other French papers, six or eight London papers ranging from the *Daily Worker* to the *Times*, a Russian paper, and miscellaneous reading matter. The American contribution to current reading matter, through the U. S. Army, consisted of a stack of the latest issue of *Overseas Comics*. Of course, there were some copies of *Reader's Digest*. The military dominators of the world have administered many forms of opiates. Augustus Caesar was strong on gladiatorial spectacles; the U. S. Army should make a comic strip its symbol—and its coadjutor, the American Red Cross, should fly a flag showing a doughnut with a hole in it.

In 1945 the Army decided to go on a splurge and make a few copies of magazines that appeal to the intellect available in the ETO. When I left, I & E headquar-

ters was distributing one hundred packets monthly, each packet containing *Harper's*, the *Atlantic*, the *New Republic*, *Foreign Affairs*, the *Nation*, and a few other magazines. One hundred kits for hundreds of thousands of men in many hundreds of commands scattered from the Danube to the Seine. The situation may have changed markedly since then; I am told, for example, that twenty thousand copies of *Harper's* are now distributed overseas each month by the Army. But at a time when the Army could get all the billions from Congress on all the projects for military "security" that it could think up, why should it so long have limited expenses to a mere one hundred kits of first-class magazines? Simply because it did not set a value on first-class minds operating on any other than physical themes. The doodads for one general's mess probably cost the nation more than all the first-class magazines distributed during a whole year in the ETO.

Not that the Army is chinche on anything. The Army does not change its procedure any more than, since Chaucer's Sergeant of the Lawe was born into immortality, lawyers have changed their way of reasoning according to the judgments that "from the tyme of king William were falle." In World War I, I saw the Army burn up good lumber at Camp Jackson, South Carolina, so as to clear the ground and the books. At an airfield in Bavaria a few months ago I saw high octane gasoline being evaporated because the outfit had no more storage space and no planes in condition to burn it. The supply system was working. Why change requisition forms? The Army has had money to burn on the education program, and has burned it. "The gift without the giver is bare."

The best local paper I met on the continent was the *British Morning News* in Vienna, edited with a sense of values that any newspaper above moronic levels must have. In a talk with a general in the American Army's headquarters in Vienna, I asked him why we could not throw in with the British and make this excellent paper with its enlightening features available to American soldiers as well as the British. He shared my respect for the *British Morning News*—really more able than the *Stars and Stripes* was at that time. He said he had thought about an Allied newspaper, but "it couldn't be accomplished."

From the beginning the British Army had in ABCA (Army Bureau of Current Affairs) a far more intelligent program for soldier education than the American Army had. This opinion was held by all Americans who had any knowledge of the two systems. In the first place, when our Army began its orientation program, it ruled politics and economics out of the field as being "too controversial." Not until late in 1943, or perhaps along in 1944, did soldier comprehension of current affairs appear to be desired by the high command.

THE Army cannot be held responsible for the immaturity of the American mind, but the Army had a chance to be realistic in a way contrary to the way of newspapers, radio, and Hollywood. I shall never forget an experience I had near Cambridge, where I was Visiting Lecturer of American History in 1944. It was a Sunday some weeks after D-Day. I walked up the River Cam to the Red Lion in Grantchester. One could always get beer there, sometimes whiskey, and certainly a chair in the cozy old parlor. But this was a fine day, and a lot of other people had had the idea of walking to Grantchester. I sat down in the last vacant chair.

It was beside an RAF sergeant, from Kenya. He was arguing with an American sergeant standing across the table over the merits of General Montgomery. The RAF sergeant did not like him; the American was defending him on the ground that Montgomery believed in saving men while spending ammunition. Both had been drinking a good deal. The American sergeant said he was full-blooded Irish; he felt like crowing.

"And now," he said, "I want you to justify America's being in the war against Germany."

By now the RAF exponent was too far gone to justify even malt. Irish looked around in triumph. There were two other American soldiers in the room, a private standing behind the sergeant and a lieutenant sitting with a likely-looking English girl over against the wall. Nobody said

anything. Everybody had been listening to the argument. I could not hold myself in.

"Sergeant," I said to my fellow-countryman, "disregarding all ideas of right and wrong and sticking to nothing but technical facts, you certainly must know that four days after Pearl Harbor Germany declared war on the United States and we had to fight her whether we wanted to or not."

"No," he said, "we declared war on Germany first. We forced her into it."

I appealed to the soldier standing behind the sergeant. "I think the sergeant is right," he said.

I appealed to the lieutenant, who had greeted me when I came in. He smiled a smile that would have made a good advertisement for some dental concoction. "I just don't know," he said, and it was evident that he did not care.

These three soldiers of a single kind happened to be concentrated that day, but they could hardly have come together thus out of an army commanded at the top by officers strongly and actively concerned with informed minds. In contrast to them, I had a class of eighteen enlisted soldiers from nineteen to twenty-nine years old, in Freshman English at the Shrivenham university center, who composed the most aware, most eager, and active-minded group I have ever taught. They wrote essays on the United Nations, on race prejudice, current politics in England and America, and numerous other subjects that responsible minds concern themselves with. I used to read one or two of their papers every day and then merely act as chairman of the fervid discussion. The individuals in the class considered their interest in such matters to be thriving not because of, but despite, the Army. As a lecturer to troops in Germany and Austria, I sometimes talked to formations of soldiers, present for an hour under orders; with them I did all the talking while they sat "like buckets to be poured into." Whatever success I had was at Red Cross clubs, where men interested in learning and thinking came voluntarily. I filled my dates at some Red Cross clubs where the program director had no more conception of free intellectual enterprise than the hole of one of her doughnuts had. At other clubs I met coteries of soldiers who kept me on my toes till midnight. Whatever hope I have for the enlightened direction of America is founded on the questioning, learning, active minds of men who put on uniforms and became good soldiers—also, of course, good marines and sailors—without becoming army-minded.

It is very difficult for anybody outside of the President's cabinet these days—and no doubt for several individuals within the cabinet—to tell whether the Army dominates the government or the government the Army. Was General MacArthur alone responsible for placing a man who represented the Spanish feudal tradition at the head of the Philippine government and arming him to crush out all liberal resistance in those islands? Is it the Army or the state that has turned the educational system of Bavaria back to the Catholic party—which never had any intimations of democracy and which is unlikely even to try to co-operate with Russia? Is it the Army or the state that has dictated a policy toward China that at times has seemed to have no other object than opposing Russia, without regard for the struggling, chaotic elements of democracy in that chaotic land? Was the proposed flight of B-29's around the world the army idea of demonstrating the American government's pacific intentions? America was once regarded as the hope of oppressed minorities anywhere on earth. Today few oppressed minorities in any part of the world receive encouragement from America.

Before Germany surrendered and for months afterwards it was common talk that the government of Germany in the American zone would be taken over by the State Department, the Army being retained as a police force. One or two dates were set, by insiders at least, for the transfer. All speculation on such a transfer has ceased. Not even during the Reconstruction period in the South following the Civil War has the American Army in time of peace ever before so had its own way.

There remain only five things to do with the Germans: kill them off, educate them, keep them permanently impotent, turn them loose to be their old selves, or build

them up to fight Russia. We decided a good while ago not to kill them off. We can't turn them loose. Keeping them permanently impotent would be a permanent expense. We have turned over educating them to the Army. It becomes increasingly clear that the Army's conception of educating them is to fashion them into allies against Russia. That's what the Germans want.

The army mind is in the saddle. General "Blood and Guts" Patton was boldly expressing the army mind when he said he could not see any difference between the Nazi Party way and the way of the Democratic and Republican parties. Admiral "Bull" Halsey commanding the Mediterranean fleet was expressing the army mind —with which the navy mind coincides— when he said, much later, "We'll go anywhere we please." This simply meant that he would take the American flag with him, assured of the government's backing. The army mind is in the saddle.

When I got ready to leave Germany, it took me about two weeks to get orders that any efficient drug store could have routed out in a few hours. The whole trouble seemed to lie in a redundance of personnel—not any shortage. Once my papers were lost; twice the orders were incorrectly "cut." On the last day while I was standing to heel in an office waiting for a colonel to sign the final correction, I overheard him and two other officers discussing a way to get around the table of organization so as to retain more men than the I & E Division at headquarters called for. What they wanted with all the men they had, except to keep themselves in rank, I was not with the Army long enough to find out.

Necromancy?

But of all human discourses that must be considered as most foolish which affirms a belief in necromancy. . . .

Undoubtedly if this necromancy did exist, as is believed by shallow minds, there is nothing on earth that would have so much power either to harm or to benefit man; if it were true, that is, that by such an art one had the power to disturb the tranquil clearness of the air, and transform it into the hue of night, to create coruscations and tempests with dreadful thunderclaps and lightning-flashes rushing through the darkness, and with impetuous storms to overthrow high buildings and uproot forests, and with these to encounter armies and break and overthrow them, and—more important even than this—to make devastating tempests, and thereby rob the husbandmen of the reward of their labors.

For what method of warfare can there be which can inflict such damage upon the enemy as the exercise of the power to deprive him of his crops? What naval combat could there be which should compare with that which he would wage who has command of the winds and can create ruinous tempests that would submerge every fleet whatsoever? In truth, whoever has control of such irresistible forces will lord over all nations, and no human skill will be able to resist his destructive power. The buried treasures, the jewels that lie in the body of the earth will all become manifest to him; no lock, no fortress, however impregnable, will avail to save anyone against the will of such a necromancer. He will cause himself to be carried through the air from east to west, and through all the uttermost parts of the universe. But why do I thus go on adding instance to instance? What is there which could not be brought to pass by a mechanician such as this? Almost nothing, except the escaping from death.

— Leonardo da Vinci, *Notebooks*, edited by Edward MacCurdy, Reynal & Hitchcock.

The Easy Chair

Bernard DeVoto

Since this is written toward the end of October it can get no help from post-election analyses of the vote. Like everyone else who is forecasting results, I see no reason to doubt that the House will be Republican and I shall be no more surprised than the professional prophets if the Senate goes too. By the time this issue of *Harper's* appears the "constitutional crisis" that Democratic speakers and editors—there are some Democratic editors—have been talking about should be precipitated. That crisis, which has occurred a good many times in our history, consists of the loss of the House or both houses by the administration. The current talk about it, however, seems to me pretty belated. We have been in that kind of crisis ever since President Roosevelt died.

Mr. Walter Lippmann recently remarked that the administration has been going through the executive motions irresponsibly, that it has not been governing the country, that the executive power has in fact been exercised by the Republicans. That is true but Mr. Lippmann might have gone farther and said more. The administration *is* Republican. The influential advisers of Mr. Truman, like some Democratic Senators and Congressmen, are Republican in everything except the label. It is hard to determine which party Mr. Truman himself belongs to but when you cast the average of his policies, provided that is the right word, he seems to be playing about a yard back of the line on the Republican team, in the slot between tackle and end.

Well, I'm voting Republican. For this date and train only. It comes hard. In my time I have voted almost every way except Communist and almost every combination of parties, including some parties that are now less remembered than the Know Nothings. But this will be the first time I have ever voted for a Republican who was running for a national office and I hope I may find detachment enough to snicker when the *X* I shall be casting against Walsh goes down opposite the name Lodge. I don't know how many people of my political makeup—a friend of mine calls us "politically displaced persons"—will be voting the same way but I imagine about three million. And what is the faint hope behind this lugubrious vote? At the wildest extreme of optimism, we hope that a Republican reorganization of Congress may, for a few months, in some perceptible though necessarily slight degree, increase the effectiveness of domestic administration.

Some displaced persons extend that homeopathic hope on to 1948. Assuming that the present swing will continue and that the Republicans will elect the President in 1948, they hope that the responsibility of office, which the Republicans have forgotten about, and the sheer force of the realities may produce a good conservative government. (About as far as they dare go is to hope that this would mean the restoration of enough executive power, which Congress has nullified, to get something done.) It is certainly true that any administration to which for any reason the adjective "good" could be applied would be preferable to what we have. But I cannot follow my friends' hope. There is no reason to suppose that those who control the Republican Party have learned anything during the last sixteen

years: all the evidence in view demonstrates that they have not. There is plenty of evidence that they are incapable of learning, that in fact the masters of the GOP have learned nothing in the twentieth century. Or for that matter since 1868. Translated, my friends' maximum hope means Senator Taft. But with Mr. Pew still drawing breath in the archeological exhibit to which he belongs, it will not mean Senator Taft but—Warren Gamaliel Harding being unavailable—Mr. Bricker or his equivalent. In the Republican Party there is a wide equivalence to Mr. Bricker.

A LOT, one is supposed to say at this point, can happen between now and 1948. A lot is going to happen and I am willing to specify some of it. Current Democratic moans that a Republican victory will mean the return of the government to business interests are protective. That return was achieved in the first three months after Mr. Roosevelt died—and died, it would seem, without having answered the question that has plagued so many of us: Who really did the work in the Truman Committee? For at least a year the government has been government in the interest of business; a Republican victory will only formalize an established fact. That is the fascinating, almost hypnotic point. "Business" has been given and has accepted its chance to run the United States. A lot of us think this is the last chance that Business will ever get and from where I sit it looks as if it has fumbled the ball on fourth down. The Republicans have a campaign slogan for 1946 that is just about unanswerable: "Have you had enough?" Two years will not be needed for it to bounce back on them.

As I write this there are a few small auguries; by January of 1948 there won't be auguries, there will be an avalanche. Last Saturday the New York Cotton Exchange remained closed. The explanation in this morning's papers elaborately ignores the fact that for each of the previous days the price of cotton fell as much as the peg (which was put there, remember, by an administration that was supposed to be out to destroy Business) permitted it to. One of this column's intelligence agents has just returned from a swing round the bankers' circuit in the Midwest with an announcement that there are widespread cancellations of orders for manufactured cotton goods. There is a good deal more portent in those cancellations than in the fact that during the last couple of weeks the prices of finished cotton goods broke a little—the break appears to have been due to the inability of manufacturers to get any more storage space. That kind of break, though financial writers have added it to a couple of others and as a result have advanced their date for what they call a limited and curative recession, is not the kind which the cancellation of wholesale and retail orders is looking forward to. Because the warehouses have been filling with manufactured cotton goods for well over a year now, the price break to be expected during the next year will go right through the floor.

Why not and who, on the whole, cares? Remember the shirt shortage of a year ago? In October 1945, being about to depart on a lecture tour and reluctant to exhibit to audiences the frayed collars and cuffs of the consumer's strike I was already conducting, I spent the better part of two days combing New York for three shirts and finally found them. They were good $3 shirts but since the place where I found them is a snoot store let us agree that they were good $4 shirts. I paid $6.25 apiece for them. In the same week of October this year, seeking information, not shirts, I again toured the New York stores. There were no shirts at all. Newspapers which repeat the manufacturers' party line explain this vacuum as due on the one hand to strikes and on the other to OPA. Actually the disappearance of shirts results from a sitdown strike by manufacturers, who have been filling their warehouses and waiting for the destruction of OPA that has now occurred. And who, having miscalculated the chances of running the price of a $3 shirt from $6.25 to $8, have insured themselves an inventory loss beyond anything in our commercial history.

As of today 85-cent shorts cost $2.25 or $2.50. Men's pajamas of $2.50 quality cost $5 but the only kind available in any numbers are $5 quality and cost

$12.50. An $8.50 hat costs $12.50. A friend of mine who sells it tells me the history of a certain upholstery fabric. It cost $1.20 a yard before the war. Under OPA it cost $2. When OPA folded during the summer it went off the market while the manufacturer calculated the odds. It is back now at $2.56. My friend is not able to sell any of it—and that is the factor which the manufacturer's formula failed to allow for. The textile industry supplies a transparent example of deliberate commercial stupidity, or hoggishness, into which neither labor stoppages nor increased labor costs enter very far. An even clearer one, of course, is the sitdown strike of cattle producers, which I will be talking about in *Harper's* next month and which has now lasted four years, four years during which, by the figures of the American National Livestock Association itself, there have been about fifteen million more cattle on the range than ever before in history. When Mr. Truman made his belated and futile gesture of removing meat controls my wife paid 99 cents a pound for a pot-roast. The prices that shot up then are coming down a little now but we are not going to buy any more pot-roasts. Two large chains of retail stores that have outlets in Cambridge are not going to buy any meat at all till the already falling prices have fallen a good deal more. The 1947 income tax of stockmen will be off.

In Massachusetts 15-cent cigarettes have gone from $1.48 to $1.85 a carton. Last week I had to break my consumer's strike, cross my own picket line, and buy a desk—in order to meet advanced living costs I had had to take on another job. Greater Boston contained very few new desks and none at a price I would pay; so I bought one second hand. The model cost $35 a few years back and by its looks the specimen I bought had been used since the Coolidge administration. I paid $50 for it. But let us simply look at this morning's retail food prices in Cambridge: eggs, 94 cents; plain cheddar cheese, 69 cents; butter from 93 cents to $1.05; flour, 95 cents a ten-pound sack; oranges the size of marbles, 35 cents.

It is true that with cigarettes, furniture, and retail foods we come to a situation much more mixed and complex than cotton goods or meat. The Republican party line can be made to look more persuasive here: economic fallacies are part of the situation and, if it is possible to single out one mistake of the Truman administration as the most stupid, that one was the conclusion that wages had no part in the price structure. But I wonder how good the party line will look by November 1948, before which, as we have observed, a lot of things are going to happen.

I DO not know what the average American income is at the moment but let's double the last estimate I saw and say it is $3,600 a year. It happens that my income is more than $3,600 and I cannot afford to pay such prices as those I have listed. In fact I am not paying them, except for food. My family is in the condition that the business analysis foresaw would be typical of American families at the end of the war. Our house needs painting; it should have a new roof; the garage needs new doors. We need a new stair carpet, a lot of hardware and kitchen equipment, some chairs, a sofa. We want a new radio. We are part of that pent-up demand for consumers' goods which the analysis foresaw, to make a killing out of which Business got rid of OPA and held its production for a rise. Also we exhibit the miscalculation. We are not going to get a new roof because we can't afford to, and the manufacturer of tiles loses his sale. The house can go unpainted indefinitely and the garage doors though unsightly can still be locked. We are not buying kitchenware, furniture, or a radio —our family income will not cover them. We are buying no men's clothes, no women's clothes, and no clothes for the adolescent boy. A system of neighborhood exchange takes care of most of the younger boy's clothes and we are not encouraged to depart from that system when a gap in it forces us to buy him a pair of 15-cent socks and we have to pay 45 cents for them. Our pent-up demand is not breaking through the dam, though by the figures our income is higher than the average.

That is the fact that was disregarded: the average income. That income would have to cover the cost of goods if the pent-up demand was not to stay pent up.

It cannot cover them now and it will become increasingly unable to do so. Long before two years are out Business will have to explain why, with the "unshacklement" of the economy, which the system has been getting progressively for fifteen months and has now got altogether, and with the reestablishment of control over labor unions, which it will surely get—why the American standard of living has steadily declined. Why, instead of eating pork chops and going to a movie the average family has got to eat macaroni and listen to the radio. Why it is increasingly unable to afford macaroni and will have to give up the radio when a tube burns out.

LAST week Mr. Paul Hoffman deplored loose talk about a coming depression and Mr. Eric Johnston said that an effort to retain the few and useless price controls still remaining would lead to moral bankruptcy. Since Mr. Hoffman is not advocating thought control, just how does he expect to keep people from talking about the facts of life? And it would be interesting to know what term Mr. Johnston applies to a management policy whose simple thesis has been: let's hold our stuff for the rise on the chance that we can clean up and get out before the final break. I find "moral bankruptcy" apt as far as it goes but it does not go far enough. The American productive system was able to set up the atomic bomb and bury two enemies under a tidal wave of manufactured products. But, a year and a half later, it is not performing its function of getting goods to the American people at prices they can pay. The Republicans of whichever party happens to hold power will have to explain that failure. Is it due to inability or to design? Those who have to do the explaining will get no comfort from either explanation.

When strikes break out we are directed to deplore an irresponsibility of labor leadership that amounts to a conspiracy to turn the United States over to the Communists. But it is just the stupid economics of OPA when the business system refuses to fill the inflationary gap because it calculates that it can play up to the brink of what it calls runaway inflation and then call the game off. Or is it? By a year from now a lot of people will have found other names for it. People who need a pair of shorts and could pay 85 cents for them but simply have not got the $2.50 they cost. People who want and need pork chops but have to eat grits. People who are sleeping on the floor because they cannot afford a mattress. And, to glance in another direction, veterans who are mortgaged to make payments for twenty years on an $8,000 house that is worth $3,000. A depression is what happens when this particular payday arrives. Since it has been widely assumed that the system of free, unfettered, competitive private enterprise that has now botched its job by miscalculation cannot survive another depression, I judge that the crisis we now face is not constitutional after all.

Big bust a-coming. It will be interesting to see the equivalent of Mr. Bricker, with Joe Pew at his elbow, conducting a New Deal. A New Deal which, by that time, the system of unfettered private enterprise will have demanded.

THE AMERICAN MATRON AND THE LILIES

ANN LEIGHTON

Consider the American matron. She toils. She spins. She gathers into barns. Yet no Solomon in all his glory was arrayed with greater care. And no lily looks less toilworn. Victim of paradoxes, she lives by paradox. Nothing is impossible to do, except nothing. Time is her only unvanquished enemy, and even then, given time. . . .

She is the product of a natural if greatly accelerated evolution during the past three generations of American living, seeking to retain the most attractive and useful features of her species and, as a least resort, to disregard the handicaps. From the era of frail bustles she would keep the subtleties of being cleverer and wiser than she was allowed to seem; from the hobble-skirted days, the suddenly approved unleashing of the female mind; from the barekneed twenties, the determination to prove that one can eat one's cake and have it, too. Today she also bakes it.

The standards she sets herself she could ask of no one else. To be all things to all men is to her merely a foregone conclusion, like those embroidered mottoes piously commanding what is really an assumed fact. God Bless Our Home. The perfect wife. The perfect mother. Her husband's great love and attractive to other men. A healthy family of at least three and the figure of a teen-age girl. A permanent position in her community through which she streaks like a comet. A mind posted beyond domestic drudgery on a world she has scarcely time to observe. All she asks is the most from life, from love, from friendship, city, country, the worlds of art and music and literature. Tied to one spot, she travels inwardly. Forced to live about in strange places, she carries stability with her. She works like a slave to live like a queen. In the end it is others who fall exhausted.

She believes that it is better to do nothing than to do anything badly; so she tries to do everything well. If she cooks, it must be good cooking, French, exciting, and, for the children, the work of an expert dietitian. If she cleans, her house will look sleek and loved, better than one cleaned by strangers for pay. Her children have care beyond any a nurse can give. Her garden, her animals, her canning, even her flower arrangements look ready for expert appraisal. Her charity work is personal, since Lady Bountifuls are as one with the dodo, but her responsibility to institutions is perennial. And if she also has a career of her own, it must never be allowed to interfere. . . . Everyone must be persuaded into thinking she has time —to relax, to listen, to play. Her greatest personal failure is to have anyone feel or anyone look neglected.

Anyone who goes crazy merely contemplating this way of life is not the American matron. Guests, perhaps, and those old school friends who arrive suddenly because they cannot stand their own lives and loves, to which they breathlessly and gratefully return after a few days in her organized maelstrom. But the matron's

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children are prenatally geared to her ways. And her husband never really knows—for that is one of her goals. If on Sunday afternoon he begins to wonder about a sense of proportion, by Monday evening he will have forgotten his doubt as he sits down to a dinner lacking only the Bois de Bologne and chestnut trees in bloom.

THE secret of her sanity and strength lies in precisely what drives onlookers mad—the rapid succession of her many parts and the fact that she has no time to consider. Confined for long in any one of her heavy roles, even the American matron might give up; but to play them all at once somehow generates a power on its own.

Think of the insight she gains into others' lives by making their careers hers every day, if only for a few intensive moments. Like a fireman she arises from a bed where she has been most happily feminine and frail, and gets herself dressed and downstairs with the benefit of no fine brass pole. Like a domestic science teacher she prepares a perfectly balanced meal, which she leaves to stay correctly both hot and cold while she runs upstairs to do a little brushing up on the children's French and spelling as she braids hair and finds the odd shoe. At breakfast she combines the charming hostess with the deft parlormaid, while occasionally asserting the career woman's newspaper-reading privileges. She sees her husband off for the office as if all time were his, but the minute the door closes behind him she springs into the roles in which men never see their wives and should be kept from ever seeing them. Bus driver, policeman, umpire, lacking only whistles, she finally delivers the young, having also managed to administer an opiate stretch of story telling. A fresh story every day. It is now about nine in the morning.

Hiring out to herself for a morning's housework is the hardest part of her day, for, with her self-made and self-goading conscience, no matter how hard she works physically, she still asks herself how as an intelligent woman she can keep her mind from turning to dust and disappearing into the vacuum cleaner. How to preserve her intellectual curiosity until the day when, perhaps, there may be less to do with the body and time to cultivate a few mental cabbages? In *Finnegan's Wake* the eternal woman groans because she must get up and do her mousework. Mousework, thinks the matron as she sweeps. Horsework has a nobler sound. But there are always those betraying words and phrases, spoiling whole façades of graciousness and pretense! Like the question of "keeping up," after marriage, whatever most interested her as a girl—music or painting or writing or even reading—making it sound like holding a small dry bundle aloft while tides rise around.

As she stoops to pick up those lively objects that children leave full of their own momentum, she remembers to keep abdominal muscles taut and tries to think with pity of the women who have to pay for their exercise. One of whom is sure to call her by telephone as she washes fingermarks. No one has yet estimated the power of the telephone as a lethal weapon in the hands of idle women. But our matron is an expert and fences with the best, refusing to admit herself downed or cornered by circumstance. For that is her pride. Although her hands and feet may smart like the pads of a runaway dog, they must look like the unused paws of a Pekinese. And if an editor calls to ask for an article, something remote and witty, having nothing to do with her daily life and chores, she will gladly undertake that, too, as yet another escape role, daring to entertain no self-doubts. For she tells herself she can at least think while she works, although she cannot stop to take things in. Science tries to help her, with gadgets to save time for more gadgets. And the written and spoken word is reduced for her eye and ear. But one cannot live upon digests of digests and reviews of reviews. And the American matron, while she works, needs something more stimulating on the radio than the organ-soaked daydreams of illiterates.

A huntress in the market, a choreboy in the garden, a naturalist on the children's walk: name the part and she will fill it—until the end of the day when she gets ready for her elegant, relaxing fantasy about being young again in Paris, by bathing, dressing, and cooking all at the same time. Under the chestnut blooms—

except for the children going to bed. Anyway she has tried.

THE American matron would be a comic and pathetic figure, a symbol of lunatic frustration, if she did not come so near to realizing all her aims. Perhaps she is on the way to becoming both comic and pathetic, like the vaudeville comedian who changes hats and voices with increasing rapidity towards ultimate confusion and total collapse. For, like the comedian, she has no one to help her—at least, no one in any obvious relation to what she sets out to accomplish. But she will give up nothing she might have had with adequate aid. And she is willing to pay for it all, with herself, squandering herself in overwork and overliving to achieve and hold all that it is possible for modern woman to be.

The vanishing of domestic help has merely increased her speed of living and raised her standards of efficiency. Like a vine that will cover whatever surface is exposed to it, given a little water and air, she has filled in and filled in and filled in. Having learned to do the work of many women, she learned during the war to do the work of some men also, and all at once. Many American war veterans are silently bearing some unexpected rehabilitation difficulties in coming home to what used to be a pleasantly pliable and even appealingly incompetent little woman and finding a quietly masterful creature recognizing no limitations to her own endurance. How can these men, bewildered to find themselves swept up as one with their own children and the neighbors in dependence, sense that under this creature of exhausting energy lies an eager donkey craving the carrots of attention?

For the American matron, all-enduring as she seems, yearns for applause—not for all she does, but for what she manages to be besides. Foreigners who see this country for the first time now are staggered to observe that the American matron, whom they have believed spoiled and pedestaled, actually works harder in their eyes than any other woman in the world. But the American matron does not like to be told this. For what man since the shrewdest cave man has ever loved a woman for all the work she can do? That is the least she must have to offer. The fact that American men get so much work out of their wives is a deep tribute to them as husbands, whatever the outside world has read of them in that role. A spoiled woman married to a laggard in love though a lion in business is an outmoded formula. And a notion as false as the idea that this country is a matriarchy. Foreigners who believe that they have discovered this last definition entirely overlook the man about whom everything revolves, the man for whom the women shop and work and pose and live. And the American matron's joy and comfort lie, not in shocked sympathy from foreigners, but in feeling that, against some difficulties, she has not been cheated of making the most of her life and time.

The American matron. Be kind to her. Admire her at least for what she spares others. And do not mock her, for her acts take courage. She is like the trapeze artist who, to earn her living, hurls herself into space from the tent top, unraveling on her lengthening ribbon in dizzying downward swirls until the rope brings her up short just when the crowd knows she can fall no further without catastrophe to her and them. And there she sits, tied to her little swing in a pose of rigid ease, flashing a smile to show how much she enjoyed every inch of the way down.

POEMS

MARK VAN DOREN

The Mountain

The mountain he is more than there,
Than lying there northeasterly;
Than being where he is at all,
Eating horizon hungrily.

The mountain he is quieter
Than quickest glances tell to us;
A sudden look is what he likes,
Yet there he sleeps, mysterious.

The mountain runs a faster race,
From plain to plain, from slope to slope,
Than waves of sea, or over grass,
Rippling in wind, the antelope.

The mountain can be live, be dead;
His weight absents itself, returns;
The mountain he is masterly;
Concerns in him are unconcerns.

Hot Heaven

Cool night, cool night out of Canada,
Scatter bright fires over Cornwall.
There! Vega through the frosty trees
Burns all the hotter, and the Northern Cross
Flames in the Milky Way as ice flames,
Streaming with smoke of snow. Aquila
Tempers its wedge; and Corona,
Queen of horizon, kindles her last caverns.
Sagittarius is more on fire
For the cold waves he shoots through, for the chilblains
Bluing his fingers. Scorpio, late sunk,
Leaves, nevertheless, its double
Barb blazing. Fiercely, fiercely
Over Cornwall, cool night out of Canada,
Scatter these intensest embers.
Glitter with them. Let all hectic,
Hectic have hot heaven,
Frosty night.

The Fine Plan

The dust has long been settled that she rode,
A goddess in a buggy, with straight back
And blue ambitious gaze. For she was born
In a wild moment, and at twenty was taken
For better, worse, by husband and by pride.

And one of them is gone, but the other lives
As she does, thin in bed, remembering dust
And the hot horses; and when they were home,
The sons she would assess. For she could measure
By no rule but her own, that rode with her,

Superior to clouds; where now is clearness,
And weeds that have forgotten how she sped.
And strangers in that house. For we have scattered.
Only one gaunt lady will remember
What we were to have been, or what she was.

Here now she lies, with one of those she wedded
In the wild hour she fiercely lives again.
Here now she lies, and rages and refuses
All sixty years since that one; all poor time,
All persons, all that tempered the fine plan.

Old Hundred

The blacksmith did not hobble here
To the small church, on the hard hill,
In summer, to be told of stars;
He came with meek and tempered will;
He came, this hoarest of bent men,
To hear Old Hundred sung again.

But the young voice above the Book
Praised him who built the heaven's fires,
And the old listener grew still;
No congregations and no choirs
Were in the grave with him at last;
Nothing but him and the sweet vast,

Nothing but those he soon must lose
If death was losing; and death was.
He saw them, wonderful and old,
But with no power in them to pause
As they sailed on, as they sailed on,
Over his unmoving mound.

DOWN THE DARK LANE

A Story

MARGHANITA LASKI

Though the name had been concealed by the newspapers, everyone for miles around knew that it was Edna Bowen who had been raped by the soldier in Squitchey Lane. The case had, naturally, been followed with intense interest. Lace curtains had been excitedly twitched aside each morning to follow the progress of Mr. and Mrs. Bowen and Edna to the Courts. It was noticed that Edna always wore her gym tunic and school blazer—"makes her look much less than fourteen," said the voices behind the lace curtains—and those in the know added that it was the lawyer that had wanted her to look as young as possible. Women with daughters of their own commented that no sensible girl would have gone down Squitchey Lane after dark, not unless she was looking for trouble, since everyone knew the sort of thing that went on there; but it came out at the trial that none of these rumors had ever come Edna's way, and there was no doubt that Squitchey Lane was her quickest way home from the Vicar's where the Girl Guide meeting had been held.

After the trial was over and the soldier had been heavily sentenced people began to wonder what Edna would do now. True, as Mrs. Bowen said thankfully to her intimates, the *worst* hadn't happened, but even so it was obvious that Edna could hardly go back to school as if nothing had happened at all. Some suggested that her father might take her to help in the shop, but the way all sorts of people had crowded there on one pretext after another showed that such an idea would hardly be suitable.

It occurred to no one that Edna might have any ideas of her own about her future. She had always been a plain, stolid girl with a tendency to adenoids and a heavy stupidity that had apparently saved her from great emotional disturbance. Not even the closest observers could find that she looked any different now as she went to church with her family on Sundays or, a little later, accompanied her mother to the stores in the mornings.

Still, it obviously wasn't the best thing for a girl of fourteen to spend all her time mooning about at home. With the kindest will in the world, the neighbors one and all felt they could hardly allow their as yet uncontaminated daughters to mix with Edna any more. Certainly, her mother maintained that so far, apart from the facts dragged from her by the police, she had said nothing at all about the incident, but no one could feel quite sure that she might not one day suddenly blurt out details that most had to content themselves with feverishly imagining.

At last the doctor's wife, a kindly and sensible Scotswoman, solved the problem. She called on Mrs. Bowen and asked if Edna would like to come to her by the day as nursery maid. She would have to do the floors and the carrying and the baby's washing, but as Nanny would be in charge of the children and as, in any case, their

ages were only two and four, there was no chance of any harm coming from it.

Mrs. Bowen was delightedly relieved. The doctor and his wife were highly respected, and a position in the doctor's house seemed an admirable release from Edna's enforced isolation. No one, she thought quickly, could say a word against Edna if Mrs. Macintosh took her under her wing, and she called the girl into the parlor to be interviewed by her future employer.

EDNA, in an ill-fitting woolen frock, looked duller and plainer than ever, and Mrs. Macintosh unkindly speculated on the feelings of the soldier when he saw in the light of the courtroom what he had only felt in the dark. She explained what she would want and asked, "Do you think you would like the work?"

Edna said dully, "I like kiddies." She added with a flicker of interest, "Could I wear smocks?"

Her mother said eagerly, "She'd look ever so nice in smocks, Mrs. Macintosh. They've got some nice flowered ones ever so cheap at Marks and Spencer." Both looked expectantly at Mrs. Macintosh who said with relief, "I think smocks would be very nice," and went home to prepare her Nanny.

But Nanny wasn't going to make any trouble. She'd been a nanny long before Mrs. Macintosh had herself been a little girl in her charge, and there was nothing she didn't know about nursery maids. True, most of their vagaries occurred after and not before they had come under her control, but she didn't see that it would make any difference, not if the girl was prepared to do her work properly. She said cheerfully, "We'll soon give her something else to think about," and went on hanging vests over the high nursery fender.

Edna in her smock arrived next Monday, accompanied by her mother who handed her over to Nanny, promising to call for her at half past six. "I don't like her on the streets alone, not after what happened," she explained, and trudged off, hoping that this new start would somehow erase from people's minds the whole unhappy episode.

CERTAINLY life in the Macintosh nursery held nothing to remind Edna of it. Nanny was frankly uninterested, and as far as possible kept her in the nursery, away from the maids whom she could hardly expect to share her own detachment. Though entirely lacking in initiative Edna was quite competent once anything had been explained clearly to her. After a few weeks she even seemed a little brighter, and occasionally played with the children and volunteered a remark of her own over the tea table.

Mrs. Bowen, tired of tramping twice daily to and from the doctor's house, finally decided that Edna could come home by herself. She said not a word about Squitchey Lane which lay on her route, but made Edna promise she would always come the way her mother had taken her, down Meadow Drive to the High Street, then along past Boots and left up Rose Hill.

Sometimes on her way home Edna would pass Peggy Green or Maureen Smith or someone else she had known at school. They always said hello to her, having been told by their parents not to be unkind to Edna if they should happen to pass her, but they never said a word more, having been also told by their parents to be sure to have nothing to do with her. Mrs. Green and Mrs. Smith would themselves occasionally stop and ask her how she was getting on, but of contact with people of her own age Edna had nothing at all.

SLOWLY, then, but inevitably the contrast began to form in her mind between those weeks when she was the center of all attention and her present daily routine when no one took any notice of her. She began to live over again in her mind those days in the courtroom, her appearance in the witness box, the lawyers absorbedly questioning her, her mother fiddling with her gloves and crying. She relived those hours with the doctor, the visits of the police and the neighbors, the eyes she had known were following her when she went out of doors.

For a time these memories sufficiently fed her imagination. She was afraid to look a little further back, an unreasoning dread confining her thoughts to a limited meas-

ure of time. She had never read books nor had she, like most girls of her age, sufficient initiative to lose herself in dreams of a rosy future in which she played the heroine; perhaps it was because she had played the heroine in an adult experience already.

Gradually her work, which had once seemed a relief and a pleasant change, entirely ceased to interest her. Her retrospective life was much stronger for her than the daily routine with Nanny and the two small children who moved her not at all. Nanny was forced to tell Mrs. Macintosh that the girl wasn't doing her work properly, and Mrs. Macintosh spoke to Edna's mother who was greatly distressed and promised to give Edna a good talking to, which she did, aghast at any hint that more trouble might be coming.

But terrified as she was to know or guess at anything that might border on the terrible past, her admonitions had no effect on Edna, who had recently formed the habit of seemingly listening without hearing while people talked to her. No one, she knew, had anything to say to her now that could possibly compare with the fascinating interest of what had gone before.

At last, after continued tolerance, Mrs. Macintosh was forced to tell Edna that she did not need her any more. She put it as nicely as she could, assuring Edna that she would give her a good reference, that she thought that now little Robin was going to the kindergarten Nanny could manage on her own, that Edna would probably be happier in some other kind of work.

Edna let her speak without saying a word, staring ahead through the window at the darkening winter sky. When Mrs. Macintosh dismissed her, she went up to the nursery, took her coat and hat and, without saying good-by to Nanny, left the house.

She walked down Meadow Drive till she came to the Squitchey Lane turning. Straight ahead lay the High Street and the promised route home. She paused a moment and then turned off to the right, into the dark, into Squitchey Lane.



Eleanor De Pree

HOW TO RAISE MONEY PAINLESSLY

The Good Samaritan and His Tax Deductions

J. K. LASSER

DURING the next few months thousands of American men and women —perhaps hundreds of thousands —will be engaged in passing the hat for colleges, schools, hospitals, churches, famine funds, or other good causes. So many institutions devoted to the public service are hard beset by rising prices and rising costs that the year 1947 is bound to be a big year for money-raising campaigns.

The people who are going to have to raise this money know more or less vaguely that it doesn't cost a man a hundred dollars to give away a hundred dollars, because of the deductions permitted by the government on income taxes. But many of them may be under the mistaken impression that only the very rich can give away money at bargain rates. Certainly almost none of them knows just how inexpensive the Treasury has made giving. And few of them have ever heard of the various authorized devices which may be adopted, under the present tax laws, to make charity comparatively painless to the giver, without even a faint odor of unethical tax avoidance.

They ought to know these things, for the sake of the future safety and prosperity of the useful institutions they are trying to help. Therefore I propose to set down, as clearly as possible, the pertinent facts which ought to be pasted in all Good Samaritans' hats.

FIRST, let me emphasize the fact that it is not only the rich man who gets, in effect, a rebate from the government on money he gives to good causes. Everybody who makes out a full individual income tax return gets one, though it is relatively smaller for those with moderate incomes than for those with very big ones. A contribution *always* costs less than it appears to at first blush.

The basic reason is that the Treasury looks at your income, however large or small it may be, as if it were a sort of layer cake. The bottom layer it doesn't tax at all, the next layer it taxes at a very low rate, the next at a somewhat higher rate, and so on up to the top layer, the frosting of this particular cake. When you give money to a college, or hospital, or what not, and the Treasury permits you to take a tax deduction for this contribution, it is in effect slicing off the frosting of the cake—the part that it taxes most heavily. For this reason it is saving you more in taxes than you might guess. You may have an

J. K. Lasser is the author of Your Income Tax, *an annual best seller that has passed the eight million mark and is in way of becoming a national institution.*

impression that if your income taxes ordinarily amount to about ten, or twenty, or thirty per cent of your income, the amount you will save in deductions by giving to charities will likewise be about ten, or twenty, or thirty per cent of the amount given. But it will be larger than that—considerably larger.

If you are rich, the effect of these deductions can be astonishing. If your net income (less exemptions) is $90,000, each dollar that you give away (up to 15 per cent of your adjusted gross income) costs you *only twenty cents*. And even if you have a far smaller net income, of $4,000 (after exemptions), each dollar you give will cost you *only seventy-nine cents*; in effect the government will be paying the other twenty-one cents. For a man with a $6,000 net income (after exemptions) a dollar gift costs seventy-five cents. For one with a $20,000 net income (after exemptions) it costs only fifty cents. On this page you will find a table giving the figures for various incomes. The point I am making here is simply that every donor can make his gift for less than its full cost.

The saving may be still greater if the gift is made, not in cash, but in property. Many a potential donor, whether wealthy or of only moderate means, owns some stocks or bonds or other capital assets which have appreciated in value over the years. Maybe he has often considered selling some stock and has hesitated because he knew he would be heavily taxed on his profit. If he gives away this stock, instead of selling it and giving the proceeds of the sale, the gift may cost him very little indeed.

Suppose, for example, that he owns some stock that he once bought for $500 and that has now risen in value to $1,000. He gives the stock itself to a charity or to his college. The charity or college receives the full benefit of the $1,000; the donor won't have to pay any capital gains tax on his unrealized profit of $500; and the cost of the gift to him is only the $500 that he originally paid—*less a tax deduction, not on $500, but on the full $1,000!*

Indeed, if he is a man with a big income he may under such circumstances find himself in the paradoxical situation of being richer after he has made the gift than before. Let us look at the case of Mr. Jones, whose net income less exemptions is $100,000. Suppose he wishes to make a gift of $1,000 to the local hospital, and he owns some stock that originally cost him only $200 but now has a market value of $1,000. (That's not a far-fetched illustration, for many such cases exist.) If he gives this stock, he will end up $27 to the good! Prove it to yourself; here is the computation:

If he donates	$1,000
He saves by way of tax deduction	$ 827
So he is actually giving away	$ 173
But by giving the security rather than cash he escapes a capital gains tax of	$ 200
And the gift therefore *nets him*	$ 27

That, of course, is an extreme case. But it illustrates a principle that is widely applicable. If you confront a donor who would like to give money to your cause but isn't sure he can afford it, you might do well to ask if he owns any securities that have gained in market value, and let him work out what a gift will actually cost, using the table at the bottom of the next page. He may find that he can afford it after all. Not only will the cost of his contribution be less, but he need not lay out any cash—and the institution to which he is giving it can convert the securities into cash without incurring one penny of taxable gain.

ACTUAL COST OF CONTRIBUTION

If Your Net Income Less Your Exemption Is:	*The Tax Saved Per Dollar by Taking a Deduction for Charitable Contribution Is:*	*Leaving Net Cost After Tax Per Dollar Contributed of:*
$ 2,000	$ .19	$ .81
4,000	.21	.79
6,000	.25	.75
8,000	.29	.71
10,000	.32	.68
12,000	.36	.64
14,000	.41	.59
16,000	.45	.55
18,000	.48	.52
20,000	.50	.50
22,000	.53	.47
26,000	.56	.44
32,000	.59	.41
38,000	.62	.38
44,000	.66	.34
50,000	.68	.32
60,000	.71	.29
70,000	.74	.26
80,000	.77	.23
90,000	.80	.20
100,000	.83	.17
150,000	.85	.15
200,000	.86	.14

II

THOSE who are hoping to secure gifts from corporations should be primed with the fact that a corporation too, like a person, can give at bargain rates. If it has a net income of over $50,000, the actual cost of a gift is only 76 per cent of the amount contributed. That is because it saves the income tax and surtax—which come to 38 per cent of earnings—on the amount of the gift. Thus a $25,000 gift will cost the company only $15,500; a $50,000 gift will cost it $31,000. And if the corporation gives securities which have appreciated in value it will save still more, somewhat as the individual does; for not only will it save the 38 per cent normal tax and surtax but it will also escape payment of the 25 per cent tax on capital gains.

Nor is this all. Some gifts by corporations can be moved out of the category of "contributions" entirely and deducted in full—100 per cent—as necessary and ordinary business expenses. To qualify in this respect the money must be handed over in the reasonable expectation that it will bring proportional benefits to the donor's business. A case or two may help to show how this principle operates.

When the Methodist Church burned down in the mining town of Davy, West Virginia, the minister went to the Pocahontas Coal Company with his tale of woe. He pointed out that although there was still a Baptist church in Davy, 90 per cent of the people of the town used the Methodist church as a community center; and also that three-quarters or more of his congregation were employed by the Pocahontas Company. The company thereupon presented him with $1,000 to help rebuild the church and took a full deduction for the amount on its tax return. The Commissioner of Internal Revenue disallowed this, but the Board of Tax Appeals (now the Tax Court) overruled him on the ground that the contribution was a business expense that had a reasonable relation to the coal company's business.

Much the same sort of thing happened when the American Rolling Mill Company made a contribution of $360,000 (out of a total of $1,000,000) to the civic fund of Middletown, Ohio. The fund was to be divided among fourteen or more public beneficiaries such as the Y.M.C.A., the Community Building, and the hospital. The Rolling Mill Company employed about half the wage-earning population of the city, and claimed a 100 per cent

Cost of Donation of Appreciated Securities

If your gift consists of securities that have increased in value, the actual cost to you (after taxes) becomes less than you expect.

If Your Net Income Less Your Exemptions Is:	A cash contribution of $1,000 which is fully deductible, costs you after taxes:	Instead of a cash contribution of $1,000 you make a fully deductible contribution of securities having a present value of $1,000. The actual cost to you after taxes is shown below:								
		If the security cost you								
		$100	$200	$300	$400	$500	$600	$700	$800	$900
Under $ 2,000	$810	$725	$734	$744	$753	$763	$772	$782	$791	$801
$ 2,000– 4,000	791	697	707	718	728	739	749	760	770	781
4,000– 6,000	753	642	654	667	679	691	704	716	728	741
6,000– 8,000	715	587	601	615	630	644	658	672	687	701
8,000– 10,000	677	532	548	564	580	596	612	629	645	661
10,000– 12,000	639	477	495	513	531	549	567	585	603	621
12,000– 14,000	592	408	428	449	469	489	510	530	551	571
14,000– 16,000	554	353	375	397	420	442	464	487	509	531
16,000– 18,000	525	311	335	359	383	406	430	454	478	501
18,000– 20,000	497	272	297	322	347	372	397	422	447	472
20,000– 22,000	468	243	268	293	318	343	368	393	418	443
22,000– 26,000	440	215	240	265	290	315	340	365	390	415
26,000– 32,000	411	186	211	236	261	286	311	336	361	386
32,000– 38,000	383	158	183	208	233	258	283	308	333	358
38,000– 44,000	345	120	145	170	195	220	245	270	295	320
44,000– 50,000	316	91	116	141	166	191	216	241	266	291
50,000– 60,000	288	63	88	113	138	163	188	213	238	263
60,000– 70,000	259	34	59	84	109	134	159	184	209	234
70,000– 80,000	231	06	31	56	81	106	131	156	181	206
80,000– 90,000	202	*23*	02	27	52	77	102	127	152	177
90,000–100,000	174	*51*	*26*	*1*	24	49	74	99	124	149
100,000–150,000	155	*70*	*45*	*20*	5	30	55	80	105	130
150,000–200,000	145	*80*	*55*	*30*	*5*	20	45	70	95	120
Over $200,000	136	*89*	*64*	*39*	*14*	11	36	61	86	11

Note—Italics indicate an actual saving, because tax saved on elimination of profit on conversion exceeds the actual cost of cash contribution.

deduction on the ground that its large contribution would help make the city a more desirable place in which to live, would thus encourage employees to purchase homes, and would stabilize labor conditions. The Treasury disallowed the contribution on the ground that every legitimate business benefited more or less by any civic enterprise, and that a favorable decision in this case might open the floodgates for claims for 100 per cent deductions. The Board of Tax Appeals agreed; but a Federal Circuit Court allowed the full deduction explaining that in such cases "the answer must depend, among other things, upon the nature and size of the industry, its location, the number of its employees as compared to its entire community, the type of its employees, and what other employers similarly situated are doing."

III

Now for some minor points which it may be useful for the money raiser to have at his finger tips:

(1) Never forget that contributions must actually *be paid* to become deductible. Mere promises or pledges do not get the tax relief.

(2) Suppose a potential giver says that he can give no more this year because he has already reached the 15 per cent limit for deductions. You might remind him that contributions are deductible up to 15 per cent, *not (as he may imagine) of his net income, but of his adjusted gross income,* which usually is considerably larger. (To arrive at his adjusted gross income he subtracts from his total income only his traveling expenses in connection with employment, and his business or rental costs —no other expenses, not even taxes on his personal residence, or interest paid on loans, or medical expenses. Furthermore, his adjusted gross income includes any net capital gain that he may have had during the year; this is an item which many people erroneously omit, especially if they are using the alternative method of computing the tax. And if he has had a net capital loss during the year, he subtracts for this particular purpose not the whole loss, if it was large, but only $1,000 of it.) Your potential donor may discover that he has not yet really reached his 15 per cent limit, and that he is able to give after all.

(3) But suppose he has reached the 15 per cent limit even on this more accurate basis? If he would really like to give, but thinks he can't do it until next year for this reason—and you would like to sign him up right away—there is a surprisingly simple solution. You can take his notes for the amount, payable next year. He won't have to take his deduction till then, and meanwhile the charity can get the money by discounting the notes.

(4) Contributions need not be made in money. They may be made in assets of any kind, whether personal or real property. The payment is made when title passes. Extreme care should be taken in substantiating the fair market value at that time. One wrinkle introduced by astute tax men, that seems to have stood the test of the courts, is to get past the 15 per cent limitation by going through the following rather complicated transaction: The donor transfers property to the charity, taking back collateral notes for the amount by which the fair market value exceeds the contribution he agreed to make. Then the notes may be canceled next year, the donor getting a new deduction for the canceled notes. Thus his deduction is spread over two years, while the charity, by selling the property at once, can get ready cash without having to wait.

(5) We come now to what we may call the "peak-need" situation. The financial needs of institutions do not stay on an even keel; sometimes they need large sums of money at once. And the moments when they need it are not likely to be the moment when wealthy donors have large amounts of money to spare. So some generous men of means have set up foundations. To these foundations they can give large sums of money in their good years (getting the full benefit of deductions), and smaller sums or nothing in their bad years. But the foundations can hold the money and pay it out when the institutions are facing crises—which is likely to be just when the donor is least affluent. Thus the foundations become financial blood-banks to be drawn upon at the hour of most acute need. (Note, by

the way, that such a foundation may receive securities and hold them for appreciation, while the donor takes an immediate deduction based on the cost of the securities to him.)

INCIDENTALLY, use of a foundation is not confined to the wealthy. Some of the Community Chests and organizations like the Golden Rule Foundation in New York receive gifts up to the full 15 per cent of adjusted gross income, permitting donors to recommend to them, then or later, to what use the gift is to be put. Thus a person may give to such a fund in one year, and ask in a later year that it be allocated to some special charity or church.

This list does not exhaust the number of authorized devices. There are others, for example, involving the purchase or transfer of life insurance policies and annuities, which in certain special cases will be to the advantage of both the donor and the charity which he would like to help. But these are so complicated that they should be adopted only with the advice of an expert in tax matters. And they should not detain us here, lest we lose sight of the main point of this article—that the Treasury and the courts have done far more than most people realize to ease the way for qualified institutions which sorely need gifts, and that if money-raisers and donors take full advantage of this situation, it will mean many additional millions of dollars for them in 1947.

Negative Reaction

AGNES ROGERS

WHAT pleasures may one not derive,
What satisfactions reach,
From playing with the negative
In educated speech?

The positive is grasped at once,
You get it in a wink.
But turn it round, with *-less* and *un-*'s,
It makes you stop to think.

And if one "not" can trouble one,
The trained Aristotelian
Can barely solve the double one—
That Ossa topped by Pelion.

The very words are out of joint:
If "cursive" equals "ambling,"
"Discursive" should mean "to the point,"
And not "excessive rambling."

By what caprice, what impish mean,
Some negatives are fashioned!
Observe the difference between
"Impassive" and "impassioned."

And many words we never meet
Unless so modified,
Because, in fact, they're obsolete
Save on the minus side.

Take "sheveled," "gruntled," "feck," or "ruth,"
Without a *dis-* or *-less*,
Just how would one approach the truth,
Or even make a guess?

The positive is high and wide
And handsome. But without
The negative, what will provide
A little room for doubt?

ELMER

A Story

JOHN WATSON

Out in the country it ain't like it is in the city. It seems like the land has a soul. It has a spirit, and the spirit of the land gets all mixed up with the spirit of the people and you can't sometimes tell which is which. If something bad happens to the land, it happens to the people too.

Like the time old Colonel Humphrey Smoots died and all his tenant farms was sold to this big company or bank or something out East, the land quit producing. It looked like it just refused to put out anything unless the money was goin' to stay right here in the county where the homefolks could get some enjoyment out of it.

Nobody never held it against the Colonel that he owned their farms. They never held it against Elmer neither. Fact of the business, they liked the arrangement and they wanted it to stay that way. The Colonel and Elmer both offered to give them the farms, but the tenants just laughed it off because they didn't believe in socialism. They offered to sell the land and let them pay for it a little ever' year, but the folks just didn't want to own it. They didn't want to become capitalists, they wanted to stay tenant farmers like Godamighty made them.

Well, as I was fixin' to tell you, a wrong was done to old Colonel Smoots and the land rebelled. Because it was a wrong to the land also, and to her people. I guess if all that big bunch of money that was made off of the land had been took back out East, Washington's Bend would be as barren today as the Sahara Desert, and more people would of died than did.

For forty-five years Colonel Smoots spent ever' dime he could rake and scrape buyin' up farms, because he seen what the landlords was doin' to the people, and I guess if he hadn't fell in love he would of owned the whole state of Texas by now. Tenant farmers would go to town of a Saturday evenin' and hunt him up and beg him to buy the farm they was on, because ever'body liked him. He give ever'body a square deal and then some.

But as I was sayin', the trouble all begun when the Colonel fell in love. He figured he had spent sixty-five years of his life workin', excusin' them few years before he was old enough to drag a cotton sack, and he was entitled to set back and enjoy life a while. Anyhow, he had done met this Ladybird Hickson and he had set his cap to marry her.

I seen Miss Ladybird a time or two and then seen her again at the funeral, and I can't say much for the Colonel's taste in women. Nobody seemed to know where she come from, but she sure God wasn't no native. Chaparral County has produced some queer ducks, but not none like Miss Ladybird.

Well, anyhow, she had come to the Bend to visit kinfolks and I guess she must of been givin' some serious thought to the hereafter. Because her bein' forty-eight

years old and still a maid, I guess she figured it was high time she begun to think about swappin' her beauty or virginity or whatever she had to give in exchange for a rich husband that wouldn't live long enough to clutter up the house with parts of mowin' machines and muddy overalls.

So the Colonel married her. And ever' tenant farmer that was rentin' land from him crossed their fingers, because they knowed the Colonel's money was all tied up in land and mules and plows. They knowed somebody was goin' to get sold down the river because Miss Ladybird hadn't married plumb entirely for love, she wanted a little spendin' money.

Well sure enough, they wasn't hardly two months' time betwixt the weddin' and the funeral. Some folks suspected foul play, but there wasn't no way to prove it. Others that claimed to know more about that sort of thing said it was perfectly natural. You take a good, honest, moral man like the Colonel that hasn't done no tomcattin' around in all them sixty-five years and you throw a package like Miss Ladybird in his lap that hasn't done nothin' in all them forty-eight years but study about her honeymoon. Anyhow she put him away nice, and I guess he had the biggest turnout for his funeral in the history of Chaparral County.

Mrs. Ladybird Hickson Smoots didn't hardly wait till the dirt got dry out in the peach orchard where she planted the Colonel till she sold the first farm to the Yankees. Some folks said the lawyer from Austin that was handlin' their business was at the funeral. But I don't know, might of been just talk. You know how the womenfolks is. Anyhow, after that she averaged about a farm a day till she had done sold out lock, stock, and barrel to this bunch out East. That is, ever'thing except the Colonel's old home place. For some reason or other New York didn't want that particular part of Texas.

Well, the Widow Smoots kept on hangin' around tryin' to find a buyer for the place so she could get the last red cent in movable form and put it in her satchel and clear out. It's a mystery to me how the womenfolks finds out these things, but anyhow ever'body knowed that Ladybird intended to take all that big bunch of money and go to New York. I don't know why so many birds is born with that kind of a hankerin'. Looks like they hatch out with that one idea in their head, to go huntin' down in Texas and suck the blood out of some part of the country or people, and go out East and set in a pen house and sip that blood.

Anyhow, Ladybird's longin' for that last red cent was her undoin', because while she was nosin' around over in town lookin' for a sucker to buy the place, she run into Elmer. Well, the Widow took one look at Elmer and she said to herself, two months' honeymoon with a crummy old buzzard like the Colonel ain't enough. What fun would it be to set in that pen house and sip champagne if you ain't got a handsome young man to jostle on your knee?

Ever'body in the Bend knowed Elmer Doolittle. Liked him a heap, too. Ever'body in the county, for that matter, knowed the vital statistics on Elmer. He was the best lookin' man in the neighborhood and he was thirty-six years old. Would of got married half a dozen times to Margery Adams if it had been left up to her. But old man Adams always put his foot down as soon as it begun to look serious because nobody never had knowed Elmer to do a lick of work, and tenant farmers in the Bend wasn't in the habit of supportin' their son-in-laws.

But as I was sayin', the Widow seen Elmer and her pulse ris a notch or two. He knowed who she was because when he heard about the Colonel's death he bought a quart of rye whiskey and got on a high lonesome and went to the funeral. He seen the Widow standin' by the grave, and him bein' slightly illuminated, he thought she wasn't as homely as most folks made out she was. So Elmer kinda took it slow and easy and made his way over to his grandpa's grave and set down on it and wept a little and took out his pencil and figured it all out on the old man's tombstone. As near as he could calculate, the Widow was worth somewhere in the neighborhood of two hundred thousand dollars.

I don't know if Elmer deliberately put

hisself in the Widow's line of vision that day in town or not. Maybe he didn't even know she was nearsighted, maybe he just happened to be there. But anyhow, she seen him and she flirted with him. That was on a Tuesday, three or four weeks after the funeral.

Well, things rocked along that way awhile, her tryin' to warm up to him, and him not payin' her no more mind than if she had been his own grandma. So it rocked along like that till it come a Saturday night. Elmer happened to be down town and happened to take a drink or two with the boys and felt in his pocket and found out he was broke. That was when he borrowed a couple of dollars and bought a bottle and throwed precaution to the winds and went over and married the Widow. It didn't take long to transact the deal, because she had done already got the license. The way things fell out, it looked like the hand of Godamighty had been laid on Elmer's shoulder and him chosen to do a job of work for the Lord.

WHEN the tenants heard about the marriage, their hopes ris a little. But not much, because they knowed the Widow Smoots wasn't goin' to let Elmer get his hands on that money. They just set around and waited and maybe prayed a little. They wasn't no work to do much, because the land had done quit producin'.

Anyhow, after two three days' honeymoon at the hotel, Ladybird popped out on the street again lookin' for a buyer, because she really had ants in her pants now to get them last few dollars and hightail it to New York. In the meantime Elmer snuck off out to the farm and begun to smell around for that money. He looked under the barn, up the chimney, in the clock, behind the pictures, and finally down the well.

When Elmer pulled his shoes off and went down in the well, he found that bottle of rat poison. He knowed then what had happened, that the Widow had shoved the stopper in good and tight and throwed it down the well where nobody wouldn't think of lookin' for it.

When Ladybird come in that evenin' to eat supper that the nigger cook had fixed, Elmer was done already settin' at the table. And the first thing she seen was that bottle of rat poison with the label turned around so the skull and crossbones was kinda leanin' over and breathin' in her cup of tea. Well, Ladybird didn't say nothin'. She didn't eat nothin' neither, and she didn't drink no tea.

So it rocked on that way for a week or such matter and the farm still hadn't been sold. The word had got around over the county that as soon as she disposed of the place she was takin' them two hundred thousand dollars out of the state. They wouldn't nobody in Texas buy the farm under them conditions. And besides they didn't nobody want a little piece of Texas that close to a big hunk of New York.

Anyhow, that bottle of rat poison was still settin' there on the table and Mrs. Ladybird Hickson Smoots Doolittle hadn't took no nourishment and she hadn't got no sleep. I don't know how long she would of lasted, maybe a month or more, because she was as tough as a pine knot. But when she looked out the window and seen the sheriff and that stranger comin', she knowed the jig was up, she heard the Master's call.

The sheriff seen what the score was when he come in the door. Ladybird had done turned white around the gills and she was frothin' at the mouth. So the sheriff just walked over and put the stopper back in the bottle and said, "Mrs. Doolittle, this here gentleman has come to buy your place."

Well, you wouldn't believe it, but I was there and seen it myself. They was more folks turned out for Ladybird's funeral than they was for the Colonel's. Elmer really put her away nice, I'll say that much for him. He hadn't lived with her long enough to really become attached to her, but anyhow he rubbed a onion on his handkerchief and wiped his eyes and wept a little.

All of which was a sin in the sight of God because he had done already fell in love with this radio girl.

Folks talked a good deal at the funeral about what the Widow Smoots had died of. Because the sheriff hadn't thought it worthwhile to mention the rat poison, and Elmer had just shoved the stopper in good and rinched off the outside and put the

bottle back in the well. So there wasn't nobody but Elmer and the sheriff that knowed the Widow had sent the Colonel and herself along to glory.

Most of the folks agreed that Elmer was too much of a man for the Widow. Elmer was a native and he was a powerful romantic man. So the coroner returned the verdict, death from natural causes. And that seemed to please ever'body.

BUT as I was fixin' to tell you, Elmer had a few simple faults like most good honest folks has. One of them was a mild-mannered objection to bein' caught in the neighborhood of where a piece of work was about to begin to be done. And another was a kind of a lonesome longin' ever' once in a while to wet his whistle with a tumblerful of good drinkin' liquor. But what really tied a knot in Elmer's tail was that musical ear of his'n.

The first time he heard that baby-faced Voice on the radio he fell in love with it. Of course, nobody knowed at the time, but that was what made Elmer schedule the funeral in the middle of the day. Folks was a little bit annoyed to have to jump up from the dinner table and run out to the orchard that way pickin' their teeth, and it bein' Sunday too so they couldn't start eatin' early on account of church services. But Elmer had done made up his mind he wasn't goin' to take no chance on missin' that radio program at three o'clock.

Well, the more Elmer heard that woman sing over the radio the more he knowed that the foot of Fate had stepped into his life. He was willin' to be decent about it and wait till his first wife had got comfortably settled down out in the peach orchard beside her first husband before he married his second wife. But he swore he was goin' to marry her, he didn't care if she had a face as homely as a home-made mud fence.

Anyhow, Elmer wrote a letter and sent his picture to this Voice in care of the radio station at Austin. He just casually mentioned the money without referrin' to how unnegotiable it was at present, because he knowed the Widow had it stuck away in a crack somewhere and he knowed he was goin' to find it.

I don't know whether it was the picture or the money that done it, but Elmer got a invitation to Austin and he went up there and married that twenty-six-year-old Voice. He got the whole woman along with it because that was in the deal too.

WELL, Miss Saphronie Ponder, that bein' the name of Elmer's new bride, was about as common a lookin' piece of humanity as you will find in a month of Sundays bumpin' around in the backwoods of Texas. At first it almost knocked the bucket out from under her when she learned that the money was not in the bank. Elmer told her he guessed it was tied up in the land—buried somewheres out there in the Colorado River bottom. But pretty soon she perked up and begun to flit around as happy as a lark. Seemed like after she got used to the notion, it really pleased the hang out of her.

Because Miss Saphronie had it all figured out how she was goin' to find that money. I don't know how the word got out, but her bein' a woman that liked to talk as well as sing, and all the other women in the neighborhood not havin' nothin' to do but listen since the cows had done already dried up and the chickens wasn't layin' no eggs, it leaked out. She had borrowed a little chicken feed from her brother in Austin and bought two tickets on the plane to New York. Folks said it was awful decent of her to take Elmer along.

Of course she couldn't leave until she had found the dowry that was buried. But she didn't have no notion of hangin' around tryin' to dispose of the home place. Miss Saphronie wasn't greedy, I'll say that much for her. Two hundred thousand was a plenty. She knowed she had a good voice, but she had gumption enough not to overrate that clock stopper of her'n.

Well, as I was sayin', it kinda pleased Miss Saphronie to learn that Elmer didn't know where the money was, because she knowed her brother had a foolproof method of finding it. And that way Elmer would have to go with her to New York if he didn't want to get separated from his money.

Folks in the Bend was becomin' holler-eyed by that time. This here New York

outfit that owned their farms had done already cut ever'body off at the grocery store because the crops was goin' to pot and nobody wouldn't be able to pay. It looked like the land was becomin' more rebellious ever' day. And that was why all the tenants was so sure Saphronie never would find the money, because the land had it hid and it didn't have no notion of givin' it up.

But they didn't know nothin' yet about these newfangled ideas that Dr. Archibald P. Ponder had learned in school out East. They didn't know about them underhanded scientific methods of trickin' the land into revealin' its secrets.

Miss Saphronie was impatient to get that money and set sail for the East, but Elmer was a powerful handsome man and she wasn't passin' up no opportunities. So she just relaxed and spent a couple of weeks or so lettin' him listen to her sing at night when he could hear but couldn't see. And she spent the days helpin' him hunt for her dowry.

Well, by the time she took him to the hospital Elmer had done already give up all hopes of ever findin' that money. They had looked ever'where on topside of earth and they hadn't found a cryin' dime. He knowed he'd die a pauper before he'd start diggin' up all them sixty-three acres of dirt. That fool Ladybird might of buried that money out in the middle of the cotton patch with a post-hole digger.

So he didn't offer no protest when she took him to Austin to the hospital, but he knowed he wasn't sick. He didn't have nothin' wrong with him but a little bit of a thirst, and a tumblerful of good drinkin' liquor would cure that.

ANYHOW, they went on up to Saphronie's brother's psychoanalyzing office, and right off the bat the doctor had him lay down on the couch and close his eyes. He took a notebook off of the desk and read to Elmer for about fifteen minutes, all about what had happened since the day he married Mrs. Ladybird Smoots. Elmer was surprised because he didn't know how the doctor had got all them statistics, but he didn't say nothin'. After a while the doctor closed the notebook and asked Elmer what did he dream last night.

"Not nothin' as I remember," said Elmer.

"How about the night before?" said the doctor.

"Nothin'," said Elmer. "I ain't had no dreams in God knows when. Not since I married the first time."

The doctor looked in a drawer and took out two pictures, one of Ladybird and one of Saphronie. He handed them to Elmer and told him to open his eyes. "Are these your two wives?" he said.

Elmer looked and then closed his eyes again. He said they was.

The doctor looked at the pictures hisself and then put them back in the drawer. "No wonder you never had no dreams," he said. "You never had nothin' to dream about."

So he took Elmer in another room and put him to bed and told him to stay all night and try to dream. Then he went over and borrowed a good-lookin' nurse from another doctor and brought her back to set up with Elmer and take his temperature ever' hour.

Well, Elmer never had been psychoanalyzed before and he didn't know what the hell it was all about. But he knowed they was a trick to it some way or other and he decided to keep one eye open and see what was goin' to happen. Anyhow, he knowed he wasn't goin' to sleep yet awhile because they wouldn't let him have no nightcap.

This here good-lookin' blonde come in with a thermometer and set down where Elmer could get a good view of her and opened a magazine and begun to read to herself. Ever' hour she got up and took his temperature and wrote it down on a piece of pasteboard.

It rocked along that way till past midnight and the nurse seen that Elmer still didn't have no fever and he still hadn't went to sleep. So along about two o'clock in the mornin' she got up and went and got a magazine for Elmer, thinkin' maybe he would read hisself to sleep. And that's where she throwed a monkey wrench in the doctor's washin' machine. Because the name of the magazine was *Psychiatry*, and Elmer found a story in it about dreams and he read it and found out what the score was.

The next morning Elmer had breakfast in bed, and after a while the doctor come waltzin' in with his notebook and fountain pen. He set down by the bed and asked Elmer what did he dream last night. He seemed awfully pleased over the dream that Elmer told him and he wrote it down in his notebook, all about Ladybird standin' out in the middle of the cotton patch with a post-hole digger and the bag of money. Of course Elmer made up the whole story. He hadn't dreamed it no more than I had.

Elmer thought he was goin' to trick Archibald and Saphronie into diggin' up them sixty-three acres of dirt, but he hadn't read enough psychiatry yet. Because he didn't know that a post hole in a dream might represent something else in actual life—maybe a well, for instance. If he had knowed it, he would of studied up a different kind of a dream.

Anyhow they made Elmer stay in bed all day and Saphronie and the doctor went out to the farm to get that money. But when the doctor come up out of the well he didn't have no money—nothin' but that bottle of rat poison.

ELMER was disappointed when Archibald come back that evenin' and told him to get out of bed and go home. He knowed they hadn't found the money because the doctor was in a bad humor. He just glared at Elmer and wrote out a statement that Elmer was insane and stamped his affidavit on it and sent it over to be put on file in the Chaparral County Court House.

Well, Elmer was a little confused and his feelin's was hurt, but he still wanted to find out if that man in the magazine knowed what he was talkin' about. So he went on back out to the Bend, and that's when he found the bottle of rat poison settin' on the table again.

It looked like to Elmer they was somethin' strange about that rat poison, it didn't want to stay hid. So he poured the rest of it in a cut-glass wine decanter with about a half a teacupful of sherry to give it a nice color and set it up on the mantelpiece. Then he rinched out the bottle good with hot water and put a little apple brandy in it, thinkin' maybe the bottle wouldn't mind stayin' out of sight with that in it, and set it up in the cubbard.

Elmer went on down to the store to have a little snort with the boys and that's when he run into old Dad Inge. It was Dad that told him how a combination of beer with a coffee chaser always made him have nightmares. That pleased the hell out of Elmer, because he had done decided to do a little dreamin' on his own and see if the psychiatry man knowed his onions.

Well, sure enough it worked. By the time he had drunk ten or twelve bottles of beer and eight or ten cups of coffee, every farmer in the Bend had come down to the store to find out what in tarnation Elmer Doolittle was doin' imbibin' beer and coffee, for they knowed he was a liquor-drinkin' man.

So along about a hour by sun they laid Elmer out on a pool table and he went to sleep and had the nightmare. The farmers let him kick and scratch and grunt awhile until they figured the dream would be over, and then they woke him up. Elmer rubbed his eyes and looked around and said, "Boys, go git a spade, I think we got it."

So they all went on out to old Colonel Smoots's place, and ever' man had a grubbin' hoe or a shovel. On the way Elmer explained how he had psychoanalyzed hisself. According to the man in the magazine, this is the way he had it figured out. Ladybird had talked about the rosebush in her sleep. Elmer had heard her but he hadn't woke up, so the information had went into his subconscious mind. And the first time he dreamed, out it popped.

They hoorawed him a lot about it, but anyhow they went on out and watched him dig up the rosebush that the dream said Ladybird had planted. And sure enough, there was the tin box with the money in it.

Well, Elmer wasn't takin' no chances on lettin' that money get away from him. He knowed that him and the boys was goin' to celebrate, so he went over to Oakville and hunted up old man Bilers, president of the bank, and left the tin box with him. He kept just that one twenty dollar bill to buy some drinkin' liquor to rinch out his

mouth, because by this time them coffee cocktails had begun to kinda curdle, and his mouth tasted like the bottom of a birdcage.

After they had drunk a few toasts down at the store, Elmer bid adieu to the boys and went on back home. And when he got there he found out that Saphronie was in the mood to celebrate too. She heard him fumblin' around out on the gallery, and when he come in she had done already poured the drinks.

Dr. Archibald P. Ponder come down the next day with the sheriff from Austin and a battery of lawyers to have Elmer indicted for murder. But the Chaparral County Court House folks didn't get their pulse beats up none. They just got out the records and showed them that Elmer had done been declared insane, and they wouldn't arrest him. Anyhow, they wasn't no evidence, because Elmer had took the rat poison bottle out and buried it in the peach orchard between Colonel Smoots and Ladybird. The bottle was empty, because Saphronie had fed all the applejack in it to Elmer.

So Elmer washed out the wine decanter, because it was empty too, and set it back up on the mantelpiece. Of course, he cried and took on considerable over the death of his second wife. But it was like Elmer said, if a woman didn't have no more taste in her mouth than to drink a teacupful of half-an'-half sherry and rat poison, she didn't have no business celebratin' with anything stronger than Coca-Cola.

Anyhow, Elmer didn't know whether he ought to bury Saphronie in the orchard or not, because it looked like pretty soon they was goin' to be more people out there than peaches. But still an' all, there was that rat poison to be reckoned with. It had set up there in the Colonel's cubbard for thirty-odd years until it had developed a kind of a unity or somethin'. It didn't like to be separated.

So Elmer hired a nigger to dig another hole, because when he dug up the rosebush his diggin' days was done. And he laid the body to rest, which brought all the rat poison back together again under that one tree—about a third in the Colonel and a third in Ladybird and the rest in Saphronie. The bottle was there too, so it ought not to cause no more trouble.

Well, the folks in the Bend went to Saphronie's funeral and wept, but their hearts wasn't in it. Because Elmer had told the sheriff, and the sheriff had talked in his sleep the night before and let the cat out of the bag. His wife was awake, so she didn't have to bother about usin' any modern scientific methods to get the information out of her subconscious mind. She just woke up her husband and pumped the details out of him about how Ladybird had poisoned the Colonel and herself and how Saphronie had got the drinks mixed up and hastened her own premature departure for the Promised Land.

Anyhow, old man Adams put his foot down and told Margery and Elmer they would have to wait awhile. He had knowed all the time it was goin' to happen, because marriages is made in Heaven. Sometimes Godamighty has a special piece of work to do and he lays his hand on the shoulder of some man in the neighborhood that has got the qualifications for the job.

Like Elmer, for instance. They wasn't no other man in the county handsome enough to hook the Widow Smoots. Sometimes a man has a little chore to do like righting a wrong of some kind before he can go on livin' a normal life and raisin' a family.

Well, as I was fixin' to tell you, that lawyer from Austin was campin' in Elmer's tracks. This outfit in the East was sick of their trade because somethin' had happened to the land and they was ready to dump it in somebody's lap at a loss. Elmer pretended he wasn't interested until the man got the price down where it suited him and he bought all them tenant farms back.

After a week or two old man Adams begun to shift his sails a little, because Elmer had him fooled too. He was pretendin' that he had done already lost interest in Margery. The old man decided maybe they better not wait too long, because he knowed Elmer always had wanted to marry his daughter and visa versa. And as long as marriages is made in Heaven and no mortal man can't prevent them

but only delay them a spell, he withdrew his objections, which had always been, of course, that Elmer wasn't quite growed up and settled down, and he didn't want to support him.

Well, you never seen such frolickin' and carryin' on in all your born days as there was at Elmer and Margery's weddin'. Of course, Elmer wanted to be decent about it, so he waited till his second wife had got comfortably settled down out there in the peach orchard beside his first wife and her first husband before he married his third wife. But the money was all back in the land again where it had come from, and ever'body was happy.

During the next year that land produced so much stuff it just kinda piled up at the county line and bubbled over. The folks gethered so much of it and they was still so much left until they just finally quit right in the big middle of the harvest and throwed a celebration. That was the night after Elmer and Margery's boy was born. The people knowed then the farms was safe, because they was in the hands of three of the natives that had been nourished in the lap of the land.

Lovesong

PHILIP GARRIGAN

The dream of a small house, of a quiet room,
A window to see ships, fields, trees,
Night slowly dimming the line of these
And firelight interleaving the awaited gloom;
Somewhere a greened-over chapel, a wharf, a beach,
Brooks and a slight mountain, a road, a wood—
Where to sing, to lie sunslept, to walk will be good
On this day or another dedicate to each . . .

See the stone city writhing on its hills,
Where the dead are the dead who come no more to trade;
Under the moon this cairn their fingers made
Shines with the phosphor of a thousand scabrous ills.
There with a little balance I might dole
One dust in payment for another, might rule
Greed and lust by law between knave and fool—
And in a decade die, corrupted whole.
Should I lose thus, the world lose?
What is the world and what are men to me?
No more than I to them—less it may be—
The rung to tread on, the handy tool to use . . .

I put myself in a dream of a peaceful land,
Of sitting in that room to write, to say, to be
What there is none other you shall ever see
May move his lips to say, nor write with his hand;
What I shall say to none but for your sake
Nor page bear, until the tormented mind
Have rest of you, and in such quiet find
The life it would live forever, the songs it would make.

ILYA EHRENBURG'S AMERICA

Translations of Six Articles Published in Izvestia

When Ilya Ehrenburg, the foremost Soviet journalist, visited this country recently, he wrote at least one article for an American magazine and was interviewed considerably. These statements for American consumption were interesting, but we thought it would be much more interesting to see what he would write about the United States for Russian consumption. A few brief news accounts quoting from his articles in Izvestia *came over the cables to American newspapers, but these gave no adequate idea of what sort of total picture he was presenting. We have, therefore, secured translations of his articles as they were printed in* Izvestia *on July 16, 17, 24, and 25, and August 7 and 9, 1946; and we submit them to our readers complete and unabridged (with the exception of seventeen words which seemed to us possibly libelous) as an exhibit in international relations. (They embody several paragraphs which correspond almost precisely to what he had written for* Collier's, *but these amount to only a fraction of the whole.) This material offers an illuminating counterpart—or contrast—to the articles by Mr. Fischer and Mr. Lauterbach, which we have been publishing for American readers, about conditions and people in Russia.*—The Editors

CONTEMPORARY Columbuses have little time and a Constellation takes less than twenty-four hours to cross the Atlantic. It is a beautiful and comfortable machine: the air is conditioned and there is no pain in the ears even at great heights. We were given a sheet of instructions which declared that in the event of a forced landing in the ocean it was best to take off one's shoes and jump into a small rubber boat. This advice did not seem very tempting to me. I was confused by the behavior of the hour hand of my watch. It showed seven o'clock in the morning; yet we had arrived at midnight and had been flying all night. We were still drinking morning tea in European fashion, and the Americans were going to bed.

When I climbed out of the plane excited reporters at once began cross-questioning me as to how I liked America. What could I talk about then? The perspicacity of the customs officials? Or the blindness of the reporters? I know certain American journalists have come to Russia with a prepared book on Russia (sometimes in their heads, sometimes in their portfolios). I didn't want to be like them; I looked around attentively and tried to understand what I saw.

In my time I have traveled a good deal and have been all over Europe. I sometimes thought I had lost the ability to be amazed. Upon arriving in America I realized that there was much of which I had no conception. Everything here is different—the cities, the trees, and the

customs. The summer here is very hot, but the heat is not European; the air is damp, as in a hothouse. The olives here are larger than plums and devoid of taste. People gesticulate more often with their legs than with their arms, and in the theaters spectators who wish to show approval whistle deafeningly.

MODERNITY cannot be understood without understanding America. Hundreds of odes and pamphlets have been dedicated to her; she can be exalted or ridiculed with ease. But this is not merely a peculiar country, but also a diverse one, difficult to understand. It is hard to set forth vivid, often contradictory, impressions in brief notes. Behind the complexity of technology there is sometimes concealed spiritual simplicity, and behind this simplicity—unexpected complexity.

I rate American literature very highly. It is not easy now to find writers in Western Europe equal to Hemingway, Faulkner, Steinbeck, or Caldwell. I might venture to add two or three more names. Right behind them is a vacuum—stories in illustrated weeklies which are so cheap and stupid that even the most unexacting readers in Europe would recoil from them. There is no intermediate literature here, just as there are no four- or five-story houses. The skyscrapers of New York are justified by geography: this is a huge city built on small islands. But in any provincial city one may see several skyscrapers surrounded by thousands of single-story houses.

At the railway station in Atlanta I was amazed by the automatic checking booths which have replaced the cloakroom. You insert a coin, receive a key, and can lock up your luggage yourself. I was about to say to my American companion, "You know how to make human existence easier," but before I could speak I noticed a dark, noisome room marked "For non-Whites" in which Negroes and mulattoes were dozing. In the state of Mississippi I saw the home of a plantation owner. It had a refrigerator, a washing machine, a marvelous radio, and wonderful ventilators. The planter calmly explained to me that black-skinned people aren't people at all. Neither the radio nor the ventilators had any reflection on the mental development of this slaveowner.

I stayed in several university towns. In America a great deal is done to elevate knowledge to its proper height. I saw superb libraries and laboratories: I saw scientists surrounded with attention. But in Tennessee professors told me they were not allowed the right to expound the theory of evolution in the schools: the law forbids any departure from the biblical myth of Adam and Eve.

In all American cities there are "lions' " clubs: I was fortunate enough to attend a luncheon at such a club in one town. Respectable business men assembled there, each one wearing a tag indicating the place and nature of his business; luncheons are closely associated with business. Before those present at the luncheon began to eat their compotes and mayonnaise and ham with raisins, the chairman banged the table with a wooden hammer and exclaimed: "Greetings, lions!" The middle-aged business men at once rose and chorused: "Woo-woo-woo-woo." I quailed, but they explained that they were imitating the lion's roar.

Naturally, the sound-imitations of dealers in suspenders are an innocent affair. There are worse ideas. A parade of the Ku Klux Klan recently took place in Georgia. The members of this supposedly secret society donned fools' hoods and took an oath of loyalty to the local fascist *führer*, whom they call the "Grand Dragon." They then swore to hang several Negroes and kill several freethinkers.

EVERYONE knows that in America money is surrounded with respect. Apart from many hundreds of registered churches and sects there is still another cult—the dollar. An art critic, after introducing a young artist to me, reeled off his surname and then, enunciating precisely, said, "Three thousand dollars." A master of ceremonies at a cabaret announced that eminent visitors were present: an actress, a senator, and a business man "who has tripled his capital turnover since the war." I attended many dinner meetings with a program much like this one: first, everybody quickly chews the chicken, then orators give lengthy speeches; then a

female singer renders a sentimental ballad; and finally a pastor takes a collection for charity. He recites the names of the liberal donors: "Mr. Smith gave five hundred dollars." Everyone applauds and Mr. Smith rises and bows.

It is not well known that, along with brisk business men, there are also many naïve day-dreamers and noble idealists in America. I met a prominent inventor who renounced a fortune, fearing that the machine he invented would deprive hundreds of thousands of workers of their bread. I spoke to provincial Utopians who go without food and sleep, devoting their money and energy to the fantastic project of creating a "world government." In one town I found a circle of eccentrics who were convinced that they could render the atomic bomb harmless with the aid of Esperanto. Everywhere there are societies to protect the rights of Negroes. Every year innocent Negroes are condemned and put to death in the electric chair, and every year the best people in America protest against racial barbarism. Yes, the cult of the dollar does exist in America, but in America there are also people who deny themselves a pair of shoes and tickets to the cinema in order to send gifts to Yugoslav children.

There is much that is childish in Americans. They are not artificial; they are frank, curious, and noisy. The oldest part of America is called New England. Everything in America is new; everything is young. In New Orleans, however, houses built in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries have been preserved in the French Quarter. Such houses are legion in Europe and are ignored by even the most painstaking tourists. But the "Old Quarter" of New Orleans is like Pompeii—a real center of pilgrimage. There is either an antique shop or a stylized tavern in almost every house. I was in New Orleans on a very sultry day (the tropics are not far off), and a fire was burning in the grate of one house—to re-create the atmosphere of a bygone epoch. Perspiring Americans were sitting by the fire drinking iced water; they wanted to spend several minutes in an *old* house. One must remember the age of the country to understand Americans.

People here like to wander about. If they are sitting in a room, they jump up from time to time and change seats; they move readily from city to city and from state to state. They regard a person who lives in the place where he was born as a rarity.

There is nothing more the reverse of the British character and customs than the character and customs of the average American. The Englishman is polite and phlegmatic; he loves to live out his life in the home of his grandfather; he orders his suit of first-quality material, expecting to wear it, if not until he dies, at least until the next elections. The American likes only new clothes. Hardly has he furnished his apartment than he is looking for another. He never has a suit made to order; why should he? In any shop he can find a cheap, well-made suit; can wear it a little and then throw it out. He will buy a shirt that is not worth washing. He respects old stones, but loves flashy new ties—and noise.

The history of the United States is indeed a new history. I might say, incidentally, that history studied by school children appears to vary in different states: in the North the Southerners are called "defenders of slavery," and in the South the Northerners are called "oppressors." Vexed issues here frequently hide the feeling of history. For the average American nearly a whole epoch passes between the morning and evening papers; he doesn't always remember in the evening exactly what disturbed him in the morning. One lady told me: "Don't read this novel. It's not a new one; it came out two years ago."

I spoke to Professor Einstein about the campaign now being waged by various large newspapers against the Soviet Union. I pointed to an article which portrayed the restoration of Stalingrad almost as an act of "Soviet imperialism." Professor Einstein answered: "Such articles are designed for readers who have already forgotten what Stalingrad is." And he went on to tell me about a certain African tribe in which the members were named after objects or phenomena: "mountain," "palm," "dawn," "hawk." When a member of the tribe died, his name became

taboo, and it became necessary to think up new nouns for these things. Obviously such a tribe would have neither legends nor traditions.

II

Anti-Soviet ideologists like to depict our country as a sort of barracks in which everyone is deprived of individuality. The Soviet reader will be amused by the surprise of some American editors who, on seeing us three visitors, said in amazement: "Why, they don't look much like one another."

As a matter of fact, I don't know of any country which has achieved such perfection in standardization as the United States. I was in dozens of American cities which were impossible to distinguish from each other. Every city has its Main Street —the principal street—with fashion shops, a cinema, and lighted signs advertising cigarettes or Coca-Cola. Not a single American can distinguish Main Street in one town from Main Street in one of a hundred others from a photograph. Naturally, New York has its own distinctive character, yet Americans usually complain that "New York is not America." For the inhabitant of Birmingham or St. Louis, gigantic New York, with its many different races, is like a headquarters or a den of freethinkers. The visitor is shaken by the external appearance of New York. The architect Le Corbusier called this city "a catastrophic fairyland." It seems to me that it can also be called "a fairy-like catastrophe." It has grown exclusively upward and has become a tall forest of reinforced concrete. At night it resembles mountains with lighted huts. It is multicolored, noisy, and fatiguing. It contains dozens of separate towns—Negro, Jewish, Italian, Puerto Rican, German, and others. In Chinatown barbers promise on their placards to remove bruises from the face without trace. In Negro Harlem there are "shirt hospitals" and private pawnshops where torn trousers may be pawned. On 57th Street dealers sell masterpieces of European art. The wives of millionaires wander down Fifth Avenue in beaver coats. New York is the center of political thought and art. Officially it is not even the capital of a state but only an insignificant town. It is, however, the real capital of America. Two or three other towns—San Francisco, New Orleans, and Boston—have preserved their individual aspects. But the remaining towns are without personality; they are simply aggregations of a given number of Americans.

Trousers, percolators, and armchairs are standardized, too. I do not say this reproachfully, for Americans have succeeded in raising the material level of life, thanks to mass production. I think we can learn something from the Americans: how to turn out shoes or saucepans quickly and well. However, almost all luxury articles in America are imported and a salesman who wishes to explain why this or that is expensive says, "But this is *imported*."

There is a certain depression in such uniformity: the same houses, the same furniture, the same crockery; men in identical suits, women in identical dresses. But still I do not agree with the European aesthetes who have ridiculed the standardization in America. Perhaps all the suits are alike; on the other hand, they are accessible to all.

Much more deplorable is a certain spiritual standardization. Americans are fond of speaking about their liberty; but their views, tastes, emotions, and consequent behavior are regulated from outside. The cinema, for instance, lays down the standard for beauty, and the papers supply all the details of the "ideally shaped" woman. This is the standard of desire. All American women are guided by these references in their efforts to resemble some film star, while men fall in love according to the same references without noticing it. There are no books with average circulation. Even the most remarkable book will not be circulated in more than several thousand copies unless it has been pronounced worth reading by some "book club," in which case it will be published in hundreds of thousands of copies. Since the average American does not like to choose, he entrusts the right to choose to his "club." The press and cinema de-personalize the ideas of people who stroll along thousands of Main Streets in the evening. This forms the key to the

sense of depression which is linked with leisure in America.

Americans know very well how to earn money, but they have not yet learned to spend it. I do not mean that they are mean; they spend money swiftly and energetically—but without originality. They work with much greater talent than they amuse themselves. I would say that the gayest times in America are when townspeople meet nature; on the seashore, for instance, youth is full of *joie-de-vivre*. But in the cinema one is struck by their drowsiness and torpor, the rare laughter in response to the most humorous, or apparently humorous, situations.

There are many drunks, despite the fact that the sale of strong drink is restricted in one way or another in the majority of states. There are "dry" states, those in which whiskey is rationed, those in which liquor sales cannot be made on Sunday, and those in which one may drink sitting but not standing.

Automobiles in America are wonderful and numerous, and the average American loves a car. He used to change his car once every two or three years. Now he can buy a car but will not be able to receive it for six months—an unpleasant reminder that a terrible war has been raging somewhere in the world. I understand the love of Americans for cars. But I do not understand why some of them turn their car into a home. There are restaurants which one is not allowed to enter; dinner is brought out on a tray and people eat in their cars. There are cinemas outside towns where people can draw up their cars in the yard in front of the screen and watch the films without getting out. Finally, it is sufficient to take a walk through Central Park, New York, in the evening to see yet another purpose of the automobile: it replaces the nuptial bed for lovers. Such habits make life somewhat mournful, not because people wear fashionable jackets, but because underneath these fashionable jackets there are at times fashionable feelings.

The average American in the average American city will tell you with certainty that he is the freest man in the world. Why does he pay dearly for electricity? His answer is ready: electricity belongs to private firms and the state has no right to interfere in the affairs of private firms—this is liberty. In America there are private bridges, private roads, and private aqueducts. In order to cross the bridge linking the state of Mississippi with Louisiana, one has to pay the owner of the bridge a dollar and a half. However, the government and the state do interfere in the private lives of citizens, and Americans regard this as quite compatible with their conception of personal freedom. The police may break into a room in any New York hotel and, if they find a couple, can check as to whether they have a marriage certificate. In order to be married as quickly as possible, one has to get from the state of Tennessee to the state of Alabama. Near the boundary line in Alabama there are alluring placards—"Get Married Here Quickly and Cheaply"—posted by private people who have acquired the right to perform the marriage ceremony. In order to get a divorce without unpleasant procedure, the inhabitants of New York state go to the state of Nevada, where hotel owners have become quite wealthy. In order to obtain a quiet glass of whiskey, an inhabitant of Mississippi must go to Louisiana. Just across the border of this state I saw several drinking establishments called "Last Chance."

In a relatively short time the Americans have created an astonishing technology. I saw how swiftly they build skyscrapers, how well and with what precision they produce automobiles in Detroit, and how many inventions they possess which ease the daily life of man. How can one not praise American roads, with their cheap and comfortable roadhouses for motorists who decide to spend a night on the road? Some Americans, glancing at the factories, the excellent bridges of New York, the automatic restaurants, and the electric razors, are prepared to believe that the whole of human culture is concentrated in America. One journalist in Jackson said to me: "Rome is a dirty and ugly city; there is nothing to look at in it—not a single skyscraper or a good drug store. After Rome, Jackson seemed to me more like a capital." How is one to explain to such a man that the ancient basilicas and

palaces of the Renaissance are worth the skyscrapers of Jackson, or that, besides drug stores where cigars, fountain pens, chewing gum, and even sausages may be bought, there also exist the mosaics of Byzantium and the frescoes of Raphael?

The Americans are inadequately acquainted with the rest of the world. They do not know the history and geography of the Old World. One group of school children was not able to name to me a single city in the Soviet Union. Their political level is just as low. People know the intimate side of the lives of different senators, but in many states the word "Socialist" (let alone "Communist") is considered offensive. American papers frequently write that the existence of two parties is a guarantee of genuine democracy. One might note that no one is capable of explaining where the ideological demarcation line runs between the two parties, and in what way the Northern Republicans differ from the Southern Democrats.

Some Europeans have ridiculed America for her cult of technology. Now the same Europeans look to their ridiculed cousins with servility in the hope of obtaining from them an old car or an outdated suit. There is nothing to laugh at here and nothing to flatter. American development has proceeded along a different path from the ways of old Europe. France started almost from the Gothic cathedral and the troubadours. America started with automobiles, drug store feeding houses, and gold fever. She swiftly reached a high level of material culture, but her spiritual culture is only awakening. Knowing the intelligence, liveliness, and energy of the Americans, we have the right to say that the spiritual culture of this great people will be great and independent.

Certain changes have taken place in the political consciousness of the average American; he is gradually moving away from the abyss. Roosevelt was surrounded by people who were honest thinkers, capable of realizing the trend of history. Even if these people have now been removed (or have removed themselves), there is still a trace of the late President's activity. I observed a beginning of independent thought, genuine solidarity, and a consciousness of their national mission among many workers. The era in which they were led only by demagogues and adventurers is coming to an end. We see the contributions made to the world by American scientists. The American writers are not renegades or salon aesthetes; they are people connected with the nation, even though the reading masses don't read them. In contrast to French writers, American writers seem to me organic, like huge trees with tenacious roots. The American cinema has already created genuine, universal humor; apart from the genius Chaplin, I will name the Brothers Marx. The cinema has also created the multiplicity of Disney, real poetry capable of stirring a man devoid of all lyricism. Finally, there is beauty—uneasy, but indisputable—in the architecture of New York.

The American intelligentsia has been born. It is still weak and lacks self-confidence; it hides from the illuminated advertisements, from the deafening juke-boxes in the bars, from ecclesiastical sermons with references to business firms, and advertisements with quotations from the Bible. It hides itself in a melancholy which I will call Chekhovian, sometimes in cynicism and sometimes in Utopianism. But among the intelligentsia more and more bold people are appearing. They understand that salvation does not lie in flight or repulsion or solitude. The spiritual world of the average American must be raised to the level of the technology which surrounds him from the maternity home to the crematorium.

III

The Atlantic does not form a political and essentially illusory frontier, such as that between Belgium and France or between Norway and Sweden. Even American trees differ from European ones. A dangerous weed is often found in the gardens here; if you brush your hand against it, ulcers appear on the skin. Nowhere have I seen such downpours, such fanatical storms, such tropical heat; nature obviously does not yield to the people who build skyscrapers.

The former Vice-President of the United

States, Henry Wallace, brought garden strawberries from Russia and planted them in his back garden. I did not recognize them; the berries had become very large and had lost their aroma. People who come here from Europe change quickly. America knows how to melt hearts and minds.

Here you may see papers in all languages—Italian, Polish, Russian, Spanish. Near Chicago there are regions where German is spoken exclusively. You can hear Slavonic speech in the huge automobile factories of Detroit. In the Italian quarter of New York you may hear all the dialects of the Apennine Peninsula; in the Jewish quarter you may buy salted cucumbers, kalachi, and Russian vodka. There are a dozen cities in America called London, several Romes, a Petersburg, and three or four Moscows. Although each group retains some of its customs, all immigrants soon feel themselves American.

IT WOULD seem that in this country of diverse races united by patriotism, national equality would prevail. However, America, which never knew feudalism, has established a *racial* hierarchy. The aristocracy are the English, Scotch, and Irish. After them come the Scandinavians and Germans, then the French and Slavs; much lower are the Italians, even lower still the Jews and Chinese; lower still the Puerto Ricans, and finally, at the bottom of the scale, the Negroes.

In the war against Hitlerism America played a prominent part; yet racialism here has a legal standing. When I entered America I had to fill out a questionnaire which contained the question: "Race—White or Colored?" If a person has a "colored" great-grandfather he is designated as "colored" and is subject to various restrictions. We were the guests of the government, and I was often amused by the thought of the reaction the representatives of the State Department might have had if Pushkin had come to America. I met a lawyer in Nashville who spent a long time trying to persuade me that there are "inferior and superior races." He reiterated the theories of Rosenberg and other ideologists of the Third Reich. Then he showed me the portrait of his brother, who was killed on the Rhine; he was proud of his brother, who had perished in the struggle against racialists.

Anti-Semitism is an ordinary phenomenon to most Americans; it seems quite natural to them that some institutions accept only Aryans and that certain hotels do not admit Jews. On the West Coast the Chinese are the pariahs. There are organizations in which Italians are not accepted as members. The fate of the Negroes is especially tragic. There are twelve million of them in the United States, and it may be said that one out of every ten Americans is deprived of all human rights.

Natives of New York like to emphasize the liberalism of the North—"*Our* grandfathers fought against slavery." In any Southern town, on the other hand, you may see a monument to the soldiers of the Southern Army. This is a monument to the vanquished, because in the war which shook America the Southerners were defeated. However, it seemed to me more than once that these were monuments, not to the vanquished, but to the victors; since the South not only preserved the principles of slavery but was able, in some degree, to inject them into the North. Certainly equal rights among the races exist *theoretically* in New York. A Negro may not be ejected from a restaurant because he is a Negro, but not a single well-ordered American restaurant will admit a Negro. If it occurs to him to persist, he is told that the empty tables are reserved. A Negro cannot rent a room anywhere except in a Negro "ghetto." He may work in the most different sort of quarters, but he is obliged to live in Harlem, a Negro city within a city—dirty and impoverished, unhappy but still gay. New Yorkers amuse themselves in the cabarets in Harlem. The Negroes are the best dancers and musicians in America; they are gifted with a high sense of rhythm and are not as inherently mechanical as other Americans. In the center of New York there are theaters where Negro troupes perform excellently and are willingly applauded by the whites. But if a Negro wants to have a snack in a restaurant near the theater in which he is playing, he is calmly evicted.

Real estate speculators have a favorite

trick; they buy a house in a good residential district and settle a Negro in it. The quarter then becomes taboo immediately, and all the whites depart. The speculator then buys the neighboring houses for a song, moves out the single Negro, and the section again becomes respectable—and the houses rise in price.

STILL, in order to understand the place of the Negro in America, it is essential to see the South. When we were asked which part of America we wanted to see, my fellow-travelers chose California and Chicago. I wanted to see the Southern states. Remembering stories I had read—the novels of Steinbeck and Faulkner—I wanted to find out if reality resembled literature. Thus, after the skyscrapers of New York I saw Uncle Tom's Cabin, and I can say that this cabin has changed little.

In all the Southern states there is a "segregation of the races" law. Negroes are not forbidden to use railroads, but they must travel in special cars (always overcrowded). In streetcars, seats are set aside for Negroes in the rear. A car frequently leaves almost empty while Negroes stand and wait for the next one, as the seats for them are occupied. Negroes may not attend meetings of whites, they dare not enter a church where white people are praying, and of course they must not even dream of entering theaters or cinemas for whites.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees that all citizens, male and female, have the right to take part in elections. However, the Negroes in the Southern states do not possess the right to vote. In the state of Alabama there are three million inhabitants, of whom 1,100,000 are Negroes. Among the voters of the state are 496,000 whites and 4,000 Negroes. In Birmingham, Alabama, there are 130,000 Negroes who have reached the age of twenty-one, but the total number of Negro voters is only 1,400. How do the Southern states get around the federal Constitution? There are several ways: one, the poll tax; another, examinations. The qualified voter must know and "be able to interpret" the Constitution. Clearly the examiners can cut out many Negroes. Finally, if the Negroes pay their poll tax, pass the examination, and go to the voting places, the guardians of slavery frighten away the unwanted voters with sturdy clubs. Obviously they do indeed know how to "interpret" the Constitution in the Southern states! In the state of Mississippi, Negroes form half of the population; half the inhabitants of the state are deprived of the right to vote. All this is done cynically and is well-known to all Americans both in the North and the South.

When I was in Mississippi I remembered how certain American journalists had been indignant when the Yugoslav National Front government had deprived about 200,000 people who had aided the Germans of the right to vote. These same American journalists consider it quite natural, however, that millions of American Negroes (among them soldiers who took part in the war for the freedom of America) are not allowed to vote. I would ask a question of my American readers: which is more fair—to take away the right to vote from people with black consciences or with black skins?

The Northerners know that Negroes in the South are deprived of political rights, but they cannot imagine the fearful life of Southern Negroes. When Sam Grafton, one of New York's brilliant journalists, saw the hovel in which two or three Negro families made their home, he lost his self-control. "Is this really possible?" he gasped. Uncle Sam had met Uncle Tom.

The delta of the Mississippi is made up of many cotton plantations. The land is owned by the whites and rented to the blacks. The tenants must deliver half their cotton to the landowners; they are also bound to sell the other half to the same owners. The sum which the Negroes receive may be spent only in the shops of the same landlords. This may be legally close to tenantry, but in reality it is slavery. The landowner, who is also the purchaser of the cotton and dealer in shoes, kerosene, and salt, goes around his plantation shouting at the Negroes, issuing orders, and behaving like a king and a god.

I saw a family which earned $300 in a year and another which earned $200. The owner of the plantation on which they lived said to me that last year had been

"unsuccessful," and that he had earned only $25,000. I saw one house in which twenty-three people lived, sleeping side by side on the floor. How far this is from the renowned American comfort, the refrigerators, elevators, and chewing gum! The Mississippi, a broad and bright yellow river, sees grief—the black grief of the blacks.

I was often told in New York that all American children under sixteen must go to school. An illusion. In the South I saw youths who cannot read, who have not seen schools, and since early youth have known only one thing—hard labor. In super-hygienic America, people are living in stalls. When births are difficult women cannot have medical assistance; a visit from the doctor costs $60, and the yearly income is only $200. But the slaveowners smile: "You don't know the Negroes. They are living in paradise. Of course they don't need anything more."

IV

In recent years the South has increased its industry. The gigantic Tennessee Valley Authority, started under President Roosevelt, cheapened electric power and aided the industrialization of certain states. I visited a metallurgical plant in Birmingham. This was not a cotton plantation, but the blacks are the slaves in both cases. In the factories they carry out the heavy work; they cannot be steel workers, mechanics, or electro-technicians. And the Negro worker in ferrous metallurgy receives fifteen cents less per hour than his fellow white worker.

Racialism has penetrated into the thick of American labor. Many union leaders tell the white workers that the trouble does not lie in the greed of white owners, but in the black skin of famished "competitors." Only in recent years have progressive unions been formed which include both white and black workers. Other chauvinistic—or rather, racialist—organizations do not want to admit Negroes to skilled jobs, and there have been strikes and pogroms because of this. In the South Negro workers live separately and in greater poverty. Solitude hangs over them; they are the rejected ones. The chairman of one progressive trade union—a bold and cultured Negro—told me, with the sagacity which comes from long consciousness of grief, that never once had a white comrade visited him or asked him to his home.

The slaveowners of the South assure you that it is impossible to grant rights to the Negroes, because they are "devoid of culture." Personally, I met many educated Negro scholars in the South—writers, doctors, teachers, lawyers. These Negro members of the intelligentsia form unexpectedly bright spots against the background of the South, where there are many whites who, although supplied with varying diplomas, are by nature uncivilized. But it is worth noting that the slaveowners who talk hypocritically about the cultural backwardness of the Negroes make every effort to prevent "colored" people from obtaining knowledge. This does not mean, however, that the owners wish to add to the knowledge of whites. The "Democrats" of the South prefer the knout to the primer. In the state of Mississippi a teacher receives six hundred dollars a year—a truly miserable salary. But the situation of black people is even worse. They are not only deprived of tolerable living conditions but also of human dignity. When an inspector (who is, of course, white) visits a Negro school, he calls the teacher by his first name as he would a boy, even if the teacher is an old, gray-haired Negro—"Sam," or "Bill." The teacher must address the white inspector with respect, even if he is a callow youth—"Mr. Smith," or "Mr. Davis."

In the state of Alabama all the money set aside for education has somehow been released to the whites. To clear their consciences a group of school administrators summoned a Negro professor and began to explain to him that the budget was limited, the money had all been spent, and so on. The Negro answered: "You are right. The whites need education even more."

I was in a Negro university where there are about seven hundred students of both sexes. They will become doctors, teachers, and lawyers; but they will only be able to help Negroes and teach Negro children. "Colored" professors and students have no access to the public library. Professor Brady, a chemist of high reputation,

told me that he did not have the right to work in a state university laboratory.

In Fisk University there is a Russian girl student whose mother is from Odessa and whose father is a Negro. She speaks Russian and does not have negroid features. But her passport declares her "colored," and she comes under the law on the "segregation of the races." In New Orleans I knew an architect—a ginger-haired man with freckles—who was one of the best educated persons in the city. I wanted him to go with me to a café, but he declined. Afterward friends explained to me that this light-skinned man was a Negro and consequently did not have the right to go into a café.

THERE are also unwritten laws in the South. A white man may rape a Negro woman but is not punishable for this. On the other hand, if a Negro cohabits with a white woman, he is accused of rape and condemned to the electric chair. Justice in the South is close to "lynch law." Not long ago six whites in Albeville raped a Negro girl. The court found "no case of crime." In Pessemor a Negro traveling in a streetcar stepped over the permitted "border" several inches. The driver wounded him. What happened then? The police arrested not the white driver but the Negro and killed him as a precaution. In the city of Columbia thirty Negroes were brought up for trial. Why? The whites, in organizing a pogrom, which is called a "racial disorder" in the South, killed two Negroes and injured twelve. It is not the murderers who have to answer, but the fathers, brothers, and sons of those murdered. A lawyer in Jackson who was trying to save the life of an innocent Negro told me that no one really doubted the innocence of the Negro, but that white people had given evidence against him; the court could not believe black men's testimony contrary to the evidence of whites, even if the latter were false witnesses. There are no Negro jurors in the South, and the courts do not acquit Negroes. On the other hand, if by any chance the people who have lynched a Negro land on the prisoner's bench, their acquittal is guaranteed.

At the head of the slaveowners stands Senator Bilbo, a red-haired demagogue who attracts hearers with stormy appeals to "bridle the blacks." Bilbo has proposed removing all American Negroes to Liberia. The slaveowners would look well without slaves! However, everyone knows that this was only said by the Senator in jest. He is a Senator of the state of Mississippi, where Negroes are no fewer than whites, and where the whites often shiver when they think of the mass of destitute, embittered people who may someday become fed up with singing hallelujah in expectation of the regular hanging.

Not a few Negroes have been in Europe; many fought for America against racialist Germany. They saw that in Paris or Rome no one looked at them as though they were plagued, and they returned home with even greater bitterness. The South is on the eve of a decisive event: either the owners will yield, or the Negroes—yesterday's men of the front line—will open the struggle for equality.

I AM convinced that in the end racialism will be overthrown in America; but it must be understood that this disease has penetrated deeply into the mind of the average American. I did not meet a single white in the South who was not contaminated with racialism. One of the most fervent opponents of the slaveowners admitted to me in a frank and intimate conversation: "Yes, I defend the Negroes, but just the same, for me these are not people. I was playing yesterday with our Negro maid's child and found myself thinking that I was playing, not with a child, but with a nice puppy." Racialism has infected even the persecuted; I met Negro anti-Semites and Jews convinced of the superiority of whites over blacks.

Americans love to drink mixtures of different liquors. Among the multitude of cocktails there is one which resembles the rainbow—yellow, emerald, and red liquors which do not mix in the glass but lie in multi-colored layers. They are mixed only in the mouth of the drinker. I could compare this drink with the racial layers of America. How strange it is that the idea of racial "purity" finds fervent supporters in a country which is strong through the mixture of different races! Cocktails may

be liked or disliked, but it is difficult to imagine a bartender preparing a mixture for a customer who will insist on purity, organic nature, and maturity in his drink. I have seen racialists in America defending the idea of the racial superiority of Americans over other peoples. For what did the American soldiers die in Normandy and on the Rhine?

The famous journalist, Walter Lippmann, said that in my article on America I was criticizing what was easy to criticize —racial intolerance; Americans themselves know about this vice and are happy to be able to criticize their own vices. Lippmann says that when we Soviet people are capable of appreciating the merits of America and criticizing our own faults, then he, Lippmann, will agree to accept us as "real people." Yes, I know that the best people are ashamed of their attitude toward the Negro. But in my opinion doctors are good, not because they treat, but because they heal. It is no easier for Negroes because Lippmann recognizes Senator Bilbo as an evil and writes articles in New York, while Bilbo and others like him are oppressing Negroes in Mississippi. As for ourselves, we have never denied the merits of America, nor have ever hidden from ourselves or others our own faults. In America, for instance, there are wonderful telephones; from New York it is easier to speak by phone to San Francisco than from Moscow to Tula. In America there are good passenger planes which fly from city to city every hour day and night. Perhaps Lippmann will say that I am limiting myself to praising technology. No, I have already written that I like American literature. I think we can learn much from American writers, American architects, and even (despite the shattering cheapness of the average production) from American cinema producers. We know our own faults—we criticize our own bureaucracy, our rudeness, and at times our technical backwardness—but we do not criticize just to criticize, but to improve. We have no slaveowners, and it is not a question of whether Lippmann recognizes us as a people, but of whether we recognize racialists and slaveowners as people. I believe in the great future of America, and I am convinced that the American nation will soon be healed of its most bitter and shameful ailment.

V

At night the roads in America and especially near the cities sparkle with hundreds of lighted advertisements—Coca-Cola, cigarettes, furniture, candidates for the Senate, and even the Bible. The different churches and sects advertise their services—the beauty of the music, the eloquence of the preacher, and the comfort of the building—extensively in the press.

If you switch on the radio you will inevitably hear an advertisement for tinned goods, medicines, or ties in the middle of symphony music or radio comedies. In many American cities I saw the following advertisement: "500,000,000 people are starving. Be economical. Heinz—57 Varieties." Although I have been able to acquaint myself with certain peculiarities of this country, I have still been amazed as to why human solidarity is preached not by the government, but by a firm making sausages and fifty-seven renowned varieties. I voiced my feeling to a chairman of a Chamber of Commerce. He was surprised to find I didn't understand such an elementary fact. "If such an appeal were signed by the government," he explained, "Americans would not believe it. But everyone believes Heinz, because it is a really reliable firm."

The press, radio, and cinema are in the hands of various reliable and unreliable firms. The editor of a large provincial newspaper said to me with a sigh: "Our independent paper depends entirely on advertisements. If we were to lose our advertising, we would not last a week." The wireless stations are owned by private firms and also depend upon advertising for their existence.

I was reminded again of the book I wrote many years ago about the cinema "dream factory." The American's desire to forget and divert himself by day-dreaming in the evening has given birth to a vast industry; in Hollywood mass dreams are turned out just as skillfully and quickly as tinned meat in Chicago. However, the dream factory is more dangerous than the hash factory; film producers organize the

spiritual world of the average American, inculcating him with portable morals and guiding his thoughts and feelings. The producers may compete with each other over directors and actresses, but they are all subordinate to their own internal censorship, the Hays Office, which ruthlessly cuts out everything that may resemble free thinking.

Hollywood is a dangerous den for Quakers and slaveowners. Indeed, art claims its own and scores of talented people work in Hollywood; but they are surrounded by a wall. Chaplin himself found out what going against the wall of money means. The average American is convinced that he is inwardly independent, and he is terrified by "propaganda." In actual fact he repeats what he has read in the paper, heard on the radio, and seen on the screen. I often had occasion to meet representatives of the press; I inspected the offices of large papers, and I learned how public opinion is formed in them.

How do the huge trusts organize public opinion? Not by articles, because few people read them and the readers are incredulous. The majority of American newspapers wrote against Roosevelt, but the readers preferred Roosevelt to Dewey. The President's activity was apparent for all to see, and every American was a competent judge—all the more so as Roosevelt and his supporters spoke at thousands of meetings refuting the distortions of the newspapers. When I said to my American friends that the press poisoned readers they usually answered: "You over-emphasize the importance of newspapers. We do not submit to propaganda; we know how to think independently."

However, in order to think independently, one must know of what one is thinking. The average American knew Roosevelt's tax policy, but can he know exactly what is going on in Iran, Germany, or Bulgaria? He thinks "independently" about the distortions which are brought to him by the first page of the newspaper. He asks himself whether the Russians are doing right or wrong in moving their tanks on Teheran and whether or not the Bulgarians are right in striving to retain the Greek Rhodopes; he does not know the data of the problem which he is attempting to solve. He does not suspect that Soviet tanks were never moved to Teheran; nor that there is not a single Greek in the Bulgarian Rhodopes.

The papers controlled by the trusts or by individual magnates of the printed word occupy themselves in misinforming people under an appearance of information. They are crafty and pretend to be objective: for every ten anti-Soviet articles showing that our country allegedly wishes to swallow the whole world right up to Guatemala and the Honduras, a small article is invariably published praising the works of a Soviet botanist or the skill of Soviet sportswomen. Many papers publishing monstrous fables about our country requested me to write something for them. The misled reader repeats: "Whatever you may say, our press is the most objective in the world."

France lives on the Paris press, but the New York papers do not reach the provinces. Every state has its own large papers in the cities. Many of the papers belong to some newspaper trust and are local publications subordinated to the governing clique in New York. Sometimes two papers of different views in one town are owned by a single person; the papers support different candidates, but in principle follow the same policy.

The style of American papers is extremely peculiar. The expression "boulevard press" came from France, where it is well known that journalists do not suffer from excessive academism. I know French papers well, but was quite amazed when I became acquainted with the newspapers here. Indisputably, the music critic of the *New York Times* and the financial writer of the *Herald Tribune* are erudite and serious journalists, but their articles are not typical of those in the average American paper. Far more typical are the articles of a certain Lyons which are published daily in fifty newspapers. Lyons' articles are a collection of brief and slovenly gossip items—who dined with whom and how many dollars this cost, how Senator X smiled to actress Y or vice versa. Of course, gossip is also organized; this has to be played up, that has to be buried.

A reporter on a large New York paper went secretly to the tailor who was making a suit for me. The next day I saw in this newspaper a photograph of myself trying on my trousers. The article accompanying the photograph was devoted to the burning problem of why the "Red writer" preferred buttons to zippers. When I asked at a meeting of journalists how newspapers could print such nonsense, I was told: "In America there is an interest in people."

On the front page of a Birmingham newspaper I saw a huge picture of a girl; I decided that this good-looking individual had either murdered someone or had married a millionaire. It turned out that she had merely gone to Hollywood hoping to become a film star and had there become pregnant. There was nothing else worthy of note in her history, but just the same she had hit the front page.

Reporters in general are energetic people but not overeducated. I noted down several questions which one reporter put to me and herewith quote them in order: "Are you wearing an American or a Russian suit? Do the Russian people know that America helped them in the war? How do people in Moscow find out the latest trends on the stock market? Have you been married long? Why do you have only one political party in Russia and not two? Do you get up late? Why do you want to take possession of Albania?"

I will stipulate, however, that misconceptions occur not only among reporters. In New Orleans a lady professor of sociology who sat next to me at an official dinner asked me: "Are you a Red or a White Russian?"

I am convinced that the American reader is usually more intelligent than the newspaper which he reads, but involuntarily he yields to a lot of nonsense. The day before yesterday he was frightened to death by the atom bomb tests. Yesterday, disillusioned, he was saying that "Gilda" (the nickname for the bomb) had made a laughing-stock of herself. Today he is struck with emotion by the death of the goats and pigs which perished in the tests, since the paper told him in detail that a memorial would be erected in honor of the dead animals. He does not even think that perhaps his children are threatened with death from some sort of "Gilda."

VI

I TALKED to a farmer in Tennessee—a peaceful man entirely absorbed in his cows, which he was milking with the aid of electric milkers. He told me that the Americans would evidently have to fight the Russians. The farmer now has infinitely more free time, and it is not surprising that he reads the local newspaper from cover to cover. But this paper, the *Knoxville Journal*, each week reports fresh machinations on the part of Soviet Russia. In the words of this paper, the Russians are now "swallowing" Trieste, then "invading" Iran, and then "conquering" Korea. The poor farmer knows a great deal more about the milk yield of cows than he does about geography. Reading the newspaper, he is amazed—what wicked people these "Reds" are! I don't doubt that he read the appeal of a certain "brotherhood" in the *Knoxville Journal* last May. The appeal stated that Moscow was not Moscow at all, but Mesech, mentioned in Psalm 120; that Magog of whom the prophet Ezekiel speaks is nothing other than Soviet Russia; and that "it is essential to destroy the country of the Communist Magog." All this resembles delirium, but it is printed in the paper. I recalled the old Spanish song:

> "Some sing of what they know,
> Others know of what they sing."

The farmers sing what they know, and the "brotherhood," the publisher of the Knoxville paper, various trusts (Hearst and others), the Southern Democrats, and the Northern Republicans—these gentlemen know well just exactly what they are singing.

Americans frequently talk of the "iron curtain" which is said to fence off the Soviet Union from the world. I have to admit that the iron curtain really does exist and prevents the average American from seeing what is going on in our country. This curtain is fabricated in America, in the editorial offices of the newspapers, in the radio broadcasting stations, and in the offices of film producers and film distributors.

Many American newspapers daily deceive their readers with "private correspondence." How can the average American test the truth of information about Hungary or Bulgaria? He does not even know just exactly where these countries are. They are far away. I was on the spot in America, and a great deal of nonsense was written about me. They wrote, for example, that I was not traveling alone in America. A "representative of the GPU" accompanied me. As a matter of fact, I was accompanied by a representative of the State Department (the name for the Ministry of Foreign Affairs here) whom the newspapers transformed into a "secret Soviet agent." Speaking of my visit to America the magazine *Time* exclaims: "He enjoyed a freedom about which American correspondents in Moscow frequently but vainly dream." This is printed on page 70 of Volume 23 of the magazine; in the same issue on page 30 I read that the American newspaperman, John Fischer, had been traveling around alone through the Ukraine for three months. It is hard to say just exactly what freedom Mr. John Fischer dreamt of when he was in the Soviet Union. Perhaps he was regretting that nobody accompanied him. I, personally, am greatly indebted to the State Department for the attention shown me, the more so as Mr. Nelson, who accompanied me, is a man of great culture and tact. But how am I to understand the tirades of *Time* magazine? If a representative of the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs accompanies an American newspaperman, the American journalists scream that they are being deprived of freedom. If a representative of the State Department accompanies a Soviet journalist, *Time* magazine writes that American newspapermen in Moscow do not dare even to dream of such liberty. I do not understand such logic, or I fear that I understand it too well.

WHEN American friends asked me what should be done to improve our mutual relations, I replied: "Set up a single standard." The reader must not think that I am proposing that the Americans introduce the metric system; I have no wish to interfere in their affairs. If they like having water freeze at 32 degrees Fahrenheit, that is their business. But a single standard should be set up in evaluating behavior. Too frequently I saw two standards here: one for the virtuous Anglo-Saxons and another for the dishonorable "Reds." If the Americans consider Iceland their base, it is called a "guarantee of security for the entire world"; but if the Soviet Union does not wish to have states which neighbor upon it become bases for an attack upon Russia, this is "Red imperialism." When the Americans are engaged in manufacturing atom bombs, this is an innocent game like football; but when Red Army men play football in the suburbs of Moscow, this is "preparation for conquering the world."

The American people are kind-hearted and industrious; they do not want war. At present the country is rich, particularly as compared with a Europe ravaged by war. In Detroit the automobile plants are working at top speed and still cannot satisfy all the would-be customers. People "sign up" for refrigerators, vacuum cleaners, and radios. America did not feel the iron boot of war; inconveniences which are trifling to a European seem to be great deprivations here. You will hear amusing complaints here: "There is little butter . . . poultry or mutton instead of beefsteak . . . the line for nylon stockings . . . it is hard to get white shirts, only colored ones." Here and there strikes are breaking out; the workers are seeking an increase in wages to match the rising cost of living. Demobilized servicemen have returned. The country reminds one of a housewarming or of the beginning of the school year. The people are thinking with pleasure about tomorrow, which will certainly be better than today. They have long since forgotten yesterday, and they are little concerned with the day after tomorrow. If occasionally someone stops to think that suddenly a depression and unemployment may be upon him, he at once drives away these gloomy thoughts. These are people who do not want to look into the future. Many of them have more than once lived through the transitions from wealth to poverty and from poverty to wealth. They have adopted a peculiar fatalism and take things in their stride. They do not want a depression and they

do not want war. Newspaper articles about a "Third World War" make them justly indignant. But such articles, talks, and sermons repeated too often are designed to accustom the average American to the idea that a Third World War is inevitable.

One industrialist, a mortal enemy of the Soviet Union, told me: "We are not going to fight. It is not the foreign policy of the Soviet Union that threatens us, but its future. We don't want you to raise the standard of living too high." Yes, the men who lead the anti-Soviet campaign are fighting against Soviet saucepans, Soviet garden produce, Soviet prosperity. The explanation of the false and wicked articles about the Third World War lies in the internal policy of America.

Local fascists have reared their heads. They are fighting against progress, against the traces of Roosevelt's policies, against the advanced intelligentsia, against the workers. The Ku Klux Klan has come to life. The Southern Democrats, partisans of slavery, have become disobedient and are openly breaking with the recent line of their party. Yesterday's isolationists are demanding intervention in European affairs. The Rightists are preparing energetically for the forthcoming elections, and it should be admitted that fascism here is losing no time in preparing for a return bout.

Many fascists are counting on their German counterparts, shattered but alive. The German-American Republican League, whose chairman is a certain Kurt Mortig, demands that President Truman "prevent the destruction in the Reich of six million members of the National Socialist Party." The newspaper, *Broom*, in San Diego and the Pioneer News Service in Chicago are occupied full time in rehabilitating Hitlerism. When you read their publications, you find it hard to understand who is on trial in Nuremberg and who is doing the trying.

WHAT more is there to say? Perhaps that enormous sums have been spent here in the hope of saving the traitor Mihailovich from execution? Or that General Bor, the leader of the Polish pogromists, was received here with honors? The energetic managers of the trusts have no concern with Chetniks or high-born Poles; they are waging a war against the American people, and for this war they are mobilizing all the specters of the world.

I have told of a conspiracy of evil. I do not believe in the success of this plot. True, the average American possesses neither political maturity nor a knowledge of Europe. But he has a healthy mind and a heart. He has not always been well educated, he is poisoned with race prejudice, and he naïvely worships the paper dollar, although he hears the pastors in the churches condemning the cult of the golden calf. Perhaps he is too self-confident. But he is not a wicked and certainly not a stupid person. America is growing; I speak not of skyscrapers but of people. Each year there are more and more people who are dimly referred to as "progressive." These people demand human rights for Negroes, ridicule prejudices and hypocrisy, condemn support for Franco, desire to uproot fascism, both in Germany and beyond its borders, and are passionately interested in our culture, our books, and our films. Granted that these people are a minority, they are a minority which thinks, fights, and seeks the truth. These people see the salvation of America not in the fact that the Russians will have few saucepans but in each American having, in addition to saucepans, profound thoughts and true feelings.

I left many sincere friends in America—not only personal friends, but friends of the Soviet people, friends of thought and conscience. Americans are fond of directness. I stated frankly what I liked and did not like in America. Only the sick and impotent should have their feelings spared. Americans have a super-abundance of youth and health. Besides, they now have many European flatterers, eager for loans, trousers, and canned goods. And the Americans themselves love to judge—to judge and condemn. I know that they will receive my words as the words of a friend. This great people has great strength and great will. Its history must be worthy of it.